The image shows the front cover of an old book. The cover is decorated with a marbled paper pattern featuring wavy, horizontal lines in shades of brown, tan, and blue. The spine, visible on the left, is made of a dark, heavily worn material, possibly leather or cloth, with a cracked and peeling surface. A small, rectangular white label is affixed to the lower-left corner of the marbled cover. The label contains the following text:

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LITTELL'S

LIVING AGE.

E PLURIBUS UNUM.

"These publications of the day should from time to time be winnowed, the wheat carefully preserved, and the chaff thrown away."

"Made up of every creature's best."

"Various, that the mind
Of desultory man, studious of change,
And pleased with novelty, may be indulged."

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XLV.

FROM THE BEGINNING, VOL. CLX.

JANUARY, FEBRUARY, MARCH,

1884.

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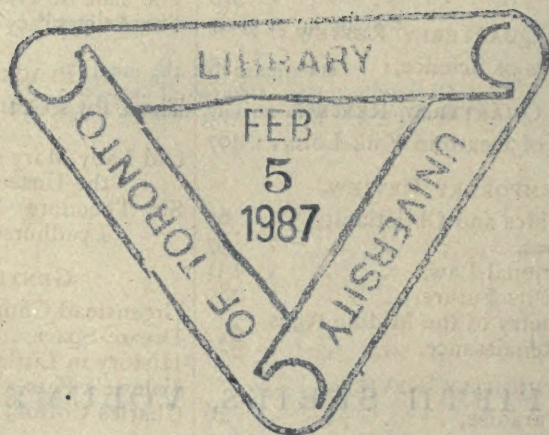


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OLIVIA AND DICK PRIMROSE.

A RUSTIC maiden, delicately fair,
With sweet mute lips and eyes serene and
mild,
That look straight sunward, while with gentle
air

Clings to her side a little loving child,
Linking a chain of daisies; this is all,
And yet methinks old memories bestir
At sight of this maid-lily, fair and tall,
Sweet as the rose the dainty hands of her
Enclose in careless chains and happy thrall.

I see the gentle vicar, old and kind,
The good house-mother quick to blame and
praise,
All the quaint story rises to my mind,
The meadow bank that bloomed with flower-
ing days:

And in the hay-field, now I seem to see
Olivia stand with happy downcast eyes,
Singing with simple girlish minstrelsy;
While o'er the ethereal blue of summer skies
Long feathery lines of cloud float restfully.

He sang of happy home, who home had none,
Of sweet hearth joys whose way was lone
and bleak,

And oft his voice rang out with truest tone
When wintry winds froze tears upon his
cheek.

A deathless fount of joy was ever springing
From out his bright child-nature pure and
sweet,

Soft comforting and surest healing bringing;
And when earth's sharpest thorns pierced
his feet

His way was gladdened with his inward sing-
ing.

Tinsley's Magazine. KATHARINE TYNAN.

A CHRISTMAS-DAY MEMORY.

THE dawn came stealing over the hill,
The winds were silent, the earth was still;
Deep in the woodland, russet and bare,
The violet breathed on the winter air;
Last summer's leaves lay withered and wet
In mossy paths where the branches met;
And on the top of the beech-tree brown,
The frost was weaving a silver crown
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Small birds woke up under cottage eaves,
In nests sunk deep in the ivy leaves;
As through the lattice the slow light crept
A sleeper wakened, and smiled, and wept,
For God was kind, and the gift he brought
With prayer and sorrow had long been sought;
The prayer was answered, the sorrow past,
A new life dawned for that soul at last
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Solemn and still in the early day,
Down in the valley the churchyard lay;
Over the sods of a grave, new-made,
The pallid rays of the dawning strayed;

A saint was sleeping beneath the mould,
For God was kind, and the world was cold;
The prayer was answered, the labor done,
Bright was the life of that happy one
On Christmas-day in the morning.

Sunday Magazine.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

SEPTEMBER WOODS.

THE days of the warm bright year are num-
bered;

Clouds come coldly over the sea;
With a browner tinge the woods are umbered,
And slips of sunshine yellowly
Lie on the leaves and sere grass under
Every tree.

At noon the fading sun renews
The beauty of the forest avenues;
Flying smiles
Light up their solemn aisles;
And sunset through their gates of withered
gold

Is still a wonder
And glory to behold:

And sweet as sad is now their sighing sleep,
O'er which rise the stars from the dark
deep—

Oft making in the wind some leaves to weep
For beauties that fall with them to the mould;
For warm bright hours of summer weather,
Passed in loving whispers altogether,
Not as now in the blue Northern cold.

Tinsley's Magazine.

T. C. IRWIN.

THE ANCHOR.

THE rust is red upon its sides;
About it drifts the crumbling sand;
While noon and night the restless tides
Murmur far down upon the strand.
But never tide shall touch it more,
Nor flying foam nor salt sea spray.
There it has lain for many a day,
Since the "Oscar," sailing across the bay,
Went down in sight of shore.

O eager eyes that sought in vain
To pierce the darkness of that night!
O trembling hands that strove to gain
The haven near, and failed outright!
Some died with faces heavenward set,
Some watching still for the nearer land;
This is their anchor that lies here yet,
Half buried in the sand.

O Thou who in the days of old
Didst walk by restless Galilee,
Look, and in pity still behold
The toilers on life's troubled sea,
Lest our dim eyes should look in vain
For stars in heaven, or lights on shore;
Lest in the darkness we should gain
Our haven nevermore.

Sunday Magazine.

H. M. C.

From Temple Bar.

WRAXALL'S MEMOIRS.

It has been the fashion to sneer at Wraxall. The omniscient Lord Macaulay, and the equally omniscient Mr. Croker, though differing with, and snarling at, each other on every imaginable subject, agreed in depreciating his "Memoirs." Macaulay was the most brilliant writer of his time, but not the most correct. Lord Melbourne, a man of great erudition and exquisite judgment, said of him, "I wish I were as cock-sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything." Macaulay writes, "that he would not believe Wraxall's unsupported testimony even when he relates what he saw and heard." Certain great people, especially Macaulay's friend Lord Lansdowne, on account of the aspersions on Lord Shelburne, were violent against the book. At Holland House the character of Fox, as portrayed by Wraxall, gave great offence. Macaulay, in his abuse of Wraxall, was only supporting Whig traditions. Mr. Croker held a brief to write down Wraxall, and of course detected him in some mistakes about dates. Croker was great upon dates. If a certain occurrence was described by an unhappy author as having taken place on a Wednesday evening, and it was discovered that it really happened on a Thursday morning, Mr. Croker was down on the miserable culprit with his sledge-hammer. It was said of Mr. Croker, after his death, by a kind friend, "How he will squabble with the recording angel about the dates of his sins!" Then Lord Stanhope stigmatizes Wraxall as "garrulous and inexact," after coolly appropriating anecdotes with the slightest acknowledgment. Such an accusation on the part of Lord Stanhope shows an astounding want of self-knowledge. Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt" is far more "garrulous and inexact" than Wraxall's "Memoirs." Pitt, as described by Wraxall, is the true Pitt. Lord Stanhope's Pitt is an imaginary being. Lord Stanhope writes up Pitt not only as a great peace minister, which he was, but as a great war minister, which he was not. How could a man be a great war minister who sent Lord Chatham to the Admiralty,

and the Duke of York to put down the French Revolution? Pitt thought the war would be short on account of the financial difficulties of France. He was warned of his mistake by an eminent Frenchman, but he persisted in his opinion. "I should like to know," said a witty French abbé, "who was chancellor of the exchequer to Attila." We captured a great many islands, but the war was disastrous on the Continent, and there was such discontent at home that the Duchess of Gordon said that "the king would soon be in possession of every island in the world except Great Britain and Ireland." Lord Stanhope looks down upon Wraxall just as Dogberry did on Verges. "All men are not alike, alas! good neighbor." Yet let any impartial person compare the style of Wraxall with that of Lord Stanhope, and he must acknowledge the immeasurable superiority of the former. A great injustice has been done to Wraxall. A new trial must be granted. A new edition of his works has just been published by Mr. Bickers, and a new verdict must be given by a new generation of readers. We do not doubt the result. Then how finely Wraxall describes the stormy debates in the House of Commons! We almost fancy we are present at the scene, that we see the contending hosts drawn up in battle array. We seem to hear the clangor of the contest, to hear and appreciate the pleasantry and good sense of Lord North, the solid arguments, the classical allusions and rhapsodies of Burke, the wit and graceful oratory of Sheridan, the lofty eloquence of Pitt, the freezing sarcasm with which he tortured his opponents, and last, but not least, the weighty sentences of Fox, each, to use the fine simile of Grattan, rolling like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles long.

We begin our extracts from Wraxall with the character of the king.

Wraxall writes:—

It would indeed be difficult for history to produce an instance of any prince who has united and displayed on the throne, during near half a century, so many personal and private virtues. In the flower of youth, unmarried, endowed with a vigorous constitution,

and surrounded with temptations to pleasure or indulgence of every kind, when he succeeded to the crown, he never yielded to these seductions. Not less affectionately attached to the Queen than Charles I. was to his consort Henrietta Maria, he remained nevertheless altogether exempt from the uxoriousness which characterized his unfortunate predecessor, and which operated so fatally in the course of his reign.

The king's great conquest over himself was the abandonment of his intention to marry Lady Sarah Lennox, to whom he was at one time very much attached. He used frequently to ride by the grounds of Holland House, and Lady Sarah, as Thackeray wrote, "made hay at him" as he passed with great effect. He never forgot her. During the marriage service, when allusion was made to "Abraham and Sarah," the king was evidently troubled. There was a celebrated actress, Mrs. Pope, who resembled Lady Sarah. In after years, when the king was at the theatre, he muttered in the presence of the queen and princesses, "She is like Lady Sarah still."

Wraxall writes:—

He received during the course of his reign innumerable anonymous letters threatening his life, all of which he treated with uniform indifference. A nobleman, who, I lament, is now no more, and who during many years was frequently about his person, as well as much in his confidence, the late Earl of Sandwich, assured me that he had seen several of them, which His Majesty showed him, particularly when at Weymouth. While residing there during successive seasons he was warned, in the ambiguous manner already mentioned, not to ride out on particular days on certain roads if he valued his safety; but the King never failed to mount his horse, and to take the very road indicated in the letter. Speaking on the subject to that nobleman, he said: "I very well know that any man who chooses to sacrifice his own life may, whenever he pleases, take away mine, riding out, as I do continually, with a single equerry and a footman. I only hope that whoever may attempt it, will not do it in a barbarous or brutal manner." When we reflect on his conduct under these circumstances, as well as during the tumults of March, 1769, and the riots of June, 1780; and if we contrast it with the weak or pusillanimous deportment of Louis XVI. in July, 1789, when the French monarchy was virtually over-

turned; in October of the same year, at the time of his being carried prisoner from Versailles to Paris; or on the 10th of August, 1792, when he abandoned the Tuileries to seek refuge in the National Assembly,—we shall perceive the leading cause of the preservation of England, and of the destruction of France.

The king was not afraid of a mob. During the riots of 1768 he wrote to his minister, Lord Weymouth, "Bloodshed is not what I delight in; but it seems to me to be the only way of restoring obedience to the laws." London was undoubtedly saved from destruction by the courage of the king and his attorney-general, Wedderburn, when the Gordon rioters were burning and destroying with impunity. A council was called, but no minister would sign an order for the troops to act. Wedderburn was called in and gave his unhesitating opinion that the troops might act without waiting for forms. "Is that your declaration of the law as attorney-general?" said the king. Wedderburn answered in the affirmative. "Then so let it be done," rejoined his Majesty. Even then a great difficulty took place, for Wedderburn and his friend, Mr. Eden, found the commander-in-chief, Lord Amherst, afraid of the responsibility of ordering the troops to fire. His scruples, however, were overcome, and the riots were soon at an end. What a satire it is on so-called religious agitators, that the author of all these horrors, Lord George Gordon, died a few years afterwards in Newgate, a circumcised Jew! The king had naturally strong passions, but he ruled them with an iron will; he was perhaps too abstemious for his health.

Wraxall writes:—

The King seemed to have a tendency to become corpulent—if he had not expressed it by habitual and unremitting temperance. Conversing with William, Duke of Cumberland, his uncle, not long before that prince's death, in 1764, His Majesty observed, that it was with concern he remarked the Duke's augmenting corpulency. "I lament it not less, sir," replied he, "but it is constitutional; and I am much mistaken if your Majesty will not become as large as myself before you attain to my age." "It arises from your not using sufficient exercise," answered the King. "I use, neverthe-

less," said the Duke, "constant and severe exercise of every kind. But there is another effort requisite in order to express this tendency, which is much more difficult to practise, and without which no exercise, however violent, will suffice. I mean—great renunciation and temperance. Nothing else can prevent your Majesty from growing to my size." The King made little reply; but the Duke's words sunk deep, and produced a lasting impression on his mind. From that day he formed the resolution, as he assured Lord Mansfield, of checking his constitutional inclination to corpulency, by unremitting restraint upon his appetite: a determination which he carried into complete effect, in defiance of every temptation.

The character of Lord North as described by Wraxall is confirmed by all the memoirs of the time which have since been given to the world. He was a strange mixture of laziness and ambition; half asleep, half awake, he seemed to forget that the destinies of England were confided to his care. He was forced into the American war by the king and the people, for no war was so popular *at first*. He was utterly unfitted for a war minister. In Council he was always of the advice of the person who spoke last, and did not even act upon that. Wedderburn, his confidential adviser, endeavored in vain to make him act with more decision. A war minister ought to be terribly in earnest. Lord North was more than half-hearted in the cause. In his own home, Wraxall says, he was as lively and playful as a boy, yet never without dignity; diffusing gaiety and good-humor around him.

Wraxall writes:—

Even those who opposed the *Minister*, involuntarily loved the *Man*. I have had the honor to visit him at Bushey Park, to dine with him when no other stranger was present, and to participate of the scene that I here describe. As *Pope* asserts of Sir Robert Walpole, so may I on this subject say, —

Seen him I have, but in the social hour
Of private converse, ill exchanged for power.

As a man, considered in every private relation, even in his very weaknesses, Lord North was most amiable. Under that point of view, his character will rise on a comparison with any First Minister of Great Britain who existed during the course of the eighteenth century;

not excepting Lord Godolphin, Mr. Pelham, or the Marquis of Rockingham. The two former individuals were justly accused of a passion for play, which accompanied them through life, a vice from which Lord North was wholly exempt. *Burnet*, who recounts the fact relative to the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, says: "He loved gaming the most of any man of business I ever knew; and gave one reason for it—because it delivered him from the obligation to talk much."

Lord North was a great favorite in the House of Commons. Wraxall states that his natural affability rendered him so accessible, and the communicativeness of his temper inclined him so much to conversation, that every member of the House found a facility in becoming known to him. He had two defects: he was very blind and much inclined to sleep. He was frequently seen with his handkerchief over his face quietly taking a nap.

It can hardly obtain belief [says Wraxall] that in a full House of Commons he took off on the point of his sword the wig of Mr. Welbore Ellis, and carried it a considerable way across the floor, without ever suspecting or perceiving it. The fact happened in this manner: Mr. Ellis, who was then Treasurer of the Navy, and well advanced towards his seventieth year, always sat at the lowest corner of the Treasury Bench, a few feet removed from Lord North. The latter having occasion to go down the House, previously laid his hand on his sword, holding the chafe of the scabbard forward, nearly in a horizontal position. Mr. Ellis stooping at the same time that the First Minister rose, the point of the scabbard came exactly in contact with the Treasurer of the Navy's wig, which it completely took off and bore away. The accident, however ludicrous, was wholly unseen by Lord North, who received the first intimation of it from the involuntary bursts of laughter that it occasioned in every quarter of the House. Mr. Ellis, however, without altering a muscle of his countenance, and preserving the most perfect gravity in the midst of the general convulsion, having received back his wig, re-adjusted it to his head, and waited patiently till the House had recovered from the effect of so extraordinary, as well as ridiculous, an occurrence.

In private life Lord North was amiability itself. He had a stupid groom who was called by his daughters the "man

who puts papa in a passion," but he never thought of discharging him. His two daughters, Lady Glenbervie and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, inherited the qualities of their father. There is a letter of Lady Glenbervie's in the Auckland Correspondence describing the intrigue between Mrs. Fawkener and Lord John Townshend, which is as witty as any of Horace Walpole's. Once a discussion took place as to what word would be useful if one was limited to the use of one word. Most of the company were for "yes;" Lady Charlotte Lindsay declared for "no," because though yes never meant no, no very often meant yes. When the great reformer of our highways first commenced his operations, Lady Charlotte apologized for her late arrival at a dinner-party, saying she had been delayed by the "Macadamnable state of the roads."

Wraxall describes Lord North asleep in the gallery of the House:—

Lord North having seated himself by me, made various efforts to keep himself awake; but to accomplish it exceeded his power. As the discussion had already taken a very personal turn, severe sarcasms, as well as reproaches, being levelled from the Treasury Bench, against the unnatural Coalition just formed; particularly by Mr. Dundas, who stigmatized it with the strongest epithets of contemptuous reprobation; he requested me to awaken him as often as any such expressions should be used by Ministers. I did so, many times; but, when he had listened for a few minutes, he as often involuntarily relapsed into repose. At the end of about an hour and a half, during the greater portion of which time he seemed scarcely sensible to any circumstance that passed, he began to rouse himself. By degrees he recovered his perception; and having heard from my mouth some of the most interesting or acrimonious passages that had taken place while he was asleep, he went down again into the body of the House, placed himself by Fox on the floor, and made one of the most able, brilliant, as well as entertaining speeches that I ever heard him pronounce within those walls. No man who listened to it could have imagined that he had lost a single sentence of the preceding debate, or that his faculties had been clouded by fatigue and want of rest.

A curious incident took place during Lord North's speech. A dog that had hidden under the table of the House of Commons ran directly across the floor, setting up at the same time a violent howl. Of course there were roars of laughter at this intervention of the member for Barkshire. But Lord North preserved all his gravity, and, addressing the chair, said, "Sir, I have been interrupted by a new

member, but as he has now concluded his argument, I will resume mine."

On one occasion in the House, Lord North completely lost his temper and stigmatized the speech of Colonel Barré, who had made a violent attack upon him, as "insolent and brutal." Of course Lord North had to apologize, but meeting Colonel Barré a few years afterwards he said to him, "Colonel, notwithstanding all that may have passed formerly in Parliament when we were on different sides, I am persuaded there are no two men in the kingdom who would now be more happy to see one another." They were both at that time totally deprived of sight, and led about by their attendants. This interview took place on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. Lord North delighted in the Pantiles, so did Lord Macaulay. How Macaulay, if he had lived to hear of it, would have stormed against the wisecracks of Tunbridge Wells, who have changed the name of the dear old Pantiles to that of the "Parade."

Wraxall's character of Fox seems very fairly drawn:—

Of his three sons, Lord Holland early perceived the extraordinary talents which Nature had conferred on the second; and in the fond anticipation of that son's future political elevation, exhausted on his education every effort which might expand or mature his opening capacity. But he adopted a vicious and dangerous principle in ordering that the boy should neither be contradicted nor punished, for almost any acts in his power to commit—of puerile misconduct or indiscretion. "Let nothing be done to break his spirit," said Lord Holland; "the world will effect that business soon enough."

Lord Holland's conduct seems to have been injudicious in the extreme; he is even said to have given the boy money to squander at the gambling-table. Faro was Fox's favorite game; his friend Hare laughs at his devotion to the king of Ægypt. He was a most unsuccessful gamester.

Fox was not one of those dupes who never understand the principles of any game. On the contrary, he played admirably both at whist and at picquet; with such skill indeed, that by the general admission of Brookes's Club, he might have made four thousand pounds a year, as they calculated, at those games, if he would have confined himself to playing them. But his misfortune arose from playing at games of chance, particularly at faro. After eating and drinking plentifully, he sat down to the faro table, and inevitably rose a loser. Once, indeed, and only once, he won about eight thousand pounds in the course

of a single evening. Part of the money he paid away to his creditors, and the remainder he lost again almost immediately in the same manner. The late Mr. Boothby, so well known during many years in the first walks of fashion and dissipation, himself an irreclaimable gamester, and an intimate friend of Fox, yet appreciated him with much severity, though with equal truth. "Charles," observed he, "is unquestionably a man of first-rate talents, but so deficient in judgment as never to have succeeded in any object during his whole life. He loved only three things—women, play, and politics. Yet at no period did he ever form a creditable connection with a woman. He lost his whole fortune at the gaming-table; and with the exception of about eleven months of his life, he has remained always in Opposition."

Fox's treatment of Rodney as described in these volumes must be admitted, even by his friends, to be a great stain on his character. Rodney had just gained the glorious battle of the twelfth of April, when he broke the French line and captured the French commander, the Count de Grasse, and his famous ship the "Ville de Paris." It was a battle which combined, as Lord Loughborough said, all "the pomp, pride, and circumstance of war." The sea was calm; it began with the rising sun, and continued to its going down. As Rodney was sailing into action he passed the French ship "Glorieux," lying a wreck on the waters, but with her colors still flying. "Now," said Rodney, "will be the contest for the body of Patroclus." It can hardly be credited that, through the influence of Fox, Rodney had been superseded in his command by a gambling admiral—Pigot—to whom Fox, it is said, was under considerable pecuniary liabilities. When the news of the victory arrived, the public feeling was entirely in favor of Rodney's keeping his command, but Pigot was sent off in a fast-sailing ship. The new administration took credit for the victory, and attributed it to Lord Keppel, the first lord of the admiralty, although the fleet had been sent out by the much abused Lord Sandwich. Lord North made an admirable allusion to this claim when he said, "I would say to the naval Alexander: True, you have conquered, but you have conquered with Philip's troops."

Sheridan once said that it would not be believed by posterity that Burke during his lifetime was not considered a first-rate speaker, not even a second-rate one. His accent, his wild rhapsodies, his screams of passion, weakened his influence in the House of Commons.

His enunciation [says Wraxall] was vehement, rapid, and never checked by any embarrassment; for his ideas outran his powers of utterance, and he drew from an exhaustless source. But his Irish accent, which was as strong as if he had never quitted the banks of the Shannon, diminished to the ear the enchanting effect of his eloquence on the mind. In brilliancy of wit, Lord North alone could compete with Burke; for Sheridan had not then appeared. Burke extracted all his images from classic authorities: a fact of which, among a hundred others, he displayed a beautiful exemplification, when he said of Wilkes, borne along in triumph by the mob, that he resembled Pindar elevated on the wings of poetical inspiration, —

Numerisque fertur
Lege solutis,

a pun of admirable delicacy, and the closest application.

Burke's felicity of quotation was unrivalled. Mr. Rogers was present at the last lecture delivered by Sir Joshua Reynolds at the Royal Academy. Sir Joshua concluded it by saying, with great emotion, "And I should desire that the last words I should pronounce in this Academy, and from this place, might be the name of Michael Angelo." As he descended from the rostrum Burke went up to him, took his hand and said: —

The angel ended, and in Adam's ear
So charming left his voice, that he awhile
Thought him still speaking, still stood fixed
to hear.

Was there ever a more charming compliment paid to man!

Burke's speaking is well reported by Wraxall. What can be finer than his description of Pitt, who had to give way in his quarrel with the East India Company? Pitt was humiliated, and was stated by his enemies to be clothed in "sackcloth and ashes." On Pitt's retreat from his intended measure, Burke said, "Even when engaged in so humiliating an act, he performs it with an air of pride, he scatters his ashes with dignity and wears his sackcloth as if it were a robe of purple." This fine portrait, writes Wraxall, sketched with such ability, bore the closest resemblance to the original. There were some lines in the "Rolliad" alluding to Pitt's manner in the House, ending with —

In solemn dignity and sullen state,
The new Octavius rises to debate.

The difficulties which his friends had with Burke, are thus described by Wraxall: —

Even his friends could not always induce him to listen to reason and remonstrance, though they sometimes held him down in his seat by the skirts of his coat, in order to prevent the ebullition of his violence or indignation. Gentle, mild, and amenable to argument in private society, of which he formed the delight and the ornament, he was often intemperate and reprehensibly personal in Parliament. Fox, however irritated, never forgot that he was a chief; Burke, in his most sublime flights, was only a partisan. The countenance of the latter, full of intellect, but destitute of softness, and which rarely relaxed into a smile, did not invite approach or conciliation. His enmities and prejudices, though they originated in principle as well as in conviction, yet became tinged with the virulent spirit of party; and were eventually in many instances inveterate, unjust, and insurmountable. Infinitely more respectable than Fox, he was nevertheless far less amiable. Exempt from his defects and irregularities, Burke wanted the suavity of Fox's manner, his amenity, and his placability. The one procured more admirers, the other possessed more friends.

We now turn to Wraxall's portrayal of the character of Pitt, the greatest orator that ever enchanted the House of Commons. Lord Campbell relates that when he was reporting Pitt's speech on the Peace of Amiens, Pitt made quotation from his favorite Virgil, and delivered it with such wonderful pathos that Lord Campbell could not hold his pen to write down what he said. It must have been something extraordinary to shake the iron nerves of plain John Campbell.

Pitt was the greatest peace minister England ever possessed, with the exception perhaps of Sir Robert Walpole. Walpole at last was forced into the Spanish war by the clamor of the people, just as Pitt was thrust into the war with France. Pitt had not only been successful at home, but he had deprived France of her ascendancy in Holland, and defeated Spain in her attack on Nootka Sound, and these victories were gained by diplomatic means. He was not so successful in his attempt to make the empress Catherine restore Oczacow to the Turks. The empress stood to her guns, saying, "Dogs who bark, very seldom bite," and gained her end.

Pitt, it is said, was wedded to his country. Wraxall relates that it was reported he admired a daughter of Lord Auckland, but that he abandoned his intention of marriage. This is the fact. Miss Eleanor Eden was very beautiful, as those who have seen her portrait can testify. Pitt paid her great attention, but suddenly

wrote to Lord Auckland that there were "insurmountable objections" to marriage on his part. A curious correspondence ensued. But Pitt still kept to the word "insurmountable." What this meant nobody can explain. It is singular that Pitt made the solemn speaker of the House of Commons his confidant in this affair, surely as improper a person to impart a love-tale to as Cato.

Wraxall writes, after hearing Mr. Pitt's first speech:—

All then beheld in him at once a future Minister, and the Opposition, overjoyed at such an accession of strength, vied with each other in their encomiums, as well as in their predictions of his certain elevation. Burke exclaimed that, "he was not merely a chip of the old block, but the old block itself." Nor did Fox do less justice to the talents of this new competitor for power, popularity, and employment. Having carried him to Brookes's Club, a few days afterwards, Pitt was elected a member of that society; which then comprehended almost all the men of rank and great talents throughout the kingdom, who were engaged in Parliamentary opposition to Ministers. It is a fact, that Pitt remained during several years a member of Brookes's;* but he rarely if ever appeared there after he came into office. So nice was his tact, so deep his penetration, and in so different a mould was he cast from Fox, that even on his first reception in St. James's Street, though it was of the most flattering description, he was not dazzled nor won by it. Fox himself soon perceived the coldness of his new ally, for whom play had no attractions, and who beheld a faro table without emotion; though neither he nor Burke were probably aware of the profound and regulated, but soaring ambition, which animated him to aspire, without passing through any intermediate stage, to occupy the first employments of the State.

Pitt speedily gained the object of his ambition. At the death of Lord Rockingham the secession of Fox and his friends left Lord Shelburne, the prime minister appointed by the king, in a situation of great difficulty. The "school-boy" Pitt was appointed chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House of Commons. This took place in July, 1782. When Parliament met in the winter, the celebrated coalition was formed to drive Lord Shelburne out of office. On the first night of the great debate, when the ministry was defeated by a majority of sixteen, Pitt's speech was considered a failure even by Mr. Pretymann, his former tutor. But on the second night, when

* Pitt was a member of Brookes's at the time of his death.

Lord John Cavendish moved a censure on the government with respect to the terms of peace, Pitt spoke, to use an expression of Lord Townshend's on another occasion, "like an angel." He retaliated on Fox with the bitterest scorn.

Pitt spoke as follows :—

The triumphs of party, with which this self-appointed Minister seems so highly elate, shall never seduce *me* to any inconsistency which the busiest suspicion shall presume to glance at. *I* will never engage in political enmities without public cause. *I* will never forego such enmities without the public approbation; nor will *I* be questioned and cast off in the face of this House by one virtuous and dissatisfied friend. If [he added] this baneful alliance is not already formed; if this ill-omened marriage is not already solemnized, I know a just and lawful impediment, and in the name of the public safety, I here forbid the banns.

Wraxall writes :—

Then reverting to the consequences which it might produce personally to himself, he professed his readiness to retire to a private station without regret. Alluding to so material an impending change in his own condition, he exclaimed :—

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,
Transmutat incertos honores,
Nunc mihi, nunc alii benigna.
Laudo manentem; si celeres quatit
Pennas, resigno quæ dedit.*

With a presence of mind which never forsook him, he here paused; and conscious that the words of the Roman poet immediately following, "*Et meâ virtute me involvo*," might seem to imply a higher idea of his own merit or disinterestedness than it would become him to avow, he cast his eyes on the floor. A moment or two of silence elapsed, while all attention was directed towards him from every quarter of the House. During this interval, he slowly drew his handkerchief from his pocket, passed it once or twice across his lips; and then recovering, as it were from his temporary embarrassment, he added with emphasis, striking his hand on the table,

Probamque
Pauperiem sine dote quæro.

Perhaps a more masterly and beautiful piece

* The following is a spirited translation by Sir Theodore Martin of this inspired quotation :—

"Fortune, who with malicious glee
Her merciless vocation plies,
Benignly smiling now on me,
Now on another, bids him rise,
And in mere wantonness of whim
Her favors shifts from me to him.

I laud her, whilst by me she holds;
But if she spread her pinions swift
I wrap me in my virtue's folds,
And yielding back her every gift
Take refuge in the life so free
Of bare but honest poverty."

of oratorical acting is not to be found in antiquity. Even if we suppose the whole passage to have been studied and prepared, yet the delicacy of the omission is not less admirable.

The ministry were defeated again and resigned. Mr. Pitt was offered the premiership, but he wisely refused. On the dismissal of the coalition from office, Mr. Pitt was appointed prime minister. How he fought the good fight against overwhelming odds, dissolved Parliament, and scattered his opponents to the winds, is well known to our readers. He continued for years the most popular of ministers, until the calamities of the war with France raised great discontent against him. We believe Pitt disliked war. To raise the finances of England to their former prosperity, to cultivate the arts of peace, was the object of his life. We cannot but think that he was forced into the war with France by the united voice of the king and the people. Alas! all wars are popular at first. When he resigned office in 1801, it was partly that Addington might make peace which he could not. On his resuming office, everything went wrong on the Continent. The coalition which he had formed against France ended in failure, and the battle of Austerlitz undoubtedly broke his mighty heart.

Wilberforce says Pitt was the wittiest man he ever knew, yet how few of his sayings are recorded! Once when arriving late at dinner, he apologized for the lateness of his arrival on the ground that he had to wait to hear Addington finish his speech, and "you know," he said, "that the doctor always travels with his own horses." On another occasion he went to visit his friend Plumer Ward at his villa near Moulsey; Pitt found fault with the dreariness of the situation, and asked him how he could live there. "It is a mere question of money," said Plumer Ward. "Well!" said Pitt, "and how much do they give you?"

Of his stately bearing the following anecdote is told.

Michael Angelo Taylor, walking with a friend, declared his intention of cutting Pitt. Just then Pitt came sailing down St. James's Street, nodded to Angelo Taylor's friend, but took no notice of little Michael. "There," said Michael Angelo, "you see I've cut him!" "I'm very glad you told me your intention," said his friend, "else I should have thought he cut you."

Wraxall writes of Sheridan :—

He possessed a ductility and versatility of

talents, which no public man in our time has equalled; and these intellectual endowments were sustained by a suavity of temper that seemed to set at defiance all attempts to ruffle or discompose it. Playing with his irritable or angry antagonist, Sheridan exposed him by sallies of wit, or attacked him with classic elegance of satire; performing this arduous task in the face of a crowded assembly, without losing for an instant either his presence of mind, his facility of expression, or his good humor. He wounded deepest, indeed, when he smiled; and convulsed his hearers with laughter while the object of his ridicule or animadversion was twisting under the lash.

Sheridan had various difficulties to struggle with, he was without distinguished birth, connections, or fortune, and it was by his unaided talent alone that he vanquished such obstacles.

At this period of his life, when he was not more than thirty-three years of age, his countenance and features had in them something peculiarly pleasing; indicative at once of intellect, humor, and gaiety. All these characteristics played about his lips when speaking, and operated with inconceivable attraction; for they anticipated, as it were, to the eye the effect produced by his oratory on the ear; thus opening for him a sure way to the heart, or the understanding. Even the tones of his voice, which were singularly mellifluous, aided the general effect of his eloquence; nor was it accompanied by Burke's unpleasant Irish accent. Pitt's enunciation was unquestionably more imposing, dignified and sonorous. Fox displayed more argument, as well as vehemence; Burke possessed more fancy and enthusiasm; but Sheridan won his way by a sort of fascination. At thirty-three, it might be said of his aspect, as Milton does of the fallen angel's form, —

His face had not yet lost
All her original brightness.

The witty sayings attributed to Sheridan are innumerable. Perhaps one of the most amusing was, when rolling drunk in the gutter, his calling out to a passer-by, "Take me to Kensington; I am Mr. Wilberforce!" But there are two anecdotes told of him which are very suggestive at the present time. Sheridan, surveying a meeting like one of those that now sometimes assemble in Trafalgar Square, said: "I wonder what it is that these good people want. It can't be liberty; that they seem to have plenty of. I think it must be property; that they seem rather in want of." When asked what his principles were at an election, he invariably responded, "I am for universal suffrage, annual parliaments and oftener if needs be." "You can't beat," said Sheridan, "an oftener if needs be man." When we

shall be blessed or cursed with a large extension of suffrage, the "oftener if needs be" party will be masters of the situation.

It is related by Lord Holland that there never was so amusing a scene in the House of Commons as the dispute between Sheridan and Dundas respecting the meaning of the word *malheureux*. Dundas and Sheridan were totally ignorant of the French language. Lord Auckland had presented a demand to the States-General of Holland, that *ces malheureux*,* the regicides, should be given up to the sword of the law. Sheridan moved a vote of censure on Lord Auckland. Dundas defended Lord Auckland on the ground that "*mollyroo*" only meant an "unfortunate gentleman"! Erskine also had no knowledge of French, and, when he went with a friend to France at the peace of Amiens, he sent out letters of invitation for a dinner, nobody came. "This is your confounded French, Erskine," said his companion. "Not a bit of it," said Erskine. "Isn't *Vendredi* Wednesday?"

Pitt seems to have disliked and dreaded Sheridan more than any other of his opponents. His sneers at him about his theatrical occupations had been answered by Sheridan with a crushing reply, comparing Pitt to the Angry Boy in Ben Jonson's "Alchymist." When Sheridan nobly came forward during the mutiny at the Nore to support the government, Pitt showed not the slightest signs of gratitude. Sheridan's career unfortunately closed in the darkest fashion. Drink and dissipation deprived him of his means of livelihood, and hurried him to his tomb.

This extraordinary man [writes Wraxall] as he approached the confines of old age, sunk with each successive year in general estimation. Admitting that his faculties remained perfect, as I believe they did, they nevertheless became overcast from the effects of intoxication, licentiousness and habits of dissipation. How different, we must own, was the tenor of Fox's life after the period of his retreat to St. Anne's Hill! Divided during many months of the year between rustic occupations, elegant literature, and the company of a few friends, Fox (a green apron frequently fastened round his waist) amused and employed himself in pruning or nailing up his own fruit-trees. But Fox outlived his vices; those of Sheridan accompanied him to the tomb.

George Selwyn, the great wit of the time, disliked Sheridan, whom he tried

* These wretches.

to prevent being elected a member of Brookes's; but his chief witticisms were directed against Fox. When asked whether he had been to Tyburn to witness the execution of one "Charles Fox," "No," he answered, "I make a point of never attending rehearsals." He called Fox and Pitt the "idle and industrious apprentices." George Selwyn once had a dispute with Lord Weymouth, who maintained that "central" was the right word and not "central." Somebody came and told Selwyn that Fox had decided against him. Then, said Selwyn, "Carry him my compliments with the following authority from the 'Rape of the Lock':—

Umbriel, a *dusky*,* melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the *central* earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of
Spleen!"

When Pitt was assaulted in St. James's Street on his return from a banquet in the city, Fox was said to have been recognized amongst the rioters. Fox denied this, and said he had passed the night with Mrs. Armstead, who was ready to swear to it. Selwyn thought this defence most suspicious, as criminals at the Old Bailey always pleaded an alibi, and brought up their concubines in support. When the prince had married Mrs. Fitzherbert and made Fox go down to the House of Commons to deny that such an occurrence had taken place, George Selwyn said he supposed the prince's instructions were conveyed in the language of Othello:—

Villain, be sure you prove my love a w—e.

Again when a subscription was raised for Fox, somebody said it was a delicate subject, and wondered how Fox would take it. "Why, *quarterly*, to be sure," said Selwyn. George Selwyn once went to confession at a Roman Catholic church, and revealed such revolting enormities that the horrified priest bolted out of his box into the street. Selwyn left the levée just as an ambitious gentleman from the country was about to be knighted. The king expressed his astonishment that he had not stayed to witness the ceremony, as it was so like an execution. "George heard of the joke, writes a friend, but did not like it; he is on that subject still very sore."

Lord Thurlow had been a prime mover in the overthrow of the coalition, when

the "janissaries of the bedchamber," in conjunction with Scotch lords and bishops, were called upon to vote against the king's own ministers. Still he hated Pitt and thwarted him whenever he saw his opportunity. Like the Turk, Lord Thurlow could not bear a brother near the throne. Once a friend, wishing to give a religious turn to his mind, read to him "Paradise Lost," when travelling with him on a Sunday. When the friend came to Lucifer's speech,—

Better to reign in Hell than serve in Heaven,

Lord Thurlow exclaimed, "D—d fine fellow! I hope he'll win!" When a deputation of Dissenters waited upon him to ask for his support of their claims, Lord Thurlow said, "No, I support everything established, but if you get your d—d religion established, I will support that too." He not only opposed Pitt in the Council but in the House of Lords. On one occasion during the debate on the slave-trade, Lord Stanhope kept running to and fro, to get the orders of Pitt, who was standing under the throne. Lord Stanhope uttered some domineering expression; Lord Thurlow said that it reminded him of a passage in a pamphlet which stated that where the planter superintended his negroes all went well, but when they were turned over to the deputy slave-driver all went ill. A noble lord once began his speech with, "My lords, I ask myself this question." "Yes," muttered Thurlow, "and a d—d foolish answer you'll get." He had a violent quarrel with Mr. Pitt respecting the appointment of Pepper Arden, afterwards the first Lord Alvanley, to the mastership of the rolls. Pepper Arden was of a more Christian mind than Lord Thurlow, but quite as irascible. Once at family prayers, a servant had remained in his room and began a musical performance. Pepper started up and roared out, "Will nobody stop that fellow's d—d fiddling!"

In the autumn of 1788 the king went to Cheltenham on account of his health. He displayed some eccentricity of manner when staying there, as well as at Gloucester, where he went on a visit to Bishop Hurd. At Cheltenham he asked Lady Charlotte Leeson how she was getting on with her lover Mr. Latouche, whom she afterwards married. The king received a severe rebuff. "Pray," said Lady Charlotte, "what is that to you?" This and other peculiarities of the king were much remarked upon, but nobody had the slight-

* Charles Fox had inherited the swarthy complexion of his ancestor Charles II.

est idea of the catastrophe which was approaching. The king returned to Windsor, and it was soon impossible to conceal from the nation that his mind had given way.

Parliament was called together, and a scene of party violence ensued unexampled in the history of England. Fox, advised by Lord Loughborough, proclaimed the right of the Prince of Wales to the regency during the eclipse of the king's mental life. Pitt in reply, denied the right, and went so far as to say that "the prince *possessed no more right to assume the government than any other subject of the nation.*"

I have heard [said Lord Loughborough] of a most extraordinary assertion, boldly, arrogantly and presumptuously advanced elsewhere. It is, that "the heir-apparent to the throne, though of full age, has no more *right* to assume the government, while His Majesty's malady incapacitates him from reigning, than any other individual subject." If this doctrine is founded in law, the regency must be elective, not hereditary. Does not the law describe the Prince of Wales the same with the King? Is it not as much high treason to compass the death of the former as the latter, and does that penalty attach to compassing the death of any *other* subject?

Lord Loughborough was a great orator. He had led for the Hamiltons in the great Douglas case, and Fox thought his speech in the House of Lords on that subject the finest he ever heard. He was an admirable letter-writer, and by many was thought to be Junius. He was

a daring pilot in extremity,
Pleased with the danger when the waves ran high.

In the regency dispute he was unsuccessful, more on account of his client than his doctrine. The mass of the English people were not disposed to abandon the rule of the king for that of his profligate son; and they rallied round the throne and the great peace minister, "Billy Pitt," as they fondly called him, with wonderful unanimity.

The Prince of Wales, when freed from paternal rule, instantly fell into the society of panders and sycophants. Lord Malden, "Viscount Leporello," as Thackeray calls him, furthered the prince's intrigue with Perdita. The prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert and his denial of it caused great scandal; but it was his court at Brighton which most shocked the public mind. Mr. Storer, George Selwyn's friend, describes the scene. He

found the town filled with the gayest and prettiest women in England *of a certain class*. Lord Brudenell, noted for his austerity of deportment, had evidently changed his character.

Mr. Storer writes:—

It was curious to observe at the play-house the climax of immorality, from the lowest to the first ranged round the boxes. But nothing was so singular here as to see our friend Lord Brudenell in so new a point of view. He was living with all these fair nymphs, in the easiest manner. How far his virtue was in danger I will not pretend to say, but if Cato could not trust himself at Baia, I should say his Lordship runs some risk at Brighthelmstone. He is now no longer called His Honor, but the familiar appellation of "Cockie" is substituted in its stead. It is said a great personage* is prodigiously amused with this cognomen, which the keeper of his privy purse has acquired.

"The prince is still at Brighton," writes the Duke of Dorset, "and is driving the whole world away." If the prince lived in these virtuous times, the world would probably run after rather than away from him. Mr. Hatsell lifts up his hands with holy horror when he hears that the prince is driving about with Jack Day and Travis the Jew. Jews are seldom mentioned in the old memoirs without being sneered at. Fox called the anteroom where he met his creditors "Jerusalem Chamber." When one of the Foleys escaped to Boulogne, George Selwyn said, "This is a Passover that will not be relished by the Jews." Lord Alvanley, when asked to go to a masquerade as "Isaac of York," apologized for his refusal on the ground that he never could *do* a Jew. What an amusing but rather insolent letter there is given in the "Life of Lord Macaulay," describing a Goldsmid ball! Mr. Charles Greville at the same period seems to be rather astonished to meet old Rothschild and his dandy son at the Austrian ambassador's. Now all is happily changed, and the people of Israel are the chief ornaments of London society.

The prince, with his Roman Catholic wife, his mistresses, his jockeys, his prize-fighters, his practical jokers, and his Jew, was profoundly distrusted even by his friends. His first care was to gain the support of the Duke of York, the favorite son of the king. This was easily accomplished.

Wraxall writes:—

A promise of being placed at the head of

* The prince.

the army, with all the appointments, power and patronage of a commander-in-chief, effectually gained him over to his elder brother's party. I have already spoken elsewhere of the Duke. He was at this time strongly attached to a lady of my particular acquaintance, the Countess of Tyrconnel. She was Lord Delaval's youngest daughter; feminine and delicate in her figure, very fair, with a profusion of light hair, in the tangles of which, like the tresses of Neæra in "Lycidas," his royal highness was detained captive.

Lord Tyrconnel was furious, and nobody dared go near him lest he should toss them. The duke was so infatuated that he actually turned the Duchess of Gordon out of the supper-room at the Pantheon for having said something unpleasant to the object of his affections. Lord Tyrconnel, says Wraxall, contributed more than any nobleman about the court to the recreation of the reigning family; for his sister, Lady Almeria Carpenter, the mistress of the Duke of Gloucester, resided in Gloucester House, though the duchess, Horace Walpole's niece, still lived there.

"If we were together," writes Mr. William Grenville to his brother, "I could tell you some particulars of the prince's behavior to the king and the queen which would make your blood run cold." The Duke of York surpassed his brother in his ill-conduct, for he swore at the queen, and told her she was as mad as the king. Jack Payne, who was such a favorite that he leaned on the prince when he walked, not the prince on him, said something indecent about the queen one evening, when the Duchess of Gordon went up to him and said, "You little, insignificant, good-for-nothing, upstart, pert, chattering puppy! How dare you name your royal master's royal mother in that style?" The ladies' violence on this question was beyond example. The partisans of the prince wore regency caps, the cheapest of which cost seven guineas. The restrictions in the Regency Bill were objects of abhorrence to the prince's friends, who accused Mr. Pitt of trying to put a strait-waistcoat on the Prince of Wales.

A squib at this time appeared, which nobody, even at this time, can read without amusement. It purported to be written by Weltjee, the comptroller of the kitchen to the Prince of Wales. There was a vacancy in the borough of Aylesbury, and Colonel Lake, afterwards Lord Lake, the prince's master of the horse, was thought to be a candidate. "Tommy Onslow," afterwards Lord Onslow, was the author of this curious production.

Weltjee was a Westphalian, with a barbarous English accent, and his mode of writing was no doubt faithfully imitated.

The following is Weltjee's address:—

TO DE GENDELMEN, DE ABBES, AND DE FRESHOLDERS OF DE COMTE OF AILSBERL

My frind Gerri Lake havin' offurd his sarvis's to reprepresent you in parlialiament, I presum to tak de friddom to recummind um to you, being my frind, and greate friend of my master de Prince. He is ver clever gendelmen, and kno de horses ver vell, how to bi for de Prince, and how to sel for himselv. But if you tink him too poor, and send him to the divl, I beg to offer miselv on his intrist, havin gob plenti of munny, in de honorable stasion I holds undur de Prince. I am naturalize Inglistman and Wig, and was introduce to de Wig:Club by Lord Stormant and Jak Payne. Mi public sentemints are dat I vil give you von,good-dinnurs and plenti of munny, if you vill lect me your represuntatative. My frinds and connexions are de Duk of Qinsbri, Lord Lodian, Lord Luffbro, Lord Malmsbri, Lord Clurmunt, Lord Cartrill, Sheridan, Gerri Lake, Jak Payne, Geo. Hangre, Burke, Singel Spict Hambledon, Eglintown, Master Lee, Trevis de Gew, yong Gray, all de Conways, Henri Stanhup, Tarletun and Tom Stepni. My principles are God dam de King and de Quin, de Pitt and de Rustricsuns; and God bless de Prince and all his broders, and de Duk of Cumberland. I say agen and agen dat de Prince be our lawful suvrign and not his fader.

I am, gendelmen,
Your frind and servant,
W. VELSHIE.

When Jack Payne was rejected at Brookes's, the prince formed a new club. Weltjee was appointed steward. Once a very bad character was put up, who was unanimously pilled; but two extra black balls were found which nobody could account for till Weltjee explained all by saying, "He so big blackguard I put in two mysel."

The prince in the opinion of others, as well as honest Weltjee, was the ruler of England, but his father stood in his way. Lady Byron said one day to her lord, "Am I in your way, Byron?" The answer was, "Damnably." The king was very much in the way of the Prince of Wales. Fathers are sometimes in the way of sons. We have heard a story of a dinner party, where a great number of deaths being mentioned, an elderly gentleman began to cry. On being asked the cause of his emotion the wretched unfortunate sobbed out, "Because everybody's father seems to die but mine."

The king, to the intense joy of his

subjects, was restored to health. Dr. Warren, the great Whig physician, had always said that the king could not recover, and this opinion turned many waverers to the prince's side. They were "be-Warrened," it was said. On the other hand, Dr. Willis, whom George Selwyn called the king's *ratcatcher*, always predicted the king's restoration to health. This opinion proved correct. At the first signs of convalescence Lord Thurlow, who had promised the prince his support, abandoned his meditated treason and made a speech in which he talked of the numerous favors bestowed on him by the king, "*which, whenever I forget, may God forget me!*" Wilkes's bitter retort on this speech is well known. "Forget *you*," said Wilkes, "he'll see you d—d first." Mr. Pitt turned to General Manners and said, "Oh, the rascal!" Great entertainments were given in honor of the king's restoration; even Brookes's Club, whose principal members had been showering their polished Billingsgate on the heads of the queen and Mr. Pitt, whose card-players at whist always said, "I play the lunatic," had to give a fête, which is described by Mr. Swinburne in his "Courts of Europe."

Mr. Swinburne writes:—

The opera-house was too small for the company. The boxes were hung with blue, buff and silver. The floor extremely dirty, but the *coup-d'œil* fine. People of both sides of the question were there. After waiting two hours, without music or anything going on, Mrs. Siddons, ridiculously dressed as Britannia, in red and blue, with a green helmet, shield and lance, declaimed a pitiful ode on the occasion, addressed to the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York, *who stood before her in coats of mail*. Lord Townshend, on being asked what he thought of the Prince's rich suit, said, "It was probably the coat belonging to his father's strait-waistcoat."

Mr. Charles Greville states that princes are the most miserable of mankind. Be that as it may, it must be admitted that the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York were the most miserable of mankind in receiving public congratulations on the recovery of a father whose mental life they had considered at an end.

The Prince of Wales's conduct during the illness of his father cannot be defended. Perhaps he had redeeming qualities; he is said to have performed innumerable acts of kindness in his life, he had good abilities, and on one occasion he completely put down the redoubtable Sydney Smith. In a note-book in our

possession the story is related on the authority of the brother of Lady Conyngham.

Sydney Smith was dining at Lord Holland's with the Regent, and in the course of conversation said that he supposed the *Regent Duke of Orleans* was the worst man who ever lived. "What," said the Regent, "do you think of the Abbé Dubois?" Smith never spoke another word. This was told me by Mr. Denison the member for Surrey.

The Duchess of Gordon, who took such a prominent part in the Regency question, was a great supporter of Mr. *Pett*, as she called him. Politics and the marriage of her daughters to dukes were the chief objects of her life. She was utterly reckless in what she said or did, provided she gained her object. When Lord Cornwallis refused his consent to the marriage of his son Lord Brome with her daughter on account of the wildness in the Gordon blood, she went to him and solemnly declared there was not a *drop of Gordon blood in Louisa's body*. There was not a word of truth in this announcement. The marriage took place, and the duchess prided herself on the success of her *mœuvre*.

The Duchess of Rutland, formerly Lady Mary Somerset, was the most beautiful woman of her time. Wraxall gives a rather too rapturous account of her charms. The duke killed himself by his excesses when lord lieutenant of Ireland. Like Diane de Poitiers, the duchess retained her good looks to the last. Two years after her husband's death she again appeared in London society. A lady who saw her at the opera describes her looking as young and beautiful as an angel.

How they did drink in the good old days! The king once said to Sir John Irwin, the commander-in-chief in Ireland, "They tell me, Sir John, you like a glass of wine." "Those who have reported that fact," answered Sir John, bowing profoundly, "have done me great injustice; I like a bottle." Pitt and Dundas drank at one sitting seven bottles at an inn on the road to Walmer. The Duke of Rutland killed himself by drinking all night and then eating six or seven turkey's eggs for breakfast. Claret was the favorite drink in Ireland. A French traveller after incautiously refreshing himself with a tumbler of whiskey, cried out, "*Le vin du pays est diablement fort!*" So it is; but claret taken in moderation hurts no man. When another convivial lord lieutenant, the Duke of Richmond, who of course being a duke had married a daughter of

the Duchess of Gordon, was dining with Mr. Sneyd, the great wine merchant, Mr. Sneyd drank so much of his own claret that he tumbled under the table. Mr. Sneyd was lifted up and replaced in his chair, upon which somebody said, "I believe this is the first instance of a Protestant lord lieutenant being present at the elevation of the Host."

The Duchess of Devonshire was not so handsome as the Duchess of Rutland, but her charm of manner was irresistible. She was, Hugh Elliot said, "the goddess of good nature," and admired and beloved by every one who approached her; yet her life was not a happy one. She was an inveterate gambler and lost large sums at faro. We have been told by a friend who was at Harrow School when the duchess visited her son there, shortly before her death, that she had not even traces of good looks. Her hair was red, one eye was closed, and her whole appearance melancholy in the extreme. What a change! She was deeply in debt, but there have may been another cause for the fading away of her beauty, and her depression of spirits. There has always been a story circulating in society that the late Duke of Devonshire was not her son, but that he was the offspring of her rival, Lady Elizabeth Foster. This scandal has been recently revived in a publication by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, else we should not have alluded to it. We have always thought it idle talk. But in Mrs. Kemble's "Records of Girlhood," there is the following passage, omitted in the first edition. Talking of the duke's friendship with Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. Kemble writes, "The real history of the duke's social position was known no doubt to some, and surmised by many, but he himself told it to Mrs. Arkwright." Everybody can guess what this means.

The Duke of Devonshire after the duchess's death married Lady Elizabeth Foster, the daughter of the Earl of Bristol and Bishop of Derry, and granddaughter of "Molly Lepell." Lady Elizabeth was far handsomer than the first duchess. Those who have seen her picture by Gainsborough, which was sold at Christie's for ten thousand pounds and afterwards disappeared, or her miniature by Romney, will have some idea of her charms. She had great influence over men. Gibbon went on his knees before her, and it is said Lady Elizabeth had to ring for a servant to put him on his legs again. The duke never entered into the dissipations of Devonshire House. He passed his

time chiefly at Brookes's playing whist and deciding disputes on classical subjects. He always supped there on boiled mackerel when it was in season, and when walking home at daybreak, a cobbler was generally sitting at his stall. They always saluted one another. "*Good-night*, friend," said the duke. "*Good-morning*, sir," said the cobbler.

George, the fourth Duke of Marlborough, the brother of Lady Diana Beauclerk, and Lady Pembroke to whom before his marriage the king had been much attached, was a great favorite of George III. Notwithstanding his high rank he was afflicted with an incurable shyness. He was a most accomplished card-player, and it will hardly be believed that one night he had such a wonderful hand when playing at *quinse*, that he threw it up and lost his money, because he dreaded the remarks of the lookers-on at his extraordinary luck. In the latter period of his life visitors at Blenheim were requested not to make him laugh, then he for a long time would not speak, but wrote his wishes on a slate, till somebody incautiously remarking that Madame de Staël was coming to Blenheim, the duke cried out in an agony, "Take me away." When the ministry of "All the Talents" was being formed, Lord Grenville got into a great scrape by appointing Lord Blandford to a small office. Of course no Duke of Marlborough was ever on speaking terms with a Marquis of Blandford, and the duke, or rather duchess who ruled her husband, insisted that another member of the Spencer family should be appointed.

There was no one at the court who was more respected than the Hon. Stephen Digby, vice-chamberlain to the queen—the charming "Mr. Fairly" of Madame d'Arblay's diaries. He paid great attention to that "learned lady," Miss Burney, to the evident surprise and displeasure of his royal mistress. Courtiers are not necessarily sycophants. Colonel Digby had his own ideas, and acted on them with the most perfect independence. He displayed great courage during the king's illness. When the king suddenly burst into the room where the princess and all the court were assembled, no one dared remove him. Sir George Baker, whose duty it was to act, lost his presence of mind and declined the task. Colonel Digby went up to the king and told him in a tone of respectful authority that he must go to bed, and took him by the arm and endeavored to lead him to his apartment. "I will not go!" cried the king.

"Who are you?" "I am Colonel Digby, sir," he answered. "Your Majesty has been very good to me often, and now I am going to be very good to you; for you must come to bed, it is necessary for your life." So entirely was the king taken by surprise, that the Prince of Wales told the queen he allowed himself to be led to his bedchamber as passively as if he had been a child. To the great surprise and dissatisfaction of Miss Burney, Colonel Digby, then a widower, married Miss "Fusilier," whose real name was Gunning, the daughter of Sir Robert Gunning.

Major Price, equerry to the king, spoke his mind as freely as Colonel Digby once when walking with his Majesty in the grounds of Windsor Castle. The following dialogue took place: "I shall certainly," said the king, "order this tree to be cut down." "If it is cut down, your Majesty will have destroyed the finest tree about the castle." "Really it is surprising that people constantly oppose my wishes!" "Permit me to observe that if your Majesty will not allow people to speak, you will never hear the truth." "Well, Price, I believe you are right." This anecdote, we think, confers equal honor on the king and his equerry.

Another distinguished member of the court was the celebrated Duke of Queensberry, whose character is well delineated by Wraxall:—

If I were compelled to name the particular individual who had received from nature the keenest common sense of any person I ever knew, I should select the Duke of Queensberry. Unfortunately his sources of information—the turf, the drawing-room, the theatre, the great world—were not the most pure, nor the best adapted to impress him with favorable ideas of his own species. Information as acquired from books he always treated with contempt; and used to ask me what advantage, or solid benefit, I had ever derived from the knowledge that he supposed me to possess of history; a question which it was not easy for me satisfactorily to answer, either to him or to myself. Known to be immensely rich, destitute of issue, and unmarried, he formed a mark at which every necessitous man or woman throughout the metropolis directed their aim. It is a fact, that when he lay dying in December, 1810, his bed was covered with billets and letters to the number of at least seventy: mostly, indeed, addressed to him by females of every description, and of every rank, from duchesses down to ladies of the easiest virtue. Unable from his extenuated state to open or to peruse them, he ordered them, as they arrived, to be laid on his bed, where they remained, the seals unbroken, till he expired.

The duke had been a lord of the bed-chamber ever since the accession of the king, yet he deserted him in his hour of need. For once in his life he made a great mistake. The duke had gone down to Windsor to ascertain if there were any hopes of his Majesty's recovery, and was told by a friend of Wraxall's that there was great hope.

Wraxall writes:—

But Warren entered the apartment, and being informed of the object of the Duke's visit, led him to a window, where they held a long conversation in a subdued tone of voice. The result was that the Duke, fully persuaded of the desperate nature of the malady, determined to join and to vote with the Prince.

The duke was "be-Warrened," and his house became the headquarters of the prince and his followers, and bumpers of champagne were drunk there to the success of the approaching regency. The possessor of the finest houses in England and Scotland, he would rather, said a friend of his, live in the dirtiest room of the dirtiest inn. When giving a dinner at his beautiful villa at Richmond, now we believe the property of the Duke of Buccleuch, he sneered at the landscape which his visitors were admiring. The duke was French in his sympathies. When the *émigrés* arrived in England he entertained them with munificent hospitality. In fact, he resembled very much in character the Richelieus and Lauzuns of the *ancien régime*. He had the bad taste to introduce Madame du Barry to the king on the terrace at Windsor. His Majesty turned his back on the worthy couple with the most astounding celerity. The duke was no believer in the eternal duration of the English aristocracy. When walking one day with his star on, a passer-by laughed at it. "What!" said the duke. "Have they found that out?"

A *parvenu* once talked to him about the libels published against the court and nobility. "They are infamous!" said the *parvenu*. "Shocking!" said the duke. "So false!" said the sycophant. "Oh! not false," said the duke. "I should not care about them if they were false. They are all so confoundedly true!"

Wraxall says:—

Many fabulous stories were circulated and believed respecting him; as, among others, that he wore a glass eye, that he used milk baths, and other idle tales. It is however a fact that the Duke performed, in his own drawing-room, the scene of Paris and the Goddesses. Three of the most beautiful females

to be found in London presented themselves before him, precisely as the divinities of Homer are supposed to have appeared to Paris on Mount Ida; while *he*, habited like "the Dardan shepherd," holding a gilded apple in his hand, conferred the prize on her whom he deemed the fairest. This classic exhibition took place at his house opposite the Green Park. Neither the second Duke of Buckingham, commemorated by Pope, whose whole life was a voluptuous whim, nor any other of the licentious noblemen, his contemporaries, appear to have ever realized a scene so analogous to the manners of that profligate period. The correct days of George III. were reserved to witness its accomplishment.

There are people now alive who remember the nervousness of the London public as to their milk supply owing to the report about the duke's daily baths. The Duke of Queensberry's remains lie under the communion table in St. James's Church, Piccadilly, a fact that may be of interest to the worshippers in that sacred edifice.

The Marquis of Lothian was another deserter. The prince had taken him in to see the king when his illness was at the worst. Lord Lothian, thinking that his kind master's mental life was closed, promised his vote for the prince. The marquis, when Lord Newbottle, had been a rival of the king in the affections of Lady Sarah Lennox, who seems to have "made hay" at both with great impartiality.

Wraxall writes:—

The Marquis of Lothian attracted severe animadversions by joining the Prince's party. He commanded the first regiment of Life Guards, was constantly near the King's person, and peculiarly acceptable to him.

The Duke of Queensberry and Lord Lothian were dismissed from the offices which they held in the household. The duke, who for the first time in his life had differed from his friend George Selwyn, had to take refuge abroad to escape the ridicule which was showered on him.

George James, Earl (afterwards Marquis) of Cholmondeley, the nephew of Horace Walpole, was as successful a gambler as the Duke of Queensberry. He was head of the Prince of Wales's household, but his great notoriety was obtained from his being such a devoted follower of the king of Ægypt. He was the banker *à la mode* at faro. At first he was not very successful, and his uncle relates with great glee how his nephew went to Brookes's before Fox and Fitzpatrick, who kept a bank there, had arrived. Fox and Fitzpatrick came into the club, at-

tacked him and broke his bank. "There!" said Fox; "so should all usurpers be served." How Horace Walpole must have chuckled over this catastrophe! Afterwards, Lord Cholmondeley's winnings were enormous. They are said to have amounted to the sum of three hundred thousand pounds. One gambler alone, a Mr. Paul, lost ninety thousand pounds in one evening.

Lord Cholmondeley was very fortunate in securing money in other ways. Lord Clinton having lost a large sum at cards, sent up his title deeds in order to raise money on mortgage. The lawyer who examined them communicated to Lord Cholmondeley that there was an old claim of the Cholmondeley family to the Clinton estate. The earl made his claim, but the affair was compromised, Lord Cholmondeley receiving a large sum of money. Lord Cholmondeley in fact became so successful in his demands on other people's property that even the quietest of his neighbors took alarm. Mr. Coke became nervous, and wrote to Lord Cholmondeley,

"that wishing to feel easy as to his own property, which he had inherited from a long train of ancestors, but knowing the various claims which his lordship possessed upon that of others, he begged leave to inquire what sum he would be contented to receive as an indemnity for any claim he might hereafter think fit to make upon the Holkham Estate." Lord Cholmondeley replied in the same facetious style, "that with every wish to tranquillize the mind of an old and much-loved friend, he did not think that, in justice to his own family, he could consistently enter into any arrangement which might hereafter be so detrimental to their future interests."

Lord Cholmondeley lived in great state at Houghton, which he had inherited, his upper servants on grand occasions wearing dark brown coats, with broad gold lace, according to the old custom. He once incautiously asked the mayor and other notabilities of the Walpole borough of Lynn, to enjoy a day's shooting. The mayor and corporation did not get any sport till they came near the hall, when they blazed away to their hearts' content; but their feelings of satisfaction were very much abated when at the banquet which followed, a horrified servant came in with the appalling intelligence that the Lynn gentlemen had shot all Lady Cholmondeley's *tame* partridges!

Lord Coleraine ("Blue Hanger") was another courtier of the prince's. He was very eccentric in his manner and compliments. The Duchess of York had a water

party, but when she arrived late the waterman said, "Your Royal Highness must wait for the tide." Upon which Lord Coleraine, bowing profoundly, said, "If I had been the tide I should have waited for your Royal Highness," which sent everybody into fits of laughter. Once when staying at an inn in Ireland, he went to his bedroom, and found his bed occupied; a man started up, saying, "How dare you come into my room? My name is Johnson; I shall demand satisfaction to-morrow morning." Then a little wizened woman popped her head out from under the blankets. At the sight of this apparition Lord Coleraine pointed at her, coolly saying, "Mrs. Johnson, I presume."

The Damers were quite as eccentric as the Hangers. Wraxall describes the conduct of Lord Milton's second son, Mr. George Damer, to Mr. Partington. Readers of Horace Walpole will recollect the graphic account of the suicide of the eldest son at an inn in Covent Garden.

Lady Melbourne passing him, one very cold day [says Wraxall] in her carriage, as he stood conversing with *Partington*, an eminent solicitor, at the corner of Lower Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, she bowed to him. Unwilling to take off his own hat in the severe state of the atmosphere, he instantly made free with that of *Partington*; who having his back towards Lady Melbourne, was not a little surprised at finding himself thus made the involuntary instrument of Mr. Damer's good-breeding. Having, however, performed this act of civility by proxy, he coolly replaced *Partington's* hat on the head of its owner, with many apologies for the freedom.

Perhaps Mr. Partington was that awful being the family solicitor; if so, he no doubt revenged himself by a large addition of six and eightpences. We once heard the landlord of a French hotel announce that his country intended to avenge Waterloo. "That *you* do every day in your bills," said a facetious Englishman.

We have now finished our task. Doubtless there are inaccuracies in Wraxall. When Mr. Charles Greville's book appeared serious misstatements were exposed. But does that detract from the merit of his memoirs, which throw a flood of light on the history of the times he writes about? After all, what is history? Neither Sir Robert Walpole nor Lord North believed in it. Burke and Fox doubted it. Nine-tenths of the documents on which it ought to be written are destroyed, and history is written on the

remaining scraps. When new documents are found all history is changed. Henry VIII. was considered a monster of iniquity till Mr. Froude made discoveries, and succeeded in whitewashing his character to a great extent, although it was a hard task to explain away the bad reputation of a man who cut off the head of a wife on one day, and married another the next. Then take the case of Nero; all the scandal about his levity at the burning of Rome is said to have arisen from his having kindly fiddled at a concert for the relief of the sufferers. We lately saw a defence of the Duke of Maine, the "bastard" of Louis Quatorze, who is accused by St. Simon and Macaulay of losing a battle by sending for a priest to confess to, instead of leading his troops forward. It is now stated that it was difficult to restrain him from fighting without orders. It has always been said that George Selwyn delighted in being present at executions, we read the other day a statement from an intimate friend of his, denying the fact in the strongest terms. What is truth? We must not be too severe on Wraxall's occasional inaccuracies, for in few books are there so much amusement and so much information.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

"She whom I have praised so,
Yields delight for reason too:
Who could doat on thing so common
As mere outward-handsome woman?
Such half-beauties only win
Fools, to let affection in."

WITHER.

CHAPTER I.

"COME, ADVISE ME, BROTHER."

"But fixed before, and well resolved was she,
As those who ask advice are wont to be."

POPE.

BEAUTY, health, ease, and a charming temper had all combined to hide from an inquisitive world the years that Matilda Wilmot had spent upon it. She looked young — she *was* young. If her skin was as fair, her eyes as bright, and her tresses as luxuriant as they had been twenty years before, not less was her blood as impetuous and her fancy as warm. She still walked, rode, danced, and skated with the best — was the star of the neighborhood, the theme of every busy tongue, the envy of every jealous heart: and one abominable fact undid it all — Lady Matilda was, O heavens! a grandmother.

"It is the most ridiculous thing," said her brother, — and Teddy did not relish ridiculous things in connection with himself and his belongings, — "it is the worst piece of luck that could have happened, that baby coming. Puts us all in the stupidest position. Just as if you and I were not laughed at enough already, the way we go on. Oh, I know, I know well enough. They say we're a queer lot, and that sort of thing; and it will be worse than ever after this. I say, you know, we must do something; it's no use staring at each other, and doing nothing to help ourselves. We shall be quizzed all over the place."

"So we shall." Matilda looked him in the face without the shadow of a smile. "What are we to do? Come, advise me, brother. Think of something quickly, please."

"Ah, but that's it. It's easy to say, 'Think of something;' but what the dickens am I to think of? There is only one way out of the scrape that I see, and that is for you to marry again, and cut the whole concern here."

"I have been married enough already," rejoined his sister. "Try again, my dear. Your prescription does not suit the complaint, doctor."

"Complaint! Well, I am glad to hear you have the sense to complain at least. 'Pon my word, it's too bad. However, all I can say is, you marry again."

"And all I can say is, I have been married once too often as it is."

"You women have no logic about you," burst forth Teddy impatiently. "Can't you see, now, that having had one bad husband at the start, it's long odds but you get a better to go on with? Can't you see that? Bless me! it's as plain as a pike-staff. It stands to reason."

"Very true; to be sure, it stands to reason. But, my dear brother, 'better' is a vague term. How much 'better,' I should like to know? And then you evidently contemplate my taking a course of husbands, increasing in excellence as I 'go on' with them. Pray, how many will be required?"

"Good gracious! you *are* unreasonable. I never said such a thing. Why, you might hit on the very man for you the very next time."

"I might, certainly."

"And then — there you are."

"True; then — there I am."

"Well, but," proceeded Lady Matilda, with infinite gravity, "supposing, Teddy, — just supposing, for the sake of pru-

dence, you know, — you are always telling me that I am not so prudent as I ought to be, so I intend to make an effort in future, — supposing, then, that I did not?"

"Did not what?"

"Hit on the right man."

"Well, of course — of course," said Teddy, slightly flustered, as was natural, by the suggestion, — "of course, you know, you must take your chance. I tell you it's long odds in your favor, but I can't say more than that. No man can say more than that. If you marry again —"

"In the abstract. Yes."

"In the abstract? Yes." He had not a notion, poor boy, what she meant, for Teddy was simple, very simple, as perhaps has been already gathered. "In the abstract, if you like. You marry again, anyway; and then — there we are."

"Then — there we are," repeated Lady Matilda, with the same cheerful enunciation and the same immovable countenance as before; "but, pardon me, dear Ted, explain a little — how?"

"Don't you see how? I'll soon show you, then. When you marry, I can come and live with you, and we can live anywhere you choose, — I am sure I don't care where, so long as it isn't here —"

("Abstract husband, no vote," *sotto voce* observed Matilda.)

"We could go far enough away," proceeded her brother; "we could now, if we had a little more money — if we had not to hang on to Overton. I can't make out sometimes," with a little puzzled expression, — "I can't quite make out, Matilda, how it is that we haven't more money between us. I thought you had married a rich man."

"Oh, never mind — never mind that; we know all about that." Lady Matilda spoke rather hastily. "Money is not interesting to either of us, Ted, and I want to hear more about your plan. Tell me what we should do when we had gone away from here, and where to go, and why go at all?"

"As to what we should do! We should do very well. I don't know what you mean by that. And then it's easy enough settling where to go. There are heaps of places, very jolly places, that I could get to know about, once I was on the look-out for them. Places always crop up once you are on the look-out; any one will tell you that."

"And now, why should we go at all?"

"Why?" Teddy opened his eyes, and stared at his sister. "Why? Have I not

been telling you why all this time? I do believe you think I like to talk on, for talking's sake." (She did, but never let him know as much, listening patiently till the stream had run dry; but on this occasion Teddy was too sharp, and the subject was too engrossing.) "Why? To get quit of it, of course," he said.

"Of it! Of what?"

"That disgusting baby."

"Are you speaking of my grandson, sir? Are you talking of a hapless infant only a few hours old, you unnatural monster? Shame upon you! fie upon you, young man! Pray, Mr. Edward Sourface, reserve such epithets in future for other ears; and be so good, sir, at the same time, to draw off some of the vinegar which is visible in your countenance, and let me have it presently as a fitting accompaniment to the oil which we shall see exhibited in that of my trusty and well-beloved son-in-law—since one will counteract the other, and thus shall I better be able to digest both. Why, Teddy, what an idiot you are!" said Lady Matilda, dropping all at once her mocking accents, and speaking gently and playfully; "what an ado you make about the simplest and most natural thing in the world! I am married at eighteen, so of course Lotta improves on the idea, and marries *before* she is eighteen. I have a daughter, she has a son: in every way my child has followed the lead given her, and indeed eclipsed her mother from first to last."

"Fiddlesticks! Eclipsed her mother! *Lotta!*" cried Teddy, with undisguised contempt. "*Lotta!*" he said again, and laughed.

"Oh, Teddy, Teddy, you are not a good uncle. How can you laugh in that unkind way? Be quiet, sir, be quiet, I tell you; I won't have it. From a grand-uncle, too! Grand-uncle! Think of that, Teddy, love. Dear, dear,—'tis really vastly surprising, as the old ladies say."

"Vastly—something else," muttered Teddy.

"Mr. Grand-uncle," began the teasing voice.

"Oh, shut up, can't you? Grand-uncle!" said Teddy, with such distaste that it seemed he loathed the very term, independently of its adherence to himself—"grand-uncle! Was there ever such bosh? It really——"

"What I was going to say was," pursued his sister merrily, "that as the baby is a boy,—and youths under twenty do not usually affect matrimony in this coun-

try,—I may be permitted to entertain some hopes that I shall not be converted into a great-grandmother with the same delightful celerity with which I have already been turned into a grandmother."

Then there was a pause, during which the brother looked gloomily out of the window, while the sister found apparently a more agreeable prospect in her own thoughts, for she smiled once or twice before she spoke again. At last she rose from her seat. "I shall go over this afternoon, of course," she said.

"Over to Endhill?"

"Yes."

"Over to see that baby?"

"Yes."

"What on earth—do you really mean it? Are you really going to waste a whole afternoon slobbering over a wretched baby?"

"Only about ten minutes of it, dear; don't be cross; I shall not ask to see Lotta, as she had better be quiet——"

"When is she ever any else?"

"So we can just ride over, come back through the town, see what is going on, and have a fine gallop along the cliffs afterwards."

Now if there was one thing in the world Teddy Lessingham loved, it was to see what was going on in the old county town near which he had been born and bred; and if there was another, it was a gallop along the high, chalky downs when the tide was full, and the sea-wind was blowing the waves right up over the beach beneath. Still he made a demur; he looked at the sky, and looked at Matilda,—"*We shall get wet, of course.*"

"Of course. Old clothes. It will do us no harm."

"I don't mind, I am sure, if you don't. What time then?" For though the young man had not been formally invited to go, let alone being consulted as to the expedition, it was assumed, indeed it was as much a matter of course that he was to be Matilda's companion as the horse she rode. To be sure he was. Where could he have gone but where she went? What could he have done that she would not have a part in? He never had a purpose apart from hers: her will was his law; her chariot-wheels his chosen place.

Nor was the widow less ardently attached to her young brother. She, the quickest-witted woman in the neighborhood, never lost patience with, never wearied of, her poor foolish Teddy, who, as was pretty well known, was not quite, not *quite* like other people, and yet was

so very little wrong, wanting in such a very slight degree, that it was almost a shame to mention it,—and yet, if the truth were told, it was perhaps even more awkward and trying in some ways than if there had been more amiss. For Teddy considered himself to be a very knowing and remarkably wide-awake fellow. On his shoulders, he felt, rested a heavy weight of responsibility, and cares manifold devolved on his far-reaching mind. For instance, who but he kept up the whole credit of Overton Hall in the eyes of the world? Did he not entertain strangers, remember faces, do the civil to the neighborhood generally, whereas Overton and Matilda never thought of such things? Overton was “a very good brother, a precious good brother, and he was not saying a word against him;” but without saying a word against him, it is certain that the speaker felt and was scarcely at pains to conceal his sense of his own superiority. Overton, he would complain, had no idea of keeping things up to the mark—had no *nous*, no *go* in him; whereas Matilda, poor Matilda (here he would wag his head with sombre sagacity)—poor Matilda, was such a flighty, here-there-everywhere, happy-go-lucky, devil-may-care sort of creature, that if it were not for *him*,—oh, it was no wonder Teddy had a serious aspect, all things considered.

Perhaps Matilda was at times diverted and at times provoked; but at any rate she took care that no one else should be either one or the other in her presence. In everything she supported and fortified her brother. He lectured her, and she listened dutifully. He put forth his wisdom, and it was met by gentle raillery or grave assent. His wildest assertions, his most pitiful arguments, were softened, smoothed, and helped tenderly out of the conversation,—so that even those who liked the fair Matilda least—and they were women, we may be sure—even those allowed that she was wonderfully, extraordinarily “nice” with Teddy.

Now Teddy could be irritating. There were times when he would be sharp, sharp as a needle, and sharp inevitably at the wrong moment and in the wrong way. The thing that it was particularly desirable that he should not see, and should know nothing about, he would perceive by intuition—and that, however absent-minded and dull and stupid he might have seemed but the moment before. There was no evading his penetration, and no putting him off the scent once he struck it: he saw like a lynx, and

heard like a Red Indian, when it suited him.

Then perhaps when such smartness was particularly mischievous in its results, and Teddy would meet with the mildest of rebuffs from those whom he had so wantonly maltreated, he would be very highly aggrieved indeed. Perhaps the rebuff might never even come to be spoken, but a something in the air would show that all was not well, and this was enough; he was out of favor, and he was bound to show resentment; nor, when he thus took the bit between his teeth, could all the united efforts of Overton and Matilda dislodge it. He was not to be either cajoled or coerced out of his mood. Silence, obstinate, unyielding, leaden-weighted silence, would be his refuge; and while the fit lasted, which it might do for days at a time, neither the earl nor his sister had much peace of mind. Vague misgivings would creep into their bosoms and betray their presence by uneasy whispers and glances, if Teddy's whereabouts were unknown for any length of time: if he lingered out of doors after the great bell had sounded from the tower at luncheon-time or dinner-time, one would be at the staircase window, and another looking casually out of the front door. They would watch him disappear across the park, and when once the tall, handsome figure was out of sight, and Teddy could have no suspicion that he was being spied upon, one or other would be pretty sure to follow, and be merely strolling about in the same direction, if by chance they were obliged to let him see he was not alone. He would not address the intruder on his solitude. He would look angrily away, mutter to himself, and pass on. The servants would understand that Mr. Edward was in a “temper,” and avoid him; his very dog would make no efforts to engage his notice.

But this is Teddy at his worst. These ugly days are few and far between,—thank God they are, or what might they not lead to? They come but seldom, and go as they come, unquestioned, unblamed. Gradually the cloud begins to roll away, a softer look steals back to the face, the lips part in a smile, the whistle to Gruff brings Gruff rampant to his master's side, and it is plain that all is to be right again.

Overton nods to Matilda, and she nods back. Overton addresses Teddy as though nothing had happened, and Matilda takes it for granted that he will join her

in some little jaunt or other, previously arranged and ready to be brought forward, — and they both talk away to him and take his arm, and pat him on the back, just as if he had not persistently avoided their company as much as he could for the last thirty or forty hours, and had not, when compelled to endure it, maintained an unbroken, sullen, affected unconsciousness of their presence. That is past, and he may be approached again. He looks a little anxious, a little ashamed: a vague feeling of having been naughty oppresses the lad as it would a child, and his spirits gratefully rise as he perceives he is not to be punished for his misbehavior. If Overton were cold to him, or, worse still, were Matilda to quarrel with him, all Teddy's happiness in life would be gone, for these two beings people his world, and in their unflinching forbearance and affection he basks as in sunshine.

"Yet Mr. Edward talks sensible enough," avers the old major-domo of Overton, who has known Mr. Edward from his cradle. "I've seen folks as taken as they could be with Mr. Edward, I can tell you; and my lord not being married, nor looking that way, there's many would jump at the young one on the chance. Lord bless you, he ain't far wrong, not by no means! he is just a bit simple and foolish like; but who's to know that that sees him in company? — such a fine, well-set-up young gentleman to look at, a-talking here, a-talking there, always quite easy and comfortable, and dressed — there ain't a better-dressed gentleman in London. For one coat of my lord's Mr. Edward have half-a-dozen; and as to trousers, Joseph here tells me he wouldn't like to give a guess even at what his trouser bill is. My lord, he pays: bless you, he don't say nothing to nobody, but he just pays and keeps the receipts. He ain't as poor as Mr. Edward thinks, d'ye understand? 'Twould never do to let Mr. Edward have every suvering *he* wanted, or we should soon be in the workhouse; but he gets his little bit of money that his father left him, just to make believe, d'ye see? He gets it paid regular down, and he fusses over it, and thinks it's all he have to live upon, — and to be sure he can see well enough 'tis but a trifle, — so that just keeps him down nicely. To hear him sometimes telling folks how poor he is! But he forgets, you know, — he forgets, does Mr. Edward. Lor'! you may talk to him by the hour together, and he don't know nothing at the end. Tell him a thing, and he takes it in

all right enough; but it just goes through and through his head without stopping — in at one ear and out at the other, before any good or bad comes of it. If it weren't for Lady Matilda" — and the old man shook his head.

It was in this light that the Hon. Edward Lessingham was looked upon by the inmates of Overton Hall.

CHAPTER II.

"YET YOU USED TO SEEM HAPPY."

"A coronet, my lord goes by,
My lady with him in the carriage, —
You'd never guess from that proud eye
It was a miserable marriage."

ANON.

AND now we must more formally introduce our readers to Overton Hall itself, and to the three representatives of the Overton family now alone remaining, since they were, one and all, so far from being unremarkable, that in any rank, among any associates, they must still have attracted notice. As it was, as the first people of the place, they were an unfailing source of gossip, conjecture, and comment in a particularly barren and unfruitful neighborhood. Providence had been kind to the parish in bestowing on it such a patron as Lord Overton, and such a pair as Teddy and Matilda for his brother and sister. No three people could have done more for the dull, out-of-the-way, old-world part they lived in, and that involuntarily; for, truth to tell, it was not all the money they gave away, the schemes they organized, the example they set, which was half so much valued among the villagers as their freaks and fancies, their whims and vagaries, their doings and sayings, their goings and comings, — these were the real benefit, the real, actual, positive benefit, which was conferred, and for which gratitude was due.

Overton Hall, far from the busy world — at least as far as it is possible to be in England in these highly strung and terribly communicative days — four miles from a small and sleepy wayside station, in plainer terms, was sunk in a hollow (though Lady Matilda would never allow as much) — was, at any rate, far down the slope of a long, low Sussex hillside; and although pleasant enough as a summer residence, was looked upon by all but its inhabitants as absolutely unendurable after the fall of the leaf. When October had once fairly set in, the park would be a series of swamps, over which faint blue mists hung incessantly; the red walls of the old Elizabethan mansion would be visible for

miles on every side when the thin, scrubby woodlands around had been stripped of their foliage; and it had been said over and over again that no people but the Overtons themselves, no residents less pertinaciously attached to their native place, would ever have lived on through winter after winter in such a dreary spot.

That they did so, however, from choice, was a priceless boon to those who, from necessity, followed their example. So little of the Overtons went such a long way; they were so rich in resources in themselves, so replete with material for the wits of others to work upon; one was so unlike the other, and all were so unlike the rest of their neighbors, — that the one universal feeling was, they could never have been replaced, had any evil chance taken them away. What they did, and what they left undone, was of almost equal interest; why Lord Overton took a morning instead of an afternoon walk, made talk for half-a-dozen tongues. What carriages went from the hall to meet such and such a train? When they returned? Who were in them? Was Teddy seeing the guests off when he was met driving down on the following day; or were they stopping over Sunday? All of this was food for ardent speculation; and the erection of new park palings, or a fresh lodge at the edge of the low wood, was not of more vital importance than the health of Matilda's sick parrot, or the consideration as to the length of time her whimsical ladyship had worn her one bonnet in church.

Although all three were thus constantly before their public, it, however, by no means followed that they were on the same footing in the public mind; and strange to say, the elder brother, the least striking, the least notable as he was of any, had to him the *pas* given; but then the case stood thus: Lord Overton was one whom no one — except, perhaps, the very, very few who had known him closely from boyhood — believed in. He was, at the time our story commences, in the prime of life — that is to say, he was forty years old, and looked his age. He was short, stumpy, plain, and worse than plain, coarse in feature, and marked, though but slightly, with small-pox. He was, in fine, not passively, but aggressively ill-favored; not insignificant, not one who might have been cast in a mould whence hundreds more of the same could be turned out to order if required, but he was the unfortunate possessor of a face which might have been constructed upon trial, and found so

unsatisfactory as to have been never reproduced.

But then he was the Earl of Overton. What signified it to the Earl of Overton how he looked, or of what formation was his nose, or chin, or mouth? What did it matter that he shambled in his walk, slouched in his chair, and sat inches lower than his sister? What though he had not Teddy's easy grace and swinging step, or the bell-like tones of Matilda's voice? He was the Earl of Overton. These things were, or ought to have been, considerations quite beneath the Earl of Overton. In virtue of the solitary possession, birth, he should have been more potent than the Apollo Belvidere, or the sage Æsop. He should not have supposed it possible that he could look amiss, or act amiss, or talk too much or too long.

Nobody could believe that he did think it possible; and thus it was that, as we have said, nobody believed in the man himself.

He was a mystery — a cynic; he was proud as Lucifer; he was mad as a March hare. It was said of him that not all his ancestors for generations back had held themselves so high as he did. He was dubbed a recluse and a monk; while, to carry out the pleasant suggestion, the Hall itself would be termed the monastery (but if it were one, like unto some in the olden time it must have been, when monks were merrier than they are now). This, however, is an aside between the reader and the writer, — in the eyes of the good folk round the simile was apt. But what puzzled them a little, and set one or two thinking, was this, that after all, though everything that was heard of Lord Overton bespoke him proud, stern, and self-contained — after all, if you met the earl face to face, if he *had* to look at you and *had* to speak to you, his look was wonderfully meek and his voice gentle.

Now Lord Overton thought no more of himself than if he had been a city scavenger. That was the real truth, and in that truth lay the perplexity. People could not understand, would not, indeed, credit for a single second the notion that so great a man could be humble-minded.

And how came it that he was so? Probably after this fashion. His parents had been vain, selfish, and ambitious; and they could ill brook the idea that their first-born, their heir, the future head of the house, should give no promise of bringing to it either honor or repute. Overton had from infancy been awkward, ugly, and illiterate. There was no hope

that he would shine either as a politician, or as a courtier, or as a soldier, or as — in short, anything. Teddy had eclipsed him in beauty, Matilda in intellect, and the latter had been the father's, the former the mother's darling. With neither had he been in the smallest degree of consequence, over neither had he possessed any influence, and they had only noticed his being the eldest as a fresh source of vexation, since he did the position so little credit.

It had all sunk deeply into a nature already reserved, bashful, and backward.

Not all the subsequent fuss about the peer in possession; not all the flattery of time-servers, anxious to worship the risen sun; not even time and reflection, could shake Overton's conviction that he was a nobody, and would always be a nobody.

It was impossible, Matilda said, to open her eldest brother's eyes. He could never see that he was needed, never suppose that he could be wanted.

For instance, it was tolerably palpable when old Lady Finsbury — the dear old dowager who lived in the very small house along the London Road — when the old lady herself drove to the Hall on purpose to secure the party for a little dinner — such a little dinner as she could give and liked to give, — it was plain that the presence of Overton himself on the occasion was not only desired, but was of first-rate importance. He was more than wanted, he was anxiously, painfully wanted, — but the idea never occurred to him that it could be so. He thought it very kind, uncommonly kind, of Lady Finsbury to ask them all; but three out of one house were quite too many for her little room (Lady Matilda winced and looked at the speaker, but he saw nothing) — he should not think, should not really think, of trespassing on her hospitality to such an extent. On the point he was firm as a rock. Teddy was of so much more use than he in society that Teddy must go, of course, and Lady Finsbury would kindly excuse him. Of course Lady Finsbury went away mortified, poor soul. Of course she told the story of her defeat with variations, crescendos, and diminuendos, as it suited her, to half-a-dozen intimates ere the week was out; and of course they one and all agreed that the dear creature had been abominably ill-used, and that Lord Overton must have been a perfect brute to say to her face that she had not a room in her house fit for him to sit in.

Meantime Matilda would be groaning in spirit at home. "Oh, Overton, Over-

ton, when will you learn to understand, when will you ever say the right thing? Can't you see, oh, can't you see, you dear blind, blind, blindest of blind beetles, in what a dreadful state of mind you have sent home that poor, harmless, unoffending old lady? She had done you no injury, she had come brimming over with good-will and loving-kindness to us all, and instead of accepting graciously her little overtures, and crowning her with joy and gladness, you dashed her hopes to the ground, and seemed to take pleasure in trampling upon them when they were there."

"Good gracious, Matilda, what do you mean? What have I done?"

"Done — done! 'that which can't be undone,' I can tell you, my dear. And after all, why would you not go? You have no reason for refusing. You had not even manners to put forth the ghost of an excuse —"

"As to excuse, I told her the truth. I was very much obliged, and I understood perfectly, — she thought she could not ask Teddy and you without me, and so she asked me too, — but she did not want me a bit, and as I did not want to go, I thought it was much the best way to take it on myself to refuse. She was quite satisfied. Did you not see she stopped asking me at once —"

"Yes, indeed, I did see that."

"Well, what more would you want?"

"Want? Oh, Overton!" — she stopped to laugh and sigh in despair — "who could believe you could be so — well, never mind, you meant it for the best, but you never, never do yourself justice; and how are people to know that it is all because you are so unfortunately, outrageously, insufferably modest? They won't believe it, nobody will believe it; and besides, you do say such things: now you can see this, surely, that Lady Finsbury could not like your reflecting on her little rooms?"

"I did not 'reflect' on them at all. I merely said we were too many for them; I 'reflected' on *us* if I 'reflected' on any one."

"If you thought we were too many, why should not Teddy have stayed at home, or at least have offered to stay at home, and you and I have gone together? That might have been done."

"To be sure it might, — but to be sure, also, I knew better than that. Why, of course," continued Lord Overton, with a momentary bitterness which showed that although the old wounds of childhood might have been healed, they still woke

and smarted at times — “of course, any one would rather have Teddy than me. Don't you suppose I know that? Teddy ornaments the rooms; and keeps everybody going with his talk, while I am good for nothing. Do you think I have forgotten that he was always sent for to the drawing-room as a boy, while it was never thought desirable that *my* studies should be interrupted? Did he not invariably accompany our mother to town when she went to one gay place and another, and was not I left at home? Who taught *me* to play and sing, or gave me masters for dancing, or sent me abroad to learn languages? I am such an oaf that I can't enter a room like other people. I can't speak a tongue but my own. I am not fit for society —”

“You are fit for *any* society. Overton, my dear Overton, don't talk like that,” said Matilda, springing forward to put her hand on his arm as he was turning to leave the room. “You deceive yourself — indeed, indeed you do,” — her own eyes reflecting the moisture in his. “Teddy, poor Teddy, you know what he is; surely you do not begrudge him advantages which have just made him passable — just enabled him to go through the world without bringing down its ridicule upon his head; surely you see —” she paused.

“I see, Matilda — I see, I know, I understand; but I cannot help feeling — oh, you know well enough what I feel.”

“And you are so kind to him,” pursued she, with a sudden sob; “yes, you are — you are. No one would be like you to him — the best, the dearest, the —”

“Well, well, never mind; why, it's all right, of course it's all right; they meant to do their duty by us both, I suppose; and one ought not to speak against one's father and mother — specially when they are dead, but —”

“Think what they did for *me*,” said Matilda, in a low voice, but with drier eyes.

Her brother was silent.

“Did they not marry me when I was but a girl, a child?” pursued his sister; “did they not give me to a man more than twice my age, who neither loved me nor feigned to love me, who was incapable of loving any one but himself? who made my life a burden —”

“Yet you used to seem happy.”

“Was I happy? It must have been after a strange fashion then. Why, Overton, you say I used to seem happy. To *seem*? Yes; that is exactly the word.

Was it likely I should do anything but ‘seem’? To show the truth, to lay bare my wretchedness for every passer-by to gaze upon? No, indeed. The thing was done, and I had but to keep up the farce as best I could. Well, well,” continued Matilda in a brisker tone, — “well, well, those days are past, and we are all very happy now, — are we not, dear? As to your being jealous of Teddy —”

“I never said I was jealous. How can you think such a thing?”

“As to imagining that Teddy can in any way fill your shoes, or take the place of Lord Overton in the sight of a hostess —”

“Ay, that's it; I can follow you there. Possibly Lord Overton might be welcome, but I — I — myself —”

“But you — you — yourself, being as you are, Lord Overton, cannot disassociate your person from your title, your body from — let me see what; at any rate you will not refuse the next invitation, and send home the next fair dame who brings it, dying with chagrin?”

Perhaps she would after such a discussion endeavor still further to explain matters, but the end of any such attempts would be almost always the same — a sort of storm of admiration and vexation on her part, and partial and temporary enlightenment on his.

Such a gleam would soon die out. He would go to the next party as he had been bid, would go internally quaking and outwardly cold and frigid, and although endeavoring to do his best, would somehow contrive to do it with the very worst effect possible. He would not stand on the hearth-rug; he would not play the earl; the most unostentatious back seat would infallibly be his resort, and the nearest person to him — quite possibly the humblest individual there — had such conversation as he possessed. It was not much: he would look wistfully and enviously at his younger brother, who, with artless complacency, and in the very best of spirits, was prattling away first to one and then to another; who was moving about from place to place as anything caught his eye or engaged his attention; who, during the dinner which followed, would be beset on every side by fair ones anxious for his attention, for attention which he seemed willing and able to distribute to each and all impartially, — and he would wonder how Teddy did it. No such brilliant effusions came from him, no such happy sallies set the table laughing. It was hard on his companion, Lord Overton would

consider; and graver and graver would grow his voice, and longer and longer his face, as the hours wore on. When all was over he would heave a sigh of relief, but even the relief was tempered by apprehension of a probable lecture on the way home; and thus it was scarcely to be wondered at that society liked the unfortunate nobleman little better than he liked society, and that although some—the charitable—merely called him stiff and stately, the greater part of his acquaintance characterized him as eaten up with pride.

And what of Matilda, the widow, the mother, and now the grandmother?

She was, as has been already said, a lovely woman; full of animal life; warm-blooded, high-spirited, and impetuous; a passionate partisan or an unsparing adversary; one who loved or hated with equal warmth; generous to a fault, or sarcastic to acrimony. At the age of thirty-seven—for she was three years younger than Overton—she still possessed in a redundant share the freshness, energy, and spring of youth—perhaps also some of its incompleteness. There was still promise to be fulfilled, still material for experience to work upon; but this only added, as it seemed, to the charms of one already so charming—one who was too charming to be perfect. Her voice was soft, yet rich; never raised above an even medium note; yet so clear was the enunciation, and so resonant the tone, that wherever the sound of it was carried, words and meaning could be discerned also.

In figure she was tall, and though not more fully formed than became her age, yet giving indications that, in after life, she might become stout rather than thin.

But who shall describe the lustre of her large, dark eye, by turns soft, subtle, searching, or sparkling, brimming, and mischievous? Who could forget the exquisite pose of her head, the broad, low brow, the play of her lips, the curve of her chin, the rounded throat, the falling shoulder? No wonder that she was adored. No wonder that every man who had once seen, looked twice, thrice, whenever and wherever he could, at Lady Matilda.

How it came to pass that, with lovers in plenty, she had never contracted a second union, even Matilda herself would hardly have been able to explain. She neither was, nor had ever affected to be,

a broken-hearted woman, one who had played 'out her part in a troublesome world, and had fain have no more ado with it: so far indeed from this being the case, people did say that, having been married off as fast as possible by parents who were solely anxious to get the skittish lass off their hands, the poor thing had been mercifully deprived of a husband whom no one could tolerate, and that probably the happiest day of her life had been that which saw her, all beclouded from head to foot in trappings of woe, brought back a widow to the home of her childhood. Over that home the kind Overton now reigned, and over him Matilda herself meant to reign. She meant it, and she did it. Never had sister found a warmer welcome, and never had one been more needed or appreciated. She had flown at her brothers' necks, kissed, hugged, wept over them with—we hardly like to confess what kind of tears, but perhaps the two may have guessed,—at any rate, in their satisfaction, and in her own, each felt that, with Matilda back again, a new life had begun. Every want was supplied, every void filled up. Soon there began to be heard a firm, light tread up and down the broad staircase; a cheerful woman's voice would issue forth through open doorways; and by-and-by a jest and a laugh would peep slyly out when Matilda's lips were open, as though half afraid to make known their presence, and yet unable to hide away longer. Sounds of music echoed from distant chambers; flowers, dewy and fragrant, met the eye about the rooms; there were parcels on the hall table; there was a riding-whip here, and a pair of gloves there; and a neat little coat would be found hung up among the men's coats on the stand, and a sweet little hat would perch alongside the brothers' hats upon the pegs; and all this meant—Matilda.

Fresh wheel-marks down the avenue, showed that Matilda was out driving; the boat-house key lost, told that she had been out boating; the hothouse doors left ajar, betrayed that she had been eating the grapes.

Everywhere was Matilda felt, and to everything she had a right; and thus entrenched in comfort, authority, and contentment, sure it would have been a bold adventurer indeed who would have thought of storming such a citadel.

CHAPTER III.

LOTTA.

"She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought —
But never, never reached one generous thought."

POPE.

WE must not, however, forget that up to within a very few months of the time our story opens, there had been another inmate of Overton Hall, and indeed an inmate who had no mean idea of her own importance. This was the little girl called Lotta, who, with large round eyes and demure step, accompanied her mother on Lady Matilda's return to the Hall. Now it must be confessed that the one very, very slight thorn in the sides of the three chiefly concerned in this restoration was connected with the little Charlotte—or Lotta: they could not, any of them, be quite as fond of Matilda's child as they could have wished to be. It would have been natural for her to have been the centre of attraction to one and all—for the bereaved parent to have been absolutely devoted to her darling, and for the uncles to have found an unfailing source of interest and amusement in one who was at the endearing age of six, when childhood is especially bewitching, and when the second teeth have not yet begun to come. The whole household might have been provided with an object in Lotta. In taking care of her, watching over her, delighting her little heart with trifles, admiring the dawning of her intelligence, and recounting her sayings, an unflagging source of conversation and study might have been discovered; and, indeed, wiseacres shook their heads, and predicted that a nicely spoilt young lady Miss Charlotte Wilmot would grow up to be, in such an atmosphere, and with such surroundings.

They were mistaken. Lotta was not spoiled after the fashion they thought of,—and this from no severe exercise of self-restraint on the part of Lady Matilda and her brothers, but simply because they were not so tempted. Nothing, indeed, made the widow more indignant than a hint that such was the case; hard and long she strove against the fact, against nature, against everything that favored the distressing conviction, but she was overpowered at last, and almost allowed it to herself in her disappointment. She could not, try as she might, turn Charlotte into an engaging child: she petted her, played with her, romped with her; and Charlotte accepted it all without hesitation, but without originating either a ca-

ress or a frolic in return. What was wrong? No one seemed to know. From infancy the little girl had been a compound of virtues, and it was said of her that a less troublesome charge no nurse had ever possessed. At the age of eight she cut and stitched dolls' frocks without assistance, set herself her own tasks if her governess were unwell or absent, gave directions as to when tucks were to be let down or breadths let out in her frocks, and refrained—on principle—from tasting unknown puddings at table. What was there left for mother, or uncles, to do?

"She puts me to shame, I know," cried Lady Matilda valiantly; "she thinks of things in a way I never could, and quite wonderful in a child of her age. I don't know where I should be without Lotta, I am so forgetful about what has to be done, and she reminds me of it just at the right time and in the right place. Do you know, she always asks nurse for her medicine"—Lotta being at the time ill with measles. "Nurse says there is no need for *her* to think about it, for as sure as the finger of the clock points to the hour, Lotta asks for her dose. Is it not nice, and—and thoughtful of the poor child?" And as she spoke thus bravely, almost fiercely, in defence of her offspring, no one would venture to differ from a word she said; indeed they would hastily and nervously agree, find more to say, discriminate between the little phenomenon and others, valorously finding a verdict in Lotta's favor, and watch the very tips of every syllable they uttered, lest anything should escape to rouse suspicion on the part of the parent, thus herself upon the watch against herself.

But how came Lotta to be a child of Lady Matilda—of the gay, careless, jocular Matilda? How came such a creature of habit and order to be associated with such a very spirit of heedlessness and improvidence? How grew such a methodical imp in such a casual soil? How, in short, came the dull, worthy, excellent, and most unattractive daughter, to be born of the brilliant, arch, incorrigible mother? A mystery of mysteries it was.

Lady Matilda did not like to have remarks made upon the subject. She was fond of Charlotte, maternally,—that is to say, Charlotte was her child, her only child, the little one whom she had watched from infancy, and who was to be her friend and companion in after life. She had rejoiced in being young for Charlotte's sake. Charlotte should have no sober-minded, middle-aged, far-away parent, who

would smile benignantly on her games and toys, or listen condescendingly to her tales of lovers and suitors, having neither part nor lot in such matters, and looking down in wisdom from a height above them. Such mothers were all very well; but she would be on a level with her child, hand and glove in all that went on, the maiden's chosen companion and intimate.

And then, behold, Lotta had needed no such companion; had felt herself sufficient for herself from earliest days; had, if the truth were told, an idea as she waxed older, that she was her mother's superior in sense and sagacity, forethought and prudence. What was to be done, this being the case? A wet day would come, and Lady Matilda, bored to death with a long afternoon in the house, would cheerfully propose — making Lotta the pretext — a game of battledore and shuttlecock in the gallery. Oh yes, Lotta would play if mamma wished it; but it would surely tire mamma, and for herself she would prefer going on with what she was doing. She was quite happy; she was preparing her lessons for the next day; she did not need any play, thank you. After such a snub, Matilda and Teddy would look at the child — Matilda with a perplexed, curious look, Teddy with a grin — and then they would go off and play with each other, while not even the sounds of mirth and the regular monotonous tap-tap of the shuttlecock would bring the diligent and virtuous piece of industry from her self-set task.

"She might have been born an old woman," Matilda would mutter to herself; but she would take very good care not to let what had passed elicit a comment from Teddy. While Lotta was very young, and before it became absolutely certain what Lotta would turn out, he knew that no animadversions on his niece would be permitted, and that his sister, sore because of her own disappointment, would not stand so much as an insinuation from others. It was when the little girl was most imposing and didactic, was least endurable, in other terms, that Lady Matilda's tongue ran fastest in her favor. What would her uncles have? They need not expect every child to be like other children, as if they were a pack of sheep. Lotta was all that any one could desire in the way of goodness and gentleness: and as for her little practical head, you might trust her with a whole list of articles to buy, and shops to go to, and she would not only forget nothing, but would bring her little account afterwards

and make it balance to a farthing. "Which is more than I ever could do," the poor lady would add in conclusion.

But as Charlotte grew up there was less and less in common between her and her mother.

The latter could not hide from herself, as years went on, how limited in reality were her daughter's powers, and how commonplace her mind. The very governess learned to shrug her shoulders. "Yes, Miss Charlotte was not what you could call *bright*, and *quick*. She was a very good girl, very industrious, very diligent, but she had not the — the ability. No; she had no decided turn for anything. For languages, certainly not; for history, geography, grammar, pretty well; but music, drawing, poetry," — she would shake her head.

In short, Charlotte was a dullard, who never opened a book if she could help it, who neither knew nor cared to know what was in the heavens above or in the earth beneath, who seldom put a question, who never created an idea, and who was far more satisfied with her ignorance than the wisest philosopher with his knowledge. At seventeen Lady Matilda, who had indeed, as we know, no cause to advocate matrimony, was still fain to acknowledge to herself that when the young lady had finished with lessons there would be nothing for it but to marry her.

"Provided she gets a poor man she may do very well," reflected the unworldly mother; "a rich one would leave her far too little to think about; and as she has something of her own, she can never be really at a loss. Grant her a poor man — a moderately poor man — and she will find the most delightful occupation in economizing, saving, looking after every bit and scrap, worrying her servants, and reducing everything she has in hand to system. She will do her own marketing, and turn her own gowns. She will have a bunch of keys as big as a bottle. Yes, yes; that must be it. Lotta must marry, and marry soon, or — well, there is no use denying it, she will drive us all out of our senses."

"Since Miss Grove has deserted us" — for the wily Miss Grove, oppressed by the staid solemnity of her one pupil, had flown to a livelier schoolroom, after having first assured Lady Matilda, with a mixture of artfulness and ingenuity, that it was of no use her staying on, as Miss Wilmot would never learn more than she knew already — "since Lotta has been her own mistress, she has become quite dreadful," owned poor Matilda to herself. "She

proses to Overton like a woman of fifty, and seems to think that her mission in life is to keep us all in order. I am sure I really do not know what will be the end of it, if some charitable person does not take pity upon us, and appear to the rescue."

And then, as if by magic, who should appear before the astonished eyes of the fair conjurer, but the very charitable person she sought, as though raised by her spells? It was too much. She was almost overpowered by her good luck. Could it be — could it really be? Was it possible, not to say actually the case, that here was Mr. Robert Hanwell, the unexceptionable, not too rich, not too clever, not too exacting son and heir of old John Hanwell at the other end of the county, coming forward as a suitor for the hand of the youthful and charming and sadly perplexing Miss Wilmot?

Miss Wilmot's mamma clapped her hands when there was no one by to see her.

Then she was vexed with herself, and the tears came into her eyes as she saw what she had done. Was that the way to treat an event so serious? Was that the spirit wherein she should have received the news that her daughter's happiness was, humanly speaking, secured for life? She ought to have known better. Well did she know whence came this good thing, and who had taken thought of the widow and the fatherless, and a softer light shone in her eye, and the lip quivered a little, as associations and memory awoke, as they do awake at such times. Lotta would be happy in her husband, it appeared. Mr. Hanwell was known to them all by repute, and repute spoke him a good man, come of a good stock. He was apparently much enamored of Lotta; he had met her at a country house, whither Charlotte had been packed off in order to give the household at Overton a moment's breathing-space after her emancipation, and the sedate, well-conducted, and fairly comely young miss had apparently found favor in the eyes of one person from the very beginning of their acquaintance. Lotta had been glad enough to go, glad to leave Overton, where, although she knew not why, she herself had felt uncomfortable, and where, just before, Teddy had succeeded in rousing up the party, if he had not improved matters, by sulking for a week on end. Lotta had gone off in good spirits, well pleased and well dressed — Lady Matilda had taken care of the last — and the consequence was, she had

been caught at her best. They had little expected such a result; they had merely felt that mademoiselle must betake herself elsewhere for a season, must give them a brief release from her sense and supervision; therefore the delight of all may be imagined, and even Lady Matilda's childish expression of it pardoned, when one fine morning who should appear but Mr. Robert Hanwell big with purposes concerning her.

He met with no opposition; to demur was not to be thought of. The earl and his sister had indeed much ado to conceal their indecent glee at the prospect of getting rid in a manner at once so unexpected and so delightful of an incubus whose weight had already begun to press heavily on their shoulders; and it was only by rigidly composing their countenances that they could restrain an outbreak and overflow of smiles, and by steadfastly fixing their eyes upon the ground that they could keep them from reciprocally congratulating each other.

With some trepidation Mr. Hanwell made his offer. He was, he stated, not a wealthy man, but his father could do something for him; he was the eldest son, and the estate was unencumbered; his father could give him seven or eight hundred a year; he had no profession, having — hum — haw — dabbled in law a little, but not been exactly called to the bar — at least — well, it did not signify, it would not have suited him, — and all he meant was that, having thus no tie to any place — no necessity for being here or there — he would be able to settle down anywhere; he should have no objection — indeed, would be very glad — to be in the neighborhood of Overton, as no doubt Lady Matilda would wish, — Lady Matilda gravely bent her head, — "he would do anything, in short, in that way, or in any way, for he felt very much what a — that — a — that he was asking a great deal, that he was seeking to deprive a mother of her only child," — Lady Matilda bowed again, — "but indeed," concluded the aspirant with a flourish — "indeed, I would endeavor to do my best to be worthy of the position I aspire to." The last sentence with a glance towards Lord Overton, who was standing harmlessly by, and who had no idea whatever that the said position referred in any way to him.

Mr. Hanwell thus got through the whole of the speech he had previously prepared, without interruption from either, and probably also without in the least discovering then or thereafter that there had been

no occasion for saying anything half so fine.

Overton merely observed that Charlotte was a good girl, and would make him a good wife.

Lady Matilda endeavored to go a step further, and floundered about between truth and falsehood for several minutes, before she was able to seek refuge in complimenting alternately the young man's parents and himself. "She knew," she vowed, "all about the Hanwells, everybody must know *about* the Hanwells if they did no more, and she should be only too happy to be connected with them, to have her daughter enter so—so—" for the life of her she could not think of any other word than "respectable," and as that would hardly have done to say, she was fain to do without an attribute, and finish off rather humbly with "such a family as the Hanwells."

It was at this juncture that the door flew open, and Teddy, — who had not been present, but who had managed nevertheless to learn, as he usually did, by means best known to himself, all that was going on, — Teddy now burst in with a face like a sunbeam, shook the visitor's hand for full two minutes, stared him in the face, and wound up with a laugh which we are bound to confess was suspiciously silly.

All, however, was taken in good part.

Mr. Hanwell was satisfied, more than satisfied, with his reception; and Lady Matilda devoted herself for the remainder of his stay towards keeping up the degree of complacency which had been already excited. In private, as we know, she clapped her hands. Lotta married and provided for, settled in a comfortable home, with a good, kind husband of her own choosing, within easy reach of Overton, yet not *too* near — not so near as to necessitate daily intercourse — oh, with her whole heart of hearts she blessed Robert Hanwell.

The wedding took place, and we know what the next event was.

CHAPTER IV.

"IT IS NOT HER BEING YOUNG."

"Amoret, my lovely foe,
Tell me where thy strength doth lie,
Where the power that charms us so,
In thy soul, or in thine eye?"

WALLER.

ALL this was very delightful, but it must be confessed that entirely content as Lady Matilda was with her son-in-law

as her son-in-law, in no other light could she have endured him.

He made Charlotte happy. Very well. That was all he had engaged to do, and in thus fulfilling his part of the marriage contract he was an undeniable success. As a husband he was a pattern, a model, faultless and flawless; as a creditable connection, even as an eligible match, he might very well pose for want of a better; as a neighbor, he did tolerably; but as a man, weighed in the balances, there was no concealing that he was very light weight indeed. The first blush of acquaintance-ship had barely worn off, — he had hardly begun to be at home in the circle, and to assume a right to the seat by Lotta in the drawing-room and at the dinner-table, — ere it was seen and felt that he was eminently fit for her companionship, and pre-eminently unfit for that of any other member of the family.

He was not amusing, and he could not be amused. He was dull, and he liked being dull. Few things interested him, and nothing entertained him. In short, Lotta had fallen on her feet by thus obtaining her own counterpart in a consequential prig, who thought very little and talked a great deal, whose ideas seldom passed beyond the very narrow range of matters connected with himself or those belonging to him, who was never at a loss for material wherewith to enhance his own consequence, and who could not even, according to Lady Matilda, say "Good-bye" or "How d'ye do?" like other people.

The thing that was correct and proper to be done Robert would do; and yet how delightful it would often have been could he have been dissuaded from doing it! One may be very much in the right, and yet it would be better to be in the wrong.

For instance, Lady Matilda hated ceremony, and ceremony was the very marrow of Robert's bones, the very breath of his nostrils; and what was the upshot? We will not say that she grew to hate the formal young man because of his formality; but it is certain that sometimes when she associated the two in her own mind, it was not clear to her which she for the time least affected. Robert meant well certainly; and she was ready, upon reflection, to allow that it was his place to treat her with a certain amount of deference, but still — She could not rattle over in the dogcart to Endhill, but she must accept his arm out to her "carriage" when she left, or, worse still, endure his escort for all the long four miles home,

did she choose to return on foot. Nothing that she could do or say would deter him from a proceeding often really inconvenient to himself and infinitely distasteful to her, since he had made up his mind that he understood the etiquette on such points, and that even in the teeth of Lady Matilda's threats and entreaties, he would not fail in his duty. In vain she predicted rain, wind, snow, anything and everything that the elements could do, to save herself the infliction — she would have to give in and be taken home in state at last. She could not run in to see Lotta for five minutes, meaning no stiff call, but merely to fly out again as soon as her errand or inquiry was made, — she could not do this, but the long-necked, long-backed figure of Lotta's husband would stalk forth from somewhere about, and be all readiness to proceed by her side presently. Her direction was his; her time, his. She could not struggle with any success against attentions so becoming and suitable, and there was not even a window through which she could escape unseen.

Sometimes she had an unexpected ally, when Lotta would put in a fond remonstrance. "Dear Robert, you do not need; I am sure mamma would not wish it when you have a cold already." But the look given in return was meant to convince the speaker that dear Robert knew better what dear Robert should do than all the mammas in Christendom. He had not intruded into the drawing-room; he could quite understand that he might not be wanted there, that mother and daughter might occasionally prefer to meet without the presence of the proverbially unwelcome third, but the rest must be left to him; and this was one way in which the new member of the family could show himself both dull and dogged.

Again, when the young couple had to be invited over to the Hall, as was pretty often felt to be necessary — it was not precisely a pleasure, though no one said aloud as much — surely Robert might very well have declined for both when obliged to excuse one. *He* wrote the answer — he might have done it easily, had he seen fit. No offence would have been taken had he, in the roundest terms, asserted his inclination for his own fireside and his dear Charlotte's company, when Charlotte herself was unable to take the long drive and sit out the long dinner — and so he was assured. The truth was, that on the first occasion of a note being sent over when the young wife was known to be ailing, it had been comfortably pre-

dicted by Matilda that no acceptance need be apprehended from Robert, since he, who was so very particular on all such matters, would, were Charlotte to decline, infallibly think it only decorous to remain behind also.

Unfortunately Robert's decorum took another turn. He allowed that it was a pity that it should so have happened, and Lotta was extremely sorry to have to give up so pleasant a prospect, but for himself, he should be most happy to come; he would not have gone anywhere else *en garçon*, but going to Overton was quite another thing; and Lotta begged him to say from her, that she would have been quite vexed had he refused her people on her account. A friend had been invited to keep her company at home, and he had no doubt she would do very well, and be quite able for one evening to amuse herself.

"And three sides of a sheet about it!" cried the ungrateful Matilda at the close. She could have better liked a worse man, and that was the honest truth about Robert.

Nor was Mr. Hanwell in his way more enamored of his mother-in-law, on nearer acquaintance, than Lady Matilda was with him.

In some inexplicable fashion he was aggrieved by her beauty and intelligence, her ready wit and roguish eye; she was too happy, too merry, too — too — he could not exactly say what, — but there was a something incongruous between the lady and her position, which, in the sight of a young man who, with every fibre of his body and soul worshipped the god of propriety, was hardly to be borne with temper. Naturally he could not think of Matilda as Matilda. She was the late Mr. Wilmot's widow, Lotta's mother, and his own mother-in-law, — and it must be said for him, that such a mother-in-law was undoubtedly rather a queer sort of appendage to any man, let alone that Robert was himself thirty-three years of age, and quite willing to own to it; that he had settled down into matrimony with a hearty good-will; that he filled his waistcoat, changed his socks whenever the roads were wet, preferred a dogcart to a saddle, and dinners to dances.

On his marriage he had voluntarily surrendered whatever of youth he might once have possessed; he no longer cared to be called or thought of as a young man; and pray what did Lady Matilda mean by looking years his junior, and disdaining his hand over the fences?

Lotta had not half so springy a step as her mother. It was childish to be always joking, as Lady Matilda was. And precious little advice or help had Lotta's parent to give when it came to talking about sensible things, he could testify to that. On first taking up house, of course he had expected that Lady Matilda's opinion would have been all in all with her daughter, and that she would have been Lotta's stand-by amidst the inevitable difficulties and troubles of settling in; but he had soon found his mistake. Every mortal thing had Lotta arranged for herself; all the furniture she had chosen; she had hired her own servants and engaged her own tradespeople, — while Lady Matilda had only looked in to listen, and wonder, and smile. He liked Lady Matilda — at least he thought he did; but he wished, oh how he wished, that she stood in any other relation to himself than the one in which she did.

She was to him a provocation extraordinary. Almost every time the two came in contact, she, to use her own expression, fell foul of him, and that meant that he longed to speak for once openly, and conjure her to take more heed to herself, to take more care of what she said and did, to be more dignified, more reticent, more Lotta-like. Having been much of an authority under his paternal roof, and having laid down the law to half-a-dozen submissive sisters at a time, Robert could ill brook the thralldom now imposed by circumstances on his tongue, or refrain from lecturing the young madam when she did amiss.

Lotta, his dear, discreet Lotta, never, or at least hardly ever, needed an admonishing word; but to have straitly rebuked Lotta's mother, had Lady Matilda been any one else, would have been a delight for which his very soul thirsted.

And the wilful creature saw this, and took pains to make his burden heavier than he could bear. With the keenest relish she marked the remonstrance that was struggling to escape lips which resolutely forced it back; with twinkling eye she kept watch upon the uneasy frown, the restive twitch, the just uttered and hastily recalled syllable, — and then with the sweetest, naughtiest audacity that was ever seen, she would add such a touch as would send Robert to the right-about in a trice, fleeing from a temptation which might have proved too much for him.

He never did transgress. That is to say, he never had transgressed up to the time our story opens; but whether after

events did not overpower even his resolution remains to be seen.

As it was, he only found the situation very, abominably awkward.

"It's not her being young and that," he would aver. "It's not her being only thirty-seven, by any means. Thirty-seven is a very good age, a very good age indeed, — if Lady Matilda would only think so, and would only show that she thinks so. Thirty-seven; bless me! Thirty-seven. Why there are plenty of ladies are quite *passée* by thirty or thirty-five; and the married ones — and *she's* a married one, mind you — well, you don't think of them as young ladies, not as *young* ladies at all. They are getting on, at any rate; they are full-grown women; they think sensibly, and talk sensibly, about their children, and servants, and domestic affairs — these are the things that ought to interest women of Lady Matilda's time of life. There's Charlotte now, Charlotte not nineteen yet, — 'pon my word, if you saw her and her mother together, — at least I mean" — rather hastily, "if you *heard* them together, you would take Charlotte for the older of the two. You would indeed. Thirty-seven! I declare when I am thirty-seven I shan't want to be running the risk of breaking my neck over all the worst fences in the county, or twirling about by moonlight on the ice, as Lady Matilda did last winter. Poor Charlotte never got her skates on, but there was her mother out every evening, and she and Teddy had all the people round let into the park, and such goings on. Anybody might go that liked, — it was not at all the thing to do. And that was Lady Matilda to the life. She neither knows nor cares what's expected of her; she just does as she pleases, and listens to nobody. You never catch her of an afternoon sitting properly in her drawing-room, or driving in her carriage; she is either singing like mad out in the hall, or larking about all over the place with Teddy. I wish, upon my word, I wish any one could make her listen to reason, — but that, no one ever does. She has no more notion of what is befitting her position and dignity than a chambermaid. She makes fun of Lotta, — I tell you she does. She would make fun of me too if she dared, but I can take care of myself. We shan't quarrel, but I have no idea of letting myself be looked down upon by any one. Well," after a pause, "well, there's one comfort. Lady Matilda can't have the face to sport youth any longer once she's a grandmother."

The above reflection added yet one more drop to the fulness of his cup of complacency when Lotta's boy was born, and when, on the same afternoon, he stood dangling his watch and seals on the cottage doorstep awaiting the expected visitors from the Hall.

He had half hoped that Overton might come himself; but Overton, as usual, quite unconscious that anything of the sort was expected of him, had walked off in another direction, and had not even sent so much as a message. There were the other two, however, large as life; Lady Matilda gaily waving her hand as they cantered up the drive — Teddy with less alacrity, shaking his riding-whip.

There they were, calling out congratulations ere they reached the doorstep.

"So glad — so pleased — welcome news," began the young grandmother.

"Hush — hush — hush," cried Robert hastily.

"What's the matter? Nothing wrong?" The speaker's note changed on the instant. "Nothing wrong, Robert?"

"Nothing in the least wrong. Oh dear no, far from it, — but we must be careful all the same. The sound of your voice —" looking up at the windows.

"Why, Lotta's room is round the corner; she can't possibly hear," said Lady Matilda, rather shortly. "You gave me a fright with your 'hush — hush — hush.' I was merely going to wish you joy."

"Many thanks. Allow me." Mr. Hanwell cut short the discussion by assisting her to alight, resenting in his heart the very light touch of her fingers as she did so, but nevertheless preceding with every courtesy his visitors to the drawing-room. "William, take the horses round, and go the back way — not under your mistress's window. Will you come in, too?" to Teddy, who was ruefully following. "I don't know if you can see baby, but I will inquire."

"Oh, I say, don't."

"Being in the dressing-room, it may not be convenient."

"Of course not. I'll go in here."

"And wait? Yes, if you kindly will." Robert nodded approbation. "Lady Matilda can go up-stairs at once — at least, I think she can. I fancy this is not a debarred hour — but though the nurse informed me all about the hours herself, I foolishly forgot to notice if it was from two to four, or from two to half past four."

"If what was?"

"The afternoon sleep; if the rooms were to be closed for the afternoon sleep,

you know. Of course *you* know all about such arrangements," Robert had a touch of malicious pleasure in the remark, for it was one of his favorite grievances that Lady Matilda never did seem to know about such things — never appeared in any way to have assimilated with matrimony and motherhood. "The afternoon sleep was to be for two hours or two hours and a half, and during that time no visitors were to be admitted, and of course I undertook that the rule should be carried out," he continued, as they ascended the staircase. "Now this way, please (as though she had never been in the house before), 'this way, and take care of the two steps down. This is the door, Lady Matilda.'" (Lady Matilda took him off to the life afterwards.) "This curtain is my contrivance, and I think you will approve it. The draught got in under the door, and the nurse — her name is Mrs. Burrble — she complained of it, so I set my wits to work. Now then, allow me" (of all his phrases, she disliked that "allow me" most) — "allow me, I can let you pass under perfectly." Tap, tap, at the door. "Nurse," said Robert, in his most portentous whisper, "Mrs. Burrble. May we come in?"

Lady Matilda laughed outright. She ought not to have done it. She might have been caught in the act either by the nurse or the gentleman, or both, and it would have been no excuse in their eyes that she really could not help herself. She ought to have helped herself, and it was only by the skin of her teeth that she escaped, since there was scarcely a moment between the tap at the door and the appearance of the portly nurse curtseying behind it. But fate was kind, and Mrs. Nurse was intent upon herself. It was not for some seconds that she looked at her lady visitor, and then — but we must tell what she had been doing. She had heard voices and steps outside the door, and divining as by instinct who the new-comer was, had utilized the pause which Mr. Hanwell made to explain his contrivance of the curtain, to whisk around the infant the shawl which grandmamma had sent. She now lifted her eyes as she displayed her charge with all the satisfaction of having been so sharp. She lifted her eyes and beheld grandmamma herself.

Grandmamma it was and must be. There was no mistaking the distinct enunciation, "Lady Matilda has come to see the baby, nurse," but — grandmamma!

Mrs. Burrble had heard indeed rumors of Lady Matilda's youth and beauty, and

she had figured to herself a comely dame, fresh-colored and well busked, rustling in with a train sweeping the carpet yards behind her; one who would fall into raptures over the darling boy, finding likenesses all round in every feature, and who would forthwith enter into close and confidential alliance with herself. She had meant to be very close and confidential with my lady, and to take even hints and advice in good part, if need be, since her ladyship would be sure to be good for a gold or silver bowl at the christening, and as likely as not, if she played her cards well, for a handsome silk gown for nurse herself.

A grandmamma was always a grandmamma, and though grandmammams in the house, "passing in and out and making no end of a work," Mrs. Burrble did not "hold with," a grandmamma four miles off, who would be content like a sensible lady to stop away till she was sent for, and would then come at just the right and proper hour, (by sheer good hap Lady Matilda had hit upon it) — such a grandmamma was "a paragraine;" and inspired by the above reflection, the worthy dame dropped her most respectful curtsy as the door opened, and raised her modest and expectant eyes to behold — Lady Matilda.

It was well she was accustomed to babies, — she nearly dropped the one she held in her amazement. It was well she was not spoken to, for she could not have answered. So mute was her bewildered stare, so nervous, so puzzled, so uncertain and confounded and unlike itself her manner, that Robert, who interpreted look, pause, and expression exactly aright, was annoyed and put out of countenance. He felt afresh that justice had not been done him in the matter of his mother-in-law, when here was this woman even, a stranger, a dependant, so aghast at the apparition before her as to be unable to conceal her feelings.

In the dusky light of the October afternoon, Lady Matilda's lithe figure, graceful in every motion, scarce showed that it was a trifle more full and rounded than it had been a dozen years before, her cheeks were bright with exercise and excitement, and her sparkling eyes, her quick step forward, her eager "Where is he?" all so unlike what should have been, what ought to have been, — gracious heavens, it was too much for any man's patience! Oh, why had he not been blessed with a connection more to the purpose? What had that radiant form, whose very pres-

ence seemed to bring in a glow of life, a breath of the fresh outer air into the little dark room, what had she to do with shaded windows, and silence, and — and baby-clothes?

Solemn and deferential as was the deportment of Lady Matilda's son-in-law at all times, it exceeded on this occasion what it had ever been before, since in the face of every adverse circumstance, rising above the perplexity and incongruity of his position and hers, Robert resolved to show that whatever might be Matilda's shortcomings, however young and gay and inconsequent she might show herself, he, at least, knew his place. "My dear Teddy, he nearly killed me," averred Teddy's sister afterwards. "I suppose he saw the joke; and the more he saw it, the less he liked it. The poor nurse, I pitied her: she must have had a severe time of it, rather. There were we two, — Robert hopping about all over the cradle to get out of my way —"

"All over the cradle! How you do talk!"

"And I not knowing on which arm to take the baby!"

"Well, you ought to have known, I suppose."

"I suppose I ought, but the fact remains that I did not, or, at any rate, that I had forgotten; and so what did I do but commit the heinous offence of taking it on the wrong arm! You should have seen Mrs. Gamp's face."

"Mrs. Gamp?" said Teddy bewildered.

"To be sure, yes. Her name is Burrble. How stupid of me to say Gamp! Teddy, see you remember that her name is Burrble, and never, never call her anything else. Mind that, Teddy. People are very particular about their names," said Matilda anxiously. "And then I expect you will be godfather," she ran on, glibly changing the current of Teddy's thoughts. "I am sure Robert will ask you."

"No, that he won't."

"Oh yes, he will; I am nearly sure he will. I am sure —"

"You may be as sure as you like, but you are wrong all the same. As to that baby, I didn't want it, I know; it's the greatest rot being a grand-uncle; but if it was to come, of course I ought to have been asked to be its godfather."

"And of course you will."

"Very well, you know best, of course; only I happen to have heard," said Teddy doggedly — "I happen to have heard the opposite. If you would only listen to me,

I could tell you not only who are to be asked, but who *have been* asked; for I saw the letters lying on the slab, waiting for the post."

"You don't say so, Teddy. Well?"

"And to make sure, I asked Robert."

"Oh, you did?—oh. You didn't ask Robert as if you had been looking, Teddy dear?" said Lady Matilda, rather dubiously.

"Not a bit of it. I merely pointed to the letters with my whip, as if they had just caught my eye. I had been looking at them all the time he was up-stairs with you. However, he was not to know that; so I poked them carelessly as we passed by, and said, 'Godfathers, eh, Robert?' in the easiest manner possible. So then he told me at once that he had written to them this morning."

"Bless the man! no grass grows under his feet. Well, Teddy," louder, "well, and who are they?"

"A Mr. Whewell, and a Mr. Challoner."

"A Mr. Whewell, and a Mr. Challoner. And who are they? What are they? Did you not hear anything about them?"

"Oh, I heard a lot, but I didn't listen."

"Stupid fellow. Why, I want to know. Why, Ted, my dear boy, how unutterably tiresome you can be when you try! Mr. Whewell, and Mr. Challoner. Depend upon it, Mr. Whewell is—stop, I know. He is that very clever amusing young barrister who came down in the summer. You remember? We all wondered how Robert ever contrived to pick up such a friend. I am glad it is Mr. Whewell. If Mr. Whewell should come down to Endhill, we must see him again; he must come and shoot at Overton and chirp us up a bit. Those Appleby girls will be glad to come and make up the party at dinner: we owe them something, and this will do exactly. Well, and Mr. Challoner? Challoner"—musing—"Challoner; that name I never heard before. Challoner! I rather like it. Teddy, can't you tell me something, anything, about this Mr. Challoner?"

"No," said Teddy calmly, "I can't."

"Not if he is old or young, rich or poor, black or white?"

"I don't know."

"Is he a school friend, or a college friend, or a relation friend?"

"I don't know."

"Is he—has he ever been here before?"

"I don't know."

"Is he——"

"Now, look here," said Teddy suddenly, "just you stop that. I don't mind your talking as much as you please—as much as Robert does, if you like,—but I won't have questions. It's no use questioning *me*; I ain't going to stand it. I have told you already that I don't know; and when I have once said 'I don't know,' nothing you can say will make me know."

CHAPTER V.

MATILDA LONGS TO TASTE THE DOUBTFUL CUP AGAIN.

"I live and lack; I lack and have;
I have; and miss the thing I crave."

GASCOIGNE.

ROBERT HANWELL, like other people, sometimes hit the mark without knowing it.

In the two notes which he despatched inviting his two friends severally to stand sponsors for the new-born son and heir, and for that purpose to come down shortly to Endhill for the christening, he held out an inducement which neither of them could resist. It cannot be said that either of the gentlemen thus appealed to was devoted to Robert: he and his concerns were as little known as they were of little interest to them: his marriage had cost them each a present, and it appeared that the birth of his son was likely to do the same,—and that was about all,—or, at least, would have been all, had not to each invitation a clause been appended—a mere postscript, an after-thought it was—which made the announcement infinitely more interesting, and the summons more seductive. "The pheasant-shooting at Overton is remarkably good," wrote Robert, "and I have no doubt Lord Overton would be happy to give you a few days in the covers." He had folded up Challoner's note before even recollecting to say this, and indeed it was perhaps more the satisfaction of being able to answer for Lord Overton's obligingness than anything else which induced him to pause, unfold the sheet, add the P. S., and then say the same thing to Whewell. In the matter of shooting, Lord Overton was good nature itself, and could be counted on to grant a request for a day at any time; indeed, as it was so easily obtained, and as nobody either at Overton or Endhill cared much about it, Mr. Hanwell threw in the brief suggestion, as we have seen, in the background of his letter, little imagining the effect it would produce in

changing the aspect of the whole affair in the eyes of his friends.

Both, as it happened, were good shots, and neither was possessed of good shooting.

In consequence, they rose like greedy fish to the bait, and swallowed whole the tempting morsel, — indeed, while gladly agreeing “to be present on the interesting occasion,” Robert might almost have seen in their eager assent a devout wish that it could have been held earlier. Challoner indeed went so far as to feel every time he looked at the sky, the soft, grey, cloudy October sky, that he was being defrauded of that day in the Overton woods; while Whewell, boxed up in dreary law courts and dismal chambers, solaced himself by getting through all the work he possibly could beforehand, in order to leave himself free, should the few days specified by his friend extend themselves to the length of a week. A week he might be able to spare, when pheasants were in the question.

And as to the chance of his being invited on, he had not very much anxiety on that head, since there were not many things he could not compass if he had a mind to do so; neither were there many people he could not get round. As for Robert Hanwell! Robert Hanwell would most certainly do as he was bid.

Two “very happys” accordingly were received at Endhill, two silver mugs were promised, and two gentlemen would be forthcoming when wanted.

“I told you they would be pleased,” said Robert, as he read aloud the replies to his wife. “I felt that they would, and it really is something to please a man like Whewell, Lotta. Whewell is quite one of the most rising men of the day; I had my doubts about asking him — asking him to come down here at least; to a man so overwhelmed with work it almost seemed — but, however, I thought he could only refuse. You see he does not refuse; he accepts in the pleasantest manner possible; and so does Challoner. To tell the truth, I did not fancy it was much in Challoner’s line either. Challoner is peculiar. Well, Lotta, we are fortunate in everything, you and I; I trust, my dear, I trust,” added the young man with a sense of saying something serious — “I trust we always shall be.”

Lotta trusted so too, and agreed with dear Robert in everything. There never was so good a patient, so admirable a mother. She ate, drank, slept, rested, nursed her infant, did everything Mrs.

Burble told her, and of herself refrained from doing anything which Mrs. Burble would have forbidden her; and the upshot of it all was, that at the end of three weeks, the neat little brougham was brought round from the stables, and into it stepped Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hanwell, baby and nurse, and off they all drove to Overton to pay a state visit.

“Well, and when are they coming?” inquired Lady Matilda, who by this time knew all about the expected guests, and took the liveliest interest in their approach. “And has the day been fixed?”

“Yes indeed, mamma — Sunday next; I thought you knew,” replied Mrs. Lotta, with her little air of superiority. “I am sure I told you,” added she.

“Sunday? That’s not proper. Do you allow people to arrive on a Sunday?”

“My dear mamma, what do you mean? No people are going to arrive on a Sunday. I said baby’s christening was to be on Sunday.” And in the young matron’s tone was heard plainly enough, “You really are a very tiresome person, but I have to put up with you!” — “Surely it was the christening you inquired about?” concluded Lotta wearily.

“Yes, yes — yes, of course; at least something of the sort.” Poor Lady Matilda blushed a little, for to be sure it was something of the sort of which she ought at least to have been thinking, and not of two young gallants of whom she knew nothing or next to nothing, and with whom she need have nothing whatever to do. It was absurd her caring whether they came or not; and yet visitors — that is to say, visitors of the right sort — were so very few and far between at the Hall, that her curiosity might have been pardoned. Overton had never made a friend, while Teddy had had, as years went on, to be gently weaned from his, — and the consequence was that, as Matilda would now and then in a freak of *ennui* declare, no one but old women and poor relations ever found their way to the Hall.

“And how well you look, dear!” cried she now; “and what a little darling he is! Grandmamma’s cloak and hood too. Give him to me, nurse; I know the proper arm to take him upon by this time. Look, Overton; Overton, you have not half enough admired my grandson, and yet I do believe that it is you whom he is like.”

“Indeed, my lady, I do declare it is then,” chimed in the nurse, to whom a lord was a lord, and who would have sworn a resemblance to Beelzebub himself could she have hailed him as a relation.

"Indeed I saw it from the very first — from the day his lordship was over at Endhill, did I not, ma'am?" appealing to her own lady.

"He is a little like Uncle Overton about the — hair," said Lotta doubtfully.

"Or lack of it," observed her other uncle.

"A most decided likeness, *I* think," pronounced Robert, to the surprise of all. But the truth was the likeness was there, and somehow they had hit upon it among them. The ugly little baby was like its ugly little grand-uncle; and the father, who had been one of the first to catch the resemblance, now resolved to avow the same manfully.

"What an absurd baby you are!" cried Matilda, delighted with the scene, "to go and choose Overton, of all people. Now if it had been Teddy or me — *we* are the beauties of the family, aren't we, Teddy? So if you had done that, how much more wise and sensible you would have shown yourself, little master, eh!"

"Mamma," began Lotta's reminding voice.

"Dear Overton, you are not beautiful," pursued the heedless Matilda —

"I think we are making much too long a visit," interposed Robert.

"And so the poor little man has to go because he is like you," concluded the wicked grandmother.

She begged Overton's pardon with tears of laughter afterwards: she made both him and Teddy merry with her representation of the scene, by turns perking herself up upon the sofa to mimic Mrs. Lotta's prim attitude; bustling about to show the politic nurse, deaf and blind apparently to anything amiss; or edging herself towards the door with every gesture of Robert's — the pompous, annoyed, tongue-tied Robert, so visibly, palpably disapproving, and yet so helpless, — nothing had been lost upon her. It was not until some time afterwards that she recollected that, after all, no more had been known after the visit than before it of the brilliant Whewell, and the unexplored Challoner.

She had indeed interrogated her son-in-law, though to little purpose.

Whewell he appeared to stand in some awe of, and to know very little about; while regarding Challoner he had but one idea, — "It struck me that he was a suitable person," he said.

"A suitable person?" quoth Matilda, in reply. "A suitable person. Oh, I think," drily, "I think, Robert, I under-

stand;" for by this time Robert's predilection for "suitable people" was no secret to her.

"So now, Teddy, we shall see what we shall see," nodded she thereafter — namely, on the afternoon when the two gentlemen were due at Endhill, and when the brother and sister, bearing ostensibly Overton's invitation to shoot and dine, but in reality gratifying their own curiosity, hurried over to inspect. "We shall see what we shall see," said Matilda, speaking for both as was her wont, though the desire to see was perhaps only her own.

She it was who alone cared for a novelty at Overton Hall, and it was only now and then that she did so care. Why she did at all it is not, however, difficult to imagine, when it is remembered that she was a woman, and a woman who, while happy in seclusion, could nevertheless shine in society. She liked — could she help it? — being admired and applauded. She had felt now and then the fascination, the thrill of being *first* with some one — the loadstar of one pair of eyes, the magnet for one pair of feet — *the* ear for one speaker, *the* thought of one thinker. Yes, she knew what it felt like to be that. It felt nice. Even when nothing came of it, — and nothing as we know ever had come of it — since the late Mr. Wilmot's courtship had been conducted on the least romantic principles, and could not therefore be considered in the running, — even when nothing came of it, there still remained a recollection of something different from the ordinary, everyday comfort of matter-in-fact life. The glamor had been cast on her path once and again, and she had dreamed, and she had suffered. People had predicted that Lady Matilda Wilmot would infallibly be caught again some day, and it had been whispered that a deadly mischief had been done to the heart of this one and that one; that poor Lord George had left the Hall with a longer face than the one he brought there, and that Colonel Jack had changed his regiment and gone abroad soon after his long wintry visit at Overton. He had said he could not stand another English winter, and perhaps that was why he had never reappeared in the neighborhood. Every one blamed the lovely widow; but perhaps, after all, mistakes are made sometimes.

Those days, however, are past and gone, and if wounds have been made or received, they are healed by time's blessed hand. Lord George is wedded, the colo-

nel toasts "the ladies" without a tremor, and the lady in particular, the lady to whom his thoughts refer, thinks of him with equal ease and tenderness. He is become a pleasant memory, and even the painful spot is sunlit in the past.

Yes, a heart-whole woman lives at the Hall, a woman with all a woman's hopes and fears — fain to look forward, yet neither ashamed or reluctant to look back, — able to do without lovers, but not unwilling, not altogether loath — oh, Teddy, beware! Oh, Teddy, as you gallop along the soft, wet sward, under the dropping leaves, beneath the murky sky, beware, beware, — by fits and starts Matilda longs to taste the doubtful cup again.

From The National Review.

THE LITERATURE OF SEVEN DIALS.

THE classic domains of the "New Cut," as some of our readers may be aware — extend for half a mile or so along a broad thoroughfare which cuts the two main roads of Westminster and Waterloo. On a Saturday evening, from dusk until past midnight, this busy thoroughfare is crowded from end to end with buyers and sellers of wares so countless in variety as almost to defy enumeration. Shops line both sides of the way, stalls edge the pavement and stretch far out into the roadway; costermongers, hucksters, cheap Johns, beggars, and quack doctors hold nooks wherever they can be found; while crowds of men, women, and children, all intent, with noisy cries, on buying and selling, fill almost every other available yard of space.

It is the great market for the poor man on the Surrey side; and here may be had, at the lowest possible cost, all that he, his wife and children, need for the support of the body, and more than they hope to gain for that of the mind — meat fresh and salt, fish, potatoes raw and roasted, bread, flour, butter, grocery of every kind, old clothes, toys, flowers, fruit, umbrellas, cutlery, liver-pills (with a diagram), china, door-mats, chairs, pictures, mountains of watercress, millinery, clocks, sarsaparilla, and a host of cocktails hot and cold, sandwiches, sewing-machines, garters, music, tortoisés, gingerbread, spades, pickles — (quid plura?) — and last, though not least, pens and ink, books, and, above all, STREET BALLADS. And these form the special subject of our present paper.

Before, however, turning to them, we

glance for one moment at the three book-stalls which we have noticed on our way down "the Cut," round each of which is a busy group of intending buyers, old and young, all eagerly scanning some one of the wares laid out for their special edification. The stock in trade is much the same at 1, 2, and 3, comprising about a hundred grimy octavos, and as many more odd numbers of still grimmer magazines and reviews — all ranging in price from one penny to sixpence. Among the bound volumes we see Blair's "Sermons," White's "Farriery," a ragged copy of Plutarch's "Lives," "The Armenian War," "Domestic Medicine," Smith's "Discourses," and six clean copies of the *Month*, a Roman Catholic monthly; a stray copy of voyages, and a Valpy's "Delectus" — all together forming a pasture-land of exceeding dryness. The magazines are more succulent, and include *Temple Bar*, *Gospel Missionary*, *Macmillan*, a tattered *Quarterly*, and a pile of nondescripts in the last phase of ragged dissolution.

These waifs and strays, however, are but as tassels in the meagre fringe of the literature of "Seven Dials" — an unsavory region, yet, in spite of its unsavoriness, long known as the headquarters of the great publishing houses of the halfpenny ballads, once issued in tens of thousands by old Jemmy Catnach,* and now by his successors, Disney and Forsey, who are to the *profanum vulgus* of these degenerate days what

Longman, Brown, Rees, Orme, and Green,
Those fathers of the Row,

were to the world of fashion in the days of Walter Scott.

We speak advisedly when we say tens of thousands, as may be clearly seen from the one fact that of the

*Dying Speech and Confession
of Rush the Murderer*, . . . 2,500,000 copies
*Dying Speech and Confession
of Courvoisier Greenacre*, . . . 1,600,000 "

were sold within a few months; in comparison with which the popularity of all contemporary poets put together fades into insignificance.

We have now before us about a hundred ballads, each printed on a thin half-sheet of paper, and headed with a grim woodcut, in most cases having not the

* In 1821 Catnach was at the height of his fame in Monmouth Court, Seven Dials, as a printer of halfpenny ballads, at times having two or three presses working night and day to keep pace with the constant demand.

remotest connection with the subject of the poem. Chiefly written on the spur of the moment, they travel over a wide range of topics, including war, politics, love, religion, history, acts of daring and bravery, and sudden calamities by land or sea; while a few are simply humorous or sentimental. Few are indecent, and still fewer profane; profanity and indecency being the special condiments demanded for seasoning songs for the music-hall and such dens of a like poisonous nature as are unhappily to be found in most of the metropolitan public-houses. These form a class by themselves, for the special edification of the poor idlers who haunt such places to smoke, drink, and listen to ribaldry which, as mere composition, is no better than the poorest trash of Seven Dials, and in point of good sense, taste, and manliness, is a thousand times worse. With this poisonous trash we have at present no further concern.

We turn gladly to our immediate subject, the halfpenny ballads. If Disney and Fortey be regarded as the high priests of this wondrous literature, Seven Dials is the shrine; known and famous as long ago as the days of "delightful old Vinney Bourne," as Cowper calls him, and even then as the seat of song.

Qua septem vicos conterminat una columna
Consistunt Nymphæ Sirenum ex agmine binæ.

The *column* has long ago vanished, but the inspiration abides, and the sirens still sing; while the question of authorship, in the majority of cases, remains as great a mystery as that of the Homeric poems themselves. They are cleverly written, and for the most part, on the spur of the moment, especially if the theme be some sudden disaster, calamity, or good news. Should a wreck, a fire, or a railway accident happen, the news spreads through London like wild fire, and, before night, is embalmed in immortal verse by one of some half-dozen well-known bards who get their living by chanting their own strains to the people. The inspiration of the bard is swift, the execution rapid, the pay small. "I gets a shilling apiece," says one,* "for my verses, besides what I can make by selling 'em." A thousand or two, or ten thousand, copies are struck off at once, and the "Orful Calamity" or "Orrid Murder" is soon flying over London from the mouths of a dozen or twenty minstrels in Leather Lane, White-chapel, Tottenham Court Road, or the

New Cut, wherever a crowd can be safely got together.

News comes of the great victory at Tel-el-Kebir, and at once, in its own fashion, the New Cut celebrates the famous Sir Garnet Wolseley — about whom fierce debate was raised last session in the House of Commons, and whom not a few gallant members counted unworthy of a pension. Whatever he may have seemed in the House of Commons, there can be no doubt of his being a hero in Seven Dials. From first to last the song is a song of triumph:—

Such glorious news the other day
Was spread throughout the nation,
How the Egyptian's* ran away,
From where they'd took their station,
Sir Garnet with his artful ways
Has took them out of winding
He dropped on them at break of day
And a tartar they did find him.
This gallant man had formed a plan
And the battle he has won it,
The enemy's hide he meant to tan,
And by jingo! he has done it.

Having cleared the way with this bold burst of praise for the gallant commander, the poet goes on to describe how the army crept across the sands like mice, through pitch darkness, the Highlanders, *more suo*, dashing on to the charge,

With bagpipes screaming and humming,
followed no less madly by the Connaught Rangers, and with an impetuosity that swept all before them. Two of the four following symbolic warrior names sound oddly enough, but there can be no doubt as to their prowess:—

Patsey and Micky, *Denny* and *Cuth*
Was at a game they all delight in.
They trod on the tails of the enemy's coats,
And stuck to them like leeches,

and then, fairly carried away by the fervor of inspiration, the bard soars aloft into a metaphor of daring hyperbole hard to match:—

By the piper of Moses *the bayonets spoke*
Very loud in the enemy's breeches.

After this triumphant outburst, of course, he again sinks back to the dead level of mere recitative; every man deserves praise, honor, laurels from a grateful country; the generals were "good as gold," fighting like Englishmen, and making "the eyes of foreigners open wide," while, as for the Royal Marines —

* Mayhew's London Poor.

* It is to be noted that every ballad is quoted *verbatim*, *literatim*, and, if we may so say, *punctuatim*.

Shell and shot disturb them not,
 To their post they will be sticking,
 If three to one the enemy's got
 They can make up their minds to a licking.

CHORUS.

Then a cheer for every man we'll give,
 No men in the world are bolder,
 Long may Sir Garnet Wolseley live,
 For he's every inch a soldier.

So much for the glories of a successful campaign.

Let us turn now to the more sober joys and sorrows of a raw recruit. He, so he tells us in artless simplicity, was "walking up Ratcliffe Highway" when a recruiting party enlisted him, "*and treated him till he did not know,*" i.e. till he suddenly found himself the next morning in barracks, with a splitting headache and empty pockets. Having there and then at once deserted, he next "*finds himself handcuffed, guarded, and in irons,*" and thus bewails his day:—

Court-martial, court-martial they held upon me,
 And the sentence passed on me three hundred and three,
 May the Lord have mercy on them for their sad cruelty,
 For now the Queen's duty lays heavy on me.

But in spite of this heavy burden, and in spite of the mystical three hundred and three (lashes?) he again deserts; capture and court-martial follow, and he is sentenced to be shot. From this dire calamity the poet only can deliver him, nor does the genius of the bard fail to rise to the supreme exigence of the moment, and obey the great canon of "*Nec Deus intersit,*" in such a glowing stanza as—

Then up rose Prince Albert in his coach and six,
 Bring to me the young man whose fate it is fixed,
 So cast off his irons and let him go free,
 He will make a good soldier for his Queen and country

We are not quite sure how far the present commander-in-chief and Lord Hartington will agree with this view of desertion as the making of a good soldier; but there can be no doubt that it expressed the popular view of the question, and of the good prince himself, in 1854, since which time the ballad has kept its ground as a favorite.

From this we turn to "The Charge of the Light Brigade," which the poet celebrates in a metre, and with a wild defiance of rhythm, that would jar sadly on the ear

of Mr. Tennyson, from whom, by the way, he has stolen more than one idea.

In most funereal prose opens stanza the first:—

'Tis many years since that eventful Crimean war.
 Left many a sad and aching heart in sorrow to deplore

&c. &c.

But in a trice we are in the very thick of the conflict, the wild fury of

THE CHORUS.

Bayonets charging, bombs and mortar,
 Dying groans from every quarter,
 Down the valley of death this daring charge was made,
 By the lion-hearted heroes of the Light Brigade.
 And though they knew that someone had blundered
 Though the fierce artillery thundered
 Into the jaws of death, like fury, undismayed
 Rushed the lion-hearted, &c.

Winding up, after a few more fiery charges to the same tune, with the pious hope that, enshrined in honor, glory, and fame, their laurels may never fade.

Space will not permit us to do more than glance at other warlike themes, such as in "The Soldier's Farewell," which opens thus:—

Behold in me a noble warrior,
 An excellent son of Mars,
 Behold in me a noble jester,
 With battle wounds and scars.
 &c. &c.

You may never see your soldier any more.

and after some thirty or forty lines of mock heroics, concludes with a dash of grim satire:—

On the fierce plains of Aldershot
 You will find my body covered o'er,
 And the large birds of prey will carry me away,
 And you'll never see, &c. &c.

Ashamed, apparently, of this, the poet suddenly rises into a truer strain:—

Here upon guard am I,
 Willing to do or die,
 Fighting for queen and country too,
 Fighting for home so dear.
 Cannons are there in sight
 Bayonets to left and right,
 And hearts that know no fear.

Song like this prepares us right well for a still higher strain of a quasi-political kind, entitled "For Honor's Sake," where in we find that—

Since the days of Nelson brave,
 Who did wonders on the wave,

Since the time when with Napoleon we'd a row,
 Since the founding of our throne,
 Every patriot will own,
 We have seldom been in such a state as now.

Then let envy be crushed,
 And all politics be hushed,
 Let every sect and creed united be;
 In honor we are bound,
 And soon it will be found,
 That we are still supreme o'er land and sea.

Scotch, English, Irish, and Welsh are
 bound together again and again, by their
 loyalty to the throne; for though, as the
 poet says, in another page, —

Speak well I can of the true French man
 The Germans, the Danes, and the Dutch,
 Yet I will maintain on land or main,
 We three can keep our watch.
 For, to say my mind, no man can you find
 Like the English, Irish, and Scotch.

In point of patriotic loyalty, therefore,
 and of reverence for good Prince Albert
 (about whose wedding there are enthusi-
 astic ballads yet afloat), Seven Dials is
 true to the backbone; though they look
 askance at some of the "doings in Par-
 liament," and especially at the Sunday
 Bill: —

The Government are not content, oh! what a
 jolly crew,
 I cannot think says old John Bull whatever
 they mean to do;
 Some stunning alterations they will very soon
 propose,
 For the comfort of the Shamrock, and the
 Thistle, and the Rose.

What they mean to do is what many
 honest people, besides Seven Dials, are
 just now wondering, not only with regard
 to

The Barber too who will have to rue from
 Saturday to Monday,
 They'll make him swallow his lather-box if he
 shaves upon a Sunday,
 But Bradlaugh, too, and the godless crew who
 believe in nothing at all,
 But the rights of man, and Mrs. Besan, the
 cobbler's wax and awl.

This naturally brings us to other great
 topics of the day, and among them that of
 the "Salvation Army." It may be worth
 the general's while to note what is thought
 of his doings by the thousands in Seven
 Dials: —

I'll amuse you if you listen to me
 And with me I'm sure you'll agree
 If you want converting properly
 Why join the Salvation Army.

To the Grecian theatre you must go,
 They'll wash your sins as white as snow,
 And your dirty shirts as well you know,
 When first you belong to the Army.

For lots of pretty girls you'll meet
 They smile upon you nice and sweet,
 The operation's quite a treat
 When first you join the Army.

And yet the mob who listen to and en-
 joy such stuff as this are by no means
 destitute of nobler and better feeling; but
 can appreciate higher and better things,
 when set before them with reverence and
 good taste. One of their favorite songs
 begins thus: —

God bless the little church round the corner,
 The shrine of holy charity and love,
 Its doors are ever open unto sorrow,
 Blessing fall on it from above.

The rich and the poor are equal 'neath its por-
 tals,
 And be our path in life whate'er it may,
 No heart that needed comfort in affliction
 Was ever turned uncomfited away.

Dismally poor in point of composition,
 and worthless as verse, this contains truth
 of a high order, which all the tomfool-
 eries of trumpet and drum not only fail to
 offer, but actually desecrate. Here and
 there, too, may be found a touch of ten-
 derness and grace not unworthy of a place
 among hymns of a far higher order.
 What can be better, for example, in its
 simple fashion, than such a verse as
 this? —

It's Sunday evening, children,
 Then by the ember's light
 We'll read the family Bible,
 That dear old guide to right;
 Between its leaves a treasure
 Lies hidden, which I'd save,
 It's a little green leaf which I pluck'd in my
 grief
 From the side of your dear mother's grave.
 When withered, old, and faded,
 And I am called from here,
 Preserve its mouldering ashes,
 Keep them forever dear.

Side by side with it, on the same half-
 penny sheet, may come some such vulgar
 rant as we have just before quoted; or a
 scrap of such doggrel as —

In the battle of blood and fluster,
 We fought among the Alps,
 That's where I got this medal and clasp,
 With many wounds and scalps.

But "The Little Church round the
 Corner," and "The Little Green Leaf in
 the Bible" still hold their own, and may
 sow a seed for good in a thousand hearts.

But it is time, now, to turn to the more sentimental and humorous ballads, in which, if the fun be sometimes dreary, and the sentiment taste strongly of milk and water, there are traces of real humor and of right feeling. Here and there the fun is rather broad, and wanders into indelicacy; but these blots are few and far between, and not half so indecent or poisonous as many a French novel in vogue at the West End, and to be found at —'s library. Here is a picture of "a moral family" of the straight-laced sort:—

In a moral square in Pimlico in the nineteenth century,
There dwelt a moral family, of a moral certainty,
The mother was a woman, the father was a man,
The children they were boys and girls, Tom, Harry, Nell, and Fan;
They only witnessed moral plays, their literature was tracts,
They sat at table as tho' they had pokers up their backs,
They put the table-legs in *draws* (sic) as it was plain to see,
They were six moral members,
Six straight-back moral members,
Six mouldy moral members of a moral family.

Rhyme and humor not of the most sparkling order, it must be confessed, but nothing very offensive or outrageous, even in the final verse, where the poet tells us:

They had an ancient Thomas cat, a cat of iron nerve,
His tail would disclose morality in every wave and curve,
Seductive voices from the tiles never led him out,
For he was a moral pan-tile member,
A keep-your-distance member,
The only Tom cat I remember that could keep his morals free.

At which final climax the crowd in the New Cut breaks out into a roar of noisy laughter—as well they may. But when the minstrel turns, by way of a change, to a dirge-like effusion named "The Out-cast," and begins, in solemn tones, to chant as follows,—

I'm a man that's in troubles and sorrow,
That once was light-hearted and gay,
Not a coin in the world can I borrow,
Since my own I have squandered away.
I once wronged my father and mother,
 &c. &c.,

loud cries suddenly arise of "Shut up, shut up!" a hint which the singer takes with wonderful alacrity and good-humor, and forthwith starts off into a vein of

a totally different character, in "The Wreck," a bold and startling ballad of heroism to the last line. Plunging at once *in medias res*—

Quick! man the boat and save yourselves,
The ship is sinking fast,
The water rises inch by inch, she must go down at last;
My place is here whate'er betide,
You yet may reach the land,
I order you to quit the ship, the ship I still command.

To this heroic determination the gallant captain clings; all hands quit the sinking vessel, which at this tremendous crisis takes fire, and leaves him time but to proclaim his doom in these mysterious words:—

Thank God that I am left alone to such a fearful fate,
The powder's stored beneath me! (or?) I might alas! to late.

Leaving this heroic sailor to perish in the flames, we glance for a moment at life in the country, its joys, sports, and sorrows. "The Squire, or Far from the Madding Crowd," gives a sketch of a gentleman whose "piece" of mind being destroyed by the noise of London, especially of organ-grinders, resolved to escape from "the hurly-burly," and retire to a quiet place in Blankshire. After many mishaps, his mansion was ready, and his gardens were laid out. But, alas! instead of the scent of roses, which he loved, he was greeted on all sides with the stench of ditches. Losing his way as he rambled over the fields, and driven to inquire for it of a gaping rustic, the only answer he could get was a vacant grin; the bantams crowed, but wouldn't lay eggs; the flowers declined to bloom, visitors in the shape of old maids bothered him in shoals, until in despair, the bard exclaims,—

Said the squire it's quiet, I know,
And it's not that I'm any way proud,
But for comfort I shouldn't advise you to go,
Too far from the madding crowd.

But though this hapless squire found country life was a dead mistake, he might have joined in the joys of "The Fox Chase," to the following rattling summons:—

Come, come my brave sportsman and make no delay,
Quick saddle your horses, and let's brush away.
For the Fox is in view, and *is kindled with scorn*,
Come along my brave sportsmen, and join the shrill horn.

The pace must have been killing and tremendous, more than fifty long miles, not only over hedges, over ditches, over gates, but *over stiles*; for it is on record that

They followed him in chase six hours full cry
Tally ho hark away, for now he must die,
Now we'll cut off his brush, with a halloing
noise,

And drink good success to fox-hunting boys.

Or, if not inclined to the pursuit of Reynard, he might, as "the squire" and a magistrate, have tried to put down *poaching*, which, strange to say, is a favorite theme among the ballads; but of which, still stranger to say, Seven Dials seem to understand as much as they do about the meaning and management of the spectro-scope. As to the sport itself, there can be no mistake; thus sings the bard, in Ballad No. 1:—

Come all ye lads of high renown,
That love to drink good ale that's brown,
That pull the lofty pheasant down.

But as to the motive and intent, the two ballads are at cross purposes. According to No. 1:—

Me and five more a poaching went
To kill some game was our intent
Our money being gone and all was spent
We had nothing else to try.

But according to the No. 2, a gang of *Oakham poachers*,—

On the ninth of January
Against the laws contrary
Five young men unwary
A poaching went, we hear.

Having thus entered on a lawless career, they incontinently—

Epping old wood did ramble
And fired at pheasants at random
Among the bushes and brambles
Which brought the keepers near.

These keepers, however, knew well what they were about, and dared not encounter the deadly band of five:—

The keepers did not venture
Nor care the woods to enter,
But *outside, near the centre*,
In ambush there they stood.

Whereas, in Ballad 2, we read:—

The keeper heard us fire the gun,
To the spot he quickly run,
And swore before the rising sun
That one of us should die.

Of the fearful combat that ensued it is most difficult to glean any authentic details. In one stanza we find that

At length *young Perkins fired*
He spilt the keeper's blood.

In another—

Deep was the wound *the keeper gave*
No mortal man his life could save,
He now lies sleeping in the grave,
Until the judgment day.

But of the final issue of the fight—and to this we call special attention—there can be no doubt whatever. Thus runs the lofty invocation of the opening stanza:—

Young men in every station
That live within this nation,
Pray hear my lamentation,
A solemn mournful tale.

The five unwary young men of Oakham are all captured, and hurried off, dead or alive, to jail; doomed—

While locked up in their midnight cells,
To hear the turnkeys boast their bells,
Those crackling doors we bid farewell,
And the rattling of those chains.

An awful stanza, indeed, which fully prepares the reader to join in the prayer of verse 7:—

May He Who feeds the ravens
Grant them peace from Heaven,
May their sins be forgiven
Ere they resign their breath.

While, if inclined to unlawful sports, it warns him to remember the sad fate of the Oakhamites, and listen to the voice which cries,—

So all young men take warning
And don't the law be scorning,
For in our day just dawning
We are cut off in our prime.

It is difficult to pass from such a theme as this to the quieter domain of politics, but our lessening space bids us hasten on. Of the "Doings in Parliament," we have already spoken, and must now only note it as being both poor and vulgar, though popular; passing on to "Gladstone is the Captain of the Ship John Bull," the only other political ballad to be found in our long list, though during the ministry of "Disraeli" squibs of this kind were abundant. Having started, in flowing metre, with the fact—

There is a good ship afloat and John Bull is
its name
Throughout this world we know it's gained
such a wide-spread fame,

the bard proceeds with lusty voice to chant the praises of Britannia as mistress of the sea, the ship, her captain, and her

crew. Not, however, with much heart, for presently we find —

Although no doubt some day we'll see the
Tories back again,
To steer the ship John Bull across the fierce
and angry main,
But Gladstone told us long ago *the good he*
meant to do
So for the present we will wait, and have faith
in his crew.

The captain, at all events, we must add, seems to be a long time in setting about his task, and the bard, with wise prevision, concludes as follows : —

For whether we be Liberal or Tory matters
not,
Provided that in Parliament some clever men
we've got,
If enemies insult us they will quickly get their
fill
They soon will find their master here upon our
ship John Bull.

After this rather tame, if patriotic, aspiration, in which Seven Dials joins with murmurs of general applause, we have barely time to glance at "Home Rule for Ireland," which thus opens : —

'Tis many years ago in Ireland you must know
Since happiness sat down upon the land,
Her sons they once were free and the star of
liberty
Shone gloriously on every Irishman.

But let us bar the door on the days that are
no more
There's a light beaming o'er us from afar,
If you listen unto me, I will tell you d' ye see,
The sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

This seems promising; but like many another patriot, the hero of Mullingar has little comfort to offer, and even that of the dreariest kind. Having told us that in London "they boast of Parliament being lost," that "Gladstone may rave all idly o'er the wave," that O'Connell and Grat-tan vainly shouted for Home Rule, he has but to declare that the only hope of the nation is John Martin : —

This hero ever bold her miseries to unfold
Ireland for the Irish will maintain.
Then let us all unite to drink this toast to-
night,
May happiness revisit Erin's shore,
For the plan of Isaac Butt from the palace to
the hut,
Is Home Rule for Ireland evermore.

What Isaac's plan really was the poet does not reveal; and with that final "evermore" the ballad suddenly ends, without a hint of dynamite, boycotting, or the other hideous weapons to which some

other distinguished patriots of late have clearly pointed. We commend to Messrs. Healey and Parnell the sober sentiments of Pat of Mullingar.

With regret we have to pass, with the very scantiest notice, a host of miscellaneous ballads, all curious in their way, and each with a character of its own. Among these are "The Death of Sayers," the champion of England, who, after winning sixteen hard fights, and losing but one, has departed to a land where his knowledge of the manly art of self-defence will be useless : —

He is gone to that silent bourne
Where he must lay till the Judgmt day,
No more he can return.

To that same land, also, we are glad to hear that another worthy has departed in "Robert Stephenson's gone, God rest him" : —

He died like a lamb, did that wonderful man,
Generations to come will long bless him,
Up aloft he has gone, never more to return,
The Father of Railways, God rest him.
Signed, John Morgan Orchd St. S.W.

A stanza worthy of note, not only because we have a new simile instead of the invariable "silent bourne," but because it is the only ballad which bears the author's name.

We must also pass in rapid survey, "God Bless the Women," though it opens with so admirable a sentiment as —

I sing in praise of woman, and it will not you
surprise,
I can prove that lovely woman is an angel in
disguise,

and with equal rapidity "Be kind to Your Wife;" tho'

A woman's the blessing the pride of our life
We really must all confess.
And, as for the wretch that strikes his wife
—— may perdition be his doom,
May she beat him with the fire-shovel up and
down the room.

With still greater reluctance we pass "The Masonic Hymn," the only one of its kind, though it introduces us to the "royal robe"

Which Noah he did wear when in the ark he
stood,
When the world was destroyed by a deluging
flood ;

and touches, in swift and exact succession, on Jerusalem, the Virgin Mary, Moses, Eden, Adam, Mount Horeb, the Twelve Lights, Abraham, and St. Peter !

Nor can we stay to quote more than a

line from "The Temperance Alphabet," which, among other wise and witty truths, tell us that —

S stands for Signs of the Crown or the Rose,
The drunkard he carries his Sign on his
nose ;

or to mourn over the "Awful Calamity at
Bradford," although —

Bradford lies in mourning,
For her sons and daughters now,
Who, without a moment's warning,
To a fearful fate did bow.
For young and old in the grave lie cold,
A fearful death they died.

But from this wide domain of sentiment, war, politics, and religion, we now finally come to the ghastly regions of crime, especially that of murder. Of these "Dying Speeches and Confessions" there are about a dozen before us, stretching from the hideous murder of "Maria Martin in the Red Barn," (1825), down to that of poor Percy M. John by G. H. Lamson, his brother-in-law. These constitute a distinct class of ballads; being printed on a larger sheet, fully illustrated, and selling at a higher price. In the old days of Rush and Manning, when the hangman did his ghastly work in public, these sheets at once attained an enormous circulation, which has gradually dwindled down from hundreds to tens of thousands. They are all pretty much alike; each containing a grim woodcut of the murderer and of the victim; but, above all, in the centre of the sheet, a still grimmer outline of the wretch himself, standing on the fatal drop, the parson in full canonicals, and a stern warder at hand bearing a bunch of keys. Below, in newspaper English, follows a brief account of the trial, the demeanor of the prisoner, his passage to the gallows, and the hoisting of the black flag; succeeded by six or eight stanzas of the poorest doggerel, but doggerel in which there is both good sense and right feeling.

For the wicked crime of murder George Lam-
son now must pay,
And with his life upon the gallows end,
His wife's brother he with poison so cruelly
did slay,
And unprepared to meet his Maker send.

Nowhere is to be found a word of maudlin sympathy with, or pity for, the scoundrel who stands with a white nightcap over his head and a rope round his neck, but only stern, rhadamanthine justice. Even for the infamous Kate Webster there is not a grain of mercy: —

Take warning by a wretched creature,
Who now in sorrow her death doth wait,
While tears are streaming down every feature,
No one will pity her awful fate.

While as for the crafty poisoner Lamson, these are the poet's tenderest words:

For the sake of paltry money this murder you
have done,
No doubt thinking the crime you could conceal,
But the eye of God was watching, and Justice
it has come,
And to all people's eyes it does reveal.

This may be sorry rhyme, and still sorer verse; but beyond all doubt there is in it a voice of sound, right feeling, to which Seven Dials is not deaf. Throughout the whole dozen of dying speeches, etc., the same spirit is to be traced. "It's the same poet as does 'em all," says one street patterer,* and "no more nor a bob for nothing." This was paltry pay under any circumstances, but still more so when it is remembered that a golden harvest is reaped out of every terrible murder — to the tune of at least fifty thousand copies.

Our survey of Seven Dials literature has been hasty, and not so complete as could be wished; but, taken as a whole, it proves that the moral tone of the ballads, if not lofty, is not low. There is not a word in praise of vice or drunkenness, but there are many words in praise of right feeling, honor, truth, and friendship. There is not the faintest sympathy with the filthy school of atheism, of which sounds are now to be heard in the House of Commons and the law courts, but which, if Northampton† cobblers glorify it, the heart of England repudiates. There is a clear recognition of an Almighty ruler of the world, a love of fair play, an old-fashioned liking for what is true and brave, a keen sense of the ludicrous, and a deep current of loyalty to the throne and to old England.

These are hopeful and good signs for the future. If the poets of Seven Dials are sadly profuse in faulty rhymes, metre, and spelling, it is not because their hearers have any peculiar relish for such enormities, but simply because they have no chance of any better diet. If any real poet of nobler tastes, and nobler rhyme, and nobler powers, were to arise, and sing to the listening thousands in good, plain ringing Saxon such topics as Seven Dials loves to hear — of men and women great

* Mayhew's London Poor.

† One ballad, indeed, was afloat a year or two ago about Bradlaugh, but it would not sell, and died out.

in goodness or in vice, of life and death in their widest sense, of human sorrows and human joys — whether in Monmouth Court or in Windsor Castle — he would achieve a swift immortality among those whose words die not. The sooner he comes, the better. B. G. JOHNS.

From The Fortnightly Review.
IN THE WRONG PARADISE.
AN OCCIDENTAL APOLOGUE.

IN the drawing-room, or, as it is more correctly called, the "dormitory," of my club, I had been reading a volume named "*Sur l'Humanité Posthume*," by M. d'Assier, a French follower of Comte. The mixture of positivism and ghost-stories highly diverted me. Moved by the sagacity and pertinence of M. d'Assier's arguments, I fell into such an uncontrollable fit of laughter as caused, I could see, first annoyance and then anxiety in those members of my club whom my explosion of mirth had awakened. As I still chuckled and screamed, it appeared to me that the noise I made gradually grew fainter and more distant, seeming to resound in some vast empty space, even more funereal and melancholy than the dormitory of my club, the "Tepidarium." It has happened to most people to laugh themselves awake out of a dream, and every one who has done so must remember the ghastly, hollow, and maniacal sound of his own mirth. It rings horribly in a quiet room where there has been, as the Veddahs of Ceylon say is the case in the world at large, "nothing to laugh at." Dean Swift once came to himself, after a dream, laughing thus hideously at the following conceit: "I told Apronia to be very careful especially about the legs." Well, the explosions of my laughter crackled in a yet more weird and lunatic fashion about my own ears as I slowly became aware that I had died of an excessive sense of the ludicrous, and that the space in which I was so inappropriately chuckling was, indeed, the fore-court of the house of Hades. As I grew more absolutely convinced of this truth, and began dimly to discern a strange world visible in a sallow light, like that of the London streets when a black fog hangs just over the houses, my hysterical chuckling gradually died away. Amusement at the poor follies of mortals was succeeded by an awful and anxious curiosity as to the state of immortality and the life after death.

Already it was certain that "the *manes* are somewhat," and that annihilation is the dream of people sceptical through lack of imagination. The scene around me now resolved itself into a high grey upland country, bleak and wild, like the waste pastoral places of Liddesdale. As I stood expectant, I observed a figure coming towards me at some distance. The figure bore in its hand a gun, and, as I am short-sighted, I at first conceived that he was the gamekeeper. "This affair," I tried to say to myself, "is only a dream after all; I shall wake and forget my nightmare."

But still the man drew nearer, and I began to perceive my error. Gamekeepers do not usually paint their faces red and green, neither do they wear scalp-locks, a tuft of eagle's feathers, mocassins, and buffalo-hide cloaks, embroidered with representations of war and the chase. This was the accoutrement of the stranger who now approached me, and whose copper-colored complexion indicated that he was a member of the Red Indian, or, as the late Mr. Morgan called it, the "Ganowanian" race. The stranger's attire was old and clouted; the barrel of his flint-lock musket was rusted, and the stock was actually overgrown with small funguses. It was a peculiarity of this man that everything he carried was more or less broken and outworn. The barrel of his piece was riven, his tomahawk was a mere shard of rusted steel, on many of his accoutrements the vapor of fire had passed. He approached me with a stately bearing, and after saluting me in the fashion of his people, gave me to know that he welcomed me to the land of spirits, and that he was deputed to carry me to the paradise of the Ojibbeways. "But, sir," I cried in painful confusion, "there is here some great mistake. I am no Ojibbeway, but an Agnostic; the after-life of spirits is only (as one of our great teachers says) 'an hypothesis based on contradictory probabilities;' and I really must decline to accompany you to a place of which the existence is uncertain, and which, if it does anywhere exist, would be ungenial in the extreme to a person of my habits."

To this remonstrance my Ojibbeway Virgil answered, in effect, that in the enormous passenger traffic between the earth and the next worlds mistakes must and frequently do occur. *Quisque suos patimur manes*, as the Roman says, is the rule, but there are many exceptions. Many a man finds himself in the paradise

of a religion not his own, and suffers from the consequences of the fact that all religions are equally true. This was, in brief, the explanation of my guide, who could only console me by observing that if I felt ill at ease in the Ojibbeway paradise, I might, perhaps, be more fortunate in that of some other creed. "As for your Agnostics," said he, "their main occupation in their own next world is to read the poetry of George Eliot and the philosophical works of Mr. J. S. Mill." On hearing this, I was much consoled for having missed the entrance to my proper sphere, and I prepared to follow my guide with cheerful alacrity, into the paradise of the Ojibbeways.

Our track lay, at first, along the "path of souls," and the still, grey air was only disturbed by a faint rustling and twittering of spirits on the march.* We seemed to have journeyed but a short time, when a red light shone on the left hand of the way. As we drew nearer this light appeared to proceed from a prodigious strawberry, a perfect mountain of a strawberry. Its cool and shining sides seemed very attractive to a thirsty soul. A red man, dressed strangely in the feathers of a raven, stood beside the fruit, and loudly invited all passers-by to partake of this refreshment. I was about to excavate a portion of the monstrous strawberry (being partial to that fruit), when my guide held my hand and whispered in a low voice that they who accepted the invitation of the man that guarded the strawberry were lost. He added that, into whatever paradise I might stray, I must beware of tasting any of the food of the departed. All who yield to the temptation must inevitably remain where they have put the food of the dead to their lips. "You," said my guide, with a slight sneer, "seem rather particular about your future home, and you must be especially careful to make no error." Thus admonished, I followed my guide to the river which runs between our world and the paradise of the Ojibbeways. A large stump of a tree lies half across the stream, the other half must be crossed by the agility of the wayfarer. Little children do but badly here, and "an Ojibbeway woman," said my guide, "can never be consoled when her child dies before it is fairly expert in jumping. Such young children they cannot expect to meet again in paradise." I made no reply, but was reminded of some good and un-

happy women I had known on earth, who were inconsolable because their babes had died before being sprinkled with water by a priest. These babes they, like the Ojibbeway matrons, "could not expect to meet again in paradise." To a grown-up spirit the jump across the mystic river presented no difficulty, and I found myself instantly among the wigwams of the Ojibbeway heaven. It was a remarkably large village, and as far as the eye could see huts and tents were erected along the river. The sound of magic songs and of drums filled all the air, and in the fields the spirits were playing *la crosse*. All the people of the village had deserted their homes and were enjoying themselves at the game. Outside one hut, however, a perplexed and forlorn phantom was sitting, and to my surprise I saw that he was dressed in European clothes. As we drew nearer I observed that he wore the black garb and white necktie of a minister in some religious denomination, and on coming to still closer quarters I recognized an old acquaintance, the Rev. Peter McSnadden. Now Peter had been a "jined member" of that mysterious "U. P. Kirk" which, according to the author of "Lothair," was founded by the Jesuits for the greater confusion of Scotch theology. Peter, I knew, had been active as a missionary among the Red Men in Canada; but I had neither heard of his death nor could conceive how his shade had found its way into a paradise so inappropriate as that in which I encountered him. Though never very fond of Peter, my heart warmed to him as the heart sometimes does to an acquaintance unexpectedly met in a strange land. Coming cautiously behind him, I slapped Peter on the shoulder, whereon he leaped up with a wild, unearthly yell, his countenance displaying lively tokens of terror. When he recognized me he first murmured, "I thought it was these murdering Apaches again;" and it was long before I could soothe him, or get him to explain his fears, and the circumstance of his appearance in so strange a final home. "Sir," said Peter, "it's just some terrible mistake. For twenty years was I preaching to these poor painted bodies anent heaven and hell, and trying to win them from their fearsome notions about a place where they would play at the ba' on the Sabbath, and the like shameful heathen diversions. Many a time did I round it to them about a far, far other place —

Where congregations ne'er break up
And sermons never end!

* These details are borrowed from Kohl's account of the Ojibbeway faith.

And now, lo and behold, here I am in their heathenish Gehenna, where the Sabbath day is just clean neglected; indeed, I have lost count myself, and do not know one day from the other. Oh, man, it's just rideec'lous. A body — I mean a soul — does not know where to turn." Here Peter, whose accent I cannot attempt to reproduce, burst into honest tears. Though I could not but agree with Peter that his situation was "just rideec'lous," I consoled him as well as I might, saying that a man should make the best of every position, and that "where there was life there was hope," a sentiment of which I instantly perceived the futility in this particular instance. "Ye do not know the worst," the Rev. Mr. McNadden went on. "I am here to make them sport, like Samson among the Philistines. Their paradise would be no paradise to them if they had not a paleface, as they say, to scalp and tomahawk. And I am that paleface. Before you can say 'scalping-knife' these awful Apaches may be on me, taking my scalp and other leeberties with my person. It grows again, my scalp does, immediately; but that's only that they may take it some other day." The full horror of Mr. McNadden's situation now dawned upon me, but at the same time I could not but perceive that, without the presence of some paleface to torture — Peter or another — paradise would, indeed, be no paradise to a Red Indian. In the same way Tertullian (or some other early father) has remarked that the pleasures of the blessed will be much enhanced by what they observe of the torments of the wicked. As I was reflecting thus two wild yells burst upon my hearing. One came from a band of Apache spirits who had stolen into the Ojibbeway village; the other scream was uttered by my unfortunate friend. I confess that I fled with what speed I might, nor did I pause till the groans of the miserable Peter faded in the distance. He was, indeed, a man in the wrong paradise.

In my anxiety to avoid sharing the fate of Peter at the hands of the Apaches, I had run out of sight and sound of the Ojibbeway village. When I paused I found myself alone, on a wide, sandy tract, at the extremity of which was an endless thicket of dark poplar-trees, a grove dear to Persephone. Here and there in the dark sand, half buried by the fallen generations of yellow poplar leaves, were pits dug, a cubic every way, and there were many ruinous altars of ancient stones.*

* The following details are from Homer, Pindar,

On some were engraved figures of a divine pair, a king and queen seated on a throne, while men and women approach them with cakes in their hands or with the sacrifice of a cock. While I was admiring these strange sights, I beheld as it were a moving light among the deeps of the poplar thicket, and presently saw coming towards me a young man clad in white raiment and of a radiant aspect. In his hand he bore a golden wand whereon were wings of gold. The first down of manhood was on his lip; he was in that season of life when youth is most gracious. Then I knew him to be no other than Hermes of the golden rod, the guide of the souls of men outworn. He took my hand with a word of welcome, and led me through the gloom of the poplar-trees.

Like Thomas the Rhymer, on his way to Fairyland —

We saw neither sun nor moon,
But we heard the roaring of the sea.

This eternal "swowing of a flode" was the sound made by the circling stream of Oceanus, as he turns on his bed, washing the base of the white rock, and the long, desolate sands of the land of dreams. So we fleeted onwards till we came to marvellous lofty gates of black adamant, that rose before us like the steep side of a hill. On the left side of the gates we beheld a fountain flowing from beneath the roots of a white cypress-tree, and to this fountain my guide forbade me to draw near. "There is another yonder," he said, pointing to the right hand, "a stream of still water that issues from the Lake of Memory, and there are guards who keep that stream from the lips of the profane. Go to them and speak thus: 'I am the child of earth and of the starry sky, yet heavenly is my lineage, and this yourselves know right well. But I am perishing with thirst, so give me speedily of that still water which floweth forth of the mere of Memory.'* And they will give thee to drink of that spring divine, and then shalt thou dwell with the heroes and the blessed." So I did as he said, and went before the guardians of the water. Now they were veiled, and their voices, when they answered me, seemed to come from far away. "Thou comest to the pure, from the pure," they said, "and thou art a suppliant of holy Persephone. Happy and most blessed art thou, advance to the reward of the crown desir-

and an Orphic inscription on a golden plate found in a tomb at Petelia.

* This is the invocation from the golden Orphic plate.

able, and be no longer mortal, but divine." Then a darkness fell upon me, and lifted again like mist on the hills, and we found ourselves in the most beautiful place that can be conceived, a meadow of that short grass which grows on some shores beside the sea. There were large spaces of fine and solid turf, but, where the little streams flowed from the delicate-tinted distant mountains, there were narrow valleys full of all the flowers of a southern spring. Here grew narcissus and hyacinths, violets and creeping thyme, and crocus and the crimson rose, as they blossomed on the day when the milk-white bull carried off Europa. Beyond the level land beside the sea, between these coasts and the far-off hills, was a steep, lonely rock, on which were set the shining temples of the Grecian faith. The blue seas that begirt the coasts were narrow, and ran like rivers between many islands not less fair than the country to which we were come, while other isles, each with its crest of clear-cut hills, lay westward, far away, and receding into the place of the sunset. Then I recognized the Fortunate Islands spoken of by Pindar, and the paradise of the Greeks. "Round these the ocean breezes blow and golden flowers are glowing, some from the land on trees of splendor, and some the water feedeth, with wreaths whereof they entwine their hands."* And, as Pindar says again, "for them shineth below the strength of the sun, while in our world it is night, and the space of crimson-flowered meadows before their city is full of the shade of frankincense-trees and of fruits of gold. And some in horses and in bodily feats, and some in dice, and some in harp-playing have delight, and among them thrive all fair flowering bliss; and fragrance ever streameth through the lovely land as they mingle incense of every kind upon the altars of the gods." In this beautiful country I took great delight, now watching the young men leaping and running (and they were marvellously good over a short distance of ground), now sitting in a chariot whereto were harnessed steeds swifter than the wind, like those that "the gods gave, glorious gifts, to Peleus." And the people, young and old, received me kindly, welcoming me in their Greek speech, which was like the sound of music. And because I had ever been a lover of them and of their tongue, my ears were opened to understand them, though they spoke Greek neither as we read it

nor as Professor Blackie most Scottishly intones it. Now when I had beheld many of the marvels of the Fortunate Islands, and had sat at meat with those kind hosts (though I only made semblance to eat of what they placed before me), and had seen the face of Rhadamanthus of the golden hair, who is the lord of that country, my friends told me that there was come among them one of my own nation who seemed most sad and sorrowful, and they could make him no mirth. Then they carried me to a house in a grove, and all around it a fair garden, and a well in the midst. Now stooping over the well, that he might have sight of his own face, was a most wretched man. He was pale and very meagre; he had black rings under his eyes, and his hair was long, limp, and greasy, falling over his shoulders. He was clad somewhat after the manner of the old Greeks, but his raiment was woe-folly ill-made and ill-girt upon him, nor did he ever seem at his ease. As soon as I beheld his sallow face I knew him for one I had seen and mocked at in the world of the living. He was a certain Figgins, and he had been honestly apprenticed to a photographer; but, being a weak and vain young fellow, he had picked up modern notions about art, the nude, plasticity, and the like, in the photographer's workroom, whereby he became a weariness to the photographer and to them that sat unto him. Being dismissed from his honest employment, this chattering must needs become a model to some painters that were near as ignorant as himself. They talked to him about the Greeks, about the antique, about paganism, about the Renaissance, till they made him as much the child of folly as themselves. And they painted him as Antinous, as Eros, as Sleep, and I know not what, but whatever name they called him he was always the same lank-haired, dowdy, effeminate, pasty-faced photographer's young man. Then he must needs take to writing poems all about Greece, and the free ways of the old Greeks, and Lais, and Phryne, and verily he made "Aeolus" rhyme to "control us." For of Greek this fellow knew not a word, and any Greek that met him had called him a *κόλλοψ*, and bade him begone to the crows for a cursed fellow, and one that made false quantities in every Greek name he uttered. But his little poems were much liked by young men of his own sort, and by some of the young women that wear puffed sleeves, and cannot skate, nor play lawn-tennis, nor swim, nor pull an oar, nor sit a horse,

* From Mr. E. Myers's Pindar.

nor sew a plain seam. But death had come to Figgins, and here he was in the Fortunate Islands, the very paradise of those Greeks about whom he had always been prating while he was alive. And yet he was not happy. A little lyre lay beside him in the grass, and now and again he twanged on it dolorously, and he tried to weave himself garlands from the flowers that grew around him; but he knew not the art, and ever and anon he felt for his button-hole wherein to stick a lily or the like. But he had no button-hole. Then he would look at himself in the well, and yawn and wish himself back in his friends' studios in London. I almost pitied the wretch, and, going up to him, I asked him how he did. He said he had never been more wretched. "Why," I asked, "was your mouth not always full of the 'Greek spirit,' and did you not mock the Christians and their religion? And, as to their heaven, did you not say that it was a tedious place, full of pious old ladies and Philistines? And are you not got to the paradise of the Greeks? What, then, ails you with your lot?" "Sir," said he, "to be plain with you, I do not understand a word these fellows about me say, and I feel as I did the first time I went to Paris, before I knew enough French to read the master's poems.* Again, every one here is mirthful and gay, and there is no man with a divinely passionate potentiality of pain. When I first came here they were always asking me to run with them or jump against them, and one fellow insisted I should box with him, and hurt me very much. My potentiality of pain is considerable. Or they would have me drive with them in these dangerous open chariots, — me that never rode in a hansom cab without feeling nervous. And after dinner they sing songs of which I do not catch the meaning of one syllable, and the music is like nothing I ever heard in my life. And they are all abominably active and healthy. And such of their poets as I admired — in Bohn's cribs, of course — the poets of the Anthology, are not here at all, and the poets who are here are tremendous proud toffs" (here Figgins relapsed into his natural style as it was before he became a Neopagan poet) "and won't say a word to a cove. And I'm sick of the Greeks, and the Fortunate Islands are a blooming fraud, and oh, for paradise, give me Pentonville." With

these words, perhaps the only unaffected expression of genuine sentiment poor Figgins had ever uttered, he relapsed into a gloomy silence. I advised him to cultivate the society of the authors whose selected works are in the Greek Delectus, and to try to make friends with Xenophon, whose Greek is about as easy as that of any ancient. But I fear that Figgins, like the Rev. Peter McSnadden, is really suffering a kind of punishment in the disguise of a reward, and all through having accidentally found his way into what he foolishly thought would be the right paradise for him.

Now I might have stayed long in the Fortunate Islands, yet, beautiful as they were, I ever felt like Odysseus in the island of fair Circe. The country was lovely and the land desirable, but the souls were not there without whom heaven itself were no paradise to me. And it chanced that as we sat at the feast a maiden came to me with a pomegranate on a plate of silver, and said, "Sir, thou hast now been here for the course of a whole moon, yet hast neither eaten nor drunk of what is set before thee. Now it is commanded that thou must taste if it were but a seed of this pomegranate, or depart from among us." Then, making such excuses as I might, I was constrained to refuse to eat, for no soul can leave a paradise wherein it has tasted food. And as I spoke the walls of the fair hall wherein we sat, which were painted with the effigies of them that fell at Thermopylæ and in Arcadion, wavered and grew dim, and darkness came upon me.

The first of my senses which returned to me was that of smell, and I seemed almost drowned in the spicy perfumes of Araby. Then my eyes became aware of a green soft fluttering, as of the leaves of a great forest, but quickly I perceived that the fluttering was caused by the green scarfs of a countless multitude of women. They were "fine women" in the popular sense of the term, and were of the school of beauty admired by the faithful of Islam, and known to Mr. Bailey, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," as "crumby."* These fond attendant nymphs carried me into gardens twain, in each two gushing springs, in each fruit, and palms, and pomegranates. There were the blessed reclining, precisely as the Prophet has declared, "on beds the linings whereof are brocade, and

* Poor Figgins always called M. Baudelaire "the master."

* The details of the Moslem paradise are from the Koran, lv. lvi.

the fruit of the two gardens within reach to cull." There also were the "maids of modest glances," previously indifferent to the wooing "of man or ginn." "Bright and large-eyed maids kept in their tents, reclining on green cushions and beautiful carpets. About the golden couches went eternal youths with goblets and ewers, and a cup of flowing wine. No headache shall they feel therefrom," says the compassionate Prophet, "nor shall their wits be dimmed." And all that land is misty and fragrant with the perfume of the softest latakia, and the gardens are musical with the bubbling of countless narghilés; and I must say that to the Christian soul which enters that paradise the whole place has, certainly, a rather curious air, as of a highly transcendental Cremorne. There could be no doubt, however, that the faithful were enjoying themselves amazingly — "right lucky fellows," as we read in the new translation of the "*Qur An*," for so the learned call the Koran of our ignorance. Yet even here all was not peace and pleasantness, for I heard my name called by a small voice, in a tone of patient subdued querulousness. Looking hastily round, I with some difficulty recognized, in a green turban and silk gown to match, my old college tutor and professor of Arabic. Poor old Jones had been the best and the most shy of university men. As there was never any undergraduate in his time (it is different now) who wished to learn Arabic, his place had been a sinecure, and he had chiefly devoted his leisure to "drawing" pupils who were too late for college chapel. The sight of a lady of his acquaintance in the streets had at all times been alarming enough to drive him into a shop or up a lane, and he had not survived the creation of the first batch of married fellows. How he had got into this thoroughly wrong paradise was a mystery which he made no attempt to explain. "A nice place this, eh?" he said to me; "nice gardens, remind me of Magdalene a good deal. It seems, however, to be decidedly rather gay just now, don't you think so? Commemoration week perhaps, a great many young ladies up, certainly; a good deal of cup drunk in the gardens too. I always did prefer to go down in Commemoration week, myself; never was a dancing man. There is a great deal of dancing here, but the young ladies dance alone, rather like what is called the *ballet*, I believe, at the opera. I must say the young persons are a little forward; a little embarrassing it is to be alone here, especially as I have for-

gotten a good deal of my Arabic. Don't you think, my dear fellow, you and I could manage to give them the slip? Run away from them, eh?" He uttered a timid little chuckle, and at that moment an innumerable host of houris began a *ballet d'action* illustrative of a series of events in the career of the Prophet. It was obvious that my poor, uncomplaining old friend was really very miserable. The "thornless loto trees" were all thorny to him, and the "tal'h trees with piles of fruit, the outspread shade and water outpoured" could not comfort him in his really very natural shyness. A happy thought occurred to me. In early and credulous youth I had studied the works of Cornelius Agrippa and Petrus de Abano. Their lessons, which had not hitherto been of much practical service, recurred to my mind. Stooping down I drew a circle round myself and my old friend in the fragrant white blossoms which were strewn so thick that they quite hid the grass. This circle I fortified by the usual signs employed, as Benvenuto Cellini tells us, in the conjuration of evil spirits. I then proceeded to utter one of the common forms of exorcism. Instantly the myriad houris assumed the forms of irritated demons; the smoke from the uncounted narghilés burned thick and black; the cries of the frustrated ginns who were no better than they should be rang wildly in our ears; the palm-trees shook beneath a mighty wind; the distant summits of the minarets rocked and wavered, and with a tremendous crash the paradise of the faithful disappeared.

As I rang the bell, and requested the club-waiter to carry away the smoking fragments of the moderator-lamp which I had accidentally knocked over in awaking from my nightmare, I reflected on the vanity of men and the unsubstantial character of the future homes that their fancy has fashioned. Houses founded on the clouds are the heavens of the popular creed, mansions in which one man's joy is another's torment. The ideal heavens of modern poets and novelists, and of ancient priests, come no nearer than the drugged dreams of the angekok and the biraark of Greenland and Queensland to that rest and peace whereof it has not entered into the mind of man to conceive. To the wrong man each of our pictured heavens would be a hell, and even to the appropriate devotee each would become a tedious purgatory.

A. LANG.

From The Saturday Review.

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

I.

IN the enormous mass of historical materials which Italy possesses, it is scarcely wonderful that the more homely materials for its history have as yet been somewhat neglected. There were so many writers who were men of letters that they naturally held the first place. There is such a number of State papers, of letters of ambassadors and of political reports, that every year brings before the student new materials for understanding the political life of Italy. Only recently has the publication of more obscure records been undertaken. We have yet much to learn of the life and opinions of the ordinary Italian during the great period of Italian history. We know enough of the intrigues of statesmen; we need to know more of what men talked in the streets and discussed in the tavern. Writers on the Italian Renaissance, and their name is legion, follow one another in elevating abnormal characters into ordinary types. We want to know something more about the plain man, the ordinary citizen. We want to compare him with others of his class at other times.

The newly published *Diary of Luca Landucci* ("Diario di Luca Landucci dal 1450 al 1516: con annotazioni da Fadoco del Badia." Firenze: Sansoni, 1883), a good Florentine apothecary, gives us most valuable materials for this purpose. The diary extends from 1450 to 1516, and covers the most momentous epoch of Florentine history. Luca Landucci felt the panic into which Florence was thrown by the conspiracy of the Pazzi. He saw the signs and wonders that foretold the death of Lorenzo de' Medici. He was carried away by the rapid changes of fortune which befell the city when Lorenzo's guiding hand was gone. He witnessed the expulsion of the Medici, the coming of the French, the loss of Pisa, the revival of the republican government. He listened awestruck to the preaching of Savonarola, and believed his lofty predictions of a coming time when Florence was to shine forth as a city set on a hill, and was to present a pattern of righteousness to a regenerated world. He wept over the downfall of the mighty prophet and the sad dissipation of his dreams. He marvelled over the strange form which the papal policy assumed under the direction of Cesare Borgia. He rejoiced when the weak government of the Florentine re-

public made way for the stronger hand of Piero Soderini. He lived long enough to see Soderini fail in his task, and retire before the restoration of the Medici. Loyal to his belief in the destinies of Florence, he died trying to persuade himself that his city was to begin a new career of greatness through its close connection with the splendors of the pontificate of Leo X.

Luca Landucci makes no efforts after graces of style. He was an apothecary, and not a man of letters. He does not aim at any consistency in his political opinions, but records from day to day what he saw and what he thought. He did not write with any view to publicity; but he wished his grandchildren to know what had happened, in case that they might be summoned to take a more leading part in affairs than he had aspired to. The simplicity, the frankness, the unpretentiousness of Luca Landucci make his pages most fascinating reading. Before we can estimate his historical value we must learn to know him as a man.

Luca Landucci was one of the two sons of a Florentine citizen who was fairly well-to-do. He owned a small estate at Dicomano, in the valley of the Sieve, and inherited from his mother some houses in Florence. Luca was the eldest son, and at the age of sixteen was apprenticed to an apothecary in the Mercato Vecchio. He followed the same trade all his life, and experienced all the vicissitudes of a commercial career. After six years' apprenticeship, Luca, at the age of twenty-two, was discontented with a salary of fifty florins. He resolved to go into partnership with a friend and open a new shop. He found, like many others, that the hope of larger gains made him lose what was certain. His partner was extravagant, and would not be content with beginning in a humble way. Luca's capital was soon exhausted. He withdrew from his thoughtless partner on the best terms he could, and went back to a subordinate position with a diminished salary of thirty-six florins. There he gathered more experience, till at the age of thirty he married, and with his wife's dowry furnished a shop at the corner where the Via della Vigna Nuova and the Via della Spada run into the Via Tornabuoni. At first he was hard pressed to make a livelihood, but his business gradually established itself. After fourteen years he was able to build himself a new shop opposite the Strozzi Palace. There he lived till his death in 1516, listening to the loung-

ers who frequented his shop, observant of affairs around him, submissive to those in authority, strong in his trust in God's providence, and happy in his family life. His wife Salvestra was a "dear companion, good and virtuous, so that she had no equals." He enjoyed forty-eight years of peaceful married life, and records that his wife never provoked his anger. She bore him twelve children, of whom seven survived her death. Engaged with the care of his shop and of his farm at Dicomano, Luca Landucci lived a contented life to the age of eighty.

His younger brother, Costanzo, was more adventurous, but not so fortunate. He had a taste for horse-racing, and travelled in the Levant in quest of Barbary horses. He was successful in his pursuit, and in four years won twenty prizes. Once at Siena there was a doubt between his horse and one of Lorenzo de' Medici's. Costanzo, "through reverence to Lorenzo," did not urge his claim, and allowed the prize to go to Lorenzo. Another time at Siena, seeing that he had won easily, he dismounted and jumped upon the winning-post. The judges decided against him on the ground that he had not passed the post. His devotion to horses was in some manner the cause of his death, but Luca does not exactly tell us how.

The character and opinions of Luca Landucci are sufficiently shown in his pages. His disposition was kind, cheerful, and contented. He accepted a life of honest industry as that of the greatest happiness. His object was to do his duty in the state of life into which it had pleased God to call him. He was content to take the share of good things that fell to his lot, and was convinced of the wisdom of pursuing the golden mean. The restless ambition of the great and powerful amazes and distresses him. After narrating the death of Pandolfo Petrucci of Siena, in 1512, he exclaims, "Oh how much more sensible it is to stand in a lowly place than to wish to tower over others! It is less dangerous to soul and body alike." If great and rich men were wise, they would flee from the wish for domination, which only exposes them to hatred. They would be content with their wealth, apply themselves to the common good, become famous in commerce and in an honorable and Christian life, give much of their gains to God's poor, and love their country with an upright heart." Luca Landucci expresses the moral ideal of the prosperous middle class in all ages.

But Luca was ready to apply his principles in practice. He taught himself to accept the misfortunes of life with submission. He did not expect a career of uninterrupted prosperity even in a lowly state. He tells of many disasters that befell himself. Let us take the chief one:—

On August 2, 1507, as it pleased my God, my house where I dwelt, next to my shop, caught fire, and I lost all my furniture and effects, to the value of more than 250 gold ducats. I had to remake everything, and my son Antonio lost more than 50 ducats, a rose-colored cloak, a violet tunic, both new, and all his other clothes and silken doublets, besides his books, which were worth more than 25 ducats. I, with my three other sons, remained in our shirts; Battista jumped from his bed, naked as he was born, because the fire seized his bed where he was sleeping, and rushed out to borrow a shirt from the neighbors. But since I accept adversity and prosperity alike, I give great thanks for the one as for the other to the Lord; wherefore I pray that He may pardon my sins and send me all such things as are for His glory. May God always be praised by all His creatures; and with this medicine every man can heal all his pains and weakness.

With this conception of the supreme excellence of an industrious and contented life, Luca Landucci was not much moved by the outward signs of power or of splendor. The ambition of princes did not appeal to him; their magnificence did not awaken his envy or call forth his admiration. He was convinced of the futility of most of the objects of human effort. On the death of Lorenzo de' Medici he observes:—

This man was in the world's opinion the most glorious man that could be found, and the richest, and had the greatest power and reputation. Every one said of him that he governed Italy, and truly he had a wise head, and succeeded in all things. He had done what no citizen had for long accomplished—he had raised his son to the Cardinalate. He had ennobled not only his own house, but the whole city. And with all this he could not go an hour further when his time had come. Man, man, what reason have you for pride? The true attribute of man is true humility and kindness, and to count God as everything and all else as nothing, except in so far as God has made it good. May He pardon my sins, and pardon him who is dead as I wish that He may pardon me; and likewise all human beings.

In like manner Luca saw from his shop windows the stately walls of the Strozzi Palace rising day by day, but felt no envy of its rich possessor. He tells us how

Filippo Strozzi died in 1491, when the walls had not yet reached the height of the windows. "You may well understand what are our hopes of these transitory things. It seems that man is their lord; but it is just the opposite, they are the lords over us. This palace will stand almost forever; see if this palace has been lord of him, and of how many more it will still be lord. We are stewards and not lords, as far as God's goodness pleases."

Having this contented view of life, Luca was above all things a kindly man, forgiving others and trusting for their forgiveness. When his son Benedetto was attacked in the dark and severely wounded in the face, Luca observes, "It was for our sins. I freely pardon him who wrought this wrong, as I wish the Lord to pardon me, and I pray God to pardon him, and not for this condemn him to hell." The quality that filled Landucci with the greatest horror was cruelty. "Cruel men," he exclaims, "generally come to an ill end, and the merciful never end ill." He regards the defeat of Charles the Bold by the Swiss as a miraculous punishment on a cruel man. He represents the public opinion of Italy when he rejoices over the vengeance which Cesare Borgia wrought on the lords of the Romagna. After the destruction of the Vitelli he cries out, "Woe to him who is cruel and does not fear God." In like manner Luca Landucci rejoices over the prospect of vengeance seizing Cesare Borgia in his turn. He tells the current story that Cesare poisoned a flask of wine to kill a cardinal and poisoned his father by mistake. "Whether it be true or not God knows," he adds, and then exclaims in triumph, "See what is Cesare's condition now, with so many enemies who will leap upon his back." A little afterwards he rejoices over Cesare's ruin as the just requital of his cruelty.

As Luca hated cruelty, he hated war with all its attendant miseries. In 1483 he writes:—

In these days through fear of hunger and the great war in Lombardy many families departed thence. They passed this way on their journey towards Rome, from fifty to a hundred families together, so that they reached for several miles. Men said that altogether there were more than 30,000 persons. It called forth great pity to see such poverty pass by—a poor donkey with a miserable kettle, a frying-pan, and such like—so that they drew tears from all who saw them go barefooted and in rags. And all this follows from those accursed wars.

He narrates with growing horror the

iniquities of Cesare Borgia's troop when they entered the Florentine territories in 1501. "They behaved like Turks, and set every place on fire;" they slaughtered men and women; they showed themselves "as bad as, nay, worse than, the devil in hell." Every day brought the news of some new outrage. All this seems to Luca's mind the result of incredible folly and wickedness.

Princes and lords, instead of healing the rents and increasing the borders of Christ's Church, ruin it by their ambition. There ought to be union of all Christians against the infidels, and willingness to die for the faith of Christ. At present all are engaged in shedding the blood of Christians against all rule of love and heaping miseries on the poor and afflicted peoples of Italy. God be always praised and blessed.

Again, with fine irony, he sums up the results of war and the prizes of military ambition:—

To avenge their passions they have driven to beggary hundreds of peasants, and have avenged themselves on those who never wronged them, like vile men who fear not the hand of the Lord, nor know that He is great and that He is near them.

But though Landucci had a horror of war, he was not the less a critic of warfare. He lived through the period which saw the downfall of the military system of Italy. The method of hiring *condottieri* generals and committing to their hands the conduct of affairs had, no doubt, some disadvantages, but at least did not err on the side of cruelty. Campaigns were conducted like parades. There was much manœuvring; but the two generals understood one another, and did not want to come to blows if they could avoid it. When a battle was fought, it was conducted on gentlemanlike principles. When the two armies came together, everything was decided by the first shock, and those who were slain owed their death to being trampled on by the undue haste of their comrades to run away. Prisoners were held to ransom, and the defeated army was rendered useless because it had thrown away its weapons. This system was kindly, but was often a little irritating to those who had to find the supplies. Their money was spent in elaborate manœuvres which resulted in nothing, and the Florentine burgher was often somewhat impatient for more decisive measures. In 1478 Luca Landucci writes bitterly: "The order of our Italian soldiers is this. 'You set to work and plunder on

that side, and we will plunder on this; the business of coming to too close quarters is not for us.' They allow a castle to be bombarded for many days, and never send to relieve it. Some day the strangers from beyond the Alps must come and teach us how to make war." The prophecy was soon enough fulfilled. Landucci had seen only too clearly the inevitable result of the military incompetence of Italy. The French came, and taught them lessons of a sterner sort. Charles VIII. made a triumphal march through Italy; but his soldiers gave the Italians a few examples of foreign warfare. Landucci did not like their teaching when he saw it close at hand. He calls the French "bestial barbarians, who delight to dabble in human blood." He saw his countrymen only too ready to learn their savagery. As early as 1495 he records how the Florentines captured seventy Frenchmen who were fighting on the side of the Pisans at Ponte di Sacco. "And our men, as though they were not Italians but barbarians, and had learned from them, because they hated them on many grounds, amused themselves by cutting them in pieces." Later on Luca saw with delight the revival of the citizen militia according to the plan of Machiavelli. He rejoiced in the parade of the new levies in 1505, and considered the tailoring arrangements to be excellent. He computed that Florence could raise many thousands of soldiers and need no longer employ foreigners. "It was reckoned the finest thing that had ever been ordained in the city of Florence." But when the Florentine militia was sorely needed against the Spaniards in 1512 it was not of much use. The capture of Prato after two days' siege was a blow to all his expectations. "It seems that it must have been through God's permission that our chiefs acted so slowly, since we had eighteen thousand soldiers, which was more than our enemies. We might have cut off their supplies, so that they would have died of hunger in three or four days. These things are for our sins." The pathos of Italy's ruin becomes more intense when we read the simple criticism of one who lived through the period of the decay of that individual courage and energy on which the greatness of a country must ultimately depend.

Though Landucci was a man of peace, he desired to see his country well defended and respected by her enemies. The cowardice displayed in resisting Cesare Borgia filled him with shame. In 1501 he writes: "Never was such a simple and

wicked thing done as to leave our country to be ravaged. It is a disgrace to be a Florentine and have to make an agreement with one who is not worth three farthings." "Florence was full of sadness, and it seemed as if one was drowning in a glass of water." "It seemed as if the Florentines had their bowels in a basin. All their neighbors laughed at the Florentines." Nor was Landucci only in favor of defensive wars; he was most eager for the recovery of the rebellious Pisa. Like a loyal Florentine, he believed in the righteousness of his own city and the unrighteousness of every one else. "God has always helped us because our wars are lawful, not like those of the ambitious and jealous Venetians." His kindly spirit and his patriotism came into collision, and patriotism won the day. He regarded patriotism as the highest virtue in a Florentine and the most perverse obstinacy in all others. The national feeling of the middle classes at all times is simply expressed in Luca's comment on the following striking episode in the Pisan war:—

In these days Pisa was straitly besieged and was hard pressed. Every day one heard stories of their obstinacy—this among the rest. A woman of Pisa came with her two children to the Florentine Commissary, saying that she was dying of hunger and had left in Pisa her mother, who was well-nigh hungered. The Commissary ordered that bread be given her for herself, and her mother, and her children. Returning with the loaves to Pisa, she told her mother that all was well. The old woman, seeing the white bread, said, "What bread is this?" The daughter answered that she got it outside from the Florentines. Then she cried, "Away with the bread of the accursed Florentines; I had rather die of hunger;" and she would not eat it. Think what hatred the poor folk bore to our city, finding themselves, through no fault of theirs, in such bad straits. O, how great a sin it is to set wars on foot! Woe to him who causes them! God pardon us, although this enterprise of ours has been lawfully undertaken. Think what a sin it is for him who undertakes it unlawfully!

It follows from such views as these that Luca Landucci was a good citizen, and believed that his own government was always in the right. He disliked the struggles of factions and parties. "I am without any passions of party or form of government," he says, "and only desire the will of God." He records sadly the violence of party strife in Italian cities. "Thus do those accursed parties behave who fear not God, and think that they have to live forever, and that they are

those who have to inherit the world." Luca was not a politician. He accepted the political changes of Florence without much comment. If things went well, he exclaimed, "Praise be to God;" if they went ill, he reflected, "These things are because of our sins." In no case does he show any desire to strive and mend matters. Politics are beyond him. He has his opinions, his sympathies, his likes and dislikes, but they soon pass away. Luca represents the large class that is satisfied to be governed, and does not wish to govern. His belief in particular forms of government is not great. He trusts in men rather than in mechanism, and demands that the government, whatever it may be, should keep Florence at peace and make her respected. He saw the failure of the conspiracy of the Pazzi, and was only impressed by the disturbance which it caused in the city and the state of terror which followed. He endured without comment the papal excommunication and the war which followed. He admired Lorenzo de' Medici's adventurous journey to Naples, and rejoiced over the peace which followed. He enjoyed contentedly the glories of Lorenzo's rule, but had no special feeling when Piero de' Medici was expelled in 1494. The only sentiment which he expresses is one of pity for Piero's brother, the Cardinal Giovanni, and in his case the pity was purely personal. "The poor Cardinal," he says, "remained in the house, and I saw him at his window kneeling with clasped hands, commending himself to God. When I saw him I was sorry, and judged that he was a good youth and of a good mind." He was impressed by the unanimity of the people after the expulsion of Piero. "The cry was raised, '*Popolo e libertà!*' and in less than half an hour all the city was in arms, great and small running to the Piazza with such readiness that never was such union seen before. I believe that if all the world had come, it would not have been able to break such union. Thus the Lord allowed that trial should be made of this people in this time of peril from the French." Luca trusted to the revived republic, and saw it reconstructed on the model of Venice in 1495. "It seems to every one who wishes to live well and without passion the most worthy government that Florence has ever had." In 1502 he welcomed with equal pleasure the appointment of a gonfaloniere for life, and records the election of Piero Soderini. "How worthily was he chosen for this dignity, how well did the great

Council Judge! Truly this deed was from God." In 1512 he is content that Piero Soderino should make way for a Medicean restoration; "peacefully, according to agreement, because he said he did not wish to be a stumbling-block to his people, and that he was content with all that came from the will of God; and soon afterwards he went away." Many thought that the liberty of Florence was worth fighting for, and that Soderini let it go too easily. Landucci does not enter into these considerations of the higher politics. He found himself in his own age called upon to take a part in affairs, and he did not like it. "On December 20, 1512, they began in the Palazzo to choose those eligible for office; and I also went, since some of my friends wished it, with little will on my part, but to please the Signori. Praise be to God." Luca did his duty, but did it with a sigh. Governments changed, and he submitted himself to the powers that were. As we read Luca's account of affairs, we feel why it is that men like him, representatives of the contented middle classes, are rarely of any weight in politics. It interests us to know how Luca Landucci thought and felt; and doubtless he represented a great number of the citizens of Florence. Their ideas were excellent; their attitude towards life was all that could be wished; their moral sentiments were directed towards the greatest good of the greatest number. But they were powerless to influence affairs; they had no policy which they wished to enforce. Wise, gentle, cultivated as they might be, they could not arrest corruption in high places. The public opinion which they expressed never made its voice heard in actual conflict. As we read Luca Landucci's diary, we love and respect him as a man, we are interested at the light he throws on social life by the pictures of actual fact which he presents to our view. But any reader must be driven to admit that the villainous intrigues disclosed to us by dismal State papers and the records of tedious diplomacy show us the motive power which determined events, while the public opinion of the Florentine citizen was entirely powerless.

II.

WE have considered the character and opinions of Luca Landucci as illustrating the ordinary Florentine citizen. Let us turn to the consideration of his importance as an authority for Florentine history. About actual facts he has not much

to tell us that is absolutely new; but he makes our previous knowledge more vivid and more real. The scenes pass before our eyes in his homely narrative and are brought close to ourselves. He gives us those little touches of personal description for want of which more elaborate pictures leave our imagination cold and unmoved.

We understand the intensity of Florentine feeling after the conspiracy of the Pazzi when we read his account of the behavior of the youth of the city. They disinterred the corpse of Jacopo de' Pazzi, who had been executed, and dragged it through the streets by the hangman's rope, which still remained round the neck. They tied the dead man's body to the knocker of his own door, and cried to those within, "Open to the master." Then they threw the corpse into the Arno, and sang a ribald song whose burden was "Messer Jacopo giù per Arno se ne va." "And this," says Luca, "was held for a wondrous thing; first, because youths generally are afraid of the dead, and next, because the corpse stank so that one could not go near it. All the folk of Florence flocked to the bridges to see the body pass, and down towards Brozzi some boys dragged it out of the water, and tied it to a willow, and beat it with sticks, and then threw it into the Arno again."

No less vivid is the account of the entry of Charles VIII. and the French into Florence. "You may think that all Florence was in the church and outside. Every one shouted, small and great, old and young, all with a true heart and without flattery. When the folk saw the king on foot his fame was a little diminished, for he was indeed a very small man." But when in a few days Charles VIII. spoke of the return of the Medici, popular feeling changed. "They had no fear of the king, and it was plain that a great enmity had sprung up between the citizens and this Piero de' Medici; whence it springs, the Lord knows." The Florentines were filled with suspicion, but it was silent, and needed no words to express it. Charles VIII. rode to the church of San Felice to see the festa, but did not enter. "Many said that he was afraid, and this showed that he had greater fear than we had—woe to him if he were to begin, though it would be also to our great danger." The Florentines were filled with terrible anxiety, which reached its height on November 24. "It was said that the king was going to dine in the Palazzo with the Signoria, and caused all the arms to be taken out of the Palazzo, and himself intended

to go with many armed men, whence all the people were filled with suspicion. Each man made haste to fill his house with bread and arms and stores and to strengthen his house as much as he could, each man intending to die with arms in his hand, and to slaughter every Frenchman, if need were, in the manner of the Sicilian Vespers. Such was the fear, that about dinner-hour a cry was raised, 'Shut, shut,' and all Florence shut its doors, every man fleeing without any other reason, and on asking the cause no one knew. Whence the king did not go to dine at the Palazzo. It was the will of Heaven that such suspicion grew on every side, because it was the reason why the French changed their evil will towards us." Next day the French kept strict watch day and night, and took away the arms of all who were found in the streets at night, not before many of them fell beneath the Florentine daggers. On the following day Charles VIII. signed an agreement with the Florentines and hastened to leave the city. From that time forward the Frenchmen are called by Landucci "bestial," and his pages are full of their misdoings. His narrative of their doings in Italy ends with the following dramatic account of the punishment which their cruelty called down upon their heads in January, 1504:—

And in these cold days many Frenchmen, who could manage to escape, fled from Naples naked and clotheless, and many of them died in the territory of Rome through cold and hunger, for they found none to help them through the cruelty which they had shown in putting cities to the sword and sacking everything. Through God's permission they died in Rome among dung-heaps, which they entered to escape from the cold. If the Pope had not had four or five hundred jackets made and given to them, and had not supplied them with money and put them on galleys to convey them to France, they would all have died. As it was, more than five hundred died of cold; they found them in the morning dead on the dung-heaps. In Rome they entered such houses as they found open, and could not be dragged out; they were beaten with clubs, but refused to move, and said "Kill us." Never was such destruction. And still the King did not send to help them, but had forgotten them. This was the justice of God, since they came to massacre and plunder others. And they are all blasphemers, steeped in every vice, without faith or fear of God.

The most interesting part of Landucci's diary is that which relates to Girolamo Savonarola. The good apothecary makes us feel from day to day the fluctu-

ations of popular opinion concerning him. We realize the steps in his rise and fall. We understand the force of his fervid eloquence, of his zeal for righteousness which swayed the minds of the masses. We trace the course of the inevitable reaction, when Savonarola's efforts to set up a reformed and purified Florence made him an important political personage. We see how his watchful enemies seized on every extravagance which he uttered, and dogged his steps till they had brought him into a false position where his ruin was certain. Much has been written about Savonarola; but nowhere does he stand out more grandly than in the simple record of Landucci.

It is an error to regard Savonarola as an exceptional figure in Italian history. There were many famous preachers amongst the Italians who worked great results by their earnestness; Bernardino of Siena and Capistrano had both of them moved Italy within the century. And there were many other preachers and wonder-workers of lesser note. Landucci records in 1478, "There came a hermit and preached and threatened many misfortunes. He was a youth of twenty-four, barefooted, with a wallet on his back; and said that St. John and the angel Raphael had appeared to him. One morning he mounted the balcony of the Signori to preach, and the magistrates sent him away. And such-like things happened every day." In 1483 Landucci narrates the death of a friar at Faenza, who was said to work miracles. But he did not give much credit to these stories. "Every day such things were told; one day there was an apparition in a river and next day in a mountain; and some one spoke to a lady who was the Virgin. I mention this because the world was uplifted to expect great things from God."

In this excited state of public feeling Savonarola appeared and grew famous by his preaching. His predictions of coming calamity were fulfilled by the French invasion, during which his resolute bearing greatly increased his repute. "In these days men in Florence and throughout all Italy thought that he was a prophet and a man of holy life." When the French left Florence on November 28, 1494, Savonarola was almost supreme. He proclaimed a religious procession on December 8, to obtain the divine guidance for the city. "It was a very wondrous procession of a great number of men and women of the highest repute, all carried on with entire order and perfect obedi-

ence to the frate. Such devotion was shown as will perhaps never be seen again." On December 14, Savonarola began to preach "that Florence should take a good form of government." "He always favored the people," says Landucci, "and always declared that there should be no blood-shedding, but other kinds of punishment." On December 21 "he preached only about the constitution, and men were all afraid and did not agree. One wanted roast, another boiled; one went with frate, another went against him. Had it not been for this Frate blood would have been shed." On December 28 Landucci computes that the auditors of Savonarola numbered thirteen or fourteen thousand persons. But so early as January 11, 1495, Savonarola had to defend himself in the pulpit. Letters purporting to come from him and to seek a Medicean restoration were forged and disseminated. "But all this was false, for the frate held with the people." On January 17, "many citizens began to be scandalized against the frate, saying, 'This wretched friar will bring us to a bad end.'"

Still, in spite of evil prophecies, Savonarola's influence grew. On April 1 he preached and testified that "the Virgin Mary had revealed to him how the city of Florence had to be more glorious and more wealthy than she had ever been before, but after many troubles; this he promised absolutely. And he said all these things as a prophet, and the greater part of the people believed him, especially those who were free from party passion." There were many sermons and many processions, in which the image of the Virgin in Santa Maria Impruneta was carried through the streets. Finally the popular party prevailed, and Savonarola's views of a perfect constitution were adopted by the city, which elected, on June 7, a Consiglio Grande. Immediately after this triumph of his policy, Savonarola went to meet Charles VIII. on his return from Naples, and told him that God willed he should favor Florence. "Such was the esteem and devotion towards the frate that there were many men and women who, if he had said to them 'Go into the fire,' would have obeyed him." But no practical results followed from the interview of Savonarola with the French king. Pisa was not restored to Florence, and the enemies of the frate said, "There, believe in your frate who says that he has Pisa in his hand."

The league against France was joined

by all the Italian powers except Florence, which, through fear of a restoration of the Medici, held by its alliance with France, and built the "Sala Grande" in the Palazzo Pubblico to accommodate its new council, and be a sign of its determination to keep its popular constitution. But France did not restore Pisa, and the disappointment increased the number of Savonarola's enemies. In January, 1495, "men went by night round San Marco, crying out reproaches, 'This hog of a friar should be burnt in his house,' and such like; and some wished to set fire to San Marco." But still the moral influence of Savonarola was powerful. Boys were formed into guilds for the promotion of morality. Loungers in the streets and gamblers fled when they heard the cry, "Here come the boys of the frate." Profligacy and vice were driven to lurk in darkness. "It was a holy time," says Landucci, "but it was short. The evil have been more powerful than the good. God be praised that I saw this short time of holiness. I pray God that he would restore to us that holy and shamefast life." The carnival of 1496 marked the highest point of Savonarola's moral reform. Rude joking was laid aside. Religious processions took the place of the ribaldry to which Lorenzo de' Medici had accustomed the Florentine people. The youth of Florence sang lauds in the streets, bearing olive-branches in their hands. "We seemed to see the crowds of Jerusalem who accompanied Christ on Palm Sunday crying, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.' And well could one recall the words of Scripture, 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings thou hast perfected praise.' There were reckoned six thousand youths or more, all between the ages of six and sixteen. I saw these things and felt much pleasure, and some of my sons were amongst those blessed and shamefast bands." Special banks of seats were erected in the Duomo for these children, who were trained into a choir. "They sang with such sweetness that every one wept, and chiefly those of good intent, saying, 'This thing is from the Lord.' And note the wonder, that one could not keep any boy in bed the mornings that the frate preached. All ran before their mothers to the preaching. Truly the church was filled with angels." Landucci draws a beautiful picture of the power of moral earnestness working on the conscience of a people which had been awakened by calamity. But the anomalous

position of Florence in Italian politics was difficult to maintain. The powers of Italy were bent on severing the last tie between France and Italy, and the attitude of Florence was felt to depend entirely on the influence of Savonarola. Accusations of treachery were preferred against him. "The poor frate has so many enemies," exclaims Landucci piteously. How he himself bears witness to the truth of this may be shown on a future occasion.

From Chambers' Journal.

A DANCING EPIDEMIC.

IN this country, the tarantella is only known as one of those coquettish dances introduced on the stage from Italy; and in its native land, as a dance performed by the peasant girls to the accompaniment of the tambourine. But if this were all that the name recalls, it would scarcely be worthy of more than a passing notice, except by those who are devoted to the terpsichorean art. Connected as is the tarantella with one of the strangest epidemics, the dancing madness, formerly believed to have resulted from the bite of the tarantula spider, it offers us many points of interest, not only as a medical study, but also as an episode in philosophical history.

As the ancients had their Orpheus, who, by his musical powers, was said to be able to enchant not only living creatures, but even stocks and stones, so have the Italians, or rather they had, their tarantella fable, concerning a madness whose victims danced to the sound of music until they fell exhausted, and then—danced again. The disease is known as tarantismus, and is conveniently classed with that peculiar nervous affection commonly called St. Vitus's dance.

The historian of civilization and of the inner life of the human race is often called aside to speculate on the origin of diseases whose birth is involved in obscurity, and which only come before the observer when they have attained their full strength, or when they have gained complete ascendancy over men's minds and bodies. Italy in the early Middle Ages has been the theatre of many terrible epidemics. The Crusaders, for example, brought the Eastern plague; and between 1119 and 1340, no fewer than sixteen visitations of that fearful malady are recorded. The misery resulting therefrom was heart-breaking, the victims countless; scarcely

did the country seem to recover from one attack, when another came and overwhelmed it. It appeared as if the Italians were to be wiped off the face of the earth. To all these must be reckoned those political diseases, wars, rebellions, conspiracies, murders, consequent on the jealousies or ambition of the various petty states into which the peninsula was divided. Then in 1348, as if these disasters were not enough, came the dreaded black death; and after that, a famine. These fearful scourges doubtless troubled men's minds, working up their nerves to an unhealthy pitch, and these not the nerves of a phlegmatic northern race, but of those excitable children of the sun, the people of southern Italy. Always a finely-strung race, and at this time involved in gross ignorance and superstition, they were just ripe for a nervous epidemic.

All history is full of the great events which the smallest, the most trivial circumstance may call forth. Though the exact circumstances under which this epidemic arose are involved in mystery, yet we may probably safely assume that they were in some way or other connected with a common earth-spider, the tarantula. Even strong-nerved people do not, as a rule, willingly handle an earth-spider; whilst finely-strung individuals would think of such a proceeding with the utmost horror. It does not require a very lively imagination to conceive that some excitable Italian, believing his people given over to the sword of Azrael, the angel of death, might innocently enough take the lead in this nervous epidemic, for which a whole nation was ripe. Perhaps accidentally bitten by one of these loathsome spiders, he would work himself up to such a pitch that he would think himself poisoned. Though the bite itself might not be dangerous — and indeed modern research has shown that it is not — yet the dread of the unknown after-results would make it dangerous in the extreme. We may probably — as most of the victims of this epidemic were women — safely assume that this first bitten individual was an hysterical female, and then we have all the preliminaries necessary for the explanation of the origin of the disease. When this hysterical female was bitten, imagination would perform the rest; it would play the principal rôle, and it would make the disease epidemic.

The earliest mention of tarantismus is found in the works of Nicolas Perotti, who died in 1480. It appeared first in

Apulia, and at the time of this author, seems to have fairly well established itself as a disease in that province. It is spoken of as having been produced by the bite of the wolf-spider, an earth species of light-brown color, with black stripes, known to science as the *Lycosa tarantula Apulica*. This creature is found generally distributed throughout Italy and Spain; and many an old traveller has told wonderful stories of the effect of its bite, which was accredited as poisonous. The part bitten, according to the common belief, became swollen, and smarted; the victim became low-spirited, trembled, and was anxious; he was troubled with nausea, giddiness, and at length fell down in a swoon. All exterior circumstances powerfully affected him; he was easily excited to frenzy or depressed to melancholy, and behaved generally as an hysterical subject would do. The strangest effect, or rather supposed effect, of the bite was the behavior of the patient at the sound of music; for he immediately rose and danced as madly as do the wicked people in the fairy-tale at the sound of the hero's enchanted pipe. However the patient may have been affected at the outset, he seems invariably to have fallen into a swoon — the result of nervous exhaustion — from which music and music only could relieve him; but neither music nor any other remedy could permanently cure him.

Poisonous spiders were supposed by the ancients to have been common enough; but they do not seem to have recorded the supposed effects of their bite. In fact, they appear to have reserved them as *dei ex machinâ* to bring about the dénouement of a much involved popular tale. The absence, however, of particular descriptions of the disease called tarantismus will not furnish us with proofs either one way or the other as to its existence or non-existence; for, in early times, all those who suffered from strange or little understood mental or nervous diseases were roughly classed together as unfortunates suffering from the touch of Satan. Hence, in the fifteenth century, we suddenly come upon a full description of tarantismus as a common and widely spread disease. In the next century, Fracastro, a celebrated physician, relates that his steward having been bitten in the neck by the tarantula or some other creature, fell down in a deathlike stupor; but when he gave him the remedies then in vogue for plague and hydrophobia, he recovered.

Meanwhile, tarantismus passed the boundaries of Apulia; and shortly afterwards there was scarcely a corner of Italy where it was not too well known. As it spread, it obtained more believers; and the more credence it obtained, the more victims it attacked. This alone would tend to prove that the disease depended greatly for its existence on the power of the imagination. Everywhere, as we suppose, it was the hysterical temperaments which suffered, for dull, heavy louts are rarely subject to affections of the nerves.

Of course, ordinary medical treatment failed to touch the disease; and this of itself would tend to exaggerate its power and frequency. Nothing brought relief but lively dance-music, and of this the old tunes "*La Pastorale*" and "*La Tarantola*" were the most efficacious; the former for phlegmatic, the latter for excitable temperaments. When these tunes were played with correctness and taste, the effect was magical. The tarantanti danced energetically until they fell down exhausted. Old and young, male and female, healthy and infirm, began dancing like machines worked by steam. Old writers would have us believe that even old cripples threw away their crutches and danced with the best. Hysterical females were the principal victims. Other ailments were forgotten, propriety of time and place ignored, and, soul and body, they delivered themselves up to this dancing frenzy. They shrieked, they wept, they laughed, they sang, all the time dancing like bacchantes or furies, till at last they fell down bathed in perspiration and utterly helpless. If the music continued, they at length arose and danced again, until once more they fell prostrate. These fits seem to have continued two or three days, sometimes four, or even six, for the relief seems to have been in direct ratio to the amount lost by perspiration. When the tarantant had by this means recovered, he or she remained free from the disease until the approach of the warm weather of the next year, and then was again relieved in the same manner. Once a tarantant, however, always a tarantant; one woman is mentioned as being subject to these attacks for thirty summers.

We have described the commoner symptoms of tarantismus. Sometimes, however, the effects of the disease were ludicrous or curious enough. Black or sombre colors were generally obnoxious,

producing extreme melancholia; whilst scarlet or green, and occasionally blue, was much liked. When a person was under the influence of the paroxysm, and an object of the favorite color approached, the tarantant rushed to it, fondled it, kissed it, embraced it, whether it was a human being or an inanimate object. The patient was, in fact, entirely given up to a love-frenzy for this object, which was sometimes, as may be supposed, inconvenient enough; and yet nothing but physical impossibility could prevent these results. On the contrary, objects of the hated colors produced extreme melancholy; and not unfrequently brought on stupor. Some tarantanti affected churchyards and cemeteries; others were fascinated by the passing-bell. Another class conceived a passion for the sea, and would rush into its waves; whilst others of these water-lovers would carry about with them a glassful of the brilliant liquid, and would strive to the utmost not to spill the smallest drop, even when dancing; while, if they did not succeed in this gymnastic feat, they were seized with melancholy.

It was at length quite a profession to travel through the country in the early summer to cure the tarantanti. A pipe, a tambourine, and a knowledge of the favorite dance-tunes were all that was necessary. When the musicians arrived at a town or village, a fête, known as the women's *carnavaletta*, was held. Everybody hastened down to the spot where the dancing was going on, and the mere sight of this frequently so excited the spectators, that those who had never been suspected of tarantismus, would suddenly join in the proceedings and become tarantanti for life. And thus this epidemic went on increasing, until few persons could claim to be entirely exempt, and Italy seemed in danger of becoming a nation of frenzied hysterical dancers. But though the symptoms were distressing and marked enough while they lasted, yet the disease was harmless enough on the whole, for it is supposed that the mortality resulting therefrom never exceeded one in five hundred.

It was in the seventeenth century that the tarantismus epidemic reached its fullest development and its greatest extension, and then, as if by magic, it went out of fashion, as suddenly as a piece of millinery; for there is a fashion in disease as well as in the cut of a garment. No one was attacked; people wondered that such things had been possible; and they won-

dered still more that they themselves had taken part in them. So thorough was the change in this respect, that, in the eighteenth century, doctors began to express doubts as to whether the disease had ever existed; and in our own days the name tarantella scarcely calls up an idea, except as connected with the coquettish dance of the peasant girl in her picturesque Italian costume to the accompaniment of the tambourine. Nor was it in Italy alone where this dancing madness found its votaries, for even the stolid German at one time gave way to it.

From the description, it will be seen that tarantismus was a peculiar and hysterical development of the disease known as St. Vitus's dance; for, as might be expected, so far as the tarantula spider is concerned, the whole belief is a myth, an old wives' fable. Though it may not be pleasant to be bitten by one of these creatures, yet it is comforting to learn that at least the bite is no more noisome than that of the ordinary spider. We must therefore look for the origin of the disease in the state of the nerves. In an excitable, nervous temperament, worked to the highest pitch by brooding over diseases which had cut men down like grass before the mower's scythe, a trivial circumstance, such as the bite of an insect, may have an important result. It only requires a number of nervous, hysterical individuals to be in sympathy one with another to produce ridiculous results; then if, during the frenzy, one of these finds himself bitten or stung by some noisome creature, all the others immediately assume that they too are bitten or stung; community of suffering must have a common cause, say they.

It is probable that practical modern men and women will at once say: "Oh, this is all a myth; tarantismus never did exist—or we should see examples of it to-day." But is the disease unknown to the modern practitioner? Surely not. It is unfrequent, it is true; but several cases have been reported in the medical literature of the day; and the leaping ague of the Scotch is certainly a similar disease. The more healthy accompaniments of modern life and our greater knowledge naturally have a tendency to prevent such epidemics attaining such a power as did tarantismus; but for all that, the subject is worthy our notice. Perhaps the dancing or jumping, the quivering or quaking, which occurs during the worship of some of our religious communities, Christian as well as heathen, may be more

nearly connected with tarantismus than is generally supposed. The excitement is there, and excitement is contagious.

From The Spectator.

THE CLERICAL CASTE IN SCOTLAND.

THE deaths, a short time ago, of such prominent leaders of the Free Church of Scotland as Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff must have suggested this, among many questions, Is it not the clerical rather than the aristocratic caste that really governs, and long has governed, the Scotch democracy? Dr. Begg belonged to the class familiarly and affectionately known in the north as "sons of the manse." Although Sir Henry Moncreiff was only the grandson of the manse, his father having been an eminent judge, the bluest clerical blood in Scotland flowed in his veins. His grandfather, popularly known as "Sir Harry," was in his time recognized as the stoutest advocate of the special doctrines of Andrew Melville; spiritual independence viewed as an ecclesiastical-dogma, rather than as a party rallying-cry, is less identified with the name of Chalmers than with his. The late leader of Free-Church conservatism was the seventh member and the third baronet of his house who has devoted himself to the work of the Presbyterian ministry. His father and his brother, whose successful legal careers seem, at first sight, inroads upon the Moncreiff clerical tradition, belong to the order of laymen—laymen in the popular sense, not the academic—who are more ecclesiastical than ecclesiastics themselves. The elder judge played a great part in the "ten years' conflict" that led to the formation of the Free Church; the younger has long exercised a guiding influence in that Church, which has now reached middle age. So far as appearances show, too, the leadership of the Free Church is likely to remain with this caste. Principal Rainy, the successor both of Cunningham and Candlish, and whom the deaths of Dr. Begg and Sir Henry Moncreiff have left without a rival for the leadership of the Assembly of his denomination, is a grandson of the manse. Dr. Robertson Smith, who led the New Learning or young Free-Church Party till he was ejected from his chair, and Professor Candlish, who has taken his place, are sons of the manse. The influence of the clerical caste in Scotland is not confined

to the Free Church. Probably no names of clergymen of the present-day Church of Scotland are better known on this side of the Tweed than those of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, Principal Tulloch, and Dr. Herbert Story, the biographer of "Cardinal" Carstairs; all three are sons of the manse. Broad-Churchism in the second of the Dissenting bodies of Scotland, the United Presbyterian Church, suggests the names of two clergymen, also clergymen's sons, Mr. George Gilfillan and Mr. David Macrae. Nor is it in the Church alone that the son of the manse attains a position of eminence or leadership. The present lord-advocate and solicitor-general, at once the chief Scotch officers of the crown and the leaders of the Scotch Commons in Parliament, are sons of ministers of the Church of Scotland. So is the lord president of the Court of Session, the first judge in Scotland. So are some of his colleagues; of the second judge, the lord justice-clerk, it is enough to say that he is the brother of Sir Henry Moncreiff. So is the representative of Scotland in the Court of Appeal, who also held the office of the lord-advocate before his appointment. The legal power in Scotland, which at one time was firmly lodged in such old families as the Hopes, the Boyles, and the Dundases, would almost seem to have passed into the hands of the sons of the manse.

The influence of the clerical caste in Scotland is not an affair of to-day, though, perhaps, it never was so marked or so widely extended as it is to-day. The Cooks and Hills of a generation or two generations ago were as influential as the Macleods and Tullochs are now; by sheer intellectual force they stormed the best-endowed pulpits, secured the best chairs, and, obtaining the clerkships of the General Assembly, acquired a preponderating share in the government of their Church. There was a grim truth as well as a sly humor in the pun attributed by tradition to the poor licentiate who, finding that his professional fate virtually depended on a member of the ruling clerical family of the time, before whom he had to preach, "gave out" as the first psalm of his service, that beginning, "I to the hills will lift mine eyes, from whence doth come mine aid." The Free Church is too young a body to have its clerical families; the Moncreiffs belong to the ante-disruption period. But Presbyterian secession boasts, and justly boasts, of its generations of erudite and Evangelical Browns,

that flowered into the delicate humor and pathos of the author of "Rab and his Friends" and "Marjorie Fleming." Even the Scotch Episcopal Church has had its Forbeses; John Skinner, besides giving his country "Tullochgorum," gave his Church two bishops of note. Among Scotch clerical families, that of the Erskines held a remarkable place. Different branches of it figured both in the Church and in the Dissenting bodies, agreeing, however, in holding fast by Evangelical theology; and they were connected by blood with the legal and aristocratic brothers, Thomas and Henry Erskine, who were not only the leaders of the English and Scotch bars in their time, but liberals and reformers before their time. Finally, the Erskines found their way into literature; the subtle spirituality of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen is quite as remarkable a product of Scotch Evangelicalism as the humor and the pathos of John Brown. The sons of the manse of fifty or a hundred years ago did not, perhaps, so distinguish themselves at the bar as they do now, although, to mention one remarkable case of such success, the son of Blair of "The Grave" became lord president of the Court of Session. But they played a prominent part in literature, philosophy, science, in whatever, indeed, gave Scotland a special reputation in their day and generation. Thomas Reid, the true representative, in spite of Hamilton, of the Scottish school of philosophy, was a son of the manse. So was Thomas Brown, the pioneer of Dr. Bain and the cerebro-psychologists of our day. Dugald Stewart, the friend of Burns and preceptor of Russell and Palmerston, was a grandson of the manse. Robertson, the historian, and leader of the moderate party in the Church of Scotland, was the son of a clergyman. Through his niece he gave a little, though all too little, of the tradition and tone of the manse to Henry Brougham. Sir David Brewster was of good clerical blood, and was educated with a view to the Scotch ministry. If the word "adventurer" could by any possibility be used in the proper and honorable and not in the popular and odious sense, we should say that as adventurers the Scotch sons of the manse occupy, and long have occupied, a position of "undoubted paramountcy" among a community which history, and social and even physical conditions have made, to the extent of four-fifths, a nation of adventurers.

The success of the son of the manse is

easily explained. His father is, as a rule, a man of humble origin, who by natural force has made his merits known and rewarded. His grandfather the peasant — of whom the father of the late Dr. Duff may be considered a type — has saved and pinched to make his son a minister, not only that he may help to advance the religion which has proved his own support and solace, but that he may give his successors a position in his country which he has found unattainable by himself. Every Presbyterian minister is, or may be, as Chalmers puts it, “a tribune of the people;” and it costs less to make a son a tribune of the people in Scotland than to make him a barrister or a doctor. “Why did you send me into the Church?” rather querulously asks the Scotch minister of his plebeian father, in the novel, when he finds himself afflicted with theological “doubt.” “I saw no other way of making you a gentleman,” retorts the peasant, who snorts contemptuously at “doubt,” because, like Dryden’s “unlettered Christian,” he

Believes in gross,
Plods on to Heaven, and ne’er is at a loss.

The peasant’s son, having become “a gentleman,” in virtue of a professional position attained by ability, generally marries into a middle-class family; not unfrequently, indeed, he marries the daughter of another clergyman. His wife brings middle-class notions into his household, and instils middle-class ambitions into her children. But as a rule, there is not much luxury in the manse, while there is oftener than not a large family. Its head may be able to command “gentility” when he marries, but seldom a fortune.

He has to pinch himself to educate his sons, while “keeping up appearances” quite as much as his father before him, although on a less humble scale. Like Wallace at Falkirk, he can bring his young men to the ring of the professions; they must do the dancing themselves. But one thing he can do for them; he can see to it that they get the best possible education attainable in their position. To this, therefore, he devotes himself, and as a rule successfully; Scotch ministers may be sometimes bad fathers, but they are almost invariably good “coaches.” The sons of the manse, being put on their mettle, being as inevitably adventurers as their fathers, are as industrious as their plebeian rivals, and much more industrious than scions of the well-to-do middle-class; while they have a refinement and a social status that the representatives of their fathers’ original class are without, and which always tell in the long run, if other things are equal. The continued ascendancy of a clerical family in Scotland is explained by the fact that while sire may bequeath to son education, natural ability, even standing of a special kind, he cannot, in virtue of his position, bequeath him wealth or power. The one is unattainable in a poor Church; the other is attainable by natural capacity alone in a democratic Church. There is no evidence, on the surface of things, that the clerical caste is on the decline in Scotland. If such evidence could be furnished, it would prove either that the position of a Presbyterian clergyman in the north is no longer what it was, or that the peasant’s ideal of power, from being a moral, has become a material one.

A NUMBER of amateurs at New York, who style themselves “The Book-Fellows’ Club,” have had printed, by Mr. De Vinne, as their first volume, a dainty edition of Mr. Frederick Locker’s “London Lyrics,” with an etching of the author, and woodcuts by Mr. Randolph Caldecott and Miss Kate Greenaway. A copy on vellum has been sent to Mr. Locker, who wrote the following lines as an introduction to the volume:—

“Oh! for the poet voice that swells
To lofty truths or noble curses —
I only wear the cap and bells,
And yet some tears are in my verses.
Softly I trill my sparrow reed,
Pleased if but one should like the twitter,
Humbly I lay it down to heed
A music or a minstrel fitter.”

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DRAWN BLANK.

THE passionate grief beside the dying bed ;
The passionate longing for the vanished
bliss ;

The passionate yearning for the glory fled ;
Of each we ask : " Can life bear worse than
this ? "

Aye — answer weary lips and tired eyes,
To violent sorrows, solace Nature grants ;
Worse than the world's supremest agonies,
Are all its empty blanks — its hopeless
wants.

When vivid lightnings flame and thunders
crash,

When the fierce winds lash the fierce sea to
storm,

We see the beacons by the lurid flash,
The tossing spray-clouds glittering rainbows
form ;

But when below the sullen drip of rain,
The waters sob along the hollow shore,
'Tis hard to think the sun can shine again,
The dull waves gleam to living light once
more.

When time saps slowly strength and hope
away,

And the black gulf yawns by the lonely path,
When the dumb night creeps on the empty
day,

And the one clue of all is held by death ;
Look not to faded joy or lingering love,
To wake the powers youth and faith had
given,

Take patiently the lot we all must prove,
Till the great bar swings back and shows us
Heaven.

All The Year Round.

THE AUTUMN MESSAGE.

SHE gathered the dark-blue violets
That hid 'neath their dewy leaves,
And gave to the sighing autumn winds
The fragrance of April eves.

She chose the pale pure rosebud
That drooped its pensive head,
Where the great birch swung above it,
All russet, and gold, and red.

She sought for the fragile beauty,
That grows 'neath the hothouse panes,
Whose blossom, although it withers,
Forever its scent retains.

She whispered a word to the flowers,
And softly their leaves caressed,
And she sent them to carry her message,
To him whom she loved the best.

All The Year Round.

ALBANO.

THE lake lies calm in its mountain crown,
And the twilight star shows clear,
And large and solemn it gazes down
In the mirror of the mere,
Was it here they rowed in their crazy craft,
Where only the ripples are, —
The strange Lake-folk of the floating raft ?
Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And the mountains slept, and the nights fell
still,

And the thousand years rolled by.
Was there once a city on yon low hill,
With its towers along the sky,
And the cries of the war-din of long ago
Waived over the waters far ?
There is no stone left for a man to know
Since yesterday, said the star.

And the mountains sleep and the ripples wake,
And again a thousand years,
And the tents of battle are by the lake,
And the gleam of the horseman's spears ;
They bend their brows with a fierce surmise
On the lights in the plain afar,
And the battle-hunger is in their eyes.
Was it yesterday ? said the star.

And a thousand years, — and the lake is still,
And the star beams large and white,
The burial chant rolls down the hill,
Where they bury the monk at night ;
The mountains sleep and the ripples lave
The shore where the pine woods are,
And there's little change but another grave
Since yesterday, said the star.

Spectator.

RENNELL RODD.

CONTRASTS.

I.

BLYTHE winds that sing along the lea,
White clouds in airy fleeces curl'd,
Fresh reaches of a sapphire sea,
A sound of laughter thro' the world.

A pair of lovers in a lane,
A coy coquetting with a ring.
A gleam of sun. A scud of rain.
A day in spring,

II.

Rough blasts that roar across the wold,
Chill mists on mountain-summits spread,
Black branches naked to the cold,
The river frozen in its bed.

A grey head either side the fire,
Dim eyes that watch each crackling splinter,
A snowy roof. A snowy spire.
A day in winter.

ADA LOUISE MARTIN.

Longman's Magazine.

From The Contemporary Review.
EVOLUTIONARY ETHICS AND
CHRISTIANITY.

MR. LESLIE STEPHEN, at the conclusion of his "Science of Ethics," a work to which I desire to pay my sincere though tardy homage,* admits, with his usual candor, that one great difficulty remains not only unsolved but insoluble. "There is," he says, "no absolute coincidence between virtue and happiness. I cannot prove that it is always prudent to act rightly or that it is always happiest to be virtuous." In another passage he avows that in accepting the altruist theory he accepts, as inseparable from it, the conclusion that "the path of duty does not coincide with the path of happiness;" and he compares the attempt to establish an absolute coincidence to an attempt to square the circle or discover perpetual motion. In another passage he puts the same thing in a concrete form. "The virtuous men," he says, "may be the very salt of the earth, and yet the discharge of a function socially necessary may involve their own misery." "A great moral and religious teacher," he adds, "has often been a martyr, and we are certainly not entitled to assume either that he was a fool for his pains or on the other hand that the highest conceivable degree of virtue can make martyrdom agreeable." We may doubt, in his opinion, whether it answers to be a moral hero. "In a gross society, where the temperate man is an object of ridicule and necessarily cut off from participation in the ordinary pleasures of life, he may find his moral squeamishness conducive to misery; the just and honorable man is made miserable in a corrupt society where the social combinations are simply bands of thieves, and his high spirit only awakens hatred; and the

benevolent is tortured in proportion to the strength of his sympathies in a society where they meet with no return, and where he has to witness cruelty triumphant and mercy ridiculed as weakness." So that not only are men exposed to misery by reason of their superiority, but "every reformer who breaks with the world, though for the world's good, must naturally expect much pain and must be often tempted to think that peace and harmony are worth buying, even at the price of condoning evil." "Be good if you would be happy" seems to be the verdict even of worldly prudence; but it adds, in an emphatic aside, "Be not too good." Of a moral hero it is said, that "it may be true both that a less honorable man would have had a happier life, and that a temporary fall below the highest strain of heroism would have secured for him a greater chance of happiness." Had he given way, "he might have made the discovery — not a very rare one — that remorse is among the passions most easily lived down." Mr. Stephen fully recognizes the existence of men "capable of intense pleasure from purely sensual gratification, and incapable of really enjoying any of the pleasures which imply public spirit, or private affection, or vivid imagination;" and he confesses that with regard to such men the moralist has no leverage whatever. The physician has leverage; so has the policeman; but it is possible, as Mr. Stephen would probably admit, to indulge not only covetousness but lust at great cost to others without injury to your own health, and without falling into the clutches of the law.

The inference which I (though not Mr. Stephen) should draw from these frank avowals is that it is impossible to construct a rule for individual conduct, or for the direction of life, by mere inspection of the phenomena of evolution without some conception of the estate and destiny of man. In what hands are we — in those of a father, in those of a power indifferent to the welfare of humanity, or in those of a blind fate — is a question which, let the devotees of physical science in the intoxicating rush of physical discovery say or imagine what they will, must surely

* The bulk of the book consists of moral analysis which is almost equally valuable on any hypothesis as to the basis of ethics. With regard to this part, I would only venture to suggest that a distinction should be drawn between the love of speculative truth and practical veracity. Practical veracity is a part of justice. The duty of telling a man the truth is measured by his right to be told it. He has no right to be told it when it would light him to crime. He has a right not to be told it when it would kill him with grief. Martyrdom implies a divine revelation or something equivalent to it: it is loyalty to God.

have the most practical and abiding, as well as the highest, interest for man. The ship of life is not, nor is it likely ever to be made, so comfortable that the passengers will be content to float along in it without asking for what port they are bound. It is true that in the ordinary actions of life we do not think definitely of the end of our being: we eat that we may live, we work that we may eat, we sleep that we may be refreshed and go forth again to our labor until the evening; we do what the pressure of domestic or social necessity requires, and avoid breaking our heads against the law as we avoid breaking them against the wall. China and Japan, in short, exist. But there are extraordinary actions in which we must think of the end of our being, and stake happiness on the truth of our conception of it; we must think of it in those moments of reflection to which man is liable though apes are not; and our view of it will determine our aim in the promotion of character and in the general disposition of our lives; while in disaster and bereavement, especially when we lay in the grave those whom we have loved, we can hardly help asking whether we ought to sorrow as those who have no comfort except the conservation of matter. In extraordinary actions the thought will be present to the mind of all of us: it will be habitually present to the minds of extraordinary men, those men upon whose efforts human progress most depends. Mr. Stephen founds everything upon the social tissue: that phrase is, one might almost say, the sum of his philosophy. Taken metaphorically it is a very good phrase, and conveys most important truth. Taken literally, I cannot help thinking, it conveys, mixed with the truth, a serious error. A tissue is not made up of personalities; no cell of a tissue ever retires into itself, conceives in mental solitude high designs, or deliberately sets itself against the other cells in the cause of a grand tissue reform. Can a single great benefactor of our race be named who was not upheld in his struggle with difficulties by a belief in something beyond sense and the domain of what is called science, whether he did or did not belong to any church or profess

any definite creed? Comte, if he was a great benefactor, had his religion, and the language of his disciples is spiritual in the highest degree. Napoleon, no doubt, tells us that he deliberately excluded from his mind all thoughts about God or a hereafter, and that had he not done this he could not have achieved great things. Of the great things which he unquestionably did achieve his Agnosticism was not less unquestionably the condition. But of the great things which the Antonines and other Roman Stoics achieved, the condition was unquestionably the constant presence of the thoughts which Napoleon excluded. It was not a definite religious belief, but it was a belief in a power of righteousness and in a moral end of our being.

Can the question of our destiny be prevented from forcing itself upon our minds? If it cannot, is it possible, without a satisfactory solution of that question, to attain the happiness to which it must be the aim of any science or system concerned with human action to light mankind? A beast may graze happily from day to day, because, so far as we can see, it has no idea of death. But man has an idea of death, and one which must grow more vivid and importunate as he draws nearer to the bourne. A captive may be in high health both of body and mind, and well fed, but he can hardly be called happy if he knows that in a few days he will be hanged. It is childish to bid us forget that which is always impending over us and is ever before our eyes; that for which, in the conduct of our worldly affairs, we must always be making provision. Can a man when he buries his wife or child shut out of his mind the idea of death? Even the enjoyments in which the thought of annihilation is to be drowned, the more intellectual they become, bring, mingled with their sweetness, more of the bitterness which springs from a sense of perishableness and imperfection, so that the advance of civilization is likely itself to defeat the counsels of the philosophy which bids us fix our minds on life and not on death. The highest of our joys is affection; and the more intense affection becomes the more bitter

will be the reflection that, if this world is all, love must die.

A pure altruist might face all difficulties with his feet firmly planted on the altruistic theory. But is it possible to believe in the existence of pure altruism, that sort of altruism which alone can render martyrdom reasonable, as Mr. Stephen affirms it to be? Can my pleasure ever be really your pleasure, or my pain your pain? Is not this as impossible as that my thoughts or emotions should be yours? Social pleasure, of course, we can understand; a Christmas dinner-party is a familiar instance of it; but while all the members of the party contribute to the sum of enjoyment and the cheerfulness is reciprocal, the pleasure of each member is as much his own and not that of any other member as is the pleasure of an Alexander Selkirk eating his solitary meal on the desert island. The same theory is true conversely of social pains. Yet heroic self-sacrifice can surely be reconciled with reason only by showing that the happiness, to save which the hero gives his life, is in some way actually his own. If the notion that self-sacrifice pays is a tribal illusion, though the illusion may be useful to the tribe, it clearly cannot be too soon dispelled so far as regards the personal interest of those who have any propensity to self-sacrifice. It is perfectly true that Christianity is egoistic. The Christian is bidden to lose his life, but only that he may save it. The self which he sacrifices is the lower and transitory self, and he sacrifices it to the higher and more permanent. Paul merely uses a rhetorical hyperbole when he says that he is willing to be accursed for the sake of his brethren. It is true that Christianity points to a union in Christ which would ultimately, as it were, remove the barrier of individuality and make happiness actually common. This may be a dream, as it certainly is a mystery; the Agnostics would of course say that it was the wildest of dreams; but it is, at all events, a different thing from altruism, and not liable to the same objection.

For the religious hope as a motive power and a justification of self-sacrifice some evolutionists substitute the hope of

a social Utopia, which is to be the goal of progress. If the coming of the Utopia could be certainly predicted, this would still be cold comfort to the shades of the myriads who have lived and died, and are now living and dying, in a state very far from Utopian. But Mr. Stephen is too wary to build on anything of the kind. "Speculations," he says, "about the future of society are rash." "We cannot tell that progress will be indefinite; it seems rather that science points to a time at which all life upon the planet must become extinct; and the social organism may, according to the familiar analogy, have its natural old age and death." Besides, "Progress means a stage of evolution; evolution from the earliest to the latest stages means a continuous process of adjustment, which is always determined by the fact that at any existing stage the adjustment is imperfect; complete equilibrium or an elimination of this discordant element would therefore mean, not perhaps stagnation, but a cessation of progress, an attainment of the highest arc of the curve, after which we could only expect descent." Professor Clifford distinctly looked forward to a catastrophe in which man and all his works would perish. So does Mr. Herbert Spencer. Progress under his mechanical law must end in the equilibration of death. He thinks that we ought to feel a religious or quasi-religious satisfaction in working with the power manifested throughout evolution, since that power is working towards the highest form of life. But supposing this to be true and certainly known to us, the highest form of life will be produced only to be thrown back, by the reversal of the machine, into primordial chaos. When differentiation and heterogeneity are complete the return to homogeneity will begin. Instead of joyfully co-operating in the process, our moral nature rebels against it, and would like, if it had the power, to arrest this ruthless gnome in the middle of his fell sport, when he is just about to destroy that which he has brought into existence at the expense of so much labor and suffering to beings gratuitously made sentient and conscious when nothing but a mechanical result was in view. Who

would endure pain and labor, who would give up his dinner, merely to increase the expensiveness of the final crash? Surely any man not extremely scientific, when he reads all this about arcs and curves and descents, and moving equilibriums and equilibrations, must profoundly feel, if he cannot distinctly prove, that it belongs to mechanics, not to morals or to any account of a universe of which morality is an essential portion.

The bearing of these mechanical theories of the universe upon ethics seems not to be fully seen by their authors, who are apt, when treating of morality, to lay them aside or to accord them only a faint and almost nominal recognition. They must govern the character of human actions as they govern everything else; and the character of an action will be fundamentally determined by its relation to the mechanical process and the stage of that process in which it happens to occur. If it occurs when the movement is towards heterogeneity, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the heterogeneous, if in the other part, it will be right and good in proportion as it tends to the homogeneous. During the ascent of the curve an upward direction will be moral; but a downward direction will be moral when the highest arc of the curve has been passed. Opposite characteristics, and those the most essential, will be at different epochs in unison with the working of the power which is manifested throughout evolution, and to co-operate with which, Mr. Spencer tells us, is our bliss. In the downhill stage of evolution, that action will be the best which most conduces to the dissolution of society. From this conclusion I see no escape: and when we add to it the doctrine of necessity, under the new name of determinism, the principle of morality will surely become difficult of expression to ordinary minds. That evolution is non-moral some of its bold German hierophants at all events do, to use Bacon's quaint phrase, "ingenuously and without fig-leaves confess." But evolution is in the contemplation of Agnostic science the supreme power of the universe, or at least the sole manifestation of that power. What footing then, at bottom, has morality? May it not be destined to disappear before the advancing light of science, like animism and other superstitions? May not those prove to be right who, with Dr. Van Buren Denslow, say that the commandment against stealing or lying is the law of the "top dog" and nothing more?

When the belief that evolution is all, and that evolution brings forth only to destroy in the end, has thoroughly penetrated the human mind, will not the result be a moral chaos? We are still living in the twilight of religion, and the grim features of evolution are not yet distinctly seen.*

A mechanical theory of the universe, if accepted, would settle the question of free will. Mr. Stephen's exact position on that question I should find it rather difficult to state; but I venture to differ from him if he thinks it possible to set the controversy aside as one that has been threshed out and is practically of no importance. It lies, on the contrary, as appears to me, at the very root of the matter. If "free" means arbitrary, fortuitous, or unconnected with disposition and circumstance, let the epithet be dropped, provided it is understood that volition is essentially different from mere inclination, however produced, and that it implies a power of choice; a real power of choice, and not merely the absence of one particular kind of coercion, such as forcible pressure from without. Let the doctrine be called necessarianism or let it be called by any deodorizing name you will, if the fact is that a man's actions are absolutely determined, like the

* In the *Contemporary Review* of March, 1882, Mr. Herbert Spencer replied to my article "On the Basis of Morality," which appeared in the preceding number. But instead of answering me on the broad issue, he preferred to pick out from my article a sentence in which he thought I could be shown to have misrepresented him, and to ask his readers to draw general inferences of a convenient kind with regard to my trustworthiness as a critic. The sentence on which he fixed was this: "An authoritative conscience, duty, virtue, obligation, principle, and rectitude of motive, no more enter into his (Mr. Spencer's) definitions or form parts of his system than does the religious sanction." I am here giving my own view of the fundamental character of his system, not in the way of denunciation but of description; and I use the terms in their obvious sense and in relation not to anything merely provisional, but to the ultimate basis of ethics. If this is borne in mind I shall be acquitted of any misrepresentation. Mr. Spencer may recognize an authoritative conscience, the religious sanction and the rest, in a peculiar sense, as provisional phases of opinion, and think that he has furnished substitutes for them in his system. As a substitute for the religious sanction he tenders the design of the Power manifested throughout evolution; but I am not bound to accept the exchange. He asks, with uplifted hands, to what conclusion such a system as I describe would lead. To the conclusion, I answer, that the best example of an absolutely right action is a woman giving suck to a child, which, as I said before, seems to involve no more morality than the suckling of a calf by a cow. It is needless, I trust, to protest that to impugn a man's theory of ethics is not to impugn his virtue; at all events I guarded thoroughly in my article against any such inference. If Mr. Spencer fancies that I am one of his orthodox persecutors, supposing such enemies of truth and beneficence to exist, he was never more mistaken in his life. I am no more orthodox than he is, though I should think it scarcely worthy of philosophy to court sympathy by ostentation of the heterodoxy which happens to be just now in vogue.

occurrences of the physical world, like the rising of a jet of water or the falling of a stone, by causes which operated before he came into existence, responsibility is an idle name and the symbol of a departing illusion. Actions will still be beneficial or noxious to society; but a poisonous gas is noxious without being responsible. Consciousness itself apparently becomes a mere futility, so that the pessimist will be warranted in treating it as a cruel aberration on the part of nature, who might just as well have carried on her development without causing all this gratuitous pain. Even personality becomes very difficult to conceive when a man is reduced to a complex phenomenon and his action to the working of a general law. That the value of an action is proportioned to the degree in which the action indicates character is true, in so far as the character is self-formed, but this of course brings us back to the point from which we started. Mr. Stephen is, to my apprehension, not quite clear upon this head. "Undoubtedly," he says, "every man is always forming his own character: every act tends to generate a habit or to modify character, and consciously to form character is an act like any other, and subject to the conditions already stated." Is it the *man* or the *act* that forms the character? If the act, is the act done by the man, or through the man by a supreme force of which the man's nature and everything that emanates from it are mere manifestations? Is there anything original in action, or is there nothing? Again I find myself a little puzzled by such words as these: "A man's *character* is in all cases the product of all the influences to which he has been subject from his infancy acting upon his previously existing *character*" (p. 402, American edition). Elsewhere, character seems to be identified with the "innate qualities," upon which hypothesis, and supposing the merit and demerit of actions, to consist in their being manifestations of character, the two most responsible of all conceivable beings would apparently be an angel created without a capability of doing wrong, and a devil created without a capability of doing right. To tell me that any being is responsible for that which he could not possibly have helped, inasmuch as it was ordained by irresistible power long before his birth, is to put a heavier strain on my faculty of holding contradictory propositions together than is put on it by any paradox in the Athanasian creed. Why all this perplexity and mystification? Why

cannot we accept as a philosophic or scientific truth that verdict of our consciousness which we assume to be a practical truth in all our dealings with each other, in every reflection upon ourselves, in the whole course and conduct of our lives? Why is a verdict of consciousness less trustworthy than a verdict of sense? Upon what can a verdict of sense rest, if consciousness, to which the verdict of sense must first be delivered, is deceptive? "It may, perhaps, justly be concluded that since the whole process of action, through every step of it, suspense, deliberation, inclining one way, determining, and at last doing as we determine, is as if we were free, therefore we are so"—is not this reasoning as good as *Cogito ergo sum*? How can we say that in the nature of things it was impossible that after physical causation, from which our ideas are taken, there should come into existence another kind of causation, such, perhaps, as we have no language accurately to define, but of a nature consistent with our consciousness of free will? Mr. Stephen seems to assume that nothing can be which is inconsistent with the "universal postulate" of evolution. But surely this is to turn evolution from an observed fact, or series of facts, into a dogma just as arbitrary as any which theology has framed respecting the nature and counsels of the Deity. Evolution, after all, like gravitation, is merely a formal law: it may describe correctly, but it can explain nothing: it postulates as the cause of movement a power which is assumed to work consistently, but of which it can give no account, and to the operations of which, therefore, it can set no rational limit. If the idea of real volition is an illusion, whence, let me ask once more, did the illusion arise? How came the automaton automatically to fancy itself free, and again automatically to conclude that it was an automaton? There must be a curious power in the human intellect, at all events, of rising above and surveying that to which it is all the time itself subject. Jonathan Edwards, to whom Mr. Stephen refers, reduced his own reasonings, as I have said before, to an absurdity, as he is himself half conscious, by making God the responsible author of moral evil; and if his followers really believed in his conclusions they would give up self-improvement and cease to preach or pray. His philosophical fallacy consists in the unqualified translation to the moral sphere of ideas and language belonging to physical causation. His

view has never been acted upon for a single moment by any human being.

In Mill's autobiography there is a passage which vividly presents this question in its practical aspect, and shows that it is not a mere metaphysical puzzle:—

During the latter returns of my dejection, the doctrine of what is called Philosophical Necessity weighed on my existence like an incubus. I felt as if I was scientifically proved to be the helpless slave of antecedent circumstances: as if my character and that of all others had been formed for us by agencies beyond our control, and was wholly out of our power. I often said to myself, what a relief it would be if I could disbelieve the doctrine of the formation of character by circumstances; and remembering the wish of Fox respecting the doctrine of resistance to governments, that it might never be forgotten by kings nor remembered by subjects, I said that it would be a blessing if the doctrine of Necessity could be believed by all *quoad* the characters of others, and disbelieved in regard to their own. I pondered painfully on the subject till gradually I saw light through it. I perceived that the word Necessity, as a name for the doctrine of Cause and Effect, applied to human action carried with it a misleading association, and that this association was the operative force in the depressing and paralyzing influence which I had experienced. I saw that, though our character is formed by circumstances, our own desires can do much to shape those circumstances, and what is really inspiring and ennobling in the doctrine of Free Will is the conviction that we have real power over the formation of our own character; that our will, by influencing some of our circumstances, can modify our future habits or capabilities of willing. All this was entirely consistent with the doctrine of Circumstances, or, rather, was that doctrine itself properly understood. From that time I drew, in my own mind, a clear distinction between the doctrine of Circumstances and Fatalism, discarding altogether the misleading word, Necessity. The theory, which I now for the first time rightly apprehended, ceased altogether to be discouraging. And besides the relief to my spirits, I no longer suffered under the burden, so heavy to one who aims at being a reformer in opinions, of thinking one doctrine true and the contrary doctrine morally beneficial. The train of thought which had extricated me from this dilemma, seemed to me, in after years, fitted to render a similar service to others; and it now forms the chapter on Liberty and Necessity in the concluding book of my System of Logic.

Surely it is clear that the extrication was really effected, not by the change of names or the metaphysical legerdemain, but by the dispersion of moral shadows and the reviving sense of liberty. "Desires" cannot shape circumstances, though will may.

Without real will there can be practically and to common apprehension no such thing as effort. Mr. Stephen's view on this subject, like his view on the subject of free will, I shrink from attempting to condense. It can be safely gathered only from his own pages; to send readers to which may be, perhaps, the best effect of this paper. Though he does not directly traverse, I apprehend he distinctly excludes, the opinion that effort is an essential part of human virtue, and that the highest thing of which we can conceive is excellence of character produced by overcoming evil. He would see no special value in the character which Socrates, according to his own account, had formed by victoriously battling against the naturally bad disposition betrayed by his uncomely face. That effort is in itself desirable, nobody has affirmed; much less has anybody affirmed that it is the end. This would be an ascetic doctrine indeed. Humanity struggles and stumbles towards perfection, hoping that in perfection it may rest. But effort is the law of the world and clearly a part of the plan, if plan there be. Does not Mr. Stephen himself imply as much when he says that "the whole race is perpetually, even when unconsciously, *laboring* at the production of the most vigorous type?" It might have been better to create at once infallible excellence, but this has not been done; and so foreign is the idea to our experience, that when we try to depict a seraph, the result is merely insipidity with wings. "A man," says Mr. Stephen, "who felt no disposition whatever to commit any sin, would so far be absolutely perfect, and such a character is attributed by Christians to a divine man." "Christ," he adds, "was not the less perfect if he never felt the least velocity to do wrong; on the contrary, such a character represents the unattainable moral ideal." It is perplexing in ethical discussion to be called upon to deal with the ecclesiastical conception of Christ, and I am not going to maintain the "sweet reasonableness" of the Athanasian Creed; but the history of Christ's life given in the Gospels distinctly implies resistance to temptation, and however victorious the resistance, temptation implies liability to fall. If this world is merely a state of existence, it is a fearful failure, even in comparison with the works of man, who economizes material and tries to spare labor and avoid inflicting pain. If it is a theatre of action and a school of preparation for something higher, its imperfections may be capable of explanation; and

supposing the eye of Supreme Equity to look on all, the parable of the talents may be true, and the effort to be good may, for some reason beyond our ken, be more valuable than goodness without effort. In the highest of human characters there is probably as much effort as in the lowest; the lowest may be struggling to keep out of the pit, the highest is striving to realize an ideal.

To realize by effort a moral ideal embodied in the character of Christ has been since his coming the avowed object, and in no small degree the real endeavor of the whole progressive portion of humanity. The established belief has been that the ideal was perfect; that in proportion as it was realized, human nature, individually and collectively, would be raised and made like that of the Author of our being; that the world would thus at last become the kingdom of God, and that the spiritual society so formed would survive the physical catastrophe of the planet. This belief, so far as it extended and was operative, has hitherto been the practical basis of Christian ethics, and whether true or false, has furnished a definite rule and aim for the lives, personal and social, of those who held it. It includes, from its very nature, an assurance that man, whose form the ideal took, is the crowning product of creation, and will not be superseded on earth by another order of beings, of which no assurance apparently is offered by evolutionary science. Granting that there is a plan in the world, as the most thoroughgoing Positivists and enemies of theology will be found, in spite of themselves, and perhaps with doubtful warranty, so far as their philosophy is concerned, to assume, there seems nothing inherently absurd in the supposition that this is the plan. Mr. Stephen recognizes the existence of types, which in another point of view are ideals; there have been many of them, such as the heroic type embodied in Achilles, which probably had great influence on character in Greece; that of the Platonic Socrates; the great-souled man of Aristotle's ethics; the bastard Christian type of Rousseauism: and no one can doubt that, apart from any analytic appreciation of their qualities, they have moved admiration, love, and imitation, or that this is a peculiar and important force in the moral sphere. Not all perhaps who think that they have renounced faith in the ideal have really done so. The Positivist worships humanity. What is humanity? Is it an abstraction? I must say again that

I would rather worship a stone idol, which at least has real existence. Is it an aggregate? Then it includes the wicked. Is it an induction? Then it will be incomplete till the scene of history is closed. I believe that it is an ideal, and I declare that I fail to see how it differs from the ideal of the Christian.

In ontology I confess that, like Mr. Stephen, I find little comfort; and what I do find is unphilosophic and unproducible in discussion. My understanding also yields implicit assent to the array of arguments by which it is proved that with our limited capacities we should in vain attempt to comprehend the incomprehensible. But there is surely nothing extravagant or manifestly beyond the range of human faculties in scanning our own nature or the circumstances of the dispensation under which we live, to discover the design of the being who has placed us here. That there is a design, I repeat, almost every one, however rigorously scientific, asserts or implies. Mr. Stephen speaks of nature as "wanting" a particular type of man. He is careful to add that nature is "a personification for things considered as part of a continuous system;" yet if she "wants" she is a female deity, and her want is the plan. Mr. Spencer assumes, though he does not prove, that the power manifested through evolution is seeking to produce the highest form of life, the term "highest" plainly assuming an ideal. They all, in short, would apparently "find it easier to believe all the fables in the Legend and the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind." One great evolutionist is inclined to endow the primordial atoms with intelligence, and to insinuate that the universe is the product of a pan-atomic council. There is nothing, therefore, ridiculous or unsanctioned by high authorities in believing that the universal frame is not without meaning; or in trying to find out by inspection what it means. But if we look to the physical dispensation and the lot of man as a part of it, perplexity and despondency fill our minds. Design there is, certainly, in us, who are a part of nature, and if we may reason from analogy, in nature at large; at least there is far-off and complex preparation for things to come, as in the case of the pre-natal provisions for life, which irresistibly raises in us a sense of design. But there is also undesign, there is abortion, there is failure, there is waste, there is wreckage on a fearful scale, not only of brute material,

but of material that bleeds and groans. If there are signs of beneficence, there are terrible signs also of cruelty. If there is beauty, it is mated with hideousness and loathsomeness. "Teeth," says Paley, "were evidently made to eat, not to ache;" but they do ache, as do hearts also; and we should not listen to a watchmaker if he told us that though half his watches stopped they were evidently made not to stop but to go. If the pessimist affirms that the life of man has in it no happiness, plainly he is wrong; if he affirms that, taken alone, it has in it but a tantalizing taste of happiness, that the higher and more intellectual it becomes the greater is our sense of imperfection, that hitherto toil, pain, and misery have preponderated over pleasure, his assertion can hardly be gainsaid. No view of nature, in short, can reconcile power with beneficence, or assure us that we are under the dominion of good, not under the dominion of evil. If a clue is to be found, apparently it must be in history; and on the hypothesis that man is really the crowning work, and that the ruling power of the universe is not mechanical but moral, to which, as to any other hypothesis, we are entitled, it seems as likely that the clue should be found in history as in the pigeon-house. Great physicists neglect history; they call it gossip, and plume themselves, not without justice, on their superior ignorance of the subject; it is, therefore, at all events, a field which they have as yet left unexplored.

I base nothing upon miracle, or upon supernatural evidence of any kind. It is my own belief that the proof of miracle has failed. I set aside all theological dogma respecting the Trinity, the incarnation, the scheme of redemption, and the atonement. I confine my view to the facts of history. The historical importance of the coming of Christ and of the foundation of Christianity has, it seems to me, been overlaid and obscured by the exclusive attention paid to miracle and dogma. Progress, as was said before, is conterminous with Christendom. Outside the pale of Christendom all is stationary; there have been notable outbursts of material wealth and splendor, transient flashes even of intellectual brilliancy, as in the caliphates and the Mogul empire, though the light in these cases was mainly borrowed; real and sustained progress there has been none. Japan, to whatever she may be destined to come, has kindled her new civilization with a coal taken from the Christian hearth. Before Christendom

there was in the world generally nothing but material preparation carried on through a series of empires, each of which in turn yielded to the material law of decay. The exceptions were Judea, Greece, and Rome. Jewish progress terminated in Christendom, to which, when the fullness of time was come, Judaism delivered its principle of life, and having done so itself became typically stationary. Christendom also received and assimilated the parts of Greece and Rome, in each of which progress, though real and brilliant, so far at least as intellect and politics were concerned, was comparatively brief, and carried in it from the first its own moral death-warrant. We are vaguely conscious of this fact, but we do not apprehend it distinctly because we are accustomed to talk in general terms of the progress of mankind, forgetting that the mass of mankind is not progressive, but, on the contrary, clings to and consecrates the past, as in theory and sentiment did even the Greek and the Roman. What makes the fact more notable is that Christ appeared, not in the line of such material, intellectual, or political progress as there was, but out of that line, in a province of the Roman Empire which was materially poor, as the Gospel narrative shows us, intellectually backward, and, as a dependency, devoid of political life.

Philosophers speak of four universal religions, Christianity, Judaism, Mahometanism, and Buddhism. There is only one. No religion but Christianity has attempted to preach its gospel to the world. Mahometan or Buddhist missionaries at London or New York! Mahometanism and Buddhism are more than tribal perhaps, but they are far less than universal. Mahometanism is military, as its Koran most plainly avows; in conquest it lives, with conquest it decays: it also practically belongs to the despotic, polygamic and slave-owning East; it has never been the religion of a Western race or of a free and industrial community; by arms it has been propagated or by local influence and contagion, not by missions. Buddhism, if it is really a religion and not merely a quietist philosophy engendered of languor and helpless suffering, is the religion of a climate and a race: its boasted myriads are all enclosed within a ring-fence, and it may have a prospect of becoming universal when an Englishman becomes a Hindoo, while in the heart of its domain Hindoos are becoming Christians. Judaism, after surrendering its universal and spiritual element to Chris-

tendom, fell back into a tribalism, which, as a relapse, is of all tribalisms the narrowest and the worst, being not primitive and natural but self-chosen and obstinately maintained in the face of humanity. Witness the Talmud, that hideous code of antagonism to the spiritual faith of the prophets and the psalmists.* Witness also the total cessation of the proselytism so rife in that epoch of Judaism when it was verging on the universal.

Wonderful treasures of spiritual lore were supposed to be hidden in the sacred books of the East. Thanks to the University of Oxford and Professor Max Müller, they have now been opened, and after a perusal of the long series, I confess my profane reflection was that there had been no such literary revelation since Monkbarns constrained Hector McIntyre, with much hesitancy, to give him a specimen of an Ossianic lay. Social and legal antiquities of the highest interest doubtless there are in these books; much, too, of the poetry of primitive nature-worship; but of anything spiritual, universal, moral, hardly a trace. "Sinful men are, he who sleeps at sunrise or at sunset, he who has deformed nails or black teeth, he whose younger brother was married first, he who married before his elder brother, the husband of a younger sister married before the elder, the husband of an elder sister whose younger sister was married first, he who extinguishes the sacred fires, and he who forgets the Veda through neglect of the daily recitation." This is about the religious level; much grosser specimens might be cited; and the consecration of caste is the perpetuation of iniquity. There is but one spiritual and universal religion. There is but one religion of which Renan could say, as he says in his passage on the words of Christ at the well, that if there were religion in another planet it could be none other than this.

Let us consider what changes came with Christianity, I do not say suddenly or without previous glimmerings, yet for the first time in a distinct form. Tribalism was abolished and gave place to a brotherhood of men without distinction of race or nation, and to the hope of gathering the whole of mankind into one spiritual com-

munity, the transition being marked by the substitution of baptism for the tribal mark of circumcision. Hope for the future of humanity, the indispensable condition of sustained progress, was proclaimed, whereas the ancient communities, as has often been observed, had looked back hopelessly to a lost paradise of the past, and the Jewish hope, so far as it had a definite existence, was only for a single nation. The things of Cæsar were divided from the things of God, a principle entirely new, or but faintly foreshadowed in the philosophic organizations of Greece, on the immense importance of which Comte has with justice dwelt, since, without it, thought must forever have remained enslaved to political expediency, as it would be under Hobbes's Leviathan, who is not necessarily a despot but any civil power supreme in Church as well as in state. Christianity, too, first asserted the spiritual equality of all men, and of the two sexes. The consequence of the first was the gradual but sure abolition of slavery, the doom of which we read in the Epistle to Philemon. The consequence of the second was the institution, in place of the marital despotism which prevailed in early, or the concubinage which prevailed in later, Rome, of that real union which, without subverting the headship indispensable to the unity of the family, blends two lives into one higher than either, and has been the mainstay of private virtue and of moral civilization from that hour to this. Again, the enunciation of the principle that morality is internal, that the true law is not "Do this," but "Be this," that the commandment ought to be directed not against killing but against hatred, not against adultery but against lust, is recognized by Mr. Stephen as a momentous discovery in morals, and as forming the point at which the moral code first becomes distinctly separated from other codes. "The greatness of Christ," he says, "as a moral teacher was manifested in nothing more than in the clearness with which he gave utterance to this doctrine." "It would be easy," he adds, "to show how profoundly the same doctrine, in various forms, has been bound up with other moral and religious reformations in many ages of the world." In many ages since Christ, no doubt—but in many ages before him? It seems overbold in the face of the fearful violations of freedom of opinion of which many who bore the Christian name have been, and still are, guilty, to say that freedom of opinion came with Christianity; yet it did

* The presentation of the Talmud by Mr. Deutsch, is, by this time, probably understood to be about equal in genuineness to Mr. Shapira's Deuteronomic Roll. "With the exception of Hillel," says Delitzsch, who is the best of authorities, "all Talmudical teachers whose maxims correspond to the words of the New Testament, are of a far later date than Jesus and the records of Christianity." Hillel manifestly belonged to that element of Judaism which passed into Christendom.

come with the separation of the spiritual from the temporal; it was the principle of the early Christians, nor did it cease to be so, I apprehend, for half a century after the union of the Church with the Empire. It certainly was not the principle of Rome, or of Athens which put to death Socrates. Wherever Gospel Christianity has appeared, it has been the enemy of persecution. The massacre of the Albigenses was the act of papal ambition, from which Christianity suffered in all other respects as well as in this. The hideous crimes of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries can hardly be said, I believe, to have been mainly perpetrated by religious bigotry, though religious bigotry played its fell part; they were mainly the crimes of political despots and an enormously rich clergy alarmed, and justly alarmed, for their power and wealth by the progress of innovation. I believe it might be shown that, in almost all cases, the persecuting Catholic monarchies were willing to ally themselves for the purposes of their political ambition with heretics and even with infidels. There can be no doubt that, after the recovery of the Gospel at the Reformation, intolerance gradually departed and tolerance returned, though nothing comes or goes with a bound. When a great evolutionist persuades himself, as the late Professor Clifford seems to have done, that the eighteen Christian centuries, with all their progress and productions, have been worse than a blank in the life of humanity, and that history has been a retrogression since the empire of the sword and of slavery as it was under Tiberius, surely we receive a practical warning to be on our guard against the fervor of a new faith which sees facts through a medium of its own.

Is Christianity exhausted? It can hardly be thought so by those who, with too much justice, upbraid Christians for falling short of their moral standard. What says Mr. Herbert Spencer? At the end of his chapter on the reconciliation of egoism with altruism, after launching anathemas against Fifeshire militiamen* and Jingo bishops for being still in the military stage of their evolution, he says:—

But, though men who profess Christianity

* It seems that the anathema launched against the militiamen was misdirected, the story of their blood-thirstiness, which Mr. Spencer tells, being as they protest, unfounded. I owe them an apology for having innocently transcribed the story. It was, indeed, not likely that a commanding officer would offer his regiment for active service against whichever her Majesty chose of two powers, with both of which her Majesty was at peace.

and practise Paganism can feel no sympathy with such a view (as his own), there are some, classed as antagonists to the current creed, who may not think it absurd to believe that a rationalized version of its ethical principles will eventually be acted upon.

It is not easy to see how the ethical principles of the current creed can be so rationalized as to separate the precepts of Christ from his example; or how, unless this is done, the creed of Calvary can be made to harmonize with a system which pronounces that the absolutely right and good in conduct can be that only which produces pure pleasure, unalloyed with pain anywhere, and that conduct with any concomitant of pain, or any painful consequence, is partially wrong, so that the highest claim which can be made for it is that it is the least wrong possible under the conditions, the relatively right. However, what Mr. Spencer has written, he has written. The fundamental principles of morality were enunciated by an unscientific peasant of Galilee, who died upon the cross eighteen centuries ago. Is not this almost enough to make one doubt whether morality is a science?

A scientific hypothesis is verified by comparison with facts. A moral ideal is verified by practical experience individual and social. Each inquirer must judge for himself whether the characters and lives of the best Christians, those who have most distinctly formed themselves on the Gospel model, the state of the communities in which the ethical mode of the Gospel has most prevailed, and the general advance of society under the influence of Christianity, have not been such as to render it credible that the Christian ideal is the true ideal; that it fits the facts and meets the requirements of man's estate; that the attempt to realize it is the right line of progress for us individually and for mankind at large. This is the main question, the question by the answer to which it must be determined whether we shall adhere to Christianity or look for some other guide of our moral life. It will be noticed that Mr. Spencer, in denouncing the shortcomings of Christians, incidentally contrasts Christianity with paganism in a manner which implies that there is an ethical difference of a radical kind between them to the advantage of Christianity.

Is the Christian ideal anti-scientific? Why should it be so? What is there in it opposed to the love of any kind of truth? Is not its self-devotion favorable, on the contrary, to earnest and conscien-

tious investigation, and has not this appeared in the characters of eminent discoverers? In monotheism there can be nothing at variance with the conception or with the study of general law. Mr. Spencer tenders us an equivalent for the divine will, the will of the power manifested throughout evolution, and it can make no difference to the scientific inquirer which of the two equivalents is chosen so long as observation is free. That belief in miracle has practically interfered with the formation of the scientific habit of mind, and thus retarded the progress of science, is true; though it need not have done anything of the kind, inasmuch as miracle, instead of denying, assumes the general law, and Newton was a firm believer in miracle: but the moral ideal is a thing apart from miracle. In the only prayer dictated by Christ, the physical petition implies no more than that the course of nature to which we owe our daily bread is sustained by God, as sustained by some power it must be. Prayer for spiritual help, however irrational it may be deemed, cannot possibly interfere with physical investigation. That the character of Christ should be scientific was of course impossible; so it is that the characters of Christians who lived before science or remote from it should be scientific; but surely there are enough men who are scientific and at the same time believers in the Christian ideal to repel the assumption of an inherent antagonism. Any objection grounded on the theory that morality is a science and could arrive only in due course when the other sciences had been evolved, is met by the fact virtually admitted in the words quoted from Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is met so far as the principles of morality and the ideal of character are concerned; ethical analysis is a different affair, and could become possible only under intellectual conditions which were not fulfilled in Galilee, including a knowledge of physiology in its bearing on moral character.

Is the Christian ideal ascetic and therefore opposed to sound good sense and morality? Asceticism is treated more philosophically by Mr. Stephen than by those who can see in it nothing but devil-worship. Fakirism is devil-worship, and it spread from the Ganges to the Nile, where it produced Simeon Stylites and the self-torturing monks of the Thebaid. But asceticism, as was said before, is not devil-worship or self-torture, it is severe self-training; its aim is to give the higher part of our nature ascendancy over

the lower parts; it pursues that object irrationally, and runs into extravagance; but we must judge it with reference to the days before hygiene, and before those other influences, social and intellectual, which sustain the reasonable temperance of highly civilized men. We shall then, perhaps, find that it won for us a victory which entitles it to our gratitude. We must consider too, the authority which it gave the missionary with barbarians, who were the slaves of their lusts. No one can question the services rendered to civilization by western monasticism, among other things in giving shelter to gentleness during the iron times. It may be doubted, however, whether the ideal presented in the Gospels is really ascetic. The career begins with a wedding feast and ends with a Paschal supper. Christ seems to mix in the social life and share the meals of the people. He is called by his enemies a glutton and a winebibber. His abstinence from food in the wilderness is not a feat of fasting, as in the life of an ascetic it would have been, but a suspension of hunger. His homelessness and his poverty are simply those of a missionary; he could not teach except by wandering; there is nothing about him of the begging friar. He is unmarried, but no merit is made of his celibacy. Yet he was in contact with the asceticism of the Essenes. The austerity of John the Baptist is not self-torture, but a preaching of repentance by signs.

"Nature," says Mr. Stephen, "wants big, strong, hearty, eupeptic, shrewd, sensible human beings, and would be grossly inconsistent if she bestowed her highest reward of happiness upon a bilious, scrofulous, knock-kneed saint, merely because he had a strong objection to adultery, drunkenness, murder, and robbery, or an utter absence of malice, or even highly cultivated sympathies." There is no reason why a saint should be scrofulous or knock-kneed; bilious, if his diet is spare, he is pretty sure not to be; and we know that he may be long-lived and intellectually prolific. But if what nature wanted was the set of qualities here enumerated, why did she not rest content when she had got it? In the museum at Oxford are some of the bones of a Saurian which must have been so large as absolutely to dwarf any creature now on earth. Here were bigness, strength, heartiness, eupepsia in perfection; here too were practical shrewdness and sense enough to make the best of physical existence; nay, the monster may

be said to have reached the height of Positive philosophy, for he was a real Agnostic, which hardly any human being is, and had never lapsed into theism. Nature can hardly have attached paramount importance to the human form, so long as the essential qualities were produced. Why, I ask again, did she not rest content? Why did she retrograde to a weaker type, to say nothing of invalids like Alfred, Pascal, and William the Third? After all, while we heartily recognize the advantages of soundness in mind and body, and the duty—the moral and religious duty—of cultivating it, is there much hope of attaining universal perfection in this line? Will not minds especially be always required to sacrifice something of their balance to the division of labor in a complex society? Will poets ever be thoroughly practical or pinmakers very large-minded? But poet and pinmaker alike may aspire to the Christian ideal, and to anything which the realization of that ideal brings along with it.

Steeped in sadness the character of Christ is, though, as I conceive, it is not ascetic; and the life ends in an agony. Accepted that ideal cannot be by any philosophy which makes pleasure and pain the unconditional tests of conduct. Yet this does not prove that the Christian ideal affords no clue to the enigma of our being. When Origen and Butler tell us, by way of apology for a revealed religion, that the same difficulties which we find in Revelation are found in nature also, the answer is that Revelation came to clear up the difficulties of nature. But an ideal in unison with a world of suffering is not to be at once pronounced on that account false or a failure, provided it brings with it the secret of turning suffering ultimately into happiness and triumphing at last over evil. Evil is a mystery as inscrutable as being itself. We can only say that apart from a struggle with it and a triumph over it we have no conception of human excellence.

Is the Christian ideal anti-economical? Strict economists like the late Mr. Greg seem to be repelled from it on this ground. No missionary can be commercial; but Xavier and Heber did not oppose commerce. It is said that in the Gospel poverty is blessed and wealth is cursed. But is poverty blessed apart from lowliness of mind? Is wealth cursed apart from selfishness and insolence, which in these times were its general concomitants? for the sense of the duties of property and of what the rich owe the poor had really

their origin in Christianity. Is any blessing pronounced on indolence or mendicancy? What has been the practical result? The practical result has been the wealth of Christendom, a wealth both far greater and far better distributed than any wealth elsewhere. And whence has this wealth come but from honest industry, which the Gospel preaches and to which Paul was so loyal that instead of taking that to which he had a right as a missionary, he chose to live by the work of his hands? We forget to how large an extent the world outside Christendom always has been and still is predatory, counting conquest, and conquest for the purpose of sheer plunder, not only lawful but most glorious, while of Christendom honest industry is the principle, and though the lust of conquest is but imperfectly subdued, the motive is now hardly ever sheer plunder. The substitution of free labor for slavery was another grand source of increased wealth as well as of increased happiness; and this, I repeat, it is impossible not to ascribe in a large measure to Christianity. How otherwise can we account for the fact that nowhere outside Christendom has slavery been condemned? Temperance and simplicity of life, which are certainly taught by Christianity, lead to frugality and saving, which again increase wealth. To those who seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness first, the other things are, as the Gospel says, added. The communism of the early Church was not, like that of the present day, a communism of public robbery. It was a voluntary communism of fraternity and of missionary zeal: it distinctly recognized property, telling Ananias that his field, while he chose to keep it, was his own. Allowance must be made for Eastern hyperbole and for the strong language of reform; but is it not true that it is hard for a rich man, especially for one who has not earned his riches by labor, to enter into the kingdom of Heaven? Does not wealth tempt with pleasures which make the heart gross and stifle high aims and pure affections? Has not heroic patriotism been less often found in those who had a great stake in the country than in the poor? If Christ had preached that riches were stable and that our affections might safely anchor on them, would he not have preached untruth? To provide for the morrow, it is not necessary to be vexed with care about it. To gain riches, in the way of fair and regular industry, it is not necessary to set your heart upon them. There are men

who have put forth great energy, made large fortunes, won high place, yet would resign all with hardly a murmur, retaining their Christian hope. The spiritual life is an inner life which a man may live to himself, and which in that sense takes him out of the world, yet leaves him free to play his part in the world and to play it with the best effect.

Is the Christian ideal opposed to political effort and improvement? No life could be political in a dependency of the Roman Empire, and it has been shown a hundred times that there was no political significance in Paul's submission to Nero. But, as in the case of slavery and other social questions, so in politics; the change began inwardly in the hearts of men and worked outwardly to institutions. We have seen the opposite course adopted on a large scale by the French Jacobins, and we can compare the results of the two methods. In both of the two movements to which British liberty owes its existence, that of the thirteenth century and that of the seventeenth, there was a moral and religious as well as a political element; of the second, the moral and religious element was the strongest part. What was valuable in the politics of Greece and Rome Christendom has absorbed, together, perhaps, with some things of doubtful value. Saving Greece and Rome, there has been no political life outside Christendom, because nowhere outside Christendom has there been a real sense of community, hope for the future of humanity or the conviction that institutions were made for man, not man for institutions. "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all members of the commonwealth to the common good," is a maxim which would hardly have a practical meaning for any but a Christian ear, or the ear of one trained up in the notions and sentiments of Christianity: it has its source in the doctrine that we are members one of another. Constantine was not a religious convert: he was a statesman who, seeing that the best citizenship, the real political life and force, were in the sect, vainly persecuted, of the Nazarene, embraced the manifest destiny of the Empire. It has been asked why the Empire was not regenerated by Christianity. For Rome, which was not a nation or the centre of a nation but merely an imperial and predatory city subsisting on the tribute of a conquered world, no regeneration was possible or to be desired: the only thing

which could be done for Rome was to turn it from a military into a religious centre, and send forth the eagles of the Christian missions to conquer the barbarians. To Constantinople, which was the centre of a nation, or at least of a people united territorially and by language, was given a new life of eleven centuries; a life was given to it which has remained inextinguishable through four centuries of Turkish conquest, and is again kindling into Hellenic nationality. If the early Christians shunned military service, it was because they shrank from the paganism of the camp religion, perhaps also, and not without reason, from camp life. With regard to all the relations of Christianity with paganism, including what seem and to some extent are persecutions of the pagans, it must be borne in mind that paganism was not a creed, though Julian tried to spin a creed out of it, but a set of practices embracing groves of Venus, orgies, and gladiatorial shows. The Council of Arles threatened deserters with excommunication. Certainly there have been truly Christian soldiers, though not truly Christian lovers of war; and they have done their duty none the worse for knowing that war would be extinguished if Christianity prevailed.

Again, it seems to be felt in some quarters, that there is an antagonism between Christianity and art. If there were, it would be an objection to Christianity, the compass of which would thereby be shown to be less than the full circle of humanity. Beauty is an essential part of the dispensation, and one on which it is cheering to dwell, inasmuch as it seems to indicate tenderness in the Author of our being, while humor, perhaps, which also falls within the scope of art, but to which moral philosophy has paid little attention, indicates indulgence and condescension to human weakness. But is beauty alien to the Gospel? How comes the Gospel to have furnished subjects for so many masterpieces? Sculpture, other than monumental, may have suffered by Christian aversion to worship of the flesh and nudity; but with regard to painting and music as well as with regard to poetry, has not Christianity been rather the soul of art than its enemy? Did the passion for art ever show itself so strong as when, in an age poor in science and mechanical appliances, above a city almost of hovels uprose the Christian cathedral? That the love of hospital pathos did mischief, aesthetic as well as moral, is true, but it

was the offspring of monkery, not of Christianity. In the most glorious works of ancient art, and those of which the execution is most transcendent, such as the works of Phidias, is there a depth of sentiment comparable to that which is found in the works of Christian artists? If art is itself a religion demanding exclusive devotion, there will be a contest for the throne. If it is only an instrument of expression there can be no opposition, supposing that the ideas which it wishes to express are only clean and healthy; and if they are not, the antagonism will be with the purity and welfare of society, not with the Christian ideal alone.

Since its appearance the ideal has passed under many successive clouds of human opinion, from which there was no supernatural intervention to save it. It has passed under the cloud of legend, which among a primitive people in an uncritical age was sure to gather round the figure of a great teacher; of Alexandrian theosophy; of ecclesiasticism, and of sacerdotalism begotten by pagan contagion; of popery; of monasticism; of scholasticism; of Protestant sectarianism and the dogmatism which was left in existence and perhaps in some respects intensified by an imperfect Reformation. It has passed also under clouds of political influence, such as Byzantine imperialism, feudalism, Spanish and Bourbon despotism, and has been obscured and distorted in transit. Yet it has always emerged again, and even in passing it has filled the cloud with light. Compare the Christian legend with the legend of any other religion; compare the dogmatism of the Nicene creed with the dogmatism of the Zendavest, the Koran, or the Talmud. Even Jesuitism had a Xavier.

The Christian ideal has just been subjected to a test, which in its unsparing application at all events is new — the test of ridicule. Before me lies a "Comic Life of Jesus," one of the publications of the atheist Propaganda in France, which I bought at an anti-clerical book-shop in Paris. The writer, inspired by the iconoclastic fury of his sect, has done his utmost, and has been aided throughout by the engraver. I will venture to say that any man of common taste and feeling, however hostile to Christianity he might be, would pronounce the book, as satire, a disgusting failure, a brutal and pointless outrage, not so much on Christ as on humanity. It is the yell of a baffled fiend.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER VI.

THE TWO GODFATHERS.

"By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came; they saw; they marvelled; and they
loved."

PRIOR.

It was plain by the whole look of End-hill that the expected guests had arrived, when Lady Matilda and her brother rode in at the gate.

The gate stood open; that of itself showed that Robert was not about. Fresh wheel-marks were visible along the muddy lane without, and the wheels had sunk into the gravel of the little drive, while an unmistakable station-fly stood in the stable-yard.

Robert had not met his friends, for which omission he was doubtless at the present moment ladling out excuses and apologies; but the friends were there, and that was everything.

Lady Matilda hopped off her horse like a bird, full of glee at thus, by her smartness, depriving her son-in-law of the felicity of offering his solemn, useless assistance; and she had run into the house, and opened the drawing-room door, before any one could make a ceremony of the matter. Teddy had followed, as in duty bound, close at his sister's heels, and there stood the two — the happy, naughty, provoking two, — there they stood, as pleased as possible, Lady Matilda's hat awry, and a splash of mud on Teddy's cheek, — just as Robert was turning around from the window to announce in his most measured accents, "I think, Lotta, I hear horses. Is your mother likely to be over to-day?"

Sure enough he had heard horses, even though by common consent the horses' hoofs had been kept to the softest side of the drive, and muffled, as it were, more and more as the house was neared, — he had heard, as he could not help hearing, when they came round the last corner, and got into the deep gravel at the entrance-door; but as the drawing-room window looked not that way, and as it was, moreover, shut on account of the day being damp, he had fancied himself very quick, and that the riders were yet a good way off, when, behold! they were in the room. How had they got in? How had they made good their entrance without bells ringing, servants flying, bustle and importance? He had not heard a sound of any kind.

"William was in front," explained Lady Matilda, with bright unconcern, "so he took our horses, and we just came in."

Now, was not that like her? She "just came in," — just did what she fancied on the spur of the moment, with no regard to anything or any one; and here he had had no time to tell who or what she was, no chance of making the most of Overton and the best of its people, not even for putting more than that one hasty question ere it was so abruptly and indecorously answered.

Of course Whewell and Challoner looked surprised, — well they might. He supposed that silly feather-headed creature did not care a straw for that, or, more likely, plumed herself upon it as a compliment, without a notion that she had made a mistake, and that she could never now take the place he had meant her to take in his friends' estimation.

Well, it was no use crying over spilt milk; the thing was done, and could not be undone; and, tiresome as it was, it had this in its favor — it showed, and that broadly, upon what easy terms the two families stood. And, to be sure, Lady Matilda was still Lady Matilda, and Teddy, mud and all, was still the Hon. Edward Lessingham; divest themselves as they might of every outward circumstance of rank — trample their dignity under foot and throw propriety to the four winds of heaven, as they habitually did — the brother and sister must still belong to their order, they could not absolutely unfrock themselves.

With a sense of returning peace to his soul, but, nevertheless, with a stifled sigh and inward frown for what might have been had they, oh, had they only been all he would have had them, Mr. Hanwell crossed the room, and confronted the graceless couple. They had not even the sense to see, or at any rate to care — he was by no means sure that the lurking light in Matilda's eye did not mean that she *did* see — how ruthlessly she had upset his programme.

He had meant to send over a note (for in notes he shone) to the effect that his friends had arrived, were to spend a few days at Endhill, as Lord Overton might remember he had told him they were expected to do, and that he would esteem it a favor if they might be granted a day in the covers, provided Lord Overton had made no other shooting arrangements, either for the end of that week or the beginning of the next. Why he could not

have asked before, no mortal knew; probably some vague idea that he might be thrown over by the two mighty men he had chosen, at the last moment, had to do with it, — probably he had ere now thus suffered, since no very strong counter-attraction would have been needed to make any one throw over Robert Hanwell; but at any rate he had thought it best to be on the safe side, and to have his birds in his hand before reckoning too securely on them.

But the note was written and ready, and there it lay on the hall table, waiting to be despatched by special bearer, as soon as the anticipated arrival should have actually taken place, and as soon as William could have seen the flyman off the premises. For this cause the dog-cart had not gone to meet the train: the horse — he had but one — was required for William; William was to have ridden to Overton, and so to have timed his arrival there, as to have caught Lord Overton on his return from his daily walk, when it might be counted upon that he would answer at once, and answer favorably. The answer would arrive while dinner was going on at Endhill, and it would be an agreeable diversion to have it brought in, and be able to read it aloud, and give round the invitation which was to prove so welcome.

All of this had not been thought out without care and pains; and it must be conceded that some pity was due to a man who had spent all his leisure moments that day in concocting an elaborate strategic epistle, and had wasted three good sheets of paper over writing it.

The whole arrangement was blasted. He had known it would work well, had hoped so much, and thought so much, and, since leave in general terms had been already granted, had looked forward so much to seeing the matter thus properly and decently brought to a climax, — and now all was undone. By Teddy's look, important and eager, he was too plainly charged with a purpose, and that purpose the dullest could divine; Matilda had obtained the invitation from one brother, and had passed it on to the other to deliver, and the whole patronage and *éclat* of the proceeding was taken out of Robert's hands.

He would not, however, allow himself to be overpowered even by this. "Take the easy-chair, Lady Matilda; Lotta has the sofa, you know; but I believe you like the chair best. What a cold day for you to be out!" (he knew perfectly well that

no cold day ever stopped her;) "really we had hardly expected to see any one from Overton to-day; and the roads are so bad too. You find the fire too much? Lotta, my dear, where is the glass screen? I saw it this moment; oh, behind you; not at all" (to offers of help), — "I can manage it myself perfectly. Don't move, Lady Matilda — pray don't move. Will you have a cushion? A footstool?" Poor man, he did his best for her, and she would not give him any help, not the tiniest atom of help. It was cruel of Matilda. Cushion? Footstool? She sat a yard off the cushion, and with her little foot kicked away the footstool, — kicked it away under his very nose.

"What's all this about, Robert? Get me some tea — there's a good man. Baby well, Lotta?"

At least she asked for the baby; she generally did that, but as likely as not she would never ask to see it; and there she was sitting on the edge of her chair, pulling off her gloves, tipping back her hat, as straight as an arrow, and as bright and pert as a humming-bird — and this was the baby's grandmother.

He stole a glance at his friends. Challoner was still in the window, gazing absently out; it would be hard to say whether he had heard or seen or wondered at anything. Challoner, he now remembered, always had been noted for keeping his feelings to himself; and Whewell, — Lady Matilda was at the moment turning up her face to Whewell, who was standing near, and whom she had recognized without any hesitation at once. She was making a remark about his railway journey down. "You must have come through floods," she said.

"Floods? Yes. Yes — it was very bad — very wet. I mean the whole place was under water," replied the young man, at a momentary loss to remember, when thus called upon, the real state of the case. At least so it seemed; but the truth was this, it was another lapse of memory that was troublesome, he had forgotten Lady Matilda herself, or, to be more exact, he had forgotten, clean forgotten that she was what he now found her. He had had no recollection, no impression of any one of that kind; he had seen her among a number, bright, handsome, gay, and well dressed, — but then, others had been so likewise, and he met pretty women every day in London. It was beholding her thus in the little cottage room, by the side of her homely daughter, it was meeting her thus suddenly and unexpectedly, that

made him stare and stammer. In another minute he was himself again.

For Whewell prided himself above all things on being a man of the world, and he would have despised himself had he not been equal to any occasion, however puzzling. He drew a breath, drew nearer, held a chair, then sat down on it, and in the shortest time possible he and Matilda were in the full flow of chat, without either apparently feeling it in the least necessary to include others in their conversation.

Lotta, who, erewhile in all her glory as hostess, as semi-invalid, or at least convalescent, and at any rate as chief person on the interesting occasion which had brought the two gentlemen down, had been busy with Mr. Whewell, and who had thought they were all very snug and comfortable, and that every one must feel how much nicer it was to be within doors on that dreary afternoon, with a good fire and a prospective tea-tray, than wandering aimlessly about the garden and grounds as Robert had at first proposed, — Lotta, poor thing, now resented, no less than her husband did, the disturbing of all their little elements. She did not care to talk to Uncle Edward (who, indeed, showed no symptoms of any desire to talk to her) and since mamma had usurped Mr. Whewell, there was no one left. Mr. Challoner stuck to his window like a leech, and Robert had returned to him; so, since the other four were thus left, and since mamma and Uncle Edward had chosen to come — it was a pity they had come, but since they had — they ought, at least, to have helped out the visit by making it a sociable general affair. She had been getting on delightfully with Mr. Whewell before the others came, but now he had no chance of saying a word to her. It was not his fault — of course it was not; but mamma would always be first, and she seemed to forget altogether sometimes that she had a grown-up daughter, and a married daughter to boot. Mamma really ought to think of this. It was quite rude to Mr. Whewell taking him up in this way, when she, Lotta, as lady of the house and his friend's wife, ought to have been paying him attention: it looked as if he had bored her before, and he had not bored her in the least. She had liked him very much, and he had talked so nicely, and seemed so interested in all she said, and had asked so much about baby, and shown so evidently that he had been pleased to be godfather, that altogether she had felt they were going to

be great friends: and then mamma came in, and took him away, and he was never able to renew the conversation; but she was sure he had been quite vexed at being so interrupted.

A good deal of this was for Robert's ear afterwards, and a good deal passed through Charlotte's mind at the time; but outwardly, Mrs. Hanwell merely sat up on her sofa, in one of her best dresses, taking care not to ruffle or soil the frills of her sleeves as she poured out the tea with rather a grave face, and an air that betrayed to all that Lotta felt herself out in the cold, and that this, for a young matron with a partial spouse, and an excellent opinion of his judgment as well as her own, was a novel and not entirely pleasing sensation.

Lady Matilda drank her tea, and sent back her cup for more.

The grateful beverage sent up a yet warmer color into her cheek, and she looked her best—her smiling, glowing best,—while poor Lotta, sullen and forlorn, was bereft of all the very small share of outward attractiveness she ever possessed.

It could not pass unnoticed, the contrast. Whewell saw it, even as he held the cup: mean man, he stayed several minutes by Lotta's side, making his peace, as he told himself, with the tea-maker, and this was how his thoughts were employed!—he noted the curious difference between the two, betwixt the placid, dull, expressionless mask now before him, and the brilliant, changeful features to which he was returning. Was it likely he would stay long? Can it be wondered at that all the little bustle over the sugar-basin and the cream-jug could not detain him?

True, he came and went more than once, but it was always on the one lady's errands: he had to bring her bread and butter and cake, as well as to have her cup filled twice; he stood about, he fetched and carried, and he stepped backwards and forwards, but it was always backwards, backwards, his feet took him finally; until at length, the business over, and the last attention paid, he fairly settled himself down by Matilda's side, and neither looked at nor spoke to any one else during the remainder of her stay. It was enough: Lady Matilda saw that she was noticed, more than noticed, and frankly she allowed to herself that it was for this she had come. She knew that she was charming, and sometimes the knowledge was too much for her; it need-

ed a vent; it wanted some one to applaud, admire, and flatter; and, no disrespect to Mr. Frank Whewell, she would, in her then mood, have made eyes at a field scarecrow.

But we must give our readers some idea of Whewell.

From earliest years he had shown the germ of such mental powers as succeed best in life. He had not been a thinking boy; he had not puzzled his masters and tutors, nor set his parents cogitating about his future; but he had made the most of every talent he possessed, and those talents had been not a few. Concentration, grasp, alertness, tact, and fluency of language, all pointed out unmistakably his path in life. He was to go to the bar, and if he went to the bar, there was no doubt in any one's mind that he would do well; he would succeed, rise, and one day rule. So far every favorable prognostication had been fulfilled; nothing had hindered or thwarted a career which seemed to be one continued triumph; and though higher heights were still to be climbed, and greater obstacles yet remained to be overcome, there was no reason why, with ordinary good fortune, he should not go on as he had begun; ambition was his ruling passion, and ambition is an irresistible spur.

But in the little drawing-room at End-hill during the hour that Lady Matilda spent there, Whewell showed himself in another light to what he usually appeared before the world. He liked women, and he liked to be liked by them. Apart from his profession, he liked nothing so well as to talk with them, to listen to their soft replies, to their hopeless arguments, to their sweet laughter. It was a delicious relief to his tired brain to allow itself to be at ease as it were in their presence, to permit himself to ramble over metaphorical hedges and ditches in his talk, avoiding as the very plague the straight, hard road which led direct to the point—that very road he would pursue so relentlessly when wig and gown were on; and it gave him an excusable feeling of satisfaction to perceive that while the latter course prevailed with men, and made him what he was and where he was, the former won for him the golden opinions of the other sex.

Now much of his popularity he put down to his good looks. He valued his handsome face still more than his versatile ability, and therefore the face, or at least Whewell's general appearance, ought to be described. He was getting on to

forty in years, but he had looked forty ever since he was nineteen, and would continue to do so until he was ninety. The boys at school had nicknamed him "grandfather," and by-and-by people would infallibly observe how young he looked, and the same eyes, hair, and mouth would do duty for both observations: he had not changed a feature or gained or lost anything since going to the university. But he was undeniably personable. He had a slight, firm, well-knit figure, raven-black hair, an aquiline nose, a small, well-shaped mouth, a quick turn of the head, and an eye so keenly apprehensive and inquisitive that it seemed at once to take possession of whatever it looked upon.

And of all these good things no one was more aware than Whewell himself.

He thought they gained him female friends, and perhaps in this he was right; but he went still further, and in this he was undoubtedly wrong. It was his fixed idea that no amount of talent would ever make an ugly face palatable to a woman — whereas the truth is that women like, ay and love, ay and worship, ugly faces every day.

Lady Matilda could have told her lively friend as much; but very likely if she had, he would not have believed her. And since the cleverest of us must sometimes be at fault, and since such was the opinion of the sagacious barrister, it will surprise no one to hear that the opinion was shared by the sagacious Teddy.

"Oh, you thought him very good-looking, no doubt," said Teddy, when at length the two took their leave and found themselves on their way home; "very good-looking, and vastly pleasant. I'll be bound you did that. Talking away to him there the whole time, and sitting on till it was so dark that we had to have candles. I was quite ashamed of staying so long. I thought we were never going to get away, and there was Lotta fidgeting and fidgeting, and Robert looking round from the window, — what on earth did you do it for?" he broke off suddenly. "I am sure they didn't want us all that while."

"Did they not? Oh yes, they did; or, at least, they ought if they did not," returned his sister gaily. "I am sure they were deeply in our debt; I am sure they owed to us the whole success of the afternoon. It was a success, don't you think? And imagine what it might have been! Failure is not the word. Think, Teddy, of a whole afternoon, a wet afternoon, an

afternoon hopeless of interruption or variety or anything, with only Robert and Lotta! Picture to yourself that delightful Mr. Whewell —"

"Delightful! nonsense."

"Wrecked upon Lotta, stranded upon Lotta, submerged in Lotta," pursued Matilda merrily. "Lotta, with her eternal talk about cooks and babies, and 'our arrangements for this,' and 'our ideas about that;'" Teddy, put yourself in Mr. Whewell's place, and feel for a moment as he felt. They were in the thick of it when we came in; I saw it in the victim's face; and even if his face had been hidden, he would have been betrayed by his hanging head and dejected mien."

"How you *do* talk! 'Hanging head and dejected mien,' what on earth — I saw no hanging head. I am sure he seemed as fit a little cock-sparrow as I have ever seen, jabbering away to you by the yard."

"So he did, — when he had me to jabber to. I rescued him out of the Slough of Despond, and he had the wit to be very tenderly grateful to his deliverer, moreover; and the grace to rate his deliverance at its proper value, or I am mistaken. Come, Master Ted," cried Matilda, in her sauciest tones — "come, sir, don't be sulky. You did your best; you did as well as any could have expected, and as much as in you lay; but you must own that to me — me — me, belongs *la gloire et la victoire*. There. Understand that, eh? I did it all: I enlivened a dull visit, took compassion on an unfortunate stranger, and drew him forth from the very jaws of domesticity. Did I not do well for him? I think I did. I think he was worth it, and that he will feel now that there is some one, even in this benighted spot, on whom he is not altogether thrown away."

"Great cheek if he ever thought anything of the kind." Teddy had had enough of Whewell, and had, moreover, been ill used all through the visit by everybody. "I was quite astonished to see you make yourself so cheap to that fellow," he proceeded severely. "You were so taken up with him, that you had not a word for the other one, and he looked by a long way the better of the two."

"Glad you thought so. But I left him for *you*. *You* were civil to him, I hope?"

"I? No. How could I? I never had the chance. Robert monopolized him, as you did Whewell. I had nobody."

"Nobody! What are you saying, bad

boy? Do you call your own married niece, in her own house, and at her own tea-table, nobody?"

"She is nobody, all the same. She is the stupidest creature — well, you know what I mean," he broke off and drew in a little, since, after all, Lotta was Matilda's child, — "you know," he added apologetically, "you think so yourself."

"No — no — no. No, Teddy, I never said that. Fie, Teddy! you encroach; you must not say such things; and I would not have any one but me hear you for the world."

"Is it likely I should say it to any one but you?"

"You m—ight. It might slip out. Do be careful."

"Of course I'll be careful: I always am careful; but Lotta is a regular dolt. Except when she was looking at you, she had about as much expression as a Chinese mandarin."

"And when she was looking at me?"

"I say she didn't like Whewell going over to you, you know."

"Did she not?"

"She thought you were poaching on her lands."

"So I was."

"Why did you do it? I should not have done it had I been you."

"You would, had you been me — that is just it. Oh, I had no particular reason for 'doing it,' as you call it; I just had the inclination; I wanted to amuse myself. And then I thought that if I had the one, you could have the other. I could entertain Mr. Whewell, and you Mr. Challoner."

"Robert and Lotta each other?" said Teddy, with a grin.

"Oh, they never do anything for anybody; they are no count. You see I took Mr. Whewell, and if you had done as much for Mr. Challoner there would have been nothing for anybody to complain of."

"By Jove, that *is* hard! when there was I who would have been thankful of any one, stuck down all by myself in a chair by the fire, with yards of carpet in front of me; and there was Challoner, or whatever his name is, away at the far end of the room, with his back to me, mumbling away to Robert, and Robert to him, without stopping once the whole time; and now you speak as if I had — as if it had been my fault!"

"Don't be incoherent, my dear; how am I tell what you mean when you muddle up your sentences in that way? And

there is nothing to excite your wrath either. I merely meant to suggest that probably the luckless Challoner would have preferred your company to Robert's; and after all, that is nothing to take umbrage at."

"Humph," — mollified, however.

"What was he like, Ted?"

"Like? I don't know. I never thought of it. He was like other people, I suppose."

"Like other people? Oh! Not in any way particular?"

"Well, not in any way particular. No, I don't think he was."

"But you must have seen *something*?" urged Matilda. "You, who had nothing else to do, and no one to listen to, and no one to look at —"

"I had. I had you to look at."

"Me!" cried she.

"I was wondering what you did it for, and what you could possibly see in that puppy to make such a work about."

"What did I see? Well, now you ask me that in a friendly way, brother, and not in an acrimonious, carping, backbiting spirit, I will answer you candidly: I don't think I saw very much."

"And yet you talked to no one else?"

"And yet I talked to no one else."

"Come, I am tired of the subject," cried she suddenly; "come, away with it!" — and starting her horse to a canter, nothing further passed of any note between the pair for the time being.

CHAPTER VII.

"A PRETTY SCRAPE YOU WILL GET INTO."

"It is good discretion not to make too much of any man at the first, because one cannot hold out that proportion." — BACON.

LADY MATILDA'S sole impression of Challoner had been that of a tall, broad, listless man, leaning against the window-pane in the drawing-room, the while he yielded a sort of pensive half attention to the platitudes of her son-in-law. Whether these had suited him or not, no one could tell. He had not seemed to respond much certainly, but he had listened — presumably, at least, he had listened, — and undeniably he had not turned away. He had stood still where he was, and had let the stream flow over his head, and that in itself was enough. He had not broken loose, shaken off his host, crossed the room, and drawn near to *her*; and this was what he should have done to have found any favor in Matilda's eyes.

A man ought not to be tamely broken on the wheel; he ought, he surely ought to make some sort of struggle with his fate — some desperate resistance, even when resistance is fruitless. But Challoner had shown no fight, even no inclination to fight: he was beneath her notice.

She would not waste pity or sympathy upon one so insensate — would not throw away gentle amenities on one so indiscriminating; while Whewell — Whewell, who had at once bent beneath her sway, and who had shown himself so apt, so responsive, and so appreciative — Whewell should have all her smiles.

Here at least was one who knew how to value the good fortune which had befallen him in that most ill-favored spot, who could appreciate having a Lady Matilda to talk to and to look at, who could discern between her and the inert Lotta and the insufferable Robert. Here was one who could claim a privilege and make the most of an opportunity; and the vain creature colored ominously in front of her glass that evening as she recalled glances and speeches, and the whole little scene at Endhill, — Lotta's prim, prudish attitude, Teddy's impatience, and Whewell's exclusive devotion.

He, Whewell, had had neither eyes nor ears for any one but herself. He had pushed out into the hall by her side when she went, had held her foot and put it in the stirrup as she mounted, and had been the last to go inside as they rode off, standing bareheaded out in the chill November air to watch them down the drive.

She could guess with what reflections he stood there; she could picture to herself, or thought she could, what were his probable sensations and anticipations at the present moment, — how gladly he would have exchanged his quarters had this been possible, and how joyfully he would appear at Overton next day.

"They will not come till dinner-time," she announced to her brothers. "Robert had a dozen unanswerable reasons why they should not dress here, so we are not to expect anybody till eight o'clock. When they have done their worst on our pheasants, they will come and inflict themselves on us. They are all coming, every man-Jack of them, as Teddy would say. Robert has engaged for the party generally. By the way, I did not say anything about it to Lotta; but I do not suppose that will signify. She will be quite satisfied if dear Robert has arranged it; and dear Robert has taken it upon himself, after due references and inquiries, to answer in the name

of everybody. One thing is, he will see that they all turn up, and that not one of them is late. They will be here at eight o'clock to the second, if he die in the attempt. Happily it is dark so long before then, that the poor men will not have their sport curtailed by his anxieties, as those others had in partridge-time. I did pity them; I knew how it must have been exactly. Woe betide the unfortunate finger that ever steals to the trigger, once Herr Robert has decreed that time is up! He will never forgive that shot, more especially if it kills. Well, perhaps it is a good thing for all our sakes that my son-in-law is no sportsman; but what would I not give to make him unpunctual, even ordinarily, decently unpunctual."

"What do you call being decently unpunctual?" said Overton.

"When a man stands with his watch in his hand, and will have you know the time when you don't want to know it, it's not decent," replied she.

"Was that what happened this afternoon?" inquired her brother, cracking his walnuts, — for the three were sitting cosily together over their dessert, and Matilda, was, as usual, doing most of the conversation.

"No, Mr. Inquisitive, it was not what happened this afternoon," retorted she. "Oh, Overton," her attention diverted, "I do wish I could crack single walnuts in my hand as you do. I can't think how you do it," stretching out a white arm, and screwing up a soft and shapely hand with desperate energy. "I have tried again and again, and I never can — oh!" — with a final and utterly ineffectual wrench.

"You couldn't crush a spider with that!" said Teddy disdainfully. "With that little bit of a wrist you have not any power. There is nothing easier than walnuts," performing the feat again and again. "But I say, Mattie, what made you give the invitation to those people to-day? I thought you told me that I —"

"Of course I did, and you saw I left to you the shooting arrangements; but I had to do something myself; my dear Teddy, Robert's face must have shown you that I had to do something to pacify the storm. We were in the wrong box, you and I; we were dreadful offenders —"

"How?" said Teddy, opening his eyes.

"We had come before our time, my friend."

"Had we? But what did that matter? We did it to be civil; we thought it was a friendly thing to do. What should they

come for, then? I'm sure *we* didn't want them."

"Oh, you dear innocent, you don't half know Robert yet. It was all very well our showing attention, hospitality, and so forth; but we, you and I, our two selves in the bodily presence, Ted, *were not wanted*. Can you understand that now? Overton can. He thinks he never is wanted, which is a mistake, on the other hand. If he, now, had found his august way over to Endhill to-day, he would have met with a different reception; but as it was, it was only poor Teddy and Matilda," shaking her head with mock mournfulness, "and they were sadly in the way."

"And what good did the invitation do?" said Overton, intercepting an indignant protest from his brother.

"Oh, it soothed the ruffled feelings in a wonderful way. You see, dear Robert really was sadly put out, though Teddy may not believe it; he had had no time, I fancy, to get out his say, to swell and strut, and spread his plumage as he loves to do, and as he never *can* do whenever any one of us is present; and he and Lotta would fain have had their visitors to themselves for a while, — imagine what a fate for any man, let alone a Londoner and a — Whewell. However, Robert would have liked this, and he did not get it, and we — or rather I — was in disgrace. And —"

"Why you more than I?" burst in Teddy, with a black look.

"I am the lady, you know, and the lady naturally takes the lead. That was all, dear," replied Matilda, with one of her swift transitions from sarcasm to gentleness. "That was what I meant, don't you see?" looking at him to make sure she was saying right. "And besides, you know, Teddy, an invitation from the lady of the house always counts for more than one from any of the gentlemen — even from you, Overton. Now does it not, Overton?" eagerly, her warning voice adding, "Say it does."

"Why, yes. Yes, of course. Every one knows that," said Overton, responding promptly to the whip. "Teddy knows that as well as any one, only he forgot at the moment."

"Oh, yes, of course — of course. A fellow can't be expected to remember things like that," said Teddy, his brow clearing under the combined influence. "I did not think of it, that was all. Go on, Matilda."

"Where was I? Oh, I was telling you

how Robert took my friendly overture. He never suspected, you know, that it was only thought of as we were mounting our horses; he imagined, no doubt, that the idea had been manufactured with all the labor and sorrow and *pros* and *cons* that would have gone to the making had he had a finger in the pie; and actually I did my best to foster this aspect of things. I quite turned our impromptu dinner into an important affair. You should have seen how his grimness relaxed, and how at last a ray of sunshine stole athwart his sad cheekbone."

"Because he was asked *here*?" said Overton incredulously.

"Because they were all asked here; because he was to bring himself, and his Lotta, and his dashing Whewell, and his statuesque Challoner, and to trundle them all along, packed as tight as herrings in a barrel, over the hill to Overton. You look scornful, most sapient brother! Is not the cause sufficient? Oh, you do Robert injustice — you do indeed; he loves of all things to seek your sweet society, and nothing affords him greater pleasure than — we will not say to dine, but to *say that he has dined here*."

"*Here*? Nonsense. There is nothing here to make Robert or any one care to come. We are all very well by ourselves, but for anybody else, there can be no attraction."

"Can there not? Now really, can there not, Overton? Are we no attraction in ourselves, you and Teddy and I?" cried Matilda, with an odd note in her voice. "You are a plain man, Overton, and will return a plain answer to a plain question. Tell me, is there no conceivable attraction here for — for any one, in you, or Teddy, or — or me?"

"None in the least, none whatever," replied Overton promptly, for his thoughts still ran on Robert Hanwell, while hers had flown, as may have been guessed, elsewhere. "Robert wished to marry your girl, and so he chose to come and visit her here, very naturally I suppose," with a twitch of the lip which needed no interpretation. "Since Robert wished to marry Lotta, it is to be imagined that he cared to be with her now and then beforehand, and as she was here he came here; but now — now that all that is over, there is nothing, nothing in the world to bring him out of his own snug house on a raw, dark November night, when the roads are about as bad as they can be, and there is not even a moon to light their way. It is a cool thing to ask any man to do, and I

must say, Matilda, I wonder you liked to do it. I am sure I, for one, should not have ventured."

"And I am sure that I, for another, should not, very certainly, very decidedly should not, with an eye to some one else's comfort than good Robert's," said Matilda laughing. "No indeed, that I should not, my brothers twain, had he and he alone been the proposed recipient of our hospitality. But, bethink you, there are others; and the raw, dark November night, and the bad roads, and the no moon, may be no obstacle to *them*. What do you say, Teddy? Do you think that Mr. Whewell would leave it? Do you think he would imperil his precious legal life in a four-mile drive through this lonely country after dark, to have another sight of—either of us?"

"Of you? Oh!" said Overton, with a smile.

"Of her, of course," added Teddy. "She is such a creature for getting round people, that she had that ass Whewell all in a buzz before we left. You never saw anything like the way he went on shoving through the doorway in front of me to get after her. And now she wants him over here —"

"To complete the damage done. Very good, Teddy," said Matilda approvingly. "I never like to leave a piece of work unfinished, on principle; so, as you say that Mr. Whewell has done me the honor to —"

"To flirt with you," said Teddy bluntly.

"Oh fie, Teddy! do not believe him, Overton. I never flirt. It is a thing I would not do upon any account; and as to flirting with Mr. Whewell—we were only pleasant, pleasant to each other. And there was no one for my poor Teddy to be pleasant to, and so he is cross with his Matilda," patting his shoulder as if cajoling a fretful child. "Now, was not that it, Ted? Don't be vexed, then: it shall have some one, it shall. Let me see, to-morrow night: whom could we get over for to-morrow night? No one but the Appleby girls, I am afraid. Will Juliet Appleby do, Teddy? She is fond of you, you know."

"I shall take Marion in," said Teddy decidedly.

"Judy is too young, is she?"

"A wretched schoolgirl," with contempt.

"A tolerably forward schoolgirl; she has learned one lesson thoroughly, at all events. But you are wrong, Teddy, she is emerged, emancipated; she is going

about everywhere now, and has been since the summer."

"I shall take Marion in," reiterated Teddy. Juliet had caused him offence last time they met, and he thus revenged himself.

"As you please," said his sister. "It does not signify, or rather it is better so; Juliet is much the prettier of the two."

"You don't call those Miss Applebys pretty, do you?" said Lord Overton, who, when quite alone with his brother and sister, could take a fair share in the conversation, and make now and then quite a good remark if not called upon to do it. "They are so what is it — unripe?"

"And budding beauty is what poets sing about, and lovers rave about."

"Budding, perhaps, but these are buds that will never blossom. Juliet is pink and white, but she has not a feature in her face, and Marion's teeth would spoil the look of any mouth."

"Well, I'll have Marion all the same," said Teddy obstinately. When he had a notion in his head he stuck to it, as he said himself; and he now looked defiantly round, as if Marion's teeth and Juliet's pink-and-whiteness had alike been forces used against his determination. "I mean to have Marion; so there," — bringing down his hand on the table.

"Such being the case, I give way," replied Matilda, humoring his mood. "I give way, and Juliet has Mr. Challoner; it will do that chatterbox good to have such a stone wall to expend her artillery upon; she will not get much change out of *her* companion, I should say: then Overton takes Lotta, and Robert must go by himself. He will not mind going by himself for once, when he sees his dear Lotta in the place of honor."

That she meant to have Whewell for herself was thus evident. Challoner might have the right to give her his arm and seat himself by her side — probably had the right, since she had a tolerably distinct recollection of something having been said about his family and connections which rendered it unlikely that Whewell could be in birth his superior — but what of that? Who was stupid enough to care for that? Certainly not Matilda Wilmot. She was not to know, or at least was not to be supposed to know; and at any rate Whewell she wanted, and Whewell she meant to have.

"And a pretty scrape you will get into with Robert if you do," Teddy reminded his sister; for he too had heard the reference to Challoner's family, and he saw

what Matilda was up to, after that fashion he had of seeing things that were not meant for him. "You had better just look out," he warned her.

But to no purpose. A plague on Robert! she must now and then be in scrapes with him, and as well now as at any other time. She would have her way, and trust to her good luck and her ready tongue to make matters straight with him afterwards, for Lotta's sake, not his own. She wished, oh, how devoutly she wished, that they could have a quarrel—a downright, out-and-out, give-and-take-no-quarter quarrel—so that they might be free of each other forevermore; but for her child's sake she would keep the peace—with intervals for refreshment; and as, happily, she knew his weak points, and could lay her finger on them to heal as well as to wound at any moment, he might be put aside occasionally without much alarm as to the future. Accordingly she laughed at Teddy, and went her way unheeding.

The next evening came, and with it the expected guests. Robert was in great force, had been in force the whole day; and meeting the returning carriage of the Applebys as they drove up to the Hall, was just as it should be. Lady Matilda had with unwonted thoughtfulness provided two new girls for his bachelor friends, and this would be the crowning touch to a day that had been altogether successful. The two strangers had shot well and walked well, and had expressed themselves warmly on the subject: their host had little doubt of being able to obtain for them another day on the Monday, and there was nothing to mar the satisfaction and serenity with which he alighted. The footmen had on their best liveries, and his cup was full.

"Take care, Lotta. Another step, my dear. Are you all right? Fine old hall, Challoner. The pictures are not much, but they are at least genuine. Your collar is turned up, Whewell: allow me." His "allow me" was the pinnacle of his good-humor.

But it was not destined to last long, as those who are in the wilful Matilda's confidence are aware; and only too soon after the party had assembled before the drawing-room fire, did his uneasy fears arise. Until then, no doubts had arisen to disturb his mind, for on this wise he had argued, that foolish and heedless as the young grandmother habitually showed herself to be, she could not go the length of this; she could not, without consulting his opinion or making due inquiries,

take upon herself to decide as to which of his guests—of *his* guests—should have precedence, when brought by him to the Hall. He had, indeed, already hinted his wishes; but if, as was, alas! too possible with such an auditor, the hint—the very emphatic hint—had been thrown away, in such a case here he was himself to be appealed to, and here was a good five minutes in which to make the appeal. A whisper to him, an aside through Teddy, a nod of the head, a turn of the eye, would have done it, would have let the hostess know which to make the happy man,—and of course it was Challoner who ought to be the man; and as a Miss Appleby could be placed upon his other side, so that he need only have the honor of Lady Matilda, and could have the pleasure of an unmarried lady's society at the same time (Robert was one who took it for granted that a bachelor must always prefer a "Miss")—all being so nicely arranged, Challoner would be well off.

He watched, he waited for the signal that was to bring him into secret communications with Lady Matilda; but Lady Matilda, quite at her ease, made no sign, and he grew restless: and then, just as he was debating within himself how matters would really go, if there would be a scrimmage at the end, or what?—what should he see but Challoner, the Challoner he thought so much of, and cared so intensely to show off before, paired off with an absurd little Juliet Appleby—not even Marion, but Juliet, the schoolgirl—while Whewell, all radiant and triumphant, talking, bending over as he talked, gallantly escorted the hostess to the head of the table?

CHAPTER VIII.

A STRANGE EFFECT.

"Unaiming charms with edge resistless fall,
And she who means no mischief, does it all."
PRIOR.

NEVER had Matilda looked better.

She was glowing with life and health; and having put on her most becoming dress and ornaments, the plain, home-made frocks of two rather so-so looking damsels, and Lotta's high morning silk with the lace *fichu*, which, when put on in her little room at Endhill, had looked quite elegant enough and quite dressy enough for a quiet dinner at her uncle's, then became all at once dowdy and ineffective.

They were all much on a par, Lotta perhaps the worst, for Lotta had grown

stout of late, and could not stand much *fichu*, besides which, there was a suspicion of being somewhat too tightly buckled in for comfort,—but still the Miss Applebys could not cast stones at her. Juliet's muslin was limp, and did not hang straight, being longer on the one side than on the other; and the lace edgings on both sisters' skirts, on the blue as well as the pink, was cheap, and looked cheap. Little threads hung out here and there, and the color had slightly run in the washing; while to crown all, the cut on two rather meagre, scrimp, waistless young figures, was not all that could have been desired.

Lady Matilda was in black, but it was brilliant black; it was set off by freshly cut, snowy chrysanthemums, and quivering maiden-hair ferns; it was relieved by lustrous opals at her throat and in her ears; and it encircled the roundest, whitest neck and arms in the world.

Mrs. Hanwell thought her mother overdressed. It was just like mamma, she said; and she wondered how it was that Matilda knew no better, and how she, who ordinarily seemed to care so little how she looked, or how old and shabby her clothes were when walking about the lanes, or even shopping in the town, would sometimes take it into her head to flare up into splendor, and throw every one else into the shade. And it must be confessed that the young lady who sat thus in judgment did not like being in the shade, and felt more discomposed than she would have allowed to anybody, at finding herself there.

Her own costume was so nice, so very nice: she had herself tacked in new frilling in the neck and sleeves—her best frilling too, out of a not over-abundant supply—and it had gone to her heart to reflect how it would get crushed and soiled by her heavy fur cloak in the drive to and from the Hall; but she had felt that the occasion was sufficient. She had meant to look well, and not to grudge a little trouble, or even her favorite ruffles; she had rubbed bright her large gold locket and chain, and put it on over the lace; and then there had been a pair of neat little bronze slippers, and mittens, and a brown fan, with a brown ribbon run through the handle to match the slippers. And a clean handkerchief, fine and soft, but not her best Honiton one, which would have been over-smart, had been found for the pocket, and a pretty white scarf had been remembered for the head, and nothing had been forgotten, not even

the parting directions to nurse, nor the kiss to baby, before she left Endhill.

Nobody had ever crossed the threshold there with a more complacent step; no one had ever entered the entrance-hall at Overton with a fuller sense of inward assurance.

And in half an hour all was altered, for in half an hour Lotta had had time to look about her, to take notes and to adjust her ideas, and the result was that she felt oppressed and crestfallen.

Lady Matilda had no fan, no gloves, no bracelets, probably no handkerchief,—but her bare white arms, fringed with the glittering black, would have been insulted by a covering, and made the very idea of mittens loathsome; while the shape of her beautiful head, and the thickness of her hair, turned Lotta's little matronly cap into a superfluous and ridiculous appendage. Lotta, in short, looked as though she had not dressed—what ladies call “dressed”—at all.

“My dear, you might have made more of yourself,” Lady Matilda could not forbear murmuring aside, as the two sat on a sofa together before dinner. “You have evening gowns,” continued she reproachfully. And then some one had spoken, and there had been no chance of explaining the why and wherefore the evening gowns referred to had not been considered suitable, and altogether it was hard on Lotta.

But her vexation was slight compared with Robert's when the move to the dining-room took place, and he beheld, as we have said, his much too lovely, much too enchanting mother-in-law led forward to her seat by Whewell. He almost hated the agreeable barrister, and scarcely dared to look how Challoner fared. As for that wicked Matilda—but she was irreclaimable.

There she sat, by far the finest and fairest woman present; and there was his friend, but not his chief friend, not the man who should have been where he was,—there was Whewell, cocked up on high, equal to anything, delighted with everything, turning his head this way and that way, by Matilda's side. And there was Challoner—even Challoner could increase the dudgeon of the moment; for the injured, ill-treated, degraded Challoner was eating his soup with an air of unconcern, which showed too plainly that whether he had even understood his ignominy or not was doubtful.

Further, however, than that his manner bespoke ease and enjoyment, Whewell

gave no just cause for offence; he did not abuse the prosperity which had fallen to his lot; he did not attempt to keep Matilda's ear and attention for himself as he had done, and so successfully done, at Endhill; he had a word, an inquiry, or remark for all about him, took part in divers conversations, told capital stories, and led the laugh with such success, that no merrier meal had ever been known at Overton. Even Robert and even Lotta resumed their usual lugubrious serenity as the courses ran on. "And even Mr. Challoner, the stately Challoner, smiled upon us at last," said Matilda afterwards. "He needs waking up, does that poor Challoner. I was quite relieved to see him look more cheerful and less lackadaisical, as he and Juliet advanced in intimacy. Juliet, my dear, that must have been your doing," putting her arm round Juliet's waist as she spoke. "To you must be the credit of thawing the ice upon the Challonerean brow. And it is worth thawing, I believe. Do you know, girls, that he is — what is he, Lotta? for I protest," laughing, "that I do not know myself."

"He is very nice," said Lotta warmly, "very nice indeed; though mamma does not think so," with a little prick of malice.

"Mamma does not think so, indeed! Bravo, Lotta! Now, Madam Wiseacre," cried Matilda, who would always have an insinuation said out, whether the speaker liked or not — "now how, pray, do you know that mamma does not think so?"

But on this occasion Lotta was not unwilling to be explicit. "You have never taken the slightest notice of him since he came," she said. "You have never taken the trouble to speak to him, and you would not have him in to dinner."

"So that is the accusation. Now, hear me. I did far better than have him in to dinner myself; I gave him Juliet."

All were silent.

"I gave him Juliet," repeated Lady Matilda slowly; "and I think that every young man would allow that he had the best of it in such an assortment. You are too polite, much too polite, to say so to me, young ladies; but you know as well as I do in your hearts that, whatever Mr. Challoner's proclivities may be, a young man —"

"He is not so young at all," observed Lotta.

"Any man at all then, or at any rate, the average man of the day, prefers a young and blushing mademoiselle to an old and unblushing — grandmother."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!" They all laughed.

"Grandmother! It is really too absurd," said the eldest Miss Appleby. "When we heard about baby, you know, Lotta, the first thing we all said was, 'Think of Lady Matilda a grandmother!' and we laughed so — you can't think how we laughed."

"Lotta thinks there was nothing to laugh at," said Lotta's mother, looking at her with a smile; "and it was very shocking of you, girls, to make sport out of me and my grandson. You might as well have said, 'Think of Lotta a mother!' That was quite as funny, I suppose?" But no one looked as if they had found it so.

"Oh, Lotta seemed quite the right person to have a nursery full," said Marion candidly. "Lotta always was sober, you know; she — oh, Lady Matilda, you should have heard what papa said!" cried the poor girl, leaving Lotta's unencouraging face to right itself. "Papa said — he is *such* an admirer of yours — and when we told him, he said that you were the handsomest and youngest woman in the county: youngest — you remember, Juliet, how he defined it? that it wasn't years and that sort of thing that made people old; and he said that if Lady Matilda had a score of grandchildren, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Thank you, my dear. Next time I see your father, I shall say aloud in his hearing that he is the dearest and most discerning old gentleman in the county; and that if there were a score of women he admired more than me, it would make not an atom of difference."

"Now, Juliet," pursued she, when all, Lotta excepted, had done justice to the repartee, — "now, Juliet, for Mr. Challoner once more. Mr. Challoner once more to the front, please. What is he like? What is his line? What is there in him?"

But this was too much. "I should think," said Mrs. Lotta, with a toss of her head, cap and all, — "I should really imagine — at least any one would imagine — that *I* might be the one to know most about Mr. Challoner, as he is now actually staying in our house, and he is Robert's own friend; while Juliet has only spoken to him — has only *seen* him within the last half-hour!"

"Two hours at least, my dear: don't be inaccurate because you are cross. And I will tell you why I don't ask you for information, — simply because I am not likely to get it."

"Why not likely? You have never asked. I will give it you in a moment."

"You would, my dear, I know; and I know what the value of it would be, and it would be ——" and Lady Matilda made a little snap of her fingers that was hardly dignified, but was very charming. "These things are not in your way, Lotta. You were never any hand with men," which was unfair, all things considered.

"But then, she never would have been," said Lady Matilda to herself; "she has not the way with them, and never would have."

"Now, Juliet is like me — she has perception," continued she aloud. "Juliet is a bit of scamp herself, and so I can depend on her to tell me whether she has found one in Mr. Challoner or not."

"Oh, Lady Matilda!"

"Well, child, I am not blaming you — far from it; I appreciate the gift. Come, out with it, for good or for evil, for better for worse. Give us your experience, your valuable experience; Mr. Challoner is ——"

"To tell you the truth, then, Lady Matilda, I would gladly have exchanged companions with you."

"Your would, you monkey? I believe you; from my heart I do. What! — he was not responsive, was he not, Juliet? Now, Lotta, be quiet. I see the man is a man of lead."

"He is not at *all*: not in the *very* least."

"Oh yes, he is: Juliet says it, and Juliet must know."

"But I did not say it, Lady Matilda," protested Juliet; "I only said, and that when you asked me, and *made* me say it ——"

"I know, I know: never mind Lotta, you goosey; nobody minds Lotta in this house — though she reigns supreme at Endhill, no doubt. But here I am the only person to be in awe of, d'ye see that?" pinching her ear. "Now get on with your tale. You gave him up? Did you give him up? Did you find him past endurance? Lotta, go away; go and talk with Marion over there: don't listen to us, — that's right! Now, Juliet?"

"I must say he was rather difficult to get on with, Lady Matilda."

"Difficult! How difficult? What shape and form did the 'difficult' take?"

"He never originated an idea, to begin with. And then he was so — don't you know? — absent. He'did not seem to take any notice — I mean he had no interest; all he cared to talk about was the

shooting, and I know nothing about shooting — how should I?" said poor Juliet plaintively. "I tried him on all sorts of other things, indeed I did. I told him all about the neighborhood, and the people, and — and everything I could think of; and then, when I had said all I could think of, and had racked my brains to make the most of a thing, he would just answer me, and let it drop. I had to do it all over again with something else, you know. It wasn't encouraging, was it?"

"Bad, bad, — very bad. Just what I had expected, however. I must say I object to have my pet subjects 'let drop,' myself; and you certainly had a hard time of it, Judy."

"The worst of it was, he was always looking at you." Incautious girl, the words escaped her ere she knew, and Matilda heard them, and stopped short, although she had drawn her breath, and opened her lips to speak again.

She stopped short in her surprise.

"Looking at me!" she said at last.

"He was, indeed. He was always looking your way, at least, and listening to what you and Mr. Whewell were saying. I suppose he must have found your conversation more amusing than mine, and no doubt it was," owned poor Juliet in her mortification. "Mr. Whewell is amusing, is he not?"

"Oh, very."

"And pleasant? And — and ——"

"Everything."

Miss Appleby sighed.

"Come, I have a spark of generosity in my nature," said Lady Matilda suddenly, "and my Juliet shall profit by it. You have told me all that was in your heart, Judy, you have hidden nothing of your discomfiture and — disgust. Never mind, never mind ——" as Juliet protested. "It is too late to draw back now, much too late; and you have done so well, it would be a pity to spoil the effect. I see the scene. I see the dauntless Juliet plodding on, and the ungrateful Challoner lifting his eyes to higher spheres. (That's me" — in parenthesis.) "I am the higher sphere, my love, and it is not to be wondered at if a man of forty — he looks about forty, I should say — if he did prefer — I mean, if he would have preferred my society to that of a little lass of eighteen. Had he been twenty years younger, Juliet — oh, Juliet, you have it all before you. Juliet, Juliet, you need not envy me my poor autumnal triumph. Every year you will change your style of admirer, my

dear; at present you have one kind, in another year you will have another kind—it is so long ago with me that I forget the exact ages, but they keep marching on as you march—until at my years none are left to you but a scattered remnant, here and there a susceptible widower, or a man who has lost his first love, or a foreign diplomatist who wants an English wife to head his table, or ——”

“Oh, Lady Matilda, how can you say so? You know very well ——”

“Very well all that you can say, child,” with unaffected disdain. “Oh yes, I know all about it; trust me. But, Juliet, what I meant to say was this. You envy me Mr. Whewell, my dear, delightful Mr. Whewell, and herewith I make a present of him to you. Now this is how the deed of gift shall be drawn out. He sings; well, I love music, but I fear I do not greatly care for musical people, more especially when the fit is on. Fact is, I hate ’em. So Mr. Whewell shall not have the felicity of being accompanied by me in ‘Darby and Joan,’ or ‘In the gloamin’, oh, my da-ärlin’,” mimicking, “those two abominations which are no doubt the flower of his *répertoire*; he shall not be permitted to shine in them, but he shall hum his bass to Juliet’s sweetest treble, while I, even I—hearken, O Lotta, hearken, O Marion,—I will immolate myself on the altar of ——”

The door opened, and she was prevented saying Challoner’s name by the entrance of Challoner himself.

CHAPTER IX.

ROBERT HAS CAUSE FOR COMPLAINT.

“You always do too little, or too much.”

COWPER.

THERE was nothing in the faces of any of the ladies to indicate that they had been interrupted in their conversation. Lady Matilda, even while turning round courteously to include the new-comers in the conversation, continued to address the youngest Miss Appleby—altering her topic but not her tone,—while the elder sister and Mrs. Hanwell resumed the thread of a confidence that had been suspended for a moment by the last remark.

“You see,” said Lotta earnestly, “I could have overlooked it if it had been the first time, and if I could have put any faith, any real faith, in the woman’s professions. But if once a servant has been untrustworthy, you don’t know how to believe her again.”

“Yes, indeed,” replied her companion,

endeavoring to look as attentive as before; “yes, indeed. I know that is what mamma always says, and ——”

“I could never have let her out of the house with any comfort, could I? And if there had been a message to be taken—and we so often have to have messages—at least errands to be run—down to the village, you know, to the post, or for things that cook wants—cooks always want things when there is no one handy to go for them ——”

(“I hear Lotta and her cooks,” murmured Lady Matilda, aside to Teddy.)

“If we had wanted to send anywhere, it would always have been ‘Who was to go?’” proceeded the unconscious narrator. “Now Sarah has always seemed willing, and so I always let her; and it was only the other day—though I must own I had my suspicions before—but it was only the day before yesterday, something was wanted for yesterday’s dinner, something that cook had to make ready the day before, for we had these gentlemen coming” (lower), “and so, of course, cook was anxious to do her best, and she asked if Sarah might run up the road for her.”

“Don’t you find the fire rather hot, dear?”

“No, thank you, never mind.” Lotta’s tongue was not to be stopped in that way.

“Well, Marion, I do assure you that the girl took an hour and a half, and she had not half a mile to go! She did indeed; for I looked at the clock, and it was four o’clock when she went, and half past five when she came in. It was dark, quite dark outside, but I heard her come in and go up the back staircase, so I called out, ‘Is that Sarah?’ and it was.”

“Oh, that was too bad. But ——”

“She had only to run up the road to Farmer Dunstable’s for some cream—at least, to let them know that extra cream would be wanted next day; she had not even to wait for it, and she could not pretend that she had when I taxed her. The cream was wanted for the white soup, you know; cook does make such excellent white soup, and she is so economical over it; she never thinks of veal and chicken; she makes a bit of the neck of mutton do, with a rabbit. Of course I let her get what cream she likes; for, after all, a shilling’s worth of cream goes a long way; and Mrs. Dunstable’s cream is always good and thick. So when she asked if some one might be sent to the farm, I said, ‘Send Sarah.’ I said it at once, never thinking, never for a moment imag-

ining, you know, that she was not to be trusted. Robert would have sent the groom, but he had hurt his foot; and as Sarah has nothing much to do about four o'clock — she never has — I suggested her myself. She brought in my cup of tea first — Robert does not take tea — and I remember that I thought it rather strange Sarah's bringing it in so early, for I don't usually have it till five, or nearly five, — and she excused herself by saying that she thought I looked tired, and would be glad of my tea. It was that I might not find out how long she stayed, you know."

"Dear!" said Miss Appleby, properly shocked. Resistance was of no avail; the grievance, she saw, must be heard out.

"I could hardly believe it, Marion, and of course I have felt it dreadfully. Nurse — I mean Mrs. Burrble, not Hannah — nurse did give me a sort of hint a week ago, at least she says now that she meant it for a hint, — by the way, Mrs. Burrble can stay on with us another week, Marion — is not that nice? I was so anxious that Hannah should have her in the house for a little after Hannah had begun to take baby in hand; and Robert has been so good, he says under the circumstances I am quite right, and he does not mind the expense at all. Of course she is expensive, but she is such a nice woman, and I can talk to her about all sorts of things. I told her about Sarah at once, and then she reminded me that she had given me that hint. She had said, 'Are you keeping on Sarah, ma'am?' And she tells me now that she had meant me to notice it, and to ask why she inquired. But it never occurred to me. Now, would it to you?"

"Not for a moment."

"And I was not to blame, was I?"

"Not in the least."

"Well, it is a good thing now that it is off your mind," continued Miss Appleby, in a summing-up, judicial tone; "and as you have given her warning —"

"Oh, but it is not off my mind at all. You see I did not take in what Mrs. Burrble meant, when she asked, 'Are you keeping on Sarah?' What was I to say? Of course I *was* keeping on Sarah. So now Sarah says —"

"Young ladies, young ladies, where are your manners?" Never had human voice sounded more musical in the ears of the unfortunate Marion Appleby than Lady Matilda's did now. "Fie, both of you! usurping one another in this way," con-

tinued the hostess, with the most delightful reproach. "Fie! get up; split into two; instantly. I really wondered how long this was going on," she proceeded, looking from one to the other as they stood up at her command, "and at last I saw something must be done. Look over there."

Over there accordingly the culprits looked, and indeed what they beheld justified Matilda's complaint. Lord Overton, Mr. Challoner, Robert, and Teddy were all silently drinking coffee, having apparently exhausted every single thing they had to say to each other before they left the dining-room. Whewell was more lucky, but still only relatively lucky: he had the resource of the china ornaments on the mantelpiece and Juliet Appleby; but even he was less lively than before, while there was no doubt that the other quartet felt themselves, if not aggrieved, at least unwanted, unneeded, superfluous.

As soon, however, as it was seen that the ladies were no longer too deeply engaged for intrusion, they were approached on all sides, — the two Overtons, elder and younger, with one accord addressing the ever-pliant, accommodating Marion Appleby, who was always ready to listen, and never had much to say; while Mr. Challoner, apparently impelled by a sense of duty, made an opening observation to Mrs. Hanwell, and Matilda herself was left to her son-in-law.

Well, she could not help it; she had meant, had certainly meant, to take that opportunity for making amends to Challoner, and she would undoubtedly have preferred him, even him, to Robert; but he had begun with Lotta, and so there was an end of it. No one could say it was her fault. Still it was the hour for sacrifice, so if balked in one direction she would strike out in another; she would make the best of the bad bargain the fates had given her for the nonce; and accordingly, —

"I am having new covers in my boudoir, Robert."

"Indeed? Are the old ones worn out, then?"

"Worn to rags. But I dare say I should have had them still, if Teddy had not let fall a bottle of ink, and it went all over the sofa cushions and all, last week. Perhaps on the whole it was the best thing he could have done."

"You are a philosopher, Lady Matilda." The effects of a good dinner and a pleasant after-dinner were not without their effect on Mr. Hanwell; he found Lady

Matilda more sensible than usual. "And what are the new covers like?" he inquired with interest.

"Really not very unlike the old ones. You may not discover any difference; I should not be surprised if they never catch your eye at all, unless you remember my having told you."

"And why did you get them so much alike? For the sake of the rest of the furniture, I suppose? It is really an important matter when you begin to alter furniture," — he was a great man for furniture, — "and I suppose you had to suit your carpet and curtains? Or have you new curtains?"

"Well, yes, I have. I did not need them a bit, and I don't know why I got them, but there they are."

"And where did you go?"

"I had patterns down from several places, but one little man in Tottenham Court Road sent by far the best. Two or three of them would have done. If you and Lotta are in want of any more things, I advise you to try there; I am sure he is cheap, and I have kept the address. Those girls want it too," looking at the Miss Applebys.

"Are they furnishing, then?"

"They are talking of doing up their drawing-room. Between ourselves, I doubt the result; four or five people all suggesting, and scheming, and plotting, and planning — to say nothing of quarrelling and sulking over it — is too much. They will come to grief sooner or later, you may depend upon it, and already there are rumors of dissension afloat. I fancy 'papa' does not see any reason for doing it at all; papas never do, you know."

"Exactly: they never do. My father was most unwilling to make any changes at the old house, I remember," observed Robert, sitting slowly and heavily down on a low chair beside her, "oh, heavens, this was more than she had bargained for!) "and it was some time before we could get the old gentleman to acknowledge that there was anything of the kind needed." One of the floors was actually giving way; and when the library carpet was taken up," continued he, stretching out his legs comfortably in front — "when the old green carpet was up that had been down for thirty years, I believe you could see daylight through it! Oh, there were holes in a number of the carpets."

"They were not visible holes, then," replied Lady Matilda graciously; "invisible to me, at any rate. I saw nothing but what was the picture of comfort and

— and" (again that word "respectable" in her mind, and again it would not do) — "and everything. But with such good rooms," proceeded the speaker hastily — "with such first-rate rooms as they have at your father's, it is easy to make them look well. I was never in a better planned house in my life."

"Well, really" (he hardly knew what to do under such amiable treatment), "really, you — ah — you are very kind to say so. And it is tolerable in its way; not like this, of course, not to be compared to Overton; but it is certainly a good, old-fashioned building, dry and wholesome. And when are you thinking of going over again, Lady Matilda? They will be most happy, you know. We propose taking baby the end of next week, and stopping over Sunday — Lotta perhaps longer; certainly they will try to keep her longer, — she is a great favorite with them all, and I may leave her for a week or so if she wishes it. I must come back myself. We begin our new stables on Monday week, and I must be on the spot while it is being done. Besides the chance of blunders, I always make a point of being at home when the workmen are about. You never know what they may be up to. And then we have at present no very good place for keeping our silver. How do you do about your silver here? Have you a safe?"

"Yes — no. At least I don't know, — I suppose so. I never thought about it." She was not quite sure that she knew what a safe was, but had discretion enough to keep her ignorance to herself.

"Well, I have almost made up my mind to have one," proceeded Robert, "and I will tell you where I mean to place it. I have my own ideas on the subject. There is a little cupboard that opens out of the hall, pretty far back, underneath the staircase, just beyond where the coat-stand is —"

"I know — I know." Her tone meant, "Stop that, at any rate," but happily he was insensible to it.

"You know? Well, that little cupboard is pretty well hidden, and it goes pretty far back. A safe could be fitted in at the back, and made fast either to the wall behind, or to the floor — either would do. I am not sure which would be best. Which should you say?"

"I should consult the man who comes to put it up."

"Oh, I never do that," — he shook his head emphatically. "No, no, Lady Matilda, I know better than to do that. I

have my own ideas about things, and I generally find they are correct. I do not want to boast, but really I have hardly ever—I may almost say never—had to repent when I have taken a thing into my own hands.”

She sighed, but she had to endure: for fully half an hour did he run thus smoothly on; and as every one else either was, or was obliged to appear to be, equally agreeably engaged, she had no pretext for rising, and no hope of deliverance.

At length, however, came a break. One voice dropped off after another, more than one eye was directed to her, and she could with all propriety herself respond to the general mute appeal for a change of scene.

“We were to have some music?” suggested Whewell, approaching. “May we hope, Lady Matilda——”

She rose smiling.

“Let him sing alone,” said Robert in a low voice. “He can; and he can play for himself too.” Whewell had gone to open the instrument. “I think,” continued Robert, with what was for him a great effort of moderation,—“I think, perhaps, Lady Matilda, you have not noticed that Challoner—ah—I fancy he would like if you would speak to him a little. And I think you would be pleased with him,—I really do. Quite so,—I mean if you have the opportunity,” in reply to a hesitating glance towards the piano. “I understand: it will do by-and-by—quite well, by-and-by.”

Well, she would, by-and-by. Robert had a show of reason on his side; and however dull and uninteresting his friend might be, it was true that, for her own sake, she ought not to be rude to any one. And then Juliet had said that Challoner had been looking at her. Certainly she would do something, if it were ever so little, for him—by-and-by.

But, alas! by-and-by was long in coming. One song succeeded another, and Whewell found each more charming than the last. He did not sing with her, having found out, with his native quickness of perception, that she would prefer going her own way unmolested, and that the few notes he threw in once or twice had only resulted in confusion; he had put her out, and a thousand apologies could not put her in again. He promised in future to abstain; but to sing with him for an auditor, for an enthusiastic, demonstrative auditor, was pleasant enough—so pleasant, indeed, that time drew on,

and there was no appearance of an end to it.

It was not that Challoner was forgotten,—it was that she could not be troubled with him. And, after all, why should she be? She thought—as soon as the effect of Robert’s leniency had worn off a little—she thought Mr. Challoner did well enough without notice. It appeared to be all one to him where he was, or what he was doing; and looking at him, as he and Overton sat together at the far end of the room, with evidently quite a fellow-feeling of comfort and repose in obscurity, she vowed it would be a pity, altogether a pity, to unsettle the minds of either.

Now Whewell was different: Whewell could not be happy unless he were in the front of everything: whatever was the order of the day, he must have a part in it, and could perform that part well; and such being the case, it was a pleasure to do anything for him. But if a man has no discernment, sees no difference, and would as soon be at the bottom as at the top—why, leave him at the bottom.

At length, however, Whewell had implored, and praised, and thanked, and flattered, until it seemed as though nothing else were left to be said or looked. It grew late. “I believe I ought to see after people,” said Matilda, rising. “Juliet, take my place; and you, who accompany so much better than I do, play this for Mr. Whewell.”

Thus she was free, and now surely was Challoner’s time come! But no. Unfortunately no one but Matilda herself knew what Matilda meant to do, and two at least of the party were ill enough pleased with what she had already done. Neither of these was Lord Overton—he was happy enough: he thought the evening had gone off well—better than he had expected; and that as every one was doing as he or she liked best, all was right. Whewell he considered was a noisy fellow, but noisy fellows were of use sometimes, and it was lively to hear the piano going. For himself, he liked Challoner better, infinitely better; but Challoner could not help things off as Whewell did; and anyway the dull dinner-party would soon be over, and he hoped Matilda would not soon think it necessary to give another. Here was Matilda coming; and had Matilda come, had she got his length and accosted him, she would have been received with his usual smile. But an angry voice stopped her midway.

“You have come at last,” said Teddy,

in her ear. "And time you did, I should say. You and Juliet have behaved nicely to the rest of us," — for Juliet had not shown that sense of desolation which he had expected on seeing him turned into her sister's cavalier for the evening. "She is going on with that ape, Whewell, with a vengeance. And so were you. And you treat that other one, as nice a fellow as ever lived, as if he were a dog."

"I do nothing of the kind: I don't know what you mean."

"He has sat in that chair ever since we came in from dinner, and nobody has gone near him but Lotta."

"Overton is sitting by him now."

"What's Overton? I don't believe he has said ten words since he came in. And Juliet too. Tell you what, Robert says —"

"What do I care for Robert? Let him say anything."

"He is as savage with you as ever he can be."

"Savage! How absurd you are!" cried Matilda, but still under her breath, though with a movement of the shoulder which carried its own emphasis. "Let Robert mind his own business. It is not for him to dictate to me; I can judge for myself, I should hope." And not a syllable would she speak to Challoner after that.

"The carriage is here," said Lotta at last. "Good-bye, mamma; we must not stop a minute, as it is raining. My cloak is down-stairs, thank you. It is in the library." And the next thing was the cold touch of a limp and indignant hand, as Robert, no longer under the influence of dinner and claret, followed his wife out into the hall.

From The Contemporary Review.
LITERARY FORGERIES.

IN the whole amusing history of impostures, there is no more diverting chapter than that which deals with literary frauds. None contains a more grotesque revelation of the smallness and the complexity of human nature, and none — not even the records of the Tichborne trial, and its results — reveals more pleasantly the depths of mortal credulity. The literary forger is usually a clever man, and it is necessary for him to be at least on a level with the literary knowledge and critical science of his time. But how low that level commonly appears to be! Think of the suc-

cess of Ireland, a boy of eighteen; think of Chatterton; think of Surtees of Mainsforth, who took in the great magician himself, the father of all them that are skilled in ballad lore. How simple were the artifices of these ingenious impostors, their resources how scanty; how hand-to-mouth and improvised was their whole procedure! Times have altered a little. Jo Smith's revelation and famed "Golden Bible" only carried captive the polygamous *populus qui vult decipi*, reasoners a little lower than even the believers in Anglo-Israel. The Moabite Ireland, who lately gave Mr. Shapira the famous MS. of Deuteronomy, but did not delude M. Clermont Ganneau, was doubtless a smart man; he was, however, a little too indolent, a little too easily satisfied. He might have procured better and less recognizable materials than his old "synagogue rolls;" in short, he took rather too little trouble, and came to the wrong market. A literary forgery ought first, perhaps, to appeal to the credulous, and only slowly should it come with the prestige of having already won many believers before the learned world. The inscriber of the Phœnician inscriptions in Brazil (of all places) was a clever man. His account of the voyage of Hiram to South America probably gained some credence in Brazil, while in England it only carried captive Mr. Day, author of "The Pre-historic Use of Iron and Steel." But the Brazilians, from lack of energy, have dropped the subject, and the Phœnician inscriptions of Brazil are less successful, after all, than the Moabite stone, about which one begins to entertain disagreeable doubts.

The motives of the literary forger are curiously mixed; but they may, perhaps, be analyzed roughly into piety, greed, "push," and love of fun. Many literary forgeries have been pious frauds, perpetrated in the interests of a Church, a priesthood, or a dogma. Then we have fraud of greed, as if, for example, a forger should offer his wares for a million of money to the British Museum; or when he tries to palm off his Samaritan Gospel on the "Bad Samaritan" of the Bodleian. Next we come to playful frauds, or frauds in their origin playful, like (perhaps) the Shakespearian forgeries of Ireland, the *supercheries* of Prosper Mérimée, the sham antique ballads (very spirited poems in their way) of Surtees, and many other examples. Occasionally it has happened that forgeries, begun for the mere sake of exerting the imitative faculty, and of raising a laugh against the learned, have been

persevered with in earnest. The humorous deceptions are, of course, the most pardonable, though it is difficult to forgive the young archæologist who took in his own father with false Greek inscriptions. But this story may be a mere fable amongst archæologists, who are constantly accusing each other of all manner of crimes. There are forgeries by "pushing" men, who hope to get a reading for poems, which if put forth as new would be neglected. There remain forgeries of which the motive is so complex as to remain forever obscure. We may generally ascribe them to love of notoriety in the forger; such notoriety as Macpherson won by his dubious pinchbeck Ossian. More difficult still to understand are the forgeries which real scholars have committed or connived at for the purpose of supporting some opinion which they held with earnestness. There is a vein of madness and self-deceit in the character of the man who half persuades himself that his own false facts are true. The Payne Collier case is thus one of the most difficult in the world to explain, for it is equally hard to suppose that Mr Payne Collier was taken in by the notes on the folio he gave the world, and to hold that he was himself guilty of forgery to support his own opinions.

The further we go back in the history of literary forgeries, the more (as is natural) do we find them to be of a pious or priestly character. When the clergy alone can write, only the clergy can forge. In such ages people are interested chiefly in prophecies and warnings, or, if they are careful about literature, it is only when literature contains some kind of title-deeds. Thus Solon is said to have forged a line in the Homeric catalogue of the ships for the purpose of proving that Salamis belonged to Athens. But the great antique forger, the "Ionian father of the rest," is, doubtless, Onomacritus. There exists, to be sure, an Egyptian inscription professing to be of the fourth, but probably of the twenty-sixth, dynasty. The Germans hold the latter view; the French, from patriotic motives, maintain the opposite opinion. But this forgery is scarcely "literary." I never can think of Onomacritus without a certain respect; he began the forging business so very early, and was (apart from this failing) such an imposing and magnificently respectable character. The scene of the error and the detection of Onomacritus presents itself always to me in a kind of pictorial vision. It is night, the clear,

windless night of Athens, not of the Athens whose ruins remain, but of the ancient city that sank in ashes during the invasion of Xerxes. The time is the time of Pisistratus the successful tyrant, the scene is the ancient temple, the stately house of Athens, the fane where the sacred serpent was fed on cakes, and the primeval olive-tree grew beside the well of Posidon. The darkness of the temple's inmost shrine is lit by the ray of one earthen lamp. You dimly discern the majestic form of a venerable man stooping above a coffer of cedar and ivory, carved with the exploits of the goddess, and with *boustrophedon* inscriptions. In his hair this archaic Athenian wears the badge of the golden grasshopper. You never saw a finer man. He is Onomacritus, the famous poet, and the trusted guardian of the ancient oracles of Musæus and Bacis. What is he doing? Why, he takes from the fragrant cedar coffer certain thin stained sheets of lead, whereon are scratched the words of doom, the prophecies of the Greek Thomas the Rhymer. From his bosom he draws another thin sheet of lead, also stained and corroded. On this he scratches, in imitation of the old "Cadmeian letters," a prophecy that "the isles near Lemnos shall disappear under the sea." So busy is he in this task, that he does not hear the rustle of a chiton behind, and suddenly a man's hand is on his shoulder! Onomacritus turns in horror. Has the goddess punished him for tampering with the oracles? No; it is Lasus, the son of Hermiones, a rival poet, who has caught the keeper of the oracles in the very act of a pious forgery (Herodotus vii. 6). Pisistratus expelled the learned Onomacritus from Athens, but his conduct proved, in the long run, highly profitable to the reputations of Musæus and Bacis. Whenever their oracles were not fulfilled, people said, "Oh, that is merely one of the interpolations of Onomacritus!" and the matter was passed over. This Onomacritus is said to have been one of the original editors of Homer under Pisistratus. He lived long, never repented, and, many years later, deceived Xerxes into attempting his disastrous expedition. This he did by "keeping back the oracles unfavorable to the barbarians," and putting forward any that seemed favorable. The children of Pisistratus believed in him, as Spiritualists go on giving credit to exposed and exploded "mediums."

Having once practised deceit, it is to be feared that Onomacritus acquired a liking for the practice of literary forgery,

which, as will be seen in the case of Ireland, grows on a man like dram-drinking. Onomacritus is generally charged with the authorship of the poems which the ancients usually attributed to Orpheus, the companion of Jason. Perhaps the most interesting of the poems of Orpheus to us would have been his "Inferno," or *Katá βασίς ἐς ᾍδου* in which the poet gave his own account of his descent to Hades in search of Eurydice. But only a dubious reference to one adventure in the journey is quoted by Plutarch. Whatever the exact truth about the Orphic poems may be (the reader may pursue the hard and fruitless quest in Lobeck's "Aglaophanus"), it seems certain that the period between Pisistratus and Pericles, like the Alexandrian time, was a great age for literary forgeries. But of all these frauds the greatest (according to the most "advanced" theory on the subject) is the forgery of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*! The opinions of the scholars who hold that the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* which we know and which Plato knew, are not the epics known to Herodotus, but later compositions, are not very clear nor consistent. But it seems to be vaguely held that about the time of Pericles there arose a kind of Greek Macpherson. This ingenious impostor worked on old epic materials, but added many new ideas of his own about the gods, converting the *Iliad* (the poem which we now possess) into a kind of mocking romance, a Greek "Don Quixote." He also forged a number of pseudo-archaic words, tenses, and expressions, and added the numerous references to iron, a metal practically unknown, it is asserted, to Greece before the sixth century. If we are to believe, with Professor Paley, that the chief incidents of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* were unknown to Sophocles, Æschylus, and the contemporary vase-painters, we must also suppose that the Greek Macpherson invented most of the situations in the *Odyssey* and *Iliad*. According to this theory the "cooker" of the extant epics was far the greatest and most successful of all literary impostors, for he deceived the whole world, from Plato downwards, till he was exposed by Mr. Paley. There are times when one is inclined to believe that Plato must have been the forger himself, as Bacon (according to the other hypothesis) was the author of Shakespeare's plays. Thus "Plato the wise, and large-browed Verulam," would be "the first of those who" forge! Next to this prodigious imposture, no doubt, the false "Letters of Phalaris" are the

most important of classical forgeries. And these illustrate, like most literary forgeries, the extreme worthlessness of literary taste as a criterion of the authenticity of writings. For what man ever was more a man of taste than Sir William Temple, "the most accomplished writer of the age," whom Mr. Boyle never thought of without calling to mind those happy lines of Lucretius,

Quem tu, dea, tempore in omni
Omnibus ornatum voluisti excellere rebus.

Well, the ornate and excellent Temple held that "the epistles of Phalaris have more race, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others he had ever seen, either ancient or modern." So much for what Bentley calls Temple's "nicety of tast." The greatest of English scholars readily proved that Phalaris used (in the spirit of prophecy) an idiom which did not exist to write about matters in his time not invented, but "many centuries younger than he." So let the nicety of Temple's "tast" and its absolute failure be a warning to us when we read (if read we must) German critics who deny Homer's claim to this or that passage, and Plato's right to half his accepted dialogues, on grounds of literary taste. And farewell, as Herodotus would have said, to the letters of Phalaris, of Socrates, of Plato; to the lives of Pythagoras and of Homer, and to all the other uncounted literary forgeries of the classical world, from the Sibylline prophecies to the battle of the frogs and mice.

Early Christian forgeries were, naturally, pious. We have the apocryphal Gospels, and the works of Dionysius the Areopagite, which were not exposed till Erasmus's time. Perhaps the most important of pious forgeries (if forgery be exactly the right word in this case), was that of the False Decretals. "On a sudden," says Milman, speaking of the pontificate of Nicholas I. (ob. 867 A.D.), "Of a sudden was promulgated, unannounced, without preparation, not absolutely unquestioned, but apparently over-awing at once all doubt, a new code, which to the former authentic documents added fifty-nine letters and decrees of the twenty oldest popes from Clement to Melchiades, and the donation of Constantine, and in the third part, among the decrees of the popes and of the councils from Sylvester to Gregory II., thirty-nine false decrees, and the acts of several unauthentic councils." "The whole is composed," Milman adds, "with an air of profound piety and

reverence." The False Decretals naturally assert the supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. "They are full and minute on Church property" (they were sure to be that); in fact, they remind one of another forgery, pious and Aryan, the "Institutes of Vishnu." "Let him not levy any tax upon Brahmans," says the Brahman forger of the Institutes, which "came from the mouths of Vishnu," as he sat "clad in a yellow robe, imperturbable, decorated with all kinds of gems, while Lakshmi was stroking his feet with her soft palms." The Institutes took excellent care of Brahmans and cows, as the Decretals did of the pope and the clergy, and the earliest popes had about as much hand in the Decretals as Vishnu had in his Institutes. Hommenay, in "Pantagruel," did well to have the praise of the Decretals sung by *filles belles, blondelettes, doucelettes et de bonne grace*. And then Hommenay drank to the Decretals and their very good health. "O dives Décretals, tant par vous est le vin bon bon trouvé" — "Oh, divine Decretals, how good you make good wine taste!" "The miracle would be greater," said Pantagruel, "if they made bad wine taste good." The most that can now be done by the devout for the Decretals is "to palliate the guilt of their forger," whose name, like that of the Greek Macpherson, is unknown.

If the early Christian centuries, and the Middle Ages, were chiefly occupied with pious frauds, with forgeries of Gospels, Epistles, and Decretals, the impostors of the Renaissance were busy with classical imitations. After the Turks took Constantinople, when the learned Greeks were scattered all over southern Europe, when many genuine classical MSS. were recovered by the zeal of scholars, when the plays of Menander were seen once, and then lost forever, it was natural that literary forgery should thrive. As yet scholars were eager rather than critical; they were collecting and unearthing, rather than minutely examining the remains of classic literature. They had found so much, and every year were finding so much more, that no discovery seemed impossible. The lost books of Livy and Cicero, the songs of Sappho, the perished plays of Sophocles and Æschylus might any day be brought to light. This was the very moment for the literary forger; but it is improbable that any forgery of the period has escaped detection. Three or four years ago some one published a book to show that the "Annals" of Tacitus were written by Poggio Bracciolini.

This paradox gained no more converts than the bolder hypothesis of Hardouin. The theory of Hardouin was that all the ancient classics were productions of a learned company which worked, in the thirteenth century, under Severus Archontius. Hardouin made some exception to his sweeping general theory. Cicero's writings were genuine, he admitted, so were Pliny's, of Virgil the *Georgics*; the satires and epistles of Horace, Herodotus, and Homer. All the rest of the classics were a magnificent forgery of the illiterate thirteenth century, which had scarce any Greek, and whose Latin, abundant in quantity, in quality left much to be desired.

Among literary forgers, or passers of false literary coin, at the time of the Renaissance, Annius is the most notorious. Annius (his real vernacular name was Nanni), was born at Viterbo, in 1432. He became a Dominican, and (after publishing his forged classics) rose to the position of *maître du palais* to the pope, Alexander Borgia. With Cæsar Borgia, it is said that Annius was never on good terms. He persisted in preaching "the sacred truth" to his Highness, and this (according to the detractors of Annius) was the only use he had for the sacred truth. There is a legend that Cæsar Borgia poisoned the preacher (1502), but people usually brought that charge against Cæsar when any one in any way connected with him happened to die. Annius wrote on the history and empire of the Turks, who took Constantinople in his time; but he is better remembered by his "Antiquitatum Variarum Volumina XVII. cum comment. Fr. Jo. Annii." These fragments of antiquity included, among many other desirable things, the historical writings of Fabius Pictor, the predecessor of Livy. One is surprised that Annius, when he had his hand in, did not publish choice extracts from the "Libri Lintei," the ancient Roman annals, written on linen, and preserved in the temple of Juno Moneta. Among the other discoveries of Annius were treatises by Berosus, Manetho, Cato, and poems by Archilochus. Opinion has been divided as to whether Annius was wholly a knave, or whether he was himself imposed upon. Or, again, whether he had some genuine fragments, and eked them out with his own inventions. It is observed that he did not dovetail the really genuine relics of Berosus and Manetho into the works attributed to them. This may be explained as the result of ignorance or of cunning; there can be no

certain inference. "Even the Dominicans," as Bayle says, admit that Annii's discoveries are false, though they excuse them by averring that the pious man was the dupe of others. But a learned Lutheran has been found to defend the "Antiquitates" of the Dominican.

It is amusing to remember that the great and erudite Rabelais was taken in by some pseudo-classical fragments. The joker of jokes was hoaxed. He published, says Mr. Besant, "a couple of Latin forgeries, which he proudly called 'Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis,' consisting of a pretended will and a contract." The name of the book is "Ex reliquiis venerandæ antiquitatis. Lucci Cuspидii Testamentum. Item contractus venditionis antiquis Romanorum temporibus initus. *Lugduni apud Gryphium* (pet. in 8°)." Pomponius Lætus and Jovianus Pontanus were apparently authors of the hoax.

Socrates said that he "would never lift up his hand against his father Parmenides." The fathers of the Church have not been so respectfully treated by literary forgers during the Renaissance. The "Flowers of Theology" of St. Bernard, which were to be a primrose path *ad gaudia Paradisi* (Strasburg, 1478), were really, it seems, the production of Jean de Garlande. Athanasius, his "Eleven Books concerning the Trinity," are attributed to Vigilius, a colonial bishop in northern Africa. Among false classics were two comic Latin fragments with which Muretus beguiled Scaliger. Meursius has suffered, posthumously, from the attribution to him of a very disreputable volume indeed. In 1583, a book on "Consolations," by Cicero, was published at Venice, containing the reflections with which Cicero consoled himself for the death of Tullia. It might as well have been attributed to Mrs. Blimber, and described as replete with the thoughts with which that lady supported herself under the affliction of never having seen Cicero or his Tusculan villa. The real author was Charles Sigonius, of Modena. Sigonius really did discover some Ciceronian fragments, and, if he was not the builder, at least he was the restorer of Tully's lofty theme. In 1693, François Nodot, conceiving the world had not already enough of Petronius Arbiter, published an edition, in which he added to the works of that lax though accomplished author. Nodot's story was that he had found a whole MS. of Petrarch, at Belgrade, and he published it with a translation of his own Latin into French. Still dissatisfied with the existing supply

of Petronius's humor was Marchena, a writer of Spanish books, who printed at Bâle a translation and edition of a new fragment. This fragment was very cleverly inserted in a presumed *lacuna*. In spite of the ironical style of the preface many scholars were taken in by this fragment, and their credulity led Marchena to find a new fragment (of Catullus this time) at Herculaneum. Eichstadt, a Jena professor, gravely announced that the same fragment existed in a MS. in the university library, and, under pretence of giving various readings, corrected Marchena's faults in prosody. Another sham Catullus, by Corradino, a Venetian, was published in 1738.

The most famous forgeries of the eighteenth century were those of Macpherson, Chatterton, and Ireland. Space (fortunately) does not permit a discussion of the Ossianic question. That fragments of Ossianic legend (if not of Ossianic poetry) survive in oral Gaelic traditions, seems certain. How much Macpherson knew of these, and how little he used them in the bombastic prose which Napoleon loved (and spelled "Ocean") it is next to impossible to discover. The case of Chatterton is too well known to need much more than mention. The most extraordinary poet for his years who ever lived, began with the forgery of a sham feudal pedigree for Mr. Bergum, a pewterer. Ireland started on his career in much the same way, unless Ireland's "Confessions" be themselves a fraud, based on what he knew about Chatterton. Once launched in his career, Chatterton drew endless stores of poetry from "Rowley's MS.," and the muniment chest in St. Mary Redcliffe's. Jacob Bryant believed in them and wrote an "Apology" for the credulous. Bryant, who believed in his own system of mythology, might have believed in anything. When Chatterton sent his "discoveries" to Walpole (himself somewhat of a mediæval imitator), Gray and Mason detected the imposture, and Walpole, his feelings as an antiquary injured, took no more notice of the boy. Chatterton's death was due to his precocity. Had his genius come to him later, it would have found him wiser, and better able to command the fatal demon of intellect, for which he had to find work, like Michael Scott in the legend.

The end of the eighteenth century, which had been puzzled or diverted by the Chatterton and Macpherson frauds, witnessed also the great and famous Shakespearian forgeries. We shall never

know the exact truth about the fabrication of the Shakespearian documents, and "Vortigern" and the other plays. We have, indeed, the confession of the culprit: *habemus confitentem reum*, but Mr. W. H. Ireland was a liar and a solicitor's clerk, so versatile and accomplished that we cannot always believe him, even when he is narrating the tale of his own iniquities. The temporary but wide and turbulent success of the Ireland forgeries suggests the disagreeable reflection that criticism and learning are (or, a hundred years ago were) worth very little as literary touchstones. A polished and learned society, a society devoted to Shakespeare and to the stage, was taken in by a boy of eighteen. Young Ireland not only palmed off his sham documents, most makeshift imitations of the antique, but even his ridiculous verse on the experts. James Boswell went down on his knees and thanked heaven for the sight of them, and feeling thirsty after these devotions, drank hot brandy and water. Dr. Parr was as readily gulled, and probably the experts, like Malone, who held aloof, were as much influenced by jealousy as by science. The whole story of young Ireland's forgeries is not only too long to be told here, but forms the topic of a novel ("The Talk of the Town") on which Mr. James Payn is at present engaged. The frauds are not likely in his hands to lose either their humor or their complicated interest of plot. To be brief, then, Mr. Samuel Ireland was a gentleman extremely fond of old literature and old books. If we may trust the "Confessions" (1805) of his candid son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, a more harmless and confiding old person than Samuel never collected early English tracts. Living in his learned society, his son, Mr. W. H. Ireland, acquired not only a passion for black letters, but a desire to emulate Chatterton. His first step in guilt was the forgery of an autograph on an old pamphlet, with which he gratified Samuel Ireland. He also wrote a sham inscription on a modern bust of Cromwell, which he represented as an authentic antique. Finding that the critics were taken in, and attributed this new bust to the old sculptor Simon, Ireland conceived a very low and not unjustifiable opinion of critical tact. Critics would find merit in anything which seemed old enough. Ireland's next achievement was the forgery of some legal documents concerning Shakespeare. Just as the bad man who deceived the guileless Mr. Shapira, forged his Deuteronomy on the blank spaces of old syna-

gogue rolls, so young Ireland used the cut-off ends of old rent rolls. He next brought up quantities of old fly-leaves of books, and on this ancient paper he imitated a sham confession of faith, which he attributed to Shakespeare. Being a strong "Evangelical," young Mr. Ireland gave a very Protestant complexion to this edifying document. And still the critics gaped and wondered and believed. Ireland's method was to write in an ink made by blending various liquids used in the marbling of paper for bookbinding. This stuff was supplied to him by a bookbinder's apprentice. When people asked questions as to whence all the new Shakespeare manuscripts came, he said they were presented to him by a gentleman who wished to remain anonymous. Finally, the impossibility of producing this gentleman was one of the causes of the detection of the fraud. According to himself, Ireland performed prodigies of acuteness. Once he had forged, at random, the name of a contemporary of Shakespeare. He was confronted with a genuine signature, which, of course, was quite different. He obtained leave to consult his "anonymous gentleman," rushed home, forged the name on the model of what had been shown to him, and returned with this signature as a new gift from his benefactor. That nameless friend had informed him that there were two persons of the same name, and that both signatures were genuine. Ireland's impudence went the length of introducing an ancestor of his own, with the same name as himself, among the companions of Shakespeare. If "Vortigern" had succeeded (and it was actually put on the stage with all possible pomp), Ireland meant to have produced a series of pseudo-Shakespearian plays from William the Conqueror to Queen Elizabeth. When busy with "Vortigern," he was detected by a friend of his own age, who pounced on him while he was at work, as Lasus pounced on Onomacritus. The discoverer, however, consented to "stand in" with Ireland, and did not divulge his secret. At last, after the fiasco of "Vortigern," suspicion waxed so strong, and disagreeable inquiries for the anonymous benefactor were so numerous, that Ireland fled from his father's house. He confessed all, and, according to his own account, fell under the undying wrath of Samuel Ireland. Any reader of Ireland's confessions will be likely to sympathize with old Samuel as the dupe of his son. The whole story is told with a curious mixture of impudence and humor, and

with great plausibility. Young Ireland admits that his "desire for laughter" was almost irresistible, when people — learned, pompous, sagacious people — listened attentively to the papers. One feels half inclined to forgive the rogue for the sake of his youth, his cleverness, his humor. But the confessions are, not improbably, almost as apocryphal as the original documents. They were written for the sake of money, and it is impossible to say how far the same mercenary motive actuated Ireland in his forgeries. Dr. Ingleby, in his "Shakespeare Fabrications," takes a very rigid view of the conduct, not only of William, but of old Samuel Ireland. Sam, according to Dr. Ingleby, was a partner in the whole imposture, and the "Confession" was only one element in the scheme of fraud. Old Samuel was the Fagan of a band of young literary Dodgers. He "positively trained his whole family to trade in forgery," and as for Mr. W. H. Ireland, he was "the most accomplished liar that ever lived," which is certainly a distinction in its way. The point of the joke is that, after the whole conspiracy exploded, people were anxious to buy examples of the forgeries. Mr. W. H. Ireland was equal to the occasion. He actually forged his own, or (according to Dr. Ingleby) his father's forgeries, and, by thus increasing the supply, he deluged the market with sham shams, with imitations of imitations. If this accusation be correct, it is impossible not to admire the colossal impudence of Mr. W. H. Ireland. Dr. Ingleby, in the ardor of his honest indignation, pursues William into his private life, which, it appears, was far from exemplary. But literary criticism should be content with a man's works, his domestic life is matter, as Aristotle often says, "for a separate kind of investigation." Old Ritson used to say that "every literary impostor deserved hanging as much as a common thief." W. H. Ireland's merits were never recognized by the law.

How old Ritson would have punished "the old corrector," it is "better only guessing," as the wicked say, according to Clough, in regard to their own possible chastisement. The difficulty is to ascertain who the apocryphal old corrector really was. The story of his misdeeds was recently brought back to mind by the death, at an advanced age, of the learned Shakespearian, Mr. J. Payne Collier. Mr. Collier was, to put it mildly, the Shapira of the old corrector. He brought that artist's works before the public; but *why?*

how deceived or how influenced it is once more "better only guessing." Mr. Collier first brought to the public notice his singular copy of a folio Shakespeare (second edition) loaded with ancient manuscript emendations, in 1849. Mr. Collier's account of this book was simple and plausible. He chanced, one day, to be in the shop of Mr. Rudd, the bookseller, in Great Newport Street, when a parcel of second-hand volumes arrived from the country. When the parcel was opened, the heart of the bibliophile began to sing, for the packet contained two old folios, one of them an old folio Shakespeare of the second edition (1632). The volume (mark this) was "much cropped," greasy, and imperfect. Now the student of Mr. Hamilton's "inquiry" into the whole affair is already puzzled. In later days, Mr. Collier said that his folio had previously been in the possession of a Mr. Parry. On the other hand, Mr. Parry (then a very aged man) failed to recognize his folio in Mr. Collier's, for *his* copy was "cropped," whereas the leaves of Mr. Collier's example were *not* mutilated. Here, then ("Inquiry," pp. 12, 61), we have two descriptions of the outward aspect of Mr. Collier's dubious treasure. In one account it is "much cropped" by the book-binder's cruel shears; in the other, its un mutilated condition is contrasted with that of a copy which has been "cropped." In any case, Mr. Collier hoped, he says, to complete an imperfect folio he possessed, with leaves taken from the folio newly acquired for thirty shillings. But the volumes happened to have the same defects, and the healing process was impossible. Mr. Collier chanced to be going into the country, when in packing the folio he had bought of Rudd, he saw it was covered with manuscript corrections in an old hand. These he was inclined to attribute to one Thomas Perkins, whose name was written on the fly-leaf, and who might have been a connection of Richard Perkins, the actor (*flor.* 1633). The notes contained many various readings, and very numerous changes in punctuation. Some of these Mr. Collier published in his "Notes and Emendations" (1852), and in an edition of the "Plays." There was much discussion, much doubt, and the previous folio of the old corrector (who was presumed to have marked the book in the theatre during early performances) was exhibited to the Society of Antiquaries. Then Mr. Collier presented the treasure to the Duke of Devonshire, who again lent it for examination to the British

Museum. Mr. Hamilton published in the *Times* (July, 1859) the results of his examination of the old corrector. It turned out that the old corrector was a modern myth. He had first made his corrections in pencil, and in a modern hand, and then he had copied them over in ink, and in a forged ancient hand. The same word sometimes recurred in both handwritings. The ink, which looked old, was really no English ink at all, not even Ireland's mixture. It seemed to be sepia, sometimes mixed with a little Indian ink. Mr. Hamilton made many other sad discoveries. He pointed out that Mr. Collier had published, from a Dulwich MS., a letter of Mrs. Alleyne's (the actor's wife), referring to Shakespeare as "Mr. Shakespeare of the Globe." Now the Dulwich MS. was mutilated and blank in the very place where this interesting reference should have occurred. Such is a skeleton history of the old corrector, his works and ways. It is probable that — thanks to his assiduities — new Shakespearian documents will in future be received with extreme scepticism; and this is all the fruit, except acres of newspaper correspondence, which the world has derived from Mr. Collier's greasy and imperfect but unique "corrected folio."

The recency and (to a Shakespearian critic) the importance of these forgeries obscures the humble merit of Surtees, with his ballad of the "Slaying of Antony Featherstonhaugh," and of "Bartram's Dirge." Surtees left clever *lacunæ* in these songs, "collected from oral traditions," and furnished notes so learned that they took in Sir Walter Scott. There are moments when I half suspect "the Shirra himsel" (who forged so many extracts from "old plays") of having composed "Kinmont Willie." To compare old Scott of Satchell's account of Kinmont Willie with the ballad is to feel uncomfortable doubts. But this is a rank impiety. The last ballad forgery of much note was the set of sham Macedonian epics and popular songs (all about Alexander the Great, and other heroes) which a schoolmaster in the Rhodope imposed on M. Verkovich. The trick was not badly done, and the imitation of "ballad slang," was excellent. The "Oera Linda book," too, was successful enough to be translated into English. With this latest effort of the tenth muse, the crafty muse of literary forgery, we may leave a topic which could not be exhausted in a ponderous volume. We have not room even for the forged letters of Shelley, to which Mr.

Browning, being taken in thereby, wrote a preface, nor for the forged letters of Mr. Ruskin, which hoaxed all the newspapers not long ago. Even as we write, the *Academy* has been gulled by a literary fraud in *Blackwood's Magazine*, and the *Spectator* by an American imposition, forged poems. Impostures will not cease while dupes are found among critics.

A. LANG.

From La Nuova Antologia.

J. ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

BY PROF. VILLARI.

SOME years ago Mr. Symonds published three volumes upon our Renaissance, which treated of our political history, of the history of learning and of the fine arts. They were introduced to the Italian public in an appreciative article by Signor E. Masi, in the *Rassegna Settimanale*. The same author has now finished his monumental work with two more volumes, which give us the critical history of Italian literature during the Renaissance. Of these two we desire to give some idea, that a wish to study them may be awakened in Italian readers. An adequate idea of this history cannot be hoped for here. This would make it necessary to examine it part by part, chapter by chapter, discussing all the great authors whom it examines, and all the infinite questions which it suggests; for which there is neither the time nor space necessary. We must therefore content ourselves with a few observations.

First of all it must be remarked, that in these times it is not easy to find a foreigner possessed of Mr. Symonds's ability or knowledge, to treat suitably the subject which these two volumes discuss. He is not only a learned critic but a poet as well; he has an extensive knowledge of our language, and he admires our writers with the enthusiasm of an artist. His verses, most highly praised in England; his translation of the sonnets of Michael Angelo and Campanella, published in 1878; the various translations which he gives in these volumes from our older poets, — all sustain our opinion. He is furthermore acquainted, not only with ancient languages and letters, but with the modern as well. Therefore none of the more recent investigations, made in Italy or elsewhere regarding the history of our language and literature, have escaped him. If to all this we add a knowl-

edge of political history and of the fine arts, during the Renaissance, it will easily be understood what great value and originality must be accorded to his literary opinions.

Hence it is not surprising if Mr. Symonds has succeeded in writing a book extremely useful to the English, and useful also to Italians. The English, who for some time past, have greatly neglected the study of our literature, have now within their reach a means of learning the great researches, the many studies, recently made therein. Italians will perhaps find some subjects treated a little too much at length, some arguments which among ourselves are more known and familiar; but they will nevertheless find the works of our great writers examined and judged by a most competent foreign critic, one who has quite different antecedents, who makes to himself quite other ideals than our own. There are some works, some authors, too often neglected by our critics and historians. On reaching these a foreigner like Mr. Symonds naturally stops to direct attention to them. We sometimes become fixed in certain traditional prejudices, from which we have difficulty in entirely breaking free even after we begin to persuade ourselves that they are erroneous. It is extremely advisable then for us to listen to the voice of one who lives in a different world from ours, who had another intellectual education, and even whose national prejudices (and who is without these?) are different from our own.

The first two chapters discuss briefly the origin of the Italian language and its literature, dwelling principally upon the writers of the fourteenth century. Here the author shows himself to be familiar with the studies and researches of Ascoli, D'Ancona, Bartoli, Carducci, Caix, D'Ovidio, Monaci, and of all our best authorities. He cannot, however, devote sufficient space to this most extensive subject, for he is obliged to hurry on to the main argument of the book. In fact, he begins at the third chapter to speak of Italian literature in the fifteenth century, not being able to occupy himself with the learned men to whom he has already devoted an entire volume. He speaks instead at some length of the various works, which in this period of transition show the efforts made to re-establish the national language upon an honorable footing. Among the rest an exalted position is naturally given to L. B. Alberti. Mr. Symonds speaks of his life, works, and

character, and discusses very minutely the question as to the true authorship of the "Governo della Famiglia," which some ascribe to L. B. Alberti, others to Pandolfini. Prof. Virginio Cortese has recently written ably in favor of the latter, for which Symonds gives him much praise, without, however, being willing as yet to come to a definite conclusion.

An extremely curious book, of which our historians record little more than the name, is also very minutely examined in this chapter: "*Hypnerotomachia Polophili*." It is a sort of odd allegorical romance, written at Treviso by the Dominican Francesco Colonna in 1467, in a Latinized Italian, interspersed from time to time with Greek and Hebrew words. It begins by describing the daybreak, in periods of this description: "Phoebo in quel hora manando, che la fronte di Mantua Lencothea candidava, fora gia dalle oceane unde, le volubile rote sospense non dimostrava. Ma sedulo cum gli suoi volucri caballi Pyroo primo et Eoo alquanto apparendo ad dipingere le lycophe quadrighe della figliola di vermigliante rose, velocissimo insequentila, non dimorava, ecc., ecc." Several times translated, printed with elegance, and illustrated with fine woodcuts, it was much read, but was then totally forgotten, until the Germans and English again gave it their attention. Without literary value, it is an important historical monument, illustrative of the strange mixture of ideas found in the century, and showing to what an extent, except in Tuscany, men of most ordinary learning had pretended to menace the very existence of the Italian language. In this book, says Mr. Symonds, is reflected as in a mirror one side of the first Renaissance. The same has been said in Germany. It would perhaps not be an inopportune moment for us to examine the question more minutely ourselves.

The fourth and fifth chapters contain an ample, minute, and faithful examination of the various forms of popular poetry in the fifteenth century and of the *sacre rappresentazione*. The author naturally avails himself of the works of our best writers, such as Carducci, Bartoli, Raina, D'Ancona, and others, who have made extensive and successful researches on this subject. He is among the first, however, to embody the result of such research in a history of literature.

The sixth and seventh chapters speak of Lorenzo de' Medici, Poliziano, Pulci, Boiardo, and their contemporaries. Here we not only find the ordinary knowledge

of the works of Raina, De Sanctis, Carducci, Zumbini, etc., but Symonds gives, even more than is his wont, his own critical and æsthetic examination of the authors, and indicates his long study of them. His observations in putting into relief the diverse poetic qualities of writers, the real nature of their style, and the true value of their works, are often very acute and new; never second-hand.

The eighth and ninth chapters treat of Ariosto, whose life is told and whose works are examined. The principal part is naturally devoted to the "Orlando Furioso." Mr. Symonds examines it at length, under all its aspects, and makes a series of just and subtle observations, animated by a true enthusiasm for the poetical faculty of the great Ferrarese. He declares him to be an incomparable painter, and shows, by many and well-selected examples, the inexhaustible wealth of his palette. "Ariosto," he says, "while he is obliged by his subject to treat the same situations — in duels, battles, storms, love-passages — never repeats himself. A fresh image has passed across the camera obscura of his brain, and has been copied in its salient features. . . . Externally a child's story-book, it is internally a mine of worldly wisdom; the product of a sane and vigorous intellect. . . . His knowledge of the actions, motives, passions, and characters of men is concrete. . . . Sometimes he condenses his philosophy of life in short essays that form prefaces to cantos, introducing us as through a shapely vestibule into the enchanted palace of his narrative. . . . The merit of these discourses does not consist in their profundity so much as in their truth" (vol. ii., pp. 17-23). These are not simply assertions of the critic, for he demonstrates them by examples, by citations, quoting the octaves of Ariosto.

The tenth chapter treats of the *novelle*, whose value, literary, social, and historical, is examined. The author never loses sight of the fact that the principal aim of his work is this: to arrive by an examination of Italian politics, arts, and literature at a true knowledge of the spirit and value of the Renaissance. The eleventh chapter discourses of the origin of our theatre, accounts for the few tragedies, the many comedies, written during that time, seeking for the reasons why we had no truly national theatre.

For the creation of a national drama, according to Symonds, three conditions are required which were accorded to Greece and to England, denied to Italy.

"First is a free and sympathetic public, not made up of courtiers and scholars, but of men of all classes, — a public, representative of the whole nation, with whom the playwright shall feel himself in close *rapproch*. The second is a centre of social life, an Athens, a Paris, or a London, where the heart of the nation beats, and where its brain is ever active. The third is a perturbation of the race in some great effort, like the Persian war or the struggle of the Reformation, which unites the people in a common consciousness of heroism. . . . But in Italy there was no public, no metropolis, no agitation of the people in successful combat with antagonistic force. The educated classes were, indeed, conscious of intellectual unity; but they had no meeting-point in any city, where they might have developed the theatre upon the only principles then possible, the principles of erudition. And what was worse, there existed no enthusiasms, moral, religious, or political, from which a drama could arise" (vol. ii., pp. 112-114).

Here the author stops to speak of Italian corruption, and tries to show that the true sentiment of tragedy is denied to the Italian genius because it takes life too lightly, too superficially. It may be "pathetic, graceful, polished, elevated, touching, witty, humorous, reflective, radiant, inventive, fanciful — everything but stern, impassioned, tragic in the true heroic sense" (vol. ii., p. 114).

This question is too large to be fully examined here. We shall return after a little to the last observation, which the author repeats elsewhere. We permit ourselves only to remark that if the Italian genius were really by its own nature denied the dramatic talent, it does not seem to us that any other explanations are necessary to throw light upon the reasons why we have no national theatre. We do not know that it can be said that Italy had no great intellectual and national centre, no *meeting-point*. Rome and Florence were great centres. In Florence a literature was created which irradiated all the nation. There was one moment in which she seemed the intellectual centre of Italy and of Europe, a point of light which illuminated the world. If, as Mr. Symonds says, erudition was the only principle upon which the theatre could then have been founded in Italy, would not this be one of the reasons it did not at that time succeed in becoming national and spontaneous? But it is useless to discuss so important a question

when there is not space to treat it amply.

The twelfth and thirteenth chapters discourse of the pastoral and didactic poetry of many of the sixteenth-century writers, such as Casa, Castiglione, Bembo, and others, whom Mr. Symonds calls purists.

The fourteenth chapter sets forth at some length the history of our burlesque poetry, dwelling particularly upon Berni, whose comic genius, great spontaneity and mastery of language are placed in strong light. There is besides an ample essay on maccaronic poetry and upon Folengo, whose value is determined and the nature of whose poetry is defined with precision. The best of all the chapters is perhaps that which follows, upon Pietro Aretino. Even after what has been written of him in France, after what among ourselves has been written by De Sanctis, it is a very great pleasure to read the spontaneous, vivacious, eloquent pages of Mr. Symonds. He describes the detestable and worthless character of this "condottiere of the pen," as he justly calls him. He relates his adventurous life, places him in the midst of the Italian society of that time, in the courts of foreign princes, and shows us how he was admired, flattered, courted, feared, and detested by all. He dwells upon the defects, the immorality of his works and their very great popularity. He explains these strange phenomena, showing how Aretino was in many respects in harmony with the society in which he lived, how he had a true, a great love of art, and left his own impress upon his style. The declared enemy of all pedantry, he wished to write as he spoke, and thus attained a singular spontaneity which contrasted with the Ciceronian imitations of many sixteenth-century writers, and which, united to a singular fecundity, was the cause of his great literary success, and gave him a never-to-be-forgotten place among the men of his time.

The sixteenth chapter, which is next to the last, and does not seem to us to be among the most successful, treats of the historians and philosophers. Here the author is confronted by a very serious difficulty. He had spoken at length of Guicciardini and Machiavelli, who have so important a place in sixteenth-century literature, as well as of many other historians, in his volume upon our political history. To be silent in regard to them now was not possible, neither was it possible to speak of them without repetition. Hence it was necessary to resort to the

expedient of completing what he had said of them in another place, and to dwell here, on the other hand, rather upon the philosophers of the Renaissance. In this way the chapter upon the historians and philosophers was composed, in which the author speaks at length of Pamponaccio, availing himself freely of the work of Prof. Fiorentino, also referring to Bruno, Campanella, and others. But, inasmuch as it is possible to find many connections between the historians and philosophers of the Renaissance, the historians should have had more ample treatment here; the philosophers forming, in any case, a family by themselves and having other antecedents. Besides which, thinkers like Campanella and Bruno bring us down to a later period of our history and literature. The work ends with a recapitulation of Mr. Symonds's ideas in regard to the Renaissance. It seems clear, from what we have already said, that if this history of literature is examined without regard to the preceding volumes of the entire work on the Renaissance, it leaves certain gaps. There is also some criticism to be made of the distribution of the material. The part which treats of the period of *origins*, and of the fourteenth century, is too short if the Renaissance is made to begin with the first dawn of our literature, and too long if it begins with the Latin works of Petrarch. Not to speak of the learned men of the fifteenth century is to suppress an essential link in the chain of facts which constitute this history. The giving of so small a place to the historians and statesmen is another defect; but if we consider that Mr. Symonds had already spoken of these last writers in his volume on our political history, and that he has devoted an entire volume to the learned men, then it will be seen that, reuniting the various parts of the work, nearly all gaps disappear.

It would seem as though the author, in proceeding with his work, had sometimes been obliged to alter his original design. Following it faithfully, he would have been constrained, in these two volumes, to speak only of the Italian literature which flourished after the Humanists, from 1453 to 1527. We have already seen in his volume on the "Fine Arts" the impossibility of his ignoring the older schools and artists. He was then obliged to begin with Giotto in order to reach Michael Angelo, because the various schools were so intimately linked together. Therefore it must be acknowledged that without giving an exact idea of the

fourteenth-century literature it would have been difficult to explain that of the sixteenth. Besides this, the many researches recently made in Italy in regard to the early centuries had given quite a new aspect to our literary history, and these researches were entirely unknown in England. Mr. Symonds was obliged, therefore, to take a retrospective survey. The material arrangement of the book, its external harmony, may have suffered therefrom; but on the other hand its practical value is increased. Mr. Symonds himself recognizes the difficulties he has there been obliged to encounter, and seeks to justify the course he has taken. In the period of *origins*, he says, Italian literature was formed; in that of the Humanists, a new element intervened; from the middle of the fifteenth century to 1530, we have the Golden Age of the Renaissance. These three periods are so intimately connected that it is impossible to appreciate the last without also examining its predecessors. This has induced him slightly to modify his original design. In our opinion he did well to stop at 1530, or a little later, excluding Tasso from what is strictly speaking the Renaissance. The desire to put this poet by the side of Ariosto, as if he belonged to the same school, or at least to the same literary period, has been the cause of many mistaken judgments. Ariosto lived entirely in the serene world of art, in the blessed contemplation of the beautiful, in the midst of the absolute religious indifference of the Renaissance. Tasso, on the contrary, lived when the Reformation, triumphant in Germany, was changing the face of the world, and obliging the Catholic Church to modify and correct itself, and to struggle against the advance of this menacing enemy. He would never have dared to speak of the pope as Ariosto had done, as so many of our writers of the Renaissance did. He was even tormented by persistent religious scruples, which operated not a little as sources of his madness. Such scruples could never have tormented Ariosto.

If we now look at these two volumes as a whole we can only repeat what we said at the outset. The author has a wide knowledge of his subject, and of all that which has been written upon it. He has appreciated that the Italian Renaissance, by virtue of the study of the Greeks and Romans, returned to reality, to nature, to truth, with an exquisite sentiment of the beautiful, above all of the beautiful in plastic art, and thus liberated the

human spirit from all mysticism, from every mediæval, scholastic abstraction, and opened the way to modern thought. Mr. Symonds, being at once critic and artist, has been able to demonstrate all this with much clearness. But here an objection presents itself, which we must consider in order to give a more complete idea of the work. Occupied at length in the study of what he calls the Golden Age of the Renaissance, even though from time to time he does glance at its sources and consequences, Mr. Symonds seems occasionally to forget that it is really but one period of Italian literature and art, and a necessary period also in the history of literature in Europe. The Renaissance seems to him, on the contrary, the complete manifestation of all the characteristics and defects of the Italian mind and character. All that which Italians are, or are capable of becoming, is found in that literature, hence its historical importance. The Italians were never themselves, until they were brought into contact with antiquity. This made the renascence of the classics a national, a patriotic, a dramatic movement. In other countries it would merely have had an antiquarian interest (ii. 505).

Doubtless no one could better accomplish this work than the Italians, and this for the reasons adduced by Mr. Symonds. But the return to the classics was not only a national necessity, it was also a fact, a necessity of the human mind, which by this means alone could issue from mediævalism, and on this account it was called Humanism. If the Italians had not then been at the front, it is certain that the English, Germans, or French must have followed the same road. This alone explains how the movement, initiated by us, spread so rapidly throughout Europe, and explains also how Humanism, having outlived the fifteenth century, persists even to-day in being a substantial element in the culture and education of modern peoples. Symonds says that Italian literature contents itself with beauty of form and finish in execution; that it is incapable of all mysticism, of all romanticism, of all sense of the infinite; that it only seeks sensible beauty. This, he says, the Italians did in an unexcelled, incomparable manner; but the limits of this art are the limits of their mind. "The *rappresentazione* eliminate all elements of mystery and magic from the fables, and reduce them to bare prose. The core of the myth or tale is rarely reached; the depths of character are never penetrated.

... In the hands of these Italian playwrights the most pregnant story of the Orient or North assumes the thin, slight character of ordinary life. Its richness disappeared. Its beauty evanesced. Nothing remained but the dry bones of a *novella*. . . . Which might be used to prove, if further proof were needed, that the Italian imagination is not in the highest sense romantic or fantastic, not far-reaching, by symbol or by vision into the depths of nature human and impersonal. The sense of infinity which gives value to northern works of fancy, is unknown in Italy. . . . The very devil becomes a definite and oftentimes prosaic personage. External nature is credited with no inner spirit. . . . The Latin *Camœnæ* have neither in ancient nor in modern years evoked the forms of mythic fable from that landscape. This peculiarity of the Italian genius made their architects incapable of understanding Gothic (vol. i. 343-5).

We do not deny that there may be much truth in all this, when it is a question of defining the conditions of the Italian mind in the second half of the fifteenth century and the first decades of the sixteenth. But we doubt whether the author be equally correct when he attempts to generalize and say that within these limits are enclosed all the forms of intellectual activity, all the moral capacities, of the Italian mind. We do not wish here to discuss a theory initiated in Germany and founded there upon a special conceit as to what the ancient Romans were, upon a not altogether benevolent judgment of the defects and faults of the modern Italian. Pausing for the moment at the Renaissance, we shall only remark that at its entrance and exit we find two great, colossal figures, which are the most complete personification, the broadest manifestation, of the Italian mind, — Dante and Michael Angelo. Giving a positive value to this theory, these would be quite inexplicable, because in their works are found united all that Mr. Symonds says is substantially lacking in the Italian. To Dante and Michael Angelo, no one, and least of all Mr. Symonds, can deny a sense of the infinite, the tragic, the dramatic power, a profound consciousness of the seriousness of life, neither that which he calls fantastic and romantic. Nor does it avail to say that they are exceptions. Great men are exceptions only inasmuch as they rise superior to their fellow-countrymen among whom they are born; but they represent them, personify them, and, bet-

ter than all else, they reveal their character and mind. One might as well say that Homer was an exception in Greece, Shakespeare in England. From Mr. Symonds's book itself it appears that the whole history of Italian art is one continuous work, which prepares the inevitable, the unavoidable coming of Michael Angelo.

In fact, the Italians of the Renaissance freed us from the fantastic and mystical uncertainties and confusions of the Middle Ages, asking their contemporaries to recognize the sanctity of nature, the importance of the real, to turn their gaze from heaven to earth; and it is certain that while they were intent upon the earth they could not contemplate heaven. But this does not prove them blind to that light, much less does it prove that the Italian people was incapable of ever contemplating it. After they had examined and studied nature, then alone was it possible to turn anew to another ideal, to express the sentiment of the infinite, the conflicts of the drama and of tragedy, without again falling into fantastic uncertainties, into scholastic confusions. It is very true that the Italians of the Renaissance could not, for a thousand reasons which there is not place here to discuss, form a national drama. But it is doubtful if Chaucer, Shakespeare, the English drama and literature, would ever have been what they were without the work which, from Boccaccio down, was initiated and carried out by the Italians.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Symonds, in his conclusion, recognizes the Renaissance as a necessary preparation for the historical period of the Reformation. And he adds that a people which had done all that the Italians then did, would certainly, when left to itself, have known how to rise out of the moral corruption into which it had fallen, and arouse itself with its literature to the contemplation of higher ideals, to a more serious conception of life. But it was not left to itself. Europe fell upon it and oppressed it at the most critical moment. In that we can fully agree with Mr. Symonds. Only it seems to us that his premises do not always lead to a similar conclusion.

If he had always borne in mind what he says in some parts of his conclusion, and if he had shown himself constantly convinced that, as the painting and sculpture of the fifteenth century were a necessary preparation for Raphael and Michael Angelo, so the literature of the Renaissance was a preparation for a still more

modern form, perhaps he would have been less severe upon some of those, without whom the concrete, determined, and practical expressions of still more elevated sentiments would have been impossible, or at least very much more difficult, to modern peoples; and when these sentiments appear in Italian art and literature itself, he would have paused to examine them a little further. We may, if we choose, deplore the want of a greater moral elevation, a more profound analysis of character in Ariosto; but it should never be lost from view that his mission was to render concrete, real, and truly human the fantastic world of chivalrous poetry. In this he succeeded wonderfully well; and to have succeeded with such great power of imagination, with such great variety of form and richness of coloring, is his glory. If, then, he had chosen to turn his attention in other directions (as indeed he sometimes did in satire), perhaps he could not have succeeded so well in his design.

When our *novelier* describe to us crimes, obscenities, cruelties of every kind, it is reasonable to see therein a mirror which reflects a corrupt society. But it is also necessary to remember, with the same emphasis, that we are dealing with literary works whose object it is to describe society, the world, and nature under all their aspects. To say, as Mr. Symonds does in speaking of Lasca: "Literature of this sort might have amused Caligula and his gladiators" (vol. ii., p. 81), seems to us too strong. As it also seems too much to say that "an incapacity for understanding this immutable power of moral beauty was the main disease of Italy" (vol. ii., p. 192). If Italians had really reached such a point, as Burckhardt, with just protest, had already observed, their moral shipwreck would have been such as to render their recovery impossible, to make them incapable of ever accomplishing anything again. This was not the case. It does not seem to us just to say: "Even satires upon a degraded present, aspiration after a noble future, prophecies of resurrection from the tomb, were unknown upon the lips of the Renaissance poets. Art had become a thing of pleasure, sometimes infamous, too often nugatory. . . . It was the combined result of scholarship, which for a whole century had diverted the minds of men to the form and words of literature. All these circumstances, and many more of the same kind, were slowly and surely undermining the vigor of the Italian intellect" (vol. i., p. 404). In conclusion all

that the Italians did not then do, all the faults which they had, appear in Mr. Symonds's book too much as a necessary consequence of the permanent character of the race, and too little as a necessary consequence of a historical period in which corruption was universal in Europe, and their returning to form in literature and art a requisite means of advance.

The effects of this point of view appear more clearly than elsewhere in the criticism which Mr. Symonds gives us of Machiavelli. He does not see that in the midst of the maxims of a political system which to-day we must pronounce immoral, Machiavelli made a continuous effort to improve the society in which he was born; that he had a constant aspiration not only toward the unity and independence of his country, but also toward social improvement, toward a revival of ancient virtue. Machiavelli was precisely one (and not the only one) of those who saw the abyss into which his country was falling, and sought means of resurrection from the tomb. But Mr. Symonds examines with accuracy all that which binds him to his times, and does not sufficiently pause to scrutinize that which places him above them. He sees in him the old, never the new man, who has so clear a conception of the modern society and state predicted by him. This has also been remarked by English critics.

We have ventured to make these observations as an expression of our opinion of a work which does great honor to the erudition and talent of its author, who may be satisfied, after many years of long, profound, and conscientious study, at having finally reached a conclusion worthy of all respect.

From Temple Bar.

A HIGHLAND SHEALING.

WITH the Swiss *chalet* and the simple, idyllic life of the herdsmen on the higher Alps, we have long been made familiar. Many of us have been there. We have seen their picturesque little cottages; we have heard their alpenhorn sounding far above us at nightfall, and have known that they were then calling their cattle home. We have been told how they have one kind of call for their cows, and another kind of call for their sheep, and how by different modulations on their instruments they are able to carry on a considerable sort of converse with their brute-

folk. Our curiosity being further stimulated, we have come to learn that these herdsmen are a land community of a very ancient type, who live together most of the year in a village in the lower country under by-laws of their own making, administered by a headman of their own election; and that when the snow departs from the hills in summer, they migrate, as their ancestors had done for a thousand years, to the upland pastures, and remain there with their cattle for three or four months preparing Gruyère cheese for the English and other markets. The group of *chalets* is their summer village, and they migrate to it in festal array. The horses, cattle, and sheep go in procession, each decked with flowers and ribbons, and tingling with bells, and all guided by the constantly resounding alpenhorn, and every township cheers and follows them as they pass. Late in the afternoon they reach their happy grazing-ground, and there in pure and stimulating air, with the hills of God about them, and the sky of the south overhead, they lead for a season a life of natural freedom and joy—such as we dream to have been led in the old, old world, before care or convention had been invented.

All this seems to make up one of the most picturesque and charming phases of life which modern society can exhibit, and we hardly wonder that travellers should be so often smitten with it. Chateaubriand thinks it necessary to check their imprudence a little. Sing the *chalet*, says he, but do not live in it. The *chalet* may be taking to look at and to dream about, but it contains neither bed, nor board, nor chair, and the night is cold on the mountains, and the rain sometimes pours in torrents. Our present object, however, is neither to sing the *chalet* nor to disenchant its admirers, but to say that, while we know so much about the *chalets* of Switzerland, few probably are aware that we have within our own borders, here in Britain, an exact counterpart of the *chalet* and the *chalet* life, in the Highland shealing, and the latter is perhaps not the less picturesque and touching of the two. A shealing is a summer pasturage in the hill country—often many miles away from their regular home—to which a village of Highland tenants migrates, wives, children, and cattle, all together, for the months between seedtime and harvest, and where they prepare their butter and cheese for the winter. Strictly speaking, of course the word shealing, like the word *chalet*, denotes the booths

they live in; a shepherd's hut on the moor is still called a sheal (*i.e.*, a shelter) in the north of England; but the word is commonly used of huts and pasturage together, and it may be reasonably enough contended that this is justified by the termination *ing*, which means a meadow by a waterside. The shealing is always situated at some favored spot near water, at the head of a lake or along the banks of a stream. In former days shealings were common all over Scotland, and the hilly parts of England and Wales; but to see them to advantage now, one must go to the Island of Lewis. And the sight is worth the trip, because there you will find the people living, in this nineteenth century, when the seven lamps of architecture have been long blazing to the full, in little beehive cabins, such as the first of their ancestors who settled in Britain must have occupied. A Lewis shealing is a cluster of beehive huts like a Hottentot village, and it strikes one very curiously to find them inhabited by one's own flesh and blood. We seem to be back for the day in the childhood of the world. Men travel far to see a broken arch of some Roman aqueduct; they go in numbers in this very isle of Lewis to see the old circle of standing stones at Callernish; but few dream that the island contains an antiquity more interesting than either, and that you can see there a prehistoric British village with the people still living in it. William Black has made the world familiar with Lewis, or the Lews, as the island is called in Scotland, as if it were plural; and none of the readers of "The Princess of Thule" needs be told how to get there. "Hutcheson's boats" are still plying, if you care for the sea and a most charming sail through the Firth of Clyde, and up along the west coast to the lovely bay of Stornoway; or you may go in the three months of May, June, and July, from Aberdeen, by Wick and the Pentland Firth; or you may cross in an hour or two from Ullapool on the opposite coast of Ross. Once in Stornoway a two hours' drive will bring you to Uig, and in some cozy spot in any of the straths of Uig you may come upon a shealing such as we shall now describe.

You will observe on the face of the rising ground along a stream, a group of little conical booths, which at first you scarcely distinguish from the ground beside them, for they are coated with turf, and the turf is green with longish grass. In fact, it is this grass that catches the

eye, for it seems a greener spot than the rest of the hill-face. As you draw nearer you perceive that it is a cluster of little houses, and that they are built of undressed stones, and rise in a gradually contracting circle till the apex is a little round hole that may be covered with a stone or left open, as may be convenient. They are exactly in the shape of a bell or a beehive; every succeeding layer of stones being so placed as to overlap the preceding one towards the inside. It is the architecture of the stone age, the most primitive style of masonry we know of, precisely that which was practised in the very ancient days when men had no metal tools. A small hole, three feet high and two wide, is left at the bottom for a door, through which the inhabitants creep on all fours. Entering, you find that, like the Swiss *chalet*, they contain no furniture. The bed — “the crouching-place,” as they call it in their own Gaelic — is a little narrow hole built in the thickness of the wall. There is neither table nor chair, the only furnishing being a shelf for milk-dishes or cheese. The room is about six feet in diameter at the floor, and a little more than six feet in height in the middle. A grown-up person can scarcely stand upright in it. Sometimes all the little huts are joined on to one another, and intercommunicate inside by what we suppose must be called doors, and then the village may be said to be a single house of many little mansions, a kind of irregular mound with many minaret tops on it, and suites of holes in the interior where the several families burrow. But this is not common. For the most part every hut stands alone, and every room is a separate hut, or what is perhaps the most usual custom, every family has two huts, a living-room and a milk-room, and these are joined together and made to intercommunicate inside by a low doorway which, on account of the thickness of the two walls here joining, you creep through as you might creep through a drain.

The huts of the Highland shealing are not always built of stone. Even in the Lews some of them are built of turf, and the bed is sometimes not a low recess in the walls, but a part of the floor covered with straw or heather. Sometimes the beehive huts are interspersed with oblong ones. It was so Pennant found them in the Island of Jura, and he gives us both a description of them and a drawing done by himself on the spot. He makes the following entry: —

Land on a bank covered with *sheelins*, the habitations of some peasants who tend the herds of milk cows. These formed a grotesque group. Some were oblong, many conic, and so low that entrance is forbidden without creeping through the little opening, which has no other door than a faggot of birch twigs placed there occasionally. They are constructed of branches of trees covered with sods; the furniture, a bed of heath placed on a bank of sod, two blankets and a rug, some dairy vessels; and above, certain pendant shelves made of basket work to hold the cheese, the produce of the summer. In one of the little conic huts I spied a little infant asleep under the protection of a faithful dog.

Now we must not suppose the people who live in these houses to be a degraded or even illiterate part of our population. Far from it. They are just the ordinary farmers of the country, the representatives of the old *douce gudemen* and *gudewives* of Scotland, and they share in our moral civilization in a degree by no means beneath the average. If you visit them on a Sunday you will find them reading their Bibles, or the Gaelic translation of Bunyan, or of some of the old divinity of Scotland; and if you enter into conversation with them you will perceive that their faculties have been considerably exercised on many points of metaphysical and experimental theology. They know their Bible and their catechism in a way that will surprise the southron, for they are very close in their attendance at church, and the minister goes round the various farms once a year and catechises young and old publicly on what are called the fundamentals of the faith. This is their only culture, but it is an important one, and between it and the exercise of intelligence that is evoked in the ordinary pursuit of their daily calling, their minds have probably undergone a better development than most of the working classes of this country. Adam Smith had a very strong opinion that, taking him all in all, the ploughman was a much more intelligent man than the artisan of the towns. Of course he was not so quick or sharp in manner, because he lived more alone, but his business brought him for hours every day in contact with a much greater variety of things and ideas than any artisan's did, and he had to be always exerting some amount of thought and judgment. What ideas could you expect to find in a man who was engaged for eight or nine hours every day of his life in nothing but pointing pins? There is certainly some force in this opinion of Smith's, and let these Lewis crofters get

the benefit of it. Their winter houses are not a great advance upon their beehive habitations; they, too, are void of window and chimney, and are very low in the roof; the walls are made of turf, lined outside and inside with undressed stones, and as the roof does not overlap them, the water simply falls into them, and they are always damp. The beds are built in the thickness of the wall, and the byre is in the centre and is only cleaned out once a year. These "black houses" — as they are locally called to distinguish them from the stone and lime houses which an improving proprietor is gradually substituting for them — are poor enough dwelling-places in all conscience, yet their inhabitants may certainly compare favorably with any similar section of the community in all the essentials of civilization.

They are, like the Swiss herdsmen, a self-governing community. They live in a village together, and they hold all the pasture in common as joint tenants. Formerly their arable used to be held in common too, and cultivated on the *runrig* or common-fields system; but now every tenant has his own separate bit of land, and the only part of the old village farm which they still occupy jointly is the neighboring moorland and the distant shealing that is attached to it. For the management of their common affairs and the settlement of differences, and punishment of offenders, the tenants elect one of their number, the shrewdest and most respected of them, to be a kind of headman of the village, and to rule it under the name of constable, or sometimes of mayor or little mayor. He is always sworn in a regular way before a justice of the peace as a valuator, and his decisions in all cases of trespass or other damage are final. He convenes the tenants from time to time in open-air courts held on a knock or mound in front of his house, for the purpose of deliberating on common affairs, on the building of a dyke, or the repairing of a ditch, or the purchase of a bull; or for deciding upon some change in the old bylaws and customs of the community, or punishing some violation of them. These open-air courts, meeting on a little knock, are a very primitive institution. In early times in England all courts of justice or deliberation met in the open, on a little mound like this one, or at standing stones, or in a grove. And the reason for this was not that they could not build houses adequate for the purpose, for the practice continued *de rigueur* long after they were able to do so. They

had the idea that in the open air magic could have less power over the judges. That reason is expressly given in the old statutes of the Isle of Man, as the ground why the dempsters or judges were required to decide causes anywhere they chose, if only in the open air. It is a remnant of the old worship of the sun, for in those primitive courts the presiding magistrate not only sat in the open air, but sat with his face to the east. When Sir John Stanley ascended the throne of the Isle of Man in the fourteenth century, he asked what was the customary ceremonial at the annual assembly of the islanders on Tynwald Hill, on St. John the Baptist's Eve, and the instructions he received thus began:—

First you shall come thither in your royal array as a king ought to do, by the prerogatives of the Isle of Mann, and upon the Hill of Tynwald sitt in a chaire covered with a Royal Cloath and cushions, and *your visage unto the East*, and your sword before you holden with the point upwards.

We may fancy that in old times the president of this little village court in Lewis sat in the same way on his knock with his face to the east, and his sword or dirk held up before him. The dirk is of course now gone, but we gather that the custom of facing the east still remains. Mr. Carmichael, a local gentleman, to whose interesting communication, published in Mr. Skene's "Celtic Scotland," we are indebted for much of the foregoing information, gives a curious description of their method of voting. The two sides go to separate lobbies as it were; the ayes go sunwise to the south and the right of the chairman, the noes go sunwise to the north and his left. The chairman, therefore, has his left hand to the north and his right hand to the south, and consequently faces the east. The going sunwise is another circumstance connecting the practice with the primitive worship of the sun. The chairman yielded deference to the sun by facing his rising-place, the members by following his course. There was really something fine in the rationale of our forefathers' custom of holding their courts in the open air. The proceedings were to be conducted in the sight of God and man. The light of the sun was the very presence of the divinity they worshipped, and nothing that worked in darkness could enter there. The searching eye of day was to be upon everything, and to impress all minds, as by the sanction of an oath, with the characteristics that have been always dear to Englishmen,

with being straightforward, open, and aboveboard in all their ways, dispensing honest judgment, making just complaints, and bearing true witness. If the votes are equal in the Lewis court, then lots are resorted to; they are drawn three times, and the best of three carries the day; and if any obstinate fellow still holds out and refuses to accept the decision, he is greeted with cries of "goat tooth," and finds it his best policy to agree. Mr. Carmichael, who being long resident in the district knows the facts well, states that the deliberations at these village courts are very thorough and well-conducted, that the tenantry speak well and often with great force and mastery over their native Gaelic, that they reason, and illustrate, and argue surprisingly, and that, though they sometimes use strong language, they usually listen patiently and respectfully, and are tolerant of anything but doggedness and pertinacity. Another interesting trait mentioned by him about these village communities is that in laying out their land for the year, they set apart a portion for the poor, which is called the poor man's acre. This is probably an archaic exhibition of humanity, with, however, the feeling it embodies still alive — the wonderful sympathy of the poor man for the poor.

Such are the people we have found dwelling in the primeval beehive huts. They had come to their summer quarters about the beginning of June, after they had sown their corn, and planted their potatoes, and cut their peats for their winter fuel, and they were to remain while the crops were growing, and things were slack at the home farm. The day of their migration is a red-letter day in the community. They call it "the trial," but it is as little of a trial as anything can be, and this phrase must have descended from a time when there was still danger in such an expedition, either from wild animals or other sources. Even as it is, the day is not without its pathetic and grave side, for the village sets out in a body; they bring their babes and their aged along with them; they leave house and standing corn behind. They may not now fear the spoiler, but there are many things to make them mingle a tear with the bustling joy of the day. Still, the ruling state is mirth and excitement. It is a natural and spontaneous festival. The families are all astir very early that morning, bringing their different herds together into one drove, packing up their dishes and their bedding. When everything is ready they

set out in a long and noisy procession. They do not ornament their cattle, like the Swiss peasants, but they arrange them carefully in order. The sheep go first, then the calves, then the older cattle, and the horses last. The men are laden with sticks, ropes, spades to repair their bothies, and the women with meal and milk-dishes, and they knit their stockings as they go. Barefooted, bareheaded boys and girls are running about, and colliers excited with importance fly hither and thither. And so they go on mile after mile over the moor, bleating, lowing, neighing, barking, singing, laughing, filling the heavens with an unceasing chorus of many-throated joy. Every one they meet pronounces a word, blessing the trial and commending it expressly to the Shepherd of Israel.

At length the grazing-ground is reached. Some little repairs are made in the huts, fires are lit, food is prepared. Every man then brings forward his stock of cattle and sheep, and they are counted by the constable and another teller as they pass into the enclosure. For the pasture is stinted, each tenant being only allowed to send a number of cattle proportioned to the share he pays of the rent. This process being over, the cattle are turned out to graze, and the people bid farewell to care for a season. They sit down to the shealing-feast, all the families together. It is simple enough, as regards good cheer, the main fare being a cheese which each of the housewives has been careful to keep for the occasion from her winter supply. We shall describe the festivity in Mr. Carmichael's own words:

The cheese is shared among neighbors and friends as they wish themselves and their cattle luck and prosperity. Every head is uncovered, every knee is bowed, as they dedicate themselves and their flocks to the care of Israel's Shepherd. In Barra, South Uist, and Benbecula, the Roman Catholic faith predominates, and the people there invoke the Trinity, St. Columba, the Golden-haired Virgin Shepherdess, the Mother of the Lamb without spot and blemish. In North Uist, Harris, and Lewis, the Protestant faith entirely prevails, and the people confine their invocation to

The Shepherd that keeps Israel,
Who slumbereth not nor sleeps.

As the people sing their dedication psalm their voices resound from their shealings here literally in the wilderness, and as the music floats in the air and echoes among the rocks, hills, and glens, and is wafted over fresh-water lakes and sea-lochs, the effect is very striking.

A better subject could not be desired.

for a picture than the scene here described — the Highland township sitting at their shealing-feast on the green meadow sloping towards the lake or river, with their strange beehive houses behind them, their cattle and sheep browsing here and there, and the hills and richly clouded skies of Scotland around and over all.

At the shealing the people have of course a "good time." It is a great summer outing, and they are as happy as fine weather and long days, and the run of the hills and streams, can make them. The women milk the cows, and make cheese and spin wool, and the men used in former times to fish and hunt, and probably do so to some extent still, and then when the business of the day is over they are all ready for the song and the dance on the green. The national bagpipe has not been forgotten, and its strains, moving Highland blood so powerfully, still shed the soul of music over these upland valleys. It is not surprising that many of the best songs in the Gaelic language are written about the free, open, happy life at the summer shealing.

Another interesting feature must be mentioned, both for its own sake and for its analogy with a custom of the Swiss herdsman, which has attracted much attention. The herdsman's horn has been already alluded to, but he as often uses — what is historically, as we know, a refinement on the horn — a bagpipe or chanter, and plays his cattle home. The "*Ranz des Vaches*" — the herdsman's cattle-song — is almost the national air of Switzerland. At any rate no air touches the people more profoundly. Its effect on the mercenaries in the army of Napoleon was so great that it had to be prohibited, for as soon as the bagpipes struck up that air these Swiss troops were first suffused with joy as they recalled their native valleys, and then plunged into a deep melancholy as they thought they might never see those valleys again. It was like playing "*Lochaber No More*" to an old Highland regiment. Now this "*Ranz des Vaches*" is just the air that the herdsman plays to his cattle in calling them to the fold at night, and it has been termed the "*Cows' Marseillaise*." Every canton has its own *Ranz*, and they all celebrate the beauty of the mountains, the peace and delight of the chalets, their "dear cows," their "gentle, gentle flock," their Jeannettes listening to the nearer and nearer sound of the horn, and welcoming their approach. In some cases the words are directly addressed to the

cattle. Now whether the cattle-song is an institution of the Highland shealing still, we know not, but something like it once was. In the county of Caithness there are no shealings now, but at one time there were plenty, as we know from the number of place-names ending in *ery* or *ary* and *seter*. *Ary* is a corruption of *airidh*, the Gaelic word for shealing, and *seter* is the Norse word for the same thing. Every Norwegian farm to this day has a summer pasturage belonging to it many miles up the fjeld, and that pasturage is always called the *seater*. Caithness being half Norse, half Celtic, has both words in the terminations of its place-names, and wherever there is now an *ery* or a *seter* in that county there was at one time a shealing such as we have described above. Now in Caithness it was always the practice to sing to the cows at the shealing. Captain Henderson gives us an account of the shealings existing in Caithness in his time, about the beginning of this century, and says: —

There they passed a complete pastoral life, making butter and cheese and living on curds and cream, or a mixture of oatmeal and cream stirred together cold, seasoned with a glass of whiskey before and after meals, dancing on the green and singing Gaelic songs, to the music of which at milking-time, morning and evening, the cows listened with attention and pleasure.

There seems, however, to have been one, or perhaps more, particular airs which were chiefly employed on those occasions; for the same writer tells us that in the neighboring county of Sutherland, what the women sung to the cows at the shealing at milking-time was "a certain plaintive air (of which the cows seem very fond) similar to the "*Ran de Vache*" sung in Switzerland."

In olden times people always sung at their work, no matter very much what their work might be. English cobblers were famous for their catches; the ploughman, as Dr. Carr tells us in his "*Praise of Music*," used to "please himself and flatter his beast with whistlings and singings;" the harvest-field was always merry with the reaping-song, and generally with a piper; boatmen sung at the oar; on roadmaking days, the laborers were never without their piper, to put mettle in their pick and spade; and a "country song" and a "country dance" had some real meaning when in the week-days people still sung to their sowing and sung to their reaping, and when every village had its bagpiper for its Sunday dances on the

green. The milking-song of the Caithness and Sutherland dairy-maids would, therefore, in former days have found parallels in any part of Scotland or England, and perhaps the habit of piping the cattle into good humor may have given an edge of truth to the satirical scrap of old song preserved by Burns:—

There was a piper had a cow,
And he had nought to gie her;
He took his pipes and played a tune,
And bade the cow consider.
The cow considered very well,
And gave the piper a penny
To play the same tune ower again,
“Corn rigs are bonnie.”

The chalet and the chalet life are, therefore, no peculiarities of Switzerland, Swabia, or the Tyrol, where they have attracted most notice. They are natural to every thinly populated, mountainous country, and they only disappear when the wants of an increasing population push agriculture and sheep-farming beyond their old limits. The Norwegian *seater* of the present day is the exact counterpart of the Highland shealing, except that from the abundance of wood the houses are a great deal better. The elder Mr. Samuel Laing, who took a farm in Norway in order to understand the people and their institutions, thus describes the *seater*:—

This is a pasture or grass farm often at a distance of thirty or forty miles up the Fjelde, to which the whole of the cattle, and the dairy-maids with their sweethearts, are sent to junket and amuse themselves for three or four months of the summer. There are huts in these *seaters*, such as the French call *châlots*, whence our Highlanders apparently get the word shealings, and although only for temporary residence they are generally substantial buildings with every accommodation necessary for the dairy. The *seaters* are generally situated on the banks of some stream or lake in the Fjelde, and the people who reside there catch trout, gather molteberries, and make cheese and butter for the mistress, and I dare say have a pleasant life of it up in the Fjelde, all in the fine, still, summer evenings.

The same practice prevailed in Ireland long ago. Dr. Sullivan says: “When they had sown their corn they took their herds and flocks to the mountains and spent the summer there, returning in autumn to reap their corn and take up their residence in their sheltered winter residences.” They lived too in beehive huts, for indeed they had no other kind of house even in winter. “The houses of all classes,” says Sullivan, “were of wood, chiefly wattles and wickerwork enclosing

clay, and cylindrical in shape, with conical roofs thatched with rushes.” The beehive bothies of the shealing are just the ordinary Highland houses of the Middle Ages, and they have remained to this day simply because they are the houses that are most easily constructed out of the materials to be found on the spot. What has not come and gone since these were the common dwellings of the country? And now the shealing itself is about to go; it will disappear from the islands as it has disappeared from the mainland, and “the liting at the ewe-milking” will die away; and just as old men recollect best their earliest days, so this old institution seems most retentive at the last of its most primitive features. The beehive hut is not so pretty or picturesque as the Swiss cottage, but it is certainly stranger; the village organization of the Highland tenants is not less antique or interesting than the land community of Swiss peasants; and in one respect the shealing has a decided advantage, inasmuch as the whole village, men, women, and children together, go to the shealing, and home life becomes glorified with the natural enjoyments of the season, whereas the Swiss herdsmen have, under modern influences, ceased for the most part taking their wives and families with them to the chalets.

From The Saturday Review.
THOMAS HOOD.

It is with peculiar pleasure that we notice the issue of a new edition of the complete works of Hood by Messrs. Ward & Lock. It would require a long and most probably a dull dissertation to justify the thesis that Hood is, of all English men of letters, the most undervalued; and there certainly are facts which might be adduced on the other side. This is, unless we mistake, the third time that a complete edition of his works has appeared during the last twenty years; while of his verses, comic and serious, separate editions almost innumerable have been called for. This, it may be said, is conclusive against neglect; it is not quite so certain that it is conclusive against undervaluation. The grievance that we have against the British public as regards Hood is twofold. The general reader has persisted in regarding him as a person who was unmatchededly clever in writing such things as

And there I left my second leg
And the Forty-Second Foot,

to the entire ignoring of a faculty of producing other than burlesque work, which was at its best inferior to that of very few of his contemporaries. The particular reader, if that phrase may be used, knows perfectly well that he had this faculty; but, apparently to revenge himself on him for his knack of pleasing the general reader, obstinately refuses to give him due credit therefor. Everybody knows, or ought to know, Thackeray's generous and whimsical outburst of wrath with Hood for writing buffoonery when he could write things so much better. It would perhaps be more reasonable to find fault with Hood's readers, who seem to a great extent either to have made up their minds that he was nothing but a buffoon, or else that, being one, he had no business to be anything better.

To show the injustice that is done to Hood as a man of letters, no better test can be resorted to than the appearance which he usually cuts in books of selections. There will be found, of course, the "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," pieces which we are very far from wishing to undervalue in our turn, but which, from the literary point of view, must underlie the charge of being exaggerated, popular, and a little clappatry. There may be one of the purely burlesque pieces, among which which it is certainly possible to select admirable examples of the kind. Perhaps there is an extract from "Miss Kilmansegg," an effort in the moral-satirical verse way of which it is difficult to speak too highly. Possibly, though not by any means certainly, the admirable "Eugene Aram" may appear. But the beautiful "Elm-Tree," "The Haunted House," absolutely unsurpassed of its kind, the "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," not unworthy of Keats himself, who inspired it, and of Lamb, who praised it, the numerous exquisite snatches which have the grace and melody of Moore, without his triviality and pinchbeck — where are they? Professed students of English literature know them, of course, but to the general public Hood is still the man who had an unmatched facility of making puns in verse, and a still more unmatched but somewhat perverse power of mixing up jest and earnest in the manner of "The Desert Born."

Here, at any rate, are all the pieces before us; serious and comic, prose and verse, ephemeral and lasting. It seems

to be admitted that, like most men who write for the press under the anonymous system, Hood did not a little work which is beyond the possibility of identification and recovery. But the fact that for the most part he was his own editor made him suffer less in this way than some other men, and, considering that he died still a young man, these eleven stout volumes of, for the most part, neither large nor loosely-spread print, represent a very great amount of work. We should not ourselves prefer to start an edition of Hood with the *olla podrida* called "Hood's Own," but that may be a matter of taste. Considering, however, that, not to mention a fair volume full of serious poetry, and "Tylney Hall," which is perhaps not a masterpiece, Hood has left a substantive work of excellent merit in the shape of "Up the Rhine," there could not be much difficulty in leading off. To our thinking, that admirable volume is, all things considered, far from being his least title to fame. The borrowing of the ground plan and some details from "Humphrey Clinker" is, of course, as unmistakable as it is avowed, but that matters very little. The execution is hardly inferior to Smollett's, except where actual satire of living persons is introduced; and lastly, in no book does Hood's extraordinary system of illustration fit in so happily with the text. To the present generation, we believe, these illustrations seem extravagant, which indeed they are, and are meant to be. But their remarkable appositeness to the text (we can hardly, by the way, forgive the person responsible for the present edition for cutting them out of "Up the Rhine" altogether, and printing them in "Hood's Own," where they have the remotest possible relevance), and the whimsicality of their adaptation to their legends, or of the adaptation of their legends to them (for it may be doubtful which, in Gavarni's phrase, "spoke" first to the author), distinguishes them from almost everything else of the kind. With the single exception, however, of "Up the Rhine" Hood's work may be admitted to be a thing of shreds and patches. There are probably quite five thousand pages in this edition, and when "Tylney Hall," "Up the Rhine," and the "Memorials," which do not fill three volumes of the eleven, are deducted, hardly anything is left that extends to more than a few pages. It is all journalism in a way, and yet it has nothing, or very little, of the ephemerality of journalism. For besides his inexhaustible

fertility in verbal wit, Hood had certain other characteristics which are very rare in the periodical jester. The most peculiar, perhaps, was that which has been noted just now in reference to "The Desert Born." Nineteen burlesque writers out of twenty, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, either keep up the burlesque tone throughout, or when they drop it fail completely. But the latter part of the ride of the new Mazeppa is perfectly serious poetry of a rather high order. A very sensitive person may perhaps say that there is something of profanation in putting the higher faculty, as it were, at the service of the lower; but it is certain that the result is to make Hood's burlesque work of enduring value. Another point about this work is that it is seldom merely personal or occasional, never by any chance spiteful, and very seldom conventional or claptrappy in its satire. Even his satirical "Odes and Addresses" are in the main good-humored, while Liberal and Reformer as—in many social ways, if not exactly in matters political—he was, one misses altogether the note of silly, conventional class-detraction which, to give the most famous example, mars the work of Dickens. Hood was too good an artist, too thoroughly humane, to have ever indulged in such clumsy caricatures as the Barnacles or as Sir Leicester Dedlock.

There is, however, no need of these considerations, or of remembrance of his blameless, industrious, affectionate life and character, utterly free from the trumpery vanity and grizzling which frequently makes men of not a tithe of his power testify against gods and men for not exempting them from the necessity of drudgery. Hood's work can stand on its own bottom. It is not, of course, work to be taken in large doses. A whole volume of "Hood's Own" would be a dangerous prescription, and to read a dozen "Comic Annuals" or their contents "on end" would be a mistake. The major part of the works (at least as here arranged, for more justice might pretty certainly be done to them by a little more editing, of which presently) is readable, but readable at intervals only. We think, indeed, that some reviews here printed might have been omitted with advantage, for Hood was no critic, and indeed generally contents himself with a sort of *compte rendu*, a few words of amiable approval, and a pun or two. Nor is the public taste wrong in on the whole preferring the verse to the prose. There is something in metre which seems to lend itself to the style of

Hood's wit, while his undoubted poetical faculty made even his intentional doggerel not unpoetic. It would not do, of course, to read these verses over and over again at short intervals, because their "unexpectedness" is then lost. But after a few years, when the exact sequence has slipped the memory, how pleasant is it to read the lament "I'm not a single man," and the immortal "Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy," and the unlooked-for rescue of him who was picked up by the "Mary Ann" of Shields, and the "United Family," (perhaps one of the best of all) and the "Ballad of Sally Brown," which made Thackeray angry. And it is certainly not less pleasant because of the extremely unpretending nature of their wit. The wiseacres who have discovered that Thomas Ingoldsby was brutal, might possibly also discover that Thomas Hood was vulgar and trivial, and probably would do so. They could hardly pay their subject a greater compliment.

We must, however, conclude with a word of remonstrance mingled with our thanks to the publishers. They are certainly to be thanked for this re-issue in a more satisfactory shape than any former one of this wonderful collection of good fun and true literature. Let everybody who has not yet got Hood on his shelves go and buy it and exhaust the edition as soon as possible. And then let us have something like a "reasoned" edition, instead of the present, which we are constrained to say is very far from reasoned. No doubt the reduction to *ne varietur* form of such a heterogeneous mass of work as Hood did is anything but easy. But the plan of chronological arrangement which, after the example of the original edited by Mrs. Broderip, is the one here adopted, makes these volumes—since, though possessing elaborate "contents" they are destitute of a general index—something very nearly like a clewless labyrinth. Suppose any one wants to refresh his memory as to those only too unanimous sisters who discovered to their sorrow that

We cannot all have Frederick B.
In our united family.

There is absolutely no way of doing it that we have discovered except to run eye and finger down the voluminous and promiscuous tables of contents of eleven stout volumes. But this is not all. Confusion is made worse confounded by the excerption and separate issue of the pieces once issued as "Hood's Own,"

and by the thrusting in of the "Memorials" at the beginning of the tenth volume without rhyme or reason. As general principles for the rearrangement of some future edition, we should suggest, first, the separation of verse and prose; secondly, the arrangement of the purely serious pieces by themselves; thirdly, the classification of the lighter pieces according to subject or general character first and to date only secondarily, though, of course, the date and the original place of publication deserve noting; and, lastly, the compilation of a really exhaustive index, by which each particular piece can be traced by a reader who does not happen to know the year of its appearance. With this last, even the present arrangement might stand, in default of a better; but without it the hapless reader is simply at sea. With these things, or some of these things done; with the "Memorials" transferred to their natural place at the beginning, and followed by the bulkier and more substantial works, and with an occasional editorial note, justice would be rendered to, as it is deserved by, a very remarkable and charming writer.

From *Nature*.

THE GEOLOGY OF THE LIBYAN DESERT.

IN the winter of 1873-74 a scientific expedition under the leadership of Gerhard Rohlfs was despatched with aid from the late khedive of Egypt, Ismail Pacha, to explore the Libyan Desert, or north-eastern portion of the Sahara. The scientific results of this expedition are now being published in a series of separate volumes, of which the geology and palæontology will form two. The first of these lies before us, the second is as yet incomplete, and only one section, containing a description of the Eocene echinoidea, by P. de Loriol, has hitherto appeared. The first volume comprises the geological description of the country by Professor Zittel himself, an account of the fossil wood from the Nubian sandstone and from the well-known "fossil forest" near Cairo (Cretaceous), by Dr. A. Schenk; of the Miocene fauna of Egypt and the Libyan Desert, by Dr. Th. Fuchs; of the tertiary (upper Eocene or Oligocene) fossils from the western island in the lake of Birket-el-Qurûn (about fifty miles south-west of Cairo), by Prof. Karl Meyer-Eymar; of the foraminifera (the nummulites excluded) from the Eocene beds of the Libyan Des-

ert and Egypt, by Conrad Schwager; a monograph of the nummulites from the same areas, by the late Dr. Phil. de la Harpe; and a description of the Eocene corals, by Magister E. Pratz. These palæozoic descriptions are illustrated by thirty-six plates.

The remaining portions of the second volume will include an account of the Eocene mollusca, by Professor Meyer-Eymar; of the Cretaceous fauna, chiefly by Professor Zittel himself; and of a few other subjects. Among the contributors, besides those already enumerated, the names of Professor Beyrich, the Marquis de Saporta, Professor Haushofer, and Professor Zirkel are mentioned in the preface to the first volume.

An array of scientific names like the above, chosen from among the most eminent specialists of Germany, Switzerland, and France, proves that this is a work of more than ordinary geological importance. The principal author and editor, Professor Zittel, is both a good geologist and a good palæontologist, a much rarer combination than is usually supposed.

On the geological map in the first volume an area occupying rather more than 5° of latitude (25° to 30° N.) and above 8° of longitude (about 25° 30' to 33° 40' E.) is colored. This country includes the Nile valley from Cairo to Edfu (the geology of the valley itself is shown as far south as Assuan), and extends eastwards to the shores of the Red Sea, and westward far into the great desert tract of northern Africa. The whole area colored geologically may be roughly estimated at between one hundred and fifty and one hundred and sixty thousand English square miles.

It will easily be understood that the mapping is of a very rough description, a geological sketch in fact, but in desert countries, owing to the want of vegetation to conceal the rocks, and to the clearness of the atmosphere, it is remarkable with what accuracy geological formations can be traced by the eye to great distances. A considerable proportion of the area is colored from the observations of other travellers, and especially of Schweinfurth. The routes of the expedition under Rohlfs and of other travellers are marked on the map, and show how much of the area has actually been examined.

Among the numerous points of interest presented by the volume it is difficult to select any one as superior to the others. In the former notice in *Nature* the general characters of the geological systems observed (Cretaceous, Eocene, Miocene, and

the so-called Quaternary and recent) were briefly described. To enter at any length into a notice of the palæontology would take too long. At the present time when the writings of F. von Richthofen and others have called especial attention to the subaërial or Eolian formations of the latest geological times and the present day, the description of the surface phenomena presented by the desert tracts of the Sahara, coming from so keen an observer as Professor Zittel, are well worthy of attention, and a few remarks upon them may prove interesting.

The geological portion of the work is divided into two chapters: the first, containing forty-two pages, being devoted to the Sahara as a whole; the second to the geology of the Libyan Desert and Egypt. In both of these chapters considerable space is devoted to the superficial characters of the desert. The surface of the Sahara is divided by Professor Zittel, according to its characters, into four kinds: (1) Plateau-desert or Hammâda, occupying the largest portion of the area, a level, hard, stony surface in general, without noteworthy elevations or depressions, but passing locally into (2) mountainous desert. The so-called (3) erosian desert consists of depressions more or less occupied by salt-marsh. The last form of surface, the most remarkable and interesting of all, is the (4) sandy desert of Areg, composed of drift sand forming hills or downs (dunes).

Professor Zittel shows, on what appears to be an overwhelming amount of evidence, that the popular idea of the Sahara having been the basin of a sea in Pleistocene times is without foundation. The greater part of the area has apparently been above water ever since the Cretaceous epoch; a comparatively small tract in the north-eastern portion was submerged beneath a Tertiary sea, whilst the only part that can have been under water in post-Tertiary times consists of a tract extending from the Nile delta to the oasis of Ammon, and to the so-called "chotts" of Tunis, and even in this tract marine conditions in late geological times are doubtful. But Professor Zittel considers that the climate must have been damper, the rainfall heavier, and fresh-water denudation more active in Pleistocene days than now, to account for the erosion that has taken place, the abundance of fulgurites, and the present distribution of the fauna and flora, especially in such cases as the occurrence of central African crocodiles in the marshes and streams of the completely isolated Ahag-

gar Mountains. Reasons are also given for believing that the Nile was formerly a larger river than it now is. It is probable that Professor Zittel's views on some of these points will be contested, but it is impossible to deny that his arguments are admirably expressed and clearly reasoned out.

Some very interesting details are given about the desert sand, and a careful description of its arrangement in the form of sandhills. The sand of the Sahara is considered to have been largely derived from the decomposition of the so-called Nubian sandstone, the original matrix of the well-known silicified wood. In the Libyan Desert there are some remarkable anomalies in the arrangement of the sandhills, and it is clear that they cannot have been entirely formed by accumulation through the agency of the prevailing wind as it exists at the present day. It may here be remarked that very similar observations were made, a few years since, upon the sand ridges of the Indian desert east of the Indus. Some of the sand ridges, both in Africa and India, attain an elevation of about five hundred feet, and in both areas the largest appear to have undergone no change within the memory of man, although in places, in both continents, moving tracts of sand occasionally overwhelm cultivated land and buildings.

One mistake in the book deserves notice. In the comparative table of upper Cretaceous and Eocene beds in Europe, Asia, north Africa, and North America the position assigned to some of the Tertiary stages of the Indian rocks requires correction. The lower Nari beds in especial were never supposed to be so old as middle Eocene (Parisian), and they are now known to be in all probability true Oligocene. But trifling mistakes of this kind are to be expected; it is surprising that more should not have been observed.

W. T. B.

From The Saturday Review.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.*

THE grand duchess of Hesse will always be remembered in England as the princess Alice rather than by the higher title which she bore only for too short a time. She had many claims on our rev-

* *Alice, Grossherzogin von Hessen und bei Rhein, Prinzessin von Grossbritannien und Irland. Mittheilungen aus ihrem Leben und aus ihren Briefen.* Verlag von Arnold Bergsträsser. Darmstadt: 1883.

erent regard, and the affection felt for her by all classes of Englishmen was deep and will be enduring. In distant country villages, the wives and daughters of farm laborers, who never saw her face, and whose knowledge of politics is confined to the rumors that can be picked up on market days from those who are able to read the newspapers, speak of her with softened voices and in a tone similar to that in which believing Catholics speak of their saints, and it seems a truism to add that those who knew her best loved her most. From her earliest childhood she enjoyed the popularity which has been so ungrudgingly bestowed on all the children of the royal house; but after the death of the prince consort she was invested with a more tender and personal interest. She was with her father in his latest hours; she comforted and supported her mother in the first dark days of her great affliction. And when we were once more threatened by a great national calamity, the princess Alice watched by her brother's bed with more than the conscientiousness of a nurse, more than the gentleness of a sister, though she had then a husband and children of her own, and there were claims upon her which a less unselfish nature might well have thought a sufficient excuse for absenting herself from the sick-room. It is not strange that Englishmen should love her; that they should cling to the familiar name; that they should desire to know the whole story of her life. It is no mere vulgar curiosity as to the doings of courts that prompts the wish, but rather the affection which delights in dwelling on every particular connected with the life of one who was once dear and is now no more.

The memoirs, or rather memorials, which have just been published in German, and which will no doubt be made accessible to the English public, are therefore of the greatest interest. The editor had no easy task to perform, but he has executed it with the greatest tact and skill. The substance of the book consists of extracts from the letters which the princess wrote to her mother. These are introduced by a short sketch of her childhood and early youth, and about five pages of very interesting general remarks are added; a summary of the principal political and domestic events is prefixed to the letters of each year, and a few foot-notes explaining references to persons are given, as well as a copious index. All this is well done, though many readers may regret that the notes are not fuller.

But the real difficulty of the editor must have consisted in the choice of the extracts. The princess lived among persons who are still living, and who have their susceptibilities; her own life was deeply affected by the great political movements of the time, on which reticence is still necessary; there can be no doubt that she wrote fully upon subjects that are not yet ripe for general discussion. Public affairs exercised as important and direct an influence on her life as the marriage of the squire or the granting of a new lease does on that of a village girl. It would have been easy to omit them entirely; but in that case the picture of the princess would have grown quite dim and pale, for this was the element in which she lived and worked. It would have been easy, too, to have given the letters in full; but that might have made the grave we all honor the battlefield of contending sects and factions. The editor of the work before us has avoided these difficulties by dwelling almost exclusively on the private life of the princess, and touching on public events only in so far as they affected it.

The picture thus given of the princess as a woman is both vivid and attractive. We see her as a young wife cheerfully accepting the new and comparatively narrow circumstances in which her husband then lived, and endeavoring to make herself at home in them; we see the first happy years of her wedlock and motherhood, the joy of which seems only to have been overshadowed by the memory of her father's death and her mother's affliction; we see her becoming gradually acquainted with her new surroundings, and adopting, as every true wife must do, her husband's sphere as her own, without forgetting her old home, with all its sacred memories and affections; we see her, though only as from afar, taking her part in public life; we follow her into the nursery and the sick-room. And all this is brought before us, not in a cold or dry narrative, but, so to speak, dramatically, every sentence warm with the feeling of the moment.

It is a great thing to have done this. Every line of the sketch is fresh and life-like. It is true, too; but it is not the whole truth. Those who are best acquainted with the public life of the princess in Darmstadt, while they will read this book with the greatest interest, will feel its inadequacy most keenly. She possessed in a very high degree not only the pure and noble womanhood, but also the intellectual and moral qualities which

distinguish her mother and her elder sister, though she had neither the opportunity nor the desire of showing them on so large a stage. She could work silently and wait patiently. She was right in feeling that in 1870 there was hardly a poor peasant woman in all Germany who was not ready to make sacrifices as great as hers; but it would be wrong for others to forget that what she then did was not the result of momentary impulse. In 1866 she had seen how inadequate the care for the wounded was, and in the midst of peace she quietly set to work to remedy the evil. It was chiefly owing to her continuous exertions that Darmstadt was able to supply sixteen well-trained nurses when the hour of need came.

In other matters, too, she showed the same judgment and self-restraint. No one can feel a grearer aversion than she did to what is commonly known as the emancipation of women and the absurdities of its advocates. But she saw that real evils existed, and set to work to remove them. She felt, like Swift, that the cause of many unhappy marriages was to be found in the fact that young ladies are more anxious "to make snares to catch their birds than cages to keep them in," and so, rather to the horror of advanced reformers, she insisted that it was more important that girls of small means should be taught to sew than to play on the piano. She preferred, too, even in the higher classes some ability to think and reason to a capacity for talking fluent nonsense in a foreign tongue. But she saw well enough that these things, though important, were not the root of the difficulty. Little more than a hundred years ago the flax that a German household needed was spun, the soap and candles it used were made, and the winter store of provisions was cured at home. Hence the demand for female work was great, and every housewife was glad to find assistance in her own relations or those of her husband. A woman was then worth considerably more than her board and lodging. Young men, too, in those days discovered that it was not well to be alone, even in pecuniary respects. They found single life dearer than they supposed married life would be. A great change has passed over the country since then. There are cheap lodgings and dining-rooms in every town, and shops in every village. The candles and soap

are doubtless better than they used to be, but the sisters and cousins find that their occupation is gone, and at the same time their chance of marriage is diminished. Princess Alice may not have traced the evil to its historical source, but this renders it only the more remarkable that she should have so clearly perceived the need both of educating women of small means to some practical knowledge of house-keeping and of providing employment for the unmarried. How great and successful her efforts were, how long her patience, how unflagging her interest, might form the subject of a story that is still untold, but would be well worth the telling.

Little is said in the volume before us of the intellectual life of the princess or of her influence on the thinkers and artists of her time; and thus an undue importance is, doubtless quite unintentionally, lent to her intercourse with David Strauss. To the uninformed reader it might almost seem as if these friendly relations to a great author were an isolated event in her life, whereas they only formed one of many similar incidents. She possessed a great, queenly tolerance; she delighted in attaining to new points of view; she was always ready to listen to new ideas, and not unfrequently suggested them. Her position forbade argument, as any strong expression of opinion on her part would, of course, have silenced any but a very intimate opponent; and this may have led some to suppose she accepted opinions which she only entertained for the moment. She possessed a very unusual talent for making the shy feel at ease and the silent speak, and she brought those who talked with her imperceptibly to the subjects on which she desired to hear their opinion. In a word, she was the centre of an intellectual circle in Darmstadt which will never forget her graciousness or her charm.

There were obvious reasons why such matters as these could not be included in the present memorials. Though incomplete, they afford a touching picture of the daughter, the sister, the wife, the mother. All that Englishmen loved most in the princess Alice is here, and no one can understand her without reading these letters. Yet the history of her public life still remains unwritten; and that, too, if in due time the fitting writer be forthcoming, will find and deserve many readers.

From Nature.
THE UPPER CURRENTS OF THE
ATMOSPHERE.

ALL winds are caused directly by differences of atmospheric pressure, just in the same way that the flow of rivers is caused by differences of level; the motion of the air and that of the water being equally referable to gravitation. The wind blows from a region of higher towards a region of lower pressure, or from where there is a surplus to where there is a deficiency of air. Every isobaric map, showing the distribution of the mass of the atmosphere over any portion of the earth's surface, indicates a disturbance more or less considerable of atmospheric equilibrium, together with general movements of the atmosphere from regions of high pressure towards and in upon low-pressure areas. All observation shows, further, that the prevailing winds of any region at any season are merely the expression of the atmospheric movements which result from the disturbance of the equilibrium of the atmosphere shown by the isobaric maps as prevailing at that season and over that region. All observation shows, in a manner equally clear and uniform, that the wind does not blow directly from the region of high towards that of low pressure, but that, in the northern hemisphere, the region of lowest pressure is to the left hand of the direction towards which the wind blows, and in the southern hemisphere to the right of it. This direction of the wind in respect of the distribution of the pressure is known as Buys Ballot's law of the winds, according to which the angle formed by a line drawn to the centre of lowest pressure from the observer's position, and a line drawn in the direction of the wind is not a right angle, but an angle of from 60° to 80° . This law absolutely holds good for all heights up to the greatest height in the atmosphere at which there are a sufficient number of stations for drawing the isobars for that height; and the proof from the whole field of observation is so uniform and complete that it cannot admit of any reasonable doubt that the same law holds good for all heights of the atmosphere.

In low latitudes, at great elevations, atmospheric pressure is greater than it is in higher latitudes at the same height, for the obvious reason that owing to the lower temperature of higher latitudes the air is more condensed in the lower strata, thus leaving a less pressure of air at great heights. It follows that the steeper

barometric gradients for the upper currents of the atmosphere will be formed during the coldest months of the year. At Bogota, 8,727 feet in height, where the temperature is nearly uniform throughout the year, the mean pressure for January and July are 22.048 and 22.058 inches. On the other hand, at Mount Washington, 6,285 feet high, where the January and July mean temperatures are $6^{\circ}.4$ and $48^{\circ}.2$, the mean pressures for the same months are 23.392 and 23.875 inches. Similarly at Pike's Peak, 14,151 feet high, the mean temperatures are $3^{\circ}.1$, and $39^{\circ}.7$, and the mean pressures 17.493 and 18.069 inches; and since the sea-level pressures in the region of Pike's Peak are nearly 0.500 inch higher in January than in July, it follows that the lowering of the pressure on the top of Pike's Peak due to the lower temperature of January is upwards of 1.000 inch. From the greatly steeper barometric gradients thus formed for upper currents during the cold months of the year from equatorial to polar regions, these currents attain their maximum strength in winter and converge upon those regions of the earth where the mean temperature is lowest.

As is now well known, atmospheric pressure in summer is lowest in the central regions of the continents of Asia, Africa, and America; and highest in the Atlantic between Africa and the United States, and in the Pacific between the United States and Japan, the absolutely lowest being in Asia, where temperature is relatively highest with respect to the regions immediately surrounding, and absolutely lowest in the Atlantic, which is most completely surrounded with highly heated continental lands. Again, in winter the lowest atmospheric pressures are found in the north of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, where temperature is relatively highest, latitude for latitude; and the highest pressures towards the centres of the continents, some distance to southward of the regions where at this season abnormally low temperatures are lowest.

The causes which bring about an unequal distribution of the mass of the atmosphere are the temperature and the moisture considered with respect to the geographical distribution of land and water. Owing to the different relations of land and water to temperature the summer temperature of continents much exceeds that of the ocean in the same latitudes; and hence results the abnormally high temperature of the interior of Asia, Africa, America, and Australia during their

respective summers, in consequence of which the air becoming specifically lighter ascends in enormous columns thousands of miles in diameter. Winds from the ocean set in all round to take the place of the air thus removed, raising the rainfall to the annual maximum, and still further diminishing the atmospheric pressure. On the other hand, since in winter the temperature of the continents and their atmosphere falls abnormally low, the air becomes more condensed in the lower strata, and pressure is thereby diminished in the upper regions over the continents. Upper currents set in all round upon the continents, and thus the sea-level pressures become still further increased. Hence the absolutely highest mean pressure occurring anywhere on the globe at any season, about 30.500 inches, occurs in Africa in the depth of winter.

Now observation conclusively proves that from the region of high pressure in the interior of Asia in winter, from the region of high pressure in the Atlantic in summer, and from all other regions of high pressure, the winds blow outwards in all directions; and that towards the region of low pressure in Asia in summer, towards the region of low pressure in the north of the Atlantic in winter, and towards all other regions of low pressure, whenever and wherever they occur, the winds blow in an in-moving spiral course.

Since enormous masses of air are in this way poured into the region where pressure is low without increasing that pressure, and enormous masses of air flow out of the region where pressure is high without diminishing that pressure, it is simply a necessary inference to conclude that the masses of air poured all round into the region of low normal pressure do not accumulate over that region, but must somehow escape away into other regions; and that the masses of air which flow outwards on all sides from the region of high normal pressure must have their places taken by fresh accessions of air poured in from above. Keeping in view the law of the barometric gradient as applicable to all heights of the atmosphere, it is evident that the ascending current from a low-pressure area, the air composing which is relatively warm and moist, will continue its ascent till a height is reached at which the pressure of the air of the current equals or just falls short of the pressure over the surrounding regions at that high level. On reaching this height, the air, being no longer buoyed up by a greater specific levity than that of

the surrounding air, ceases to ascend, and thereafter spreads itself horizontally as upper currents towards those regions which offer the least resistance to it. The overflow of the upper currents is thus in the direction of those regions where pressure at the time is least, and this again we have seen to be towards and over that region or those regions the air of which in the lower strata of the atmosphere is colder and dryer than that of surrounding regions.

The broad conclusion is this: the winds on the surface of the globe are indicated by the isobaric lines showing the distribution of the mass of the earth's atmosphere near the surface, the direction of the wind being from regions where pressure is high towards regions where pressure is low, in accordance with Buys Ballot's law. On the other hand, the low-pressure regions, such as the belt of calms in equatorial regions, the interior of Asia in summer, and the north of the Atlantic and Pacific in winter, with their ascending currents, and relatively higher pressure at great heights as compared with surrounding regions, point out the sources or fountains whence the upper currents flow. From these sources the upper currents spread themselves and flow towards and over those parts of the earth where pressure is relatively low. These directions are, speaking generally, from equatorial to polar regions; but more particularly towards and over those more restricted regions where in the lower strata of the atmosphere the air is colder and dryer than in neighboring regions, such as the Atlantic between the United States and Africa in summer, and central Asia in winter.

This view of the general movements of the upper currents of the atmosphere is in accordance with the observations which have been made in different parts of the globe on the motions of the cirrus cloud, and with observations of the directions in which ashes from volcanoes have been carried by these upper currents. In further corroboration of the same views, reference may be made to the researches made in recent years, particularly by Prof. Hildebrandsson and Clement Ley, into the upper currents of the atmosphere, based on observations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to the cyclones and anticyclones of north-western Europe.

An important bearing of cyclonic and anticyclonic areas on the distribution of temperature may be here referred to.

The temperature is abnormally raised on the east side of cyclonic areas and abnormally depressed on their west sides; but, on the other hand, temperature is abnormally raised on the west sides of anticyclonic areas, and depressed on their east sides — the directions being reversed in the southern hemisphere.* Since the temperature is lower in the rear than in the front of a cyclone, it follows that, relatively to the sea-level pressures, pressure will be lower in the upper regions in the rear of a cyclone than in front of it, a result which the Ben Nevis observations strongly confirm. Hence relatively warmer and moister upper currents will flow backward over the colder and dryer air immediately in the rear of the centres of cyclones; and upper currents also presenting contrasts of temperature and vapor will overlap the outskirts of anticyclones. These considerations suggest how very diverse interpretations of the movements of the cirrus cloud in their relation to cyclones and anticyclones have originated, and may also indicate lines of research into some of the more striking optical scenic displays of the atmosphere.

* See "Reviews of Weather Maps of the United States," *Nature*, vols. xxi., xxii., and xxiii.

From The Spectator.

THE TENNYSON PEERAGE.

It seems tolerably clear that, whatever may be the actual result, the poet-laureate has been assured of the wish of the crown to raise him to the dignity of a peerage. We conclude, therefore, that the prime minister, on whom must devolve the duty of making such a recommendation as this to the queen, entertains the view that the House of Lords should be a sort of reservoir of all the dignities of the nation, even without relation to any special fitness for the particular functions — the political functions — which are expected of its members. The late Mr. Bagehot used always to speak of the throne and the House of Lords as the ornamental and dignified parts of the Constitution, — those parts of the Constitution which most impress the imagination of the people, and give them a certain pride in the national unity and life in virtue of the external magnificence with which it moves. Perhaps Mr. Gladstone holds that the addition of any really great national figure to the House of Lords, — whether it hap-

pen to be one distinguished on the political side or not, — adds to the scenic impressiveness of the House of Lords, and to the respect felt by the nation for its collective influence. We are far from denying that there may be something to be said for that view. It is certain that a good deal of just national pride in the possession of such a poet as Mr. Tennyson is felt, and also that Mr. Tennyson has a keen feeling for the statelier aspects of constitutional liberty, and has given expression to that class of emotions in some of the finest verse of the last half-century. That he is one of our great national dignities, we should be the last to question. And yet we do question very greatly whether his accession to the peerage would add to the weight of the peerage, and, still more, whether it would not to some extent detract from the dignity which at present unquestionably attaches to his own name.

The truth is, that the dignity attaching to the name of a great poet, like the dignity attaching to the name of a great saint, has something spiritual about it, which does not seem to accord well with the kind of respect which the conferring of a peerage is capable of expressing. We do not in the least mean to assert that there is anything necessarily inconsistent between poetry and a title. There are several poets, including one great poet, who have been peers, and who have not been less esteemed as poets for their peerage. Lord Houghton's poetry and Lord Lytton's novels did not fall in public estimation because their authors accepted a seat in the House of Lords, but then both Lord Houghton and Lord Lytton were made peers chiefly on the strength of their political achievements and their social influence. Mr. Tennyson, if he is to be a peer, will become a peer solely because he has fired the imagination of the English people, and that is not the kind of distinction which seems to us to be at all naturally expressed by ranking him amongst the barons or viscounts of England. If Charles Lamb had been a man of ever so good a fortune, no one would have thought of making a peer of him on the strength of his wit, his humor, and the delightful vagaries of his lively fancy. There is something incommensurable between the literary qualities of such a man as "Elia" and a peerage; and the same remark applies, though probably in a less degree, to Tennyson himself. That the author of "In Memoriam" or "Break, break, break," should be made a peer

because he possesses the great poetic gifts needful to produce those marvellous productions, seems to us almost as incongruous as it would have been to confer a peerage on Charles Wesley for writing some of the most beautiful hymns in the English language, on Wordsworth for his "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," on Keats for his "Hyperion," and on Shelley for his "Skylark" and his "Adonais." There was dignity in all these poets, and great dignity in Wordsworth, but not the kind of dignity that you could aptly express by summoning him to take his seat beside the Earl of Lonsdale on the benches of the House of Lords. So far as we know, this is the first case in which poetry has been thought the proper title-deed for a peerage. Doubtless, a baronetcy was given to Sir Walter Scott in some degree, we suppose, for his literary achievements; but even that was not given him till he had become a man of great social influence in Scotland, — a lawyer and sheriff of no small repute, — and till it was known that he attached at least as much importance to founding a family and getting together a landed estate, as he did to the literary achievements by which he had been enabled to compass these ends. Scott was already a magnate before he received the baronetcy, — it was because he was a magnate that the offer of the baronetcy seemed appropriate, not because he was a poet and a novelist. Our own view is that a peerage is an appropriate distinction only for those who, in some degree, already wield and deserve political influence, and not as a mark of popular reverence for any qualities, whatever they may be, which justly deserve reverence. Keble deserved reverence for the qualities which enabled him to write "The Christian Year," but no one would have felt it a natural and fitting way of expressing that reverence to have raised him to the House of Lords. No doubt, there are certain qualities of poetic imagination, the statelier qualities, we mean, which seem less out of keeping with a coronet than devotional poetry like Keble's, and we are far from denying that Mr. Tennyson displays them. Still, make what you can of the magnificence of his verse, and it is not a kind of magnificence which seems to be in sufficient harmony with worldly distinction, to admit of expressing your respect for it by conferring a great worldly distinction. Make out what case we may, a peerage conferred for poetic achievements alone will remain a "fancy peerage," which will seem not

only to sit uneasily on a great poet, but to fit awkwardly into the entourage of the House of Lords. The king of Prussia might almost as well have made Kant a Graf for writing the "Kritik of Pure Reason," as the queen confer a peerage on Mr. Tennyson for singing his elegy on the death of Arthur Hallam, and writing the noble series of poems called the "Idyls of the King." Whatever distinction the poet-laureate may confer on the House of Peers, we fear it must be an incongruous distinction, like a patch of rich Oriental workmanship let into the centre of a solid Brussels carpet, or the illumination of a mediæval missal embodied in the pages of Caldecott. That Tennyson would be a great ornament to the House of Lords, we are far from denying. But he will be an incongruous ornament, — such an ornament as a wreath of roses round the brow of the governor of the Bank of England, or a spiritual smile on the countenance of a London lord mayor.

From Nature.

THE JAVA DISASTER.

THE following letter from the Liverpool *Daily Post*, received from Capt. W. J. Watson, of the British ship "Charles Bal," contains a graphic and interesting account of the recent terrible volcanic outburst in Sunda Straits. Capt. W. J. Watson was himself an eye-witness of what he describes. His vessel was actually within the Straits, and not far from Krakatoa when that island had become an active volcano: —

"August 22, 15° 30' S., 105° E. — About 7 P.M. the sea suddenly assumed a milky-white appearance, beginning to the east of us, but soon spreading all round, and lasting till 8 P.M. There were some clouds (cumulus) in the sky, but many stars shone, and in the east to north-east a strong, white haze or silvery glare. This occurred again between 9 and 10 P.M., the clouds also appearing to be edged with a pinkish-colored light, the whole sky also seeming to have extra light in it, similar to when the aurora is showing faintly. On the 24th, in 9° 30' S., 105° E., we had a repetition of the above. On the night of the 25th, standing in for Java Head, the land was covered with thick, dark clouds and heavy lightning. On the 26th, about 9 A.M., passed Prince's Island, wind south-west, and some heavy rain; at noon, wind west-south-west, weather fine, the

island of Krakatoa to the north-east of us, but only a small portion of the north-east point, close to the water, showing; rest of the island covered with a dense black cloud. At 2.30 P.M., noticed some agitation about the Point of Krakatoa; clouds or something being propelled from the north-east point with great velocity. At 3.30 we heard above us and about the island a strange sound as of a mighty, crackling fire, or the discharge of heavy artillery at second intervals of time. At 4.15 P.M., Krakatoa north half east, ten miles distant, observed a repetition of that noted at 2.30, only much more furious and alarming, the matter, whatever it was, being propelled with amazing velocity to the north-east. To us it looked like blinding rain, and had the appearance of a furious squall of ashen hue. At once shortened sail to topsails and foresail. At five the roaring noise continued and increased; wind moderate from south-south-west; darkness spread over the sky, and a hail of pumice-stone fell on us, many pieces being of considerable size and quite warm. Had to cover up the skylights to save the glass, while feet and head had to be protected with boots and south-westerns. About six o'clock the fall of larger stones ceased, but there continued a steady fall of a smaller kind, most blinding to the eyes, and covering the decks to three or four inches very speedily, while an intense blackness covered the sky and land and sea. Sailed on our course until we got what we thought was a sight of Fourth Point light; then brought ship to the wind, south-west, as we could not see any distance, and we know not what might be in the Straits, the night being a fearful one. The blinding fall of sand and stones, the intense blackness above and around us, broken only by the incessant glare of varied kinds of lightning and the continued explosive roars of Krakatoa, made our situation a truly awful one. At 11 P.M., having stood off from the Java shore, wind strong from the south-west, the island, west-north-west, eleven miles distant, became more visible, chains of fire appearing to ascend and descend between the sky and it, while on the south-west end there seemed to be a continued roll of balls of white fire; the wind, though strong, was hot and choking, sulphureous, with a smell as of burning cinders, some of the pieces falling on us being like iron cinders, and the lead from a bottom of thirty fathoms came up quite warm. From midnight to 4 A.M. (27th) wind strong, but

very unsteady, between south-south-west and west-south-west, the same impenetrable darkness continuing, the roaring of Krakatoa less continuous, but more explosive in sound, the sky one second intense blackness and the next a blaze of fire, mastheads and yardarms studded with corposants and a peculiar pinky flame coming from clouds which seemed to touch the mastheads and yardarms. At 6 A.M., being able to make out the Java shore, set sail, passing Fourth Point light-house at 8; hoisted our signal letters, but got no answer. Passed Anjer at 8.30, name still hoisted, close enough in to make out the houses, but could see no movement of any kind; in fact, through the whole Straits we have not seen a single moving thing of any kind on sea or land. At 10.15 A.M., passed the Button Island one-half to three-quarters of a mile off; sea like glass round it, weather much finer-looking, and no ash or cinders falling; wind at south-east, light. At 11.15 there was a fearful explosion in the direction of Krakatoa, now over thirty miles distant. We saw a wave rush right on to the Button Island, apparently sweeping right over the south part, and rising half way up the north and east sides. This we saw repeated twice, but the helmsman says he saw it once before we looked. The same wave seemed also to run right on to the Java shore. At the same time the sky rapidly covered in; the wind came strong from south-west by south; by 11.30 we were inclosed in a darkness that might almost be felt, and at the same time commenced a downpour of mud, sand, and I know not what; ship going north-east by north, seven knots per hour under three lower topsails; put out the side-lights, placed two men on the look-out forward, while mate and second mate looked out on either quarter, and one man employed washing the mud off binnacle glass. We had seen two vessels to the north and north-west of us before the sky closed in, adding much to the anxiety of our position. At noon the darkness was so intense that we had to grope our way about the decks, and although speaking to each other on the poop, yet could not see each other. This horrible state and downpour of mud, etc., continued until 1.30, the roarings of the volcano and lightnings being something fearful. By 2 P.M. we could see some of the yards aloft, and the fall of mud ceased. By 5 P.M. the horizon showed out in the north and north-east, and we saw West Island bearing east and north, just visible. Up to mid-

night the sky hung dark and heavy, a little sand falling at times, the roaring of the volcano very distinct, although in sight of the North Watcher, and fully sixty-five or seventy miles off it. Such darkness and time of it in general few would conceive, and many, I dare say, would disbe-

lieve. The ship, from truck to water-line, is as if cemented; spars, sails, blocks, and ropes in a terrible mess; but, thank God, nobody hurt or ship damaged. On the other hand, how fares it with Anjer, Merak, and other little villages on the Java coast?"

A LEPER FARM IN CYPRUS.—A correspondent writes to the *St. James's Gazette*: "One warm afternoon in the spring of the present year, I determined to pay a visit to the leper farm, or hospital outside Nicosia. A walk of about a mile and a half from the city ramparts, across rough ground covered with the 'wire-plant,' brought me to the entrance to the hospital. (The wire-plant is supposed by some to be the same as that which composed our Saviour's crown of thorns. It covers thousands of acres of the uncultivated land in Cyprus, and is also found in Syria and Palestine. It grows about a foot high, and has thorns about an inch long on branching wiry stems. In the winter it is covered with small red berries.) The hospital consists of a range of one-storied buildings, with a quadrangle in the centre about fifty yards square. These buildings, like nearly all the present cottages in Cyprus, are composed of large flat sun-dried bricks made of mud and straw. Round and about the hospital were planted standard apricot, olive, and pomegranate trees; which give a rather picturesque appearance to an otherwise hideous-looking building. On my arrival at the gate I found that the doctor was absent; but I could see the mukhtar. The mukhtar is the principal man in every Cypriote village—a kind of mayor on a reduced scale. After a little while a very dirty man in baggy cotton trousers and shirt, with a blue cotton handkerchief tied round his head, appeared, riding on a wretched donkey: this was my mukhtar. He said he had just been to Nicosia to receive the government fortnightly allowance for the lepers; and that if I would take a seat I could see all the patients who were able to move, as they came up to receive their money. We sat down at a small table with a white cloth over it, placed on a raised stone step at the entrance to the quadrangle; and as the mukhtar called out each name the owner came up to receive his 2s. 4d., the fortnightly government allowance for each leper. I was prepared for a sickening sight, but the majority of those who came up to the table were not cases where this frightful disease had made very much progress. Perhaps the most painful one was that of a bright dark-eyed little girl of four or five, who came up with her mother to receive her allowance. To the unprofessional eye she appeared quite healthy; but I understood that, unfortunately, there was no doubt about her having the fatal taint. At the time of my visit there were fifty patients, thirty-three men and seventeen women: the entire number of

cases in the island; as I was given to understand that directly a case appeared anywhere the person was at once sent off to the leper farm. After leaving a little silver with the mukhtar to buy the lepers a few cigarettes (almost the sole enjoyment of these poor creatures), I went into the cottages to see some of the worst cases; but a description of these would be only suitable for the columns of a medical journal. None of the patients I saw at all realized my idea of the white leprosy which clave unto Gehazi."

THE JAY AND POETS.—The jay is a bird that the poets do not like. They refer with significant frequency to its "scream" and "screech;" Macaulay selects it (in deference to a tradition) as the confederate of the "carrion kite" in insulting the eagle; Wordsworth, Thomson, Prior, seem to know no more of it than its name; while the rest—except Spenser and Gay, who appear to grudge its being "painted;" and Pope, who thinks it was a "merry songster"—do not seem to know even that. Yet the jay is emphatically a notable bird. It is one of the very few birds of beautiful plumage that are native to England, and yet it is also one of the most retiring. Its love-notes are curiously subdued and soft, as if it did not wish to be overheard, when nearly all other birds are absurdly demonstrative in courtship. They are singularly intelligent, even amongst such an intelligent family of birds, and teach themselves to imitate woodland sounds. Montague says that, during the nesting season, the male bird apparently amuses its mate by introducing into "its tender wooing the bleating of lambs, the mewing of cats, the cries of hawks, the hooting of owls, and even the neighing of horses;" while Yarell heard one giving a poultry-yard entertainment, "imitating the calling of the fowls to feed, and all the noises of the fowls themselves, to perfection; while the barking and growling of the house-dog were imitated in a style that could not be distinguished from the original." Moreover, they are the brigands and tyrants of the coppice; for not only do they plunder nests, but they sometimes murder and eat the parents. In prose, therefore, and notably in natural history, the jay is as conspicuous in character and habits as it is in appearance. It has not, however, taken the fancy of the poets, who misrepresent it as an upstart and a forward one.

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SING, LITTLE BIRD.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

SING, little bird, on the shivering bough,
A grateful hymn to this dawn of love!
The voice of discord is silenced now,
And hosts of angels adore above;
All earth rejoices this rapturous morn:
O sing, little Robin, for Christ is born!

Sing, little bird, that immortal song
The shepherds sang in the days of old,
When watchful angels, a glittering throng,
The strain first wakened on lyres of gold!
Our feeble voices we dare to raise;
So sing, little Robin, *thy* song of praise!

Sing, little bird, of that Father dear,
Whose loving eye "marks the sparrow's
fall;"

The faintest whisper *his* heart can hear,
His tender mercy enfoldeth all!
We feel his presence this happy day;
So sing, little Robin, thy sweetest lay!

Sing, little bird, of the wondrous bliss
That thrilled through Mary, the Virgin mild,
When her lips first printed a mother's kiss
On the sacred brow of her heavenly child!
While choirs of angels rejoice above,
O sing, little bird, of that mother's love!

Sing, little bird, while their white wings shine,
Of that burning rapture, that deep delight
Which burst on her soul when his smile divine
Flashed on the gloom like a meteor bright;
And sing, little bird, of the trembling form
Which the tender glow of her breast made
warm.

Sing, little bird, of the dawning gray;
Of the shout of triumph that rent the skies;
Of the humble straw where the Saviour lay,
With the light of heaven in his holy eyes;
And sing, little bird, of the peace that stole,
Like a seraph's breath, o'er the sinner's soul!

Sing, little bird, for he loves to hear
The simple strain that the lowly sings —
Such loving praise to his heart is dear;
So shake the sleet from thy dusky wings,
Let rapture glow in thy crimson breast,
For the songs of the humble he loves the best!
Chambers' Journal. FANNY FORRESTER.

MISSED.

A SILENCE like the hush of fear
Fills all the house this summer day;
Familiar accents startle near,
Or fade in murmurs far away.

And breaking as from distant gloom,
A face comes painted on the air;
A presence walks the haunted room,
Or sits within the vacant chair.

The lightest wind that shakes the glass,
The sound that stirs awhile the street,
Seems to the listening heart, alas!
Like footfall of beloved feet.

And every object that I feel
Seems charged by some enchanter's wand,
And keen the dizzy senses thrill,
As with the touch of spirit hand.

At morning in the rosy flush,
At noontide in the fiery glow,
At evening in the golden hush,
At night as pass the minutes slow,

A form beloved comes again,
A voice beside me seems to start,
While eager fancies fill the brain,
And eager passions hold the heart.
Chambers' Journal. S. CLARKE.

BARON HONOR.

ONE SIDE OF IT.

"A PEERAGE?" Well, and wherefore should
you frown
If titled I elect my name shall live?
Thus is the judge's, banker's, handed down.
Why not the poet's? Cease, — nor flout the
crown,
That offers the one honor crowns can give.

THE OTHER.

THE passing echo of their ducal cheers
Lends lustre to your life! Conceit sub-
lime!
Go to! — nor marvel at our rising jeers,
Since the great spirits *you* should count
your peers
Sit on the splendid benches of all time!
Punch.

SUNSET.

WEARING Aurora's robe, night after night,
Some radiant spirit rules the western sky,
Drowning the sun-tints with such rich sup-
ply
Of colors weaved of unremembered light,
That it would seem the Master-painter's might
Had wrought anew his palette there on high,
To tell the tired world rainbows shall not
die,
Which first his pledge of promise did indite.
Forged newly like a steel-blue scimitar,
The crescent moon shines keener than of
old,
And, as the drawn sword of one armed for war,
Marshals those hosts of crimson, green, and
gold,
Till underneath the quiet Evening Star
The great review pales out into the cold.
HERMAN MERIVALE.
Eastbourne, November-December, 1883.
Spectator.

From The Contemporary Review.
ANCIENT INTERNATIONAL LAW.

PART I.

It has been remarked by some of the later writers on international law that many of their predecessors have committed the grave mistake of asserting that the ancient world had no conception of a valid and binding international law. This accusation is one to which English and American writers, as compared with Continental jurists, are particularly liable; but those who make the charge, being wholly concerned with modern international relations, do not find it within their scope to do more than adduce a few passages from the ancient historians and moralists, containing but the scantiest refutation of the theory to which they object.*

One or two illustrations will be sufficient. Chancellor Kent writes :—

The Law of Nations, as understood by the European world and by us, is the offspring of modern times. The most refined States among the ancients seem to have had no conception of the moral obligations of justice and humanity between nations, and there was no such thing in existence as the science of International Law. They regarded strangers and enemies as nearly synonymous, and considered foreign persons and property as lawful prize. Their laws of war and peace were barbarous and deplorable. So little were mankind accustomed to regard the rights of persons or property, or to perceive the value and beauty of public order, that in the most enlightened ages of the Grecian republics piracy was regarded as an honorable employment. There were powerful Grecian States that avowed the practice of piracy; and the fleets of Athens, the best disciplined and most respectable naval force in all antiquity, were exceedingly addicted to piratical excursions. It was the received opinion that Greeks, even as between their own cities and States, were bound to no duties, nor to any moral law, without compact; and that prisoners taken in war had no rights, and might lawfully be put to death, or sold into perpetual slavery with their wives and children.

* The publication of Mr. John Hosack's work on "The Rise and Growth of the Law of Nations," which contains a very interesting chapter on Ancient International Law, has rendered the above statement less accurate than it was at the time at which the article was written.

Even the French publicists, belonging to a nation justly distinguished for its cultivation of this branch of knowledge, have not escaped this error. M. Laurent, in his "*Histoire du droit des Gens*," states his view thus :—

Les Grecs ne se croyaient liés ni par le droit ni par l'humanité; ils ne se connaissaient d'obligations réciproques que lorsqu'un traité les avait stipulées. La notion de devoirs découlant de la nature de l'homme reconnue par les philosophes n'entra pas dans le domaine des relations internationales.

It is only fair to add that the writers of this class generally modify to some extent the severity of their criticisms, by noticing the existence of some usages which tended in the direction of justice and humanity, and that they credit the Romans with some efforts in the cultivation of the law of nations as a science; but they severely condemn the latter people, too, for "their cunning interpretation of treaties, their continual violation of justice, and their cruel rules of war."

The causes of this error are not far to seek. The modern development of international law may be said to date from the end of the sixteenth or beginning of the seventeenth century, its foundation having been laid in the works of Suarez, Albericus Gentilis, and Grotius. It was an easy, but an illogical, inference that no such system had ever existed before; and the error was perpetuated by a too careless facility in adopting the opinions of men whose authority as jurists was universally recognized.

Those who have any definite idea of the successes achieved by the ancient civilizations may well be surprised at the severity of the criticisms quoted above. The various arts and sciences, which belong to and form part of the civilization of a nation, keep fairly even pace with one another in their gradual development. Foremost amongst these in point of time and importance, as being absolutely necessary to the continuous existence of an independent political community, is the science of law. Thus at Athens in particular, and to a greater or less extent in other Greek states, concurrently with a successful cultivation of the arts, a sound

system of municipal law and a satisfactory administration of justice were established. The several States which formed the Hellenic family were bound together by closer ties than can well be imagined possible under any modern system. They acknowledged a common ancestry and spoke a common language: the constant recurrence of religious and other festivals, in which solemnities in honor of the gods were combined with international athletic competitions, formed also a strong bond of union; while the smallness of the territory belonging to each State, and the consequent proximity of their capitals, tended, by promoting mutual intercourse, to draw closer the relations already recognized.

Under such circumstances, it would indeed be marvellous, if, among States whose political and social organizations had been so extensively developed, no valid and binding code for the regulation of international relations should have been adopted. The fact is, that among the ancient Greeks and Romans, such a code did exist, though no doubt in a very imperfect form; that it was composed of the same ingredients and drawn from the same sources as that which now regulates the intercourse of the civilized world; that its guiding principles, though laid perhaps on less solid foundations, and prematurely arrested in their progress, were not unlike those upon which international law now rests; and finally, that the development of its rules and institutions was analogous, in many respects, to that of the present system.

It would, of course, be impossible, within the prescribed limits, to do justice to so wide a subject. The development of the treaty system and of diplomacy, the rights of ambassadors, the usages of war, the system of arbitration, and that of consular agency, piracy, rights of asylum and extradition, offer ample subject matter for as many essays of considerable length. Here I propose merely to show the existence of such a law, and of an international spirit recognizing it and giving it effect, and to sketch briefly a few of the institutions which were created and fostered by this sentiment.

With the view of showing that the rela-

tionship of the Greek States to one another is properly denoted by the word "international," it will be well to start with one or two definitions. International law may be briefly defined as "the system of principles and rules which regulates the mutual intercourse of States;" and a State may be defined as "an independent political community." A community, to be recognized as a State, must have its own organized government, but the form of such government is wholly immaterial.

The States — many of them insignificant in size — which composed the Hellenic world, clearly fall within this definition. Some of them combined from time to time, generally for defensive purposes, in which case the hegemony was assigned to one by express consent or silent recognition; but the system of a central government, though indications of such a tendency appear in the development of Athenian empire, had not then been worked out; and the individual independence of the several States was never so far infringed upon as to render inaccurate the application of the word "international" to their relations with one another.

It is further laid down by various writers of authority, with some variations of form, that international law comprises international moral law and international positive law. The question need not here be raised whether this is a correct terminology; the meaning is clear. The latter consists partly of actual agreements embodied in treaties, but mainly of rules which, dependent originally upon the comity of nations, and coming under the head of imperfect obligations, have gradually been sanctioned by custom, and passed into the region of positive law. The former includes those obligations which are still imperfect, and, forming a portion of the *jus naturale*, is founded upon those moral principles which are now held, in theory at any rate, to be as binding upon States as upon individuals.

It will be useful to cite here, for the purpose of comparing the sentiments which lie at the root of the ancient and modern systems, the celebrated State paper of 1753, addressed by the British to

the Prussian government, the occasion being an attempt on the part of Prussia to confiscate an English loan charged upon the then lately ceded province of Silesia. The law of nations is therein declared to be "founded upon justice, equity, and convenience, and the reason of the thing, and confirmed by long usage." This statement of the principles which ought to regulate the mutual intercourse of nations finds many an echo in ancient times. The identity of the *honestum* with the true *utile*, asserted more than once by Cicero in so many words, was frequently appealed to in international discussions before the public assemblies of the Greek cities. The speeches reported by Thucydides, now recognized, in accordance with his own straightforward statement, as representing substantially the sentiments uttered on the several occasions, fully warrant the assertion that such arguments were constantly advanced, and the inference that they would have been less prominent had there not existed an enlightened public opinion capable of appreciating their force. One or two instances will suffice. The Corinthian envoys (Thuc. i. 42), addressing the Athenian Ecclesia, declare that "the material advantage generally accrues to him whose conduct is least open to the imputation of moral obliquity." The same idea recurs, from time to time, in the speech of Diodotus on behalf of the Mitylenæans and in the Platæan defence.

The argument most frequently used to buttress the theory which is the subject of this criticism is one which language suggests. The Greeks, it is said, had no phrase to denote this idea; the Romans, no doubt, used the phrase *jus gentium*, but this is an ambiguous expression, and was used in a sense other than that represented by the words "international law." A few remarks will be made subsequently upon the meaning of this much discussed phrase. For the present I am rather concerned with the indications of the existence of a Greek law of nations.

It is again to the political historian of Greece that an appeal must be made in support of this position. The pages of Thucydides contain frequent and definite

allusions to a law recognized in Greece — an international positive law — composed partly of treaties, which are referred to as binding documents, and partly of conventional usages, sanctioned by time and general acceptance. The quarrel between Corinth and Corcyra, from this point of view, presents many noticeable features. The Epidamnians, a Corcyræan colony, whose request for aid against the Illyrians had been refused by Corcyra, had recourse for assistance to Corinth, the metropolis of Corcyra, from which city, in accordance with the recognized law of colonization, they had received their *Æcist*. That this step was a violation of conventional usage, is shown by the hesitation of the Epidamnians to make the application. Though it seems to have been a matter of life or death, they thought it necessary first to obtain the sanction of the Delphic oracle, the Corcyræans meanwhile protesting indignantly against the infringement of their rights by any interference on the part of the Corinthians. The Corcyræans having declared war against Epidamnus and laid siege to the town, issued a humane and liberal proclamation — viz., that any one — citizen or otherwise — might depart in safety if he chose, but that those who remained would be treated as enemies. The Corinthians having despatched an expedition to the relief of the place, the Corcyræans offered to refer the matter in dispute either to such cities as might be agreed upon, or to the Delphic oracle. The Corinthians, however, being probably aware that they were wrong in point of law, attempted to impose a condition on their opponents, and refused either to submit to a similar condition themselves, or to proceed upon the basis of the *status quo*. The negotiation, accordingly, produced no result.

In the celebrated debate before the Athenian Assembly, to which these proceedings gave rise, and which lasted for two days, the rules of international law were more than once summoned to the speakers' aid. The respect in which treaty obligations were held is shown by the pains which the Corcyræan envoys took to remove Athenian scruples as to the vio-

lation of the Thirty Years' Truce, which the granting of their request might involve. Furthermore, they commented upon the injustice caused by the absence of a foreign enlistment act at Athens, and criticised severely that benevolent neutrality which has failed to find a footing in modern international law. Their strongest argument, however, was one founded to some extent on the doctrine of the balance of power, and this it was which undoubtedly had most influence with the audience. The Corinthian reply is well summarized by Mr. Wilkins:—

They appealed warmly to the sentiments of honor and of moral obligation, resting their claim on the impregnable grounds of International Law (*κατὰ τοὺς Ἑλλήνων νόμους*), and a just construction of the clause their opponents had perverted: on the natural instincts of gratitude for their repeated support of the Athenian cause, and on the harmony of true policy with right.

Their defence of the refusal to submit to the proffered arbitration was undeniably weak; but the rest of their address was vigorous, and had for the moment a considerable effect upon the Athenians. Finally, however, the political necessity of the latter got the better of their finer feelings, and they concluded a Corcyraean alliance, in such terms as, in the opinion of Thucydides, did not lay them open to the imputation of having violated the treaty.

The next debate reported by Thucydides, which was carried on in the presence of the Spartan citizens and the delegates of their confederacy, together with the negotiations which ensued, clearly shows the anxiety of intending belligerents to set themselves right in public opinion. The tenor of the address of the Corinthian delegates upon this occasion, and their vigorous efforts to raise feelings of hatred and alarm against Athens, are described with much force by Mr. Grote. Some Athenian envoys, being present on other business, obtained leave to reply to the Corinthian attack, and offered to submit to a reference upon the whole question; while King Archidamus, who followed them, pressed strongly upon his audience the expediency of adopting such a course. He even goes so far as to say (Thuc. i. 85) that it is not lawful (*νόμιμον*) to proceed before trial against one who offers such satisfaction, as against a notorious offender. But a large majority of the Spartan citizens having declared for war, on the ground that Athens had violated the Thirty Years' Truce, that deci-

sion, in accordance with the practice of the confederacy, was shortly afterwards submitted to a general congress and confirmed.

Though war had thus been decided on in the most formal manner possible, the Spartans evidently had some doubts as to the soundness of their position. In order, therefore, to establish a better *casus belli*, they addressed to the Athenians a series of requisitions, one of which was to the effect that the latter should repeal the decree which excluded the Megarians from their ports and commerce. This was refused on the ground that the Megarians had been guilty of two distinct violations of public law—one in harboring fugitive Athenian slaves, and the other in annexing a portion of certain consecrated ground.

Slavery, being a long established and universal institution in Greece, had of course its special regulations, which, by degrees, acquired the force of positive law. It seems to have been the rule that those to whom slaves had fled were bound to restore them to their masters on payment of a prescribed sum. A fragment of a decree inscribed upon a tablet found in the Acropolis recounts the honors conferred by the Athenians upon a Chian who had, at his own expense, sent back to them some runaway slaves (Rangabè, *Antiq. Hellen.*, No. 472). This practice may have suggested to Antimenes, governor of Babylon under Alexander, the idea of establishing an insurance office, for the purpose of securing masters against losses occasioned by the attempts of their slaves to escape.

The second charge brought against the Megarians involved the crime of sacrilege, an offence generally resented as touching the whole Hellenic community. The Spartan demand in this case was unjust in the extreme; the Megarian decree was in accordance even with the rules of modern international law, and, as hinted by Pericles in the speech in which he urged the expediency of making no concession, was no more than a particular form of the *Xenelasia*—a practice which Spartan jealousy had incorporated in their political system. He also dwelt strongly upon the refusal to submit to arbitration, and speaking from a different point of view intimated an opinion coinciding with that of Archidamus mentioned above—viz., that States of equal rank, before appealing to arms, should endeavor to find in this way a peaceful solution of the question at issue.

It cannot well be doubted that Pericles was honest in the expression of his anxiety to avoid war by a reference to arbitration; and his readiness to adopt this course, showing that he thought it possible to obtain a fair tribunal, is therefore a valuable testimony in favor of the public morality of the time. The position of Athens at this period with regard to the other States, in respect of the smallness of her territory, and the extent of her colonial empire and her commerce, is remarkably analogous to that of England in the civilized world now. She was thus regarded with a jealousy similar to that which the naval ascendancy of England has always provoked among the Continental States. One might readily imagine Pericles addressing the assembly in the words of Lord Palmerston, used in the House of Commons in 1849, when, opposing a proposition that England should pledge herself to submit to the arbitrament of a third party, he said: "I confess that I consider that it would be a very dangerous course for this country to take, because there is no country which, from its political and commercial circumstances, from its maritime interests, and from its colonial possessions, excites more anxious and jealous feelings in different quarters than England does; and there is no country that would find it more difficult to obtain really disinterested and impartial arbitrators." It is needless to remark upon the manner in which this prediction has been verified.

An analysis of all the passages in Thucydides in which allusion is made to public law, and to the principles upon which it is founded, would occupy more space than is desirable. I shall, therefore, add a few passages only, which contain a direct and positive recognition of an international system. The Mitylenæan episode, from this point of view, is in many ways suggestive. The Mitylenæans, having revolted from Athens, and been blockaded by an Athenian fleet, sent envoys to Sparta to solicit assistance. The envoys were invited to attend at the Olympic festival, and state their case to the assembled members of the Peloponnesian Confederacy. They commenced their speech with a reference to "the established law of the Greeks" — τὸ μὲν καθέστος τοῖς Ἕλλησι νόμιμον. The law thus alluded to was that which, recognizing the duty of loyal adherence to allies, suggests a distrust of the State which secedes from a confederacy without justifiable excuse. They therefore thus early addressed them-

selves to the task of removing the unfavorable impression which their proceeding might suggest. Had they been dealing with the Spartans only, they need hardly have taken this line; Mitylene had doubtless some cause for apprehension from Athens; but hitherto she had been treated as an independent ally, and had had no intimation of any change of sentiment on the part of that State. The envoys, therefore, feeling the inherent weakness of their case, and being apprehensive, probably, that other members of the confederacy might not take so lenient a view of their secession, adopted a tone which marks the prevalence of the feeling and of the rule founded thereon, out of which they attempted to argue themselves. Mr. Grote's criticism upon this speech is well worth quoting:—

Pronounced as it was by men who had just revolted from Athens, having the strongest interest to raise indignation against her, as well as sympathy for themselves, and before an audience exclusively composed of the enemies of Athens, all willing to hear and none present to refute the bitterest calumnies against her, we should have expected a confident and well-grounded, though perilous effort, on the part of the Mitylenæans, and a plausible collection of wrongs and oppressions alleged against the common enemy. Instead of which, the speech is apologetic and embarrassed.

The argument, such as it was, was persuasive, and a fleet of forty triremes, under the command of Alcidas, was sent to the relief of Mitylene. This incompetent commander, who seems to have been as cruel as he was weak and irresolute, having arrived too late to save the city, determined to return at once. On his way back he touched at Myonnesus, and being possibly embarrassed by the number of his prisoners taken from merchant-men which had crossed his path, he there, in violation of the rule that the lives of those to whom quarter had once been given should be spared, put the majority of them to death. This proceeding excited great indignation on the Ionian coast; and shortly after the arrival of Alcidas at Ephesus, he was interviewed by a Samian embassy, who remonstrated with vigor against his gross violation of the usages of war, in slaughtering persons who were "neither actively engaged against him, nor hostile to him, and who were allies of Athens only of necessity." This expostulation had such an effect on Alcidas, that he set the rest of his prisoners free.

Nor does the final scene of the Mitylenæan drama fail to support the position

here assumed. Historians have no more difficult task than that of appraising the actions of men who are separated from them by such an interval of time, and by differences so wide of manners and morality. In such an investigation it is necessary to bear in mind, as remarked by Mr. Lecky, not only the type and standard of morality—as inculcated by the teachers—but also the realized morals of the people. The realized morals of a people find an expression in their usages and laws; and when individuals or States relax a portion of their strict rights, or exact a less severe retribution than the prevailing usages of the time would have authorized, they ought to be credited with the motives which induce a similar proceeding now, even though the punishment thus inflicted may seem unduly severe when judged by the standard of our more civilized humanity. In the vote carried by Cleon, on the first day of the debate, there was nothing contrary to the strict usages of war, especially in the case of a revolted ally or dependency which had been reconquered. Nor was this revolt attended by any circumstances which could be called extenuating; on the contrary, it was in every respect an aggravated case, and meant much more than the secession of a single city, as having been planned and executed at a most untoward time, and in a manner best calculated to shake the very foundations of Athenian empire. Therefore, had the original decree been carried out, it would have been open to the modern critic only to say that the measure was harsh in the extreme and impolitic, but not unjust. As a matter of principle, the proceedings of the Spartans in regard to the defenders of Plataea was far less justifiable.

The feelings of humanity which began to actuate the Athenians when they proceeded to reflect individually upon what they had done collectively, were evidently so real that Diodotus refrained from attempting to stimulate them further; but he pressed strongly the injustice of their previous decision, pointing out that to exterminate the community—which was no party to the revolt, and had surrendered when it found itself supplied with arms—would be a violation of all just principle.

Some further allusions to this recognized public law are made in the address of the Platæan deputies in defence of the capitulated garrison, and in the Theban reply. The Platæans reminded their Lacedæmonian judges, to quote Mr. Wil-

kins's translation, "When we were at war, you neither suffered nor were likely to suffer anything foreign to the usages of war at our hands." They declared that the Thebans had been guilty of a double violation of law in attempting to seize the city during a truce, and on a solemn festival; and, in excuse of their own conduct, they maintained that they had but taken a righteous vengeance, "in accordance with the universally established law that it is right to avenge oneself upon the hostile aggressor" (*κατὰ τὸν πᾶσι νόμον καθεστῶτα τὸν ἐπιόντα πολέμῳ δῖον εἶναι ἀμύνεσθαι*). They called upon their judges to prove themselves conscientious judges of right, and not timeservers of expediency; and appealed to the sacred character of suppliants which they thought well to assume, insisting that the law of the Greeks forbade the slaying of such (*ὁ δὲ νόμος τοῖς Ἕλλησι μὴ κτείνειν τούτους*). Again (iii. c. 59), they declared that the execution of the prisoners would be inconsistent with Spartan fame, and a violation of *τὰ κοινὰ τῶν Ἑλλήνων νόμιμα*, as well as a wrong done to the memory of their ancestors. The Thebans in their turn dwelt upon the violation of the convention by the Platæans, and their iniquity in slaying in cold blood those to whom quarter had been given. Finally, they called upon the Lacedæmonians to stand by *τῷ τῶν Ἑλλήνων νόμῳ*, which their prisoners had transgressed.

Nor are such expressions, indicating the existence of a universal Hellenic law, to be found only in the pages of the political historian. A remarkable instance occurs in a fragment of Euripides, quoted in the "Florilegium" of Stobæus, where the phrase used, *κοινὸι τῆς Ἑλλάδος νόμοι*, is more definite than any employed by Thucydides. The expression *τὰ νομιζόμενα Ἕλλησι* is used by Pausanias.

These instances, to which many others might be added, are sufficient to show that there did exist among the ancient Greeks a valid international law. It was, no doubt, often and grossly violated, at times even by the most civilized of those communities; but the marked disapproval on the part of other States, which generally attended such offences, and which provided the only sanction, apart from war, that such a law can have, is cumulative proof of its reality. The position of the Hellenic communities was, in fact, very similar to that of the European and other nations which have actually or impliedly given in their adherence to the principles of the modern code. It is a recognized

rule now, that due regard being had to the precepts of humanity, those who have not so conformed are not entitled to the milder treatment and greater courtesy extended to those within the pale. We have not sufficient knowledge of the intercourse of the Greeks with foreign States to enable us to estimate the difference between the rules which guided such relations and those which existed among themselves; but so much may be said, that to pronounce them insensible to any moral laws, or to any reciprocal obligations except such as were enjoined by treaties, is to do them a grievous wrong.

In proceeding to examine the indications of the existence of international law among the Romans, the meaning of the phrase *jus gentium* must first be noticed. The mischievous ambiguity of this expression has been discussed by many writers. It may mean either the law which regulates the intercourse of States as such, or those general rules of justice which are almost universally adopted by civilized nations. The confusion is much increased by the circumstance that these two meanings run into one another. A passage in the Geneva judgment of Sir A. Cockburn serves to show how at the present day international law and the common law of a nation are similarly intertwined.

As Great Britain forms part of the great fraternity of nations, the English common law adopts the fundamental principles of international law and the obligations and duties they impose; so that it becomes, by force of the municipal law, the duty of every man, so far as in him lies, to observe them, by reason of which any act done in contravention of such obligations becomes an offence against the common law of his own country.

This recalls forcibly the "De Officiis," in which (iii. 17) the following passage occurs: "Itaque majores aliud *jus gentium*, aliud *jus civile* esse voluerunt. Quod civile, non idem continuo *gentium*; quod autem *gentium*, idem civile esse debet."

Sir H. Maine, who has discussed at some length the meaning of the phrase, is of opinion that "the confusion between *jus gentium* or law common to all nations and international law is entirely modern, and that the classical expression for international law is *jus feciale*, or the law of negotiation and diplomacy." This opinion must be received with the respect due to so high an authority; but I cannot persuade myself that in either particular it is correct. Sir R. Phillimore, in a valuable note upon this subject, points out that

Livy and Sallust use the words *jus gentium* in the sense of "international law," while the Roman jurists of a later date generally assigned to them the other meaning, or regarded them as equivalent to *jus naturale*. He quotes some passages from the Institutes and the Digest, in which the phrase might seem to retain its earlier meaning; and it is not open to question that in the republican times it was used as equivalent to *jus commune gentibus*. The *jus feciale*, on the other hand, was a mere department of international law. The *Collegium Feciale*, an institution said to have been founded by Numa, and to have derived its origin from Egypt through the Greek colonies, was the authority which regulated the practice and procedure connected with international questions. From its members ambassadors were generally chosen, and they were doubtless authorities of much weight upon the principles of the law, with the ceremonial of which they were entrusted; but the final decision of all such questions was in the hands of the Senate. A sentence in the address of the Samnite Pontius to Postumius and the Roman ambassadors (Livy ix. 11) contains a simultaneous refutation of the double error mentioned above: "Hoc vos, Feciales, *juris gentibus* dicitis?" The words *juris gentibus* can hardly mean anything else here than "the existing law for the direction of international relations;" while, had Sir H. Maine's dictum as to the proper classical expression for international law been correct, the historian would probably have used the proper classical expression, and at the same time pointed the question addressed to the Fecials, by substituting for *gentibus* the word *fecialis*.

The spirit of legal ritualism, which developed among the Romans a number of intricate ceremonies, and attached an excessive importance to their accurate observance, necessitated the existence of such an institution. The principal portion of its functions consisted in the regulation of the solemnities with which war was proclaimed and concluded, treaties and alliances entered into, and general negotiations conducted. Not the least remarkable circumstance connected with it, nor the least characteristic of that law-abiding spirit which afterwards gave a jurisprudence to the world, is the fact that its establishment followed at so short an interval the foundation of the Roman city.

It would appear, then, that in the earlier times the expression *jus gentium* had a

double meaning, and that under the empire it lost its sense of "international law." The explanation of this is simple; when international law ceased to exist, the words expressive of the idea had no longer any reason for surviving. The decadence of international law was not caused, as sometimes alleged, by the corruption and demoralization which attended the fall of the republic, but was the result of the extension of Roman dominion over the known world. When it came to pass that a decree went out from Cæsar Augustus that all the world should be taxed, it was hardly possible that the *jus gentium* in its earlier sense should maintain an independent existence.

In examining the views of the Roman writers upon this subject, it must be remembered that they were not, like Thucydides, contemporary historians; the evidence, therefore, supplied by their remarks must so far be discounted. Even as early as the times of the first king of Rome, according to Livy (i. 14), some respect for the *jus gentium* had been developed. Some Laurentine envoys had been maltreated by the relatives of King Tatius, who, being asked for satisfaction "*jure gentium*," yielded to the prayers of the offenders and refused it. He was consequently assassinated at Lavinium, whither he had gone to celebrate a sacrifice. It was said that Romulus was less concerned about this proceeding than its gravity demanded; either because he distrusted Tatius, or thought that in this instance he had got what he deserved.

Descending to somewhat more historical times we find a remarkable incident narrated by Livy (v. 36), which shows that, in his opinion, the rules of international law were even at that time regarded with respect by nations whom the Romans despised as barbarians. The Senones, a Gallic tribe, having laid siege to Clusium, that city sent an embassy to Rome, with a request for assistance. Three of the Fabii, represented as high-spirited youths, were sent as envoys to the Gauls, with a somewhat imperious message. Having delivered this in a tone by no means conciliatory, they received a similar reply. This they resented so hotly that they laid aside their diplomatic functions, and "*jam urgentibus Romanam urbem fatis, legati contra jus gentium arma capiunt*." One of them was recognized in the battle, and forthwith a retreat was sounded along the whole Gallic line. Some were for marching straight upon Rome; but the advice of the elders was accepted, that an em-

bassy should be sent to complain of the wrong done, and to demand "*ut pro jure gentium violato Fabii dederentur*." To the Roman Senate the barbarians seemed to demand no more than their right; but hesitating to decide against men of such position, they for the first time in their history referred to the people a question of this nature. The multitude endorsed the action of the Fabii by electing them military tribunes for the ensuing year.

The remorse for this proceeding, by which the historian supposes his countrymen to have been actuated, finds its expression in the words of Camillus, when the proposal to migrate to Veii was discussed in the public assembly: "*Quid hæc tandem urbis nostræ clades nova? Num ante exorta est quam spreta vox cælo emissa de adventu Gallorum, quam gentium jus a legatis nostris violatum, quam a nobis, quum vindicari deberet, eadem negligentia deorum prætermisum?*"

The following is a pointed instance of the use by the same writer of a phrase which indicates clearly his recognition of international law. Some Roman colonists of Circeii and Velitræ had joined the Volscians in a war against Rome, and certain of this number had been taken prisoners. At the conclusion of the war (Livy vi. 17), these two towns sent envoys to Rome to excuse their conduct, and to ask for the prisoners, that they might be dealt with according to municipal law. The envoys were severely rebuked, as representing men who had made war upon their metropolis; their request was refused, and they were ordered instantly to depart out of the sight of the Roman people, "*ne nihil eos legationis jus, externo, non civi comparatum, tegetet*."

Other Roman historians and writers use the expression in the same sense. Sallust informs us (Bell. Jug. c. xxii.) that Jugurtha, on being remonstrated with by Roman envoys for his violence to Adherbal, declared that the latter had taken the initiative by plotting against his life: "*Populum Romanum neque recte neque pro bono facturam, si ab jure gentium se prohibuerit*." Tacitus varies somewhat the form of the expression. Germanicus, in his reproachful address to his soldiers on their return to allegiance, is represented as saying: "*Hostium quoque jus, et sacra legationis et fas gentium rupistis*" (Ann. i. 42). Again we find in Seneca (De Irâ iii. 2), "*Violavit legationes, rupto jure gentium, rabiesque infanda civitatem tulit*." And finally, the historian Quintus

Curtius, whose date, later than that of any of the writers already quoted, has not yet been accurately fixed, writes, "Caduceatores interfecti, jura gentium violata" (iv. ii. 17).

These instances are of sufficiently wide selection to show what was the meaning attached to the phrase in question during the republican period and the earlier times of the empire. They will also serve to refute more clearly the erroneous views mentioned above. In not one of these quotations could *jus feciale* be substituted for the expression used. The scholar who attempts to make this alteration will readily perceive the limited meaning of the latter term.

It has now been shown that both the Greeks and Romans possessed a certain amount of international phraseology. The extent of the language of Greek diplomacy, which, considering the ground that it covers, is much fuller than that of modern times, requires a special study for its appreciation. There were eight or ten technical terms to express the different sorts of treaties into which nations might enter, and nearly as many names for ambassadors, according to the nature and object of their mission. The language of Roman diplomacy was probably much less extensive; but owing to the scanty information furnished by their historians, and the unfortunate disappearance of almost all their diplomatic records, it is difficult to speak with certainty upon this subject.

It is hardly possible that special treatises upon matters of so great interest, and held in such respect, did not exist among the Greeks and Romans. The "Mānava Dharmāsāstras" — a work more generally but less correctly known as the "Institutes of Manu" — contained a code of diplomatic regulations, and it is probable that a similar code was in existence among the ancient Egyptians. But by a strange fatality hardly any trace has survived of Greek or Roman disquisitions upon international law or diplomatic practice. Aristotle is known to have written a work entitled *Δικαιώματα πόλεων*. This title, however, is ambiguous, and the scanty fragments of the work which have survived, would seem to indicate that it dealt with municipal rather than international questions. Demetrius the Phalerean — who, escaping from Athens on the approach of Demetrius Poliorcetes, took refuge with Ptolemy Lagus, and to whose influence the foundation of the Alexan-

drian Library has been ascribed — was the author of three books, entitled *Δίκαια*, *Πρεσβευτικός*, and *περί Ειρήνης*: but no more is known of the contents of these volumes than what their titles suggest. The "Antiquitates Rerum humanarum" of Varro contained a book, "De Bello et Pace," of which a few fragments remain. The same author is said to have written on "Legationes," but the evidence of this is insufficient. The loss of these works is the more to be regretted, as "the most learned of the Romans," who had held high commands in the wars against the pirates and Mithridates, and had subsequently served as Pompey's lieutenant in Spain, would, from his practical knowledge, have been a most valuable authority upon such questions. The celebrated collection of decrees and treaties made by Craterus of Macedonia in the fourth century B.C. has also entirely disappeared. Among the treaties contained in this collection was one supposed to have been made between the Greeks and Persians after the battle of the Eurymedon, which however the historian Theopompus, judging from the dialect used, ascribed to a later date. Of the three thousand tables of bronze collected by Vespasian when he rebuilt the Capitol, not a single original remains. This collection, styled by Suetonius "*instrumentum imperii pulcherrimum*," was a record of the public life of the Roman State from the year 390 B.C., and must have contained documents which would have thrown much light upon questions of diplomacy and international law.

Failing such means of knowledge, we are relegated for information on these subjects to incidental statements and allusions of the historians and orators — many of them, especially in the case of the Romans, not to be trusted implicitly. Our knowledge of the language of Roman diplomacy is particularly scanty. Not one treaty made by the Romans with a foreign State has been preserved in Latin; all that remain are known through Greek translations. Of the *fecial* diction but a few formulæ and fragmentary sentences have survived, preserved by Livy, Aulus Gellius, Varro, and — where one might least expect it — in the "Satyricon" of Petronius Arbiter. It is, however, some compensation for these losses, that the discovery of the Greek inscriptions has shed a flood of light upon such matters, and that the treasury of knowledge thus opened is, in all probability, still far from being exhausted.

PART II.

THE general progress of modern civilization has, as might be expected, developed a number of new international questions, the complication of which is increased, owing to the circumstance that the several members of the civilized fraternity have not, as regards their moral progress, advanced with equal strides. The questions connected with slavery, which is still recognized by some civilized States, present an instance of the difficulties arising from this cause. It is, of course, not unlikely that in the ancient world similar perplexities may have arisen; but they were probably resolved in a rough-and-ready way which modern enlightenment could not tolerate.

But in several departments international law advanced in a manner not altogether disproportionate to its progress in later times. The treaty system, the rights of ambassadors, the systems of consular agency and of arbitration, and the usages of war, all present points of analogy with the corresponding modern institutions. To some of these subjects I have already incidentally alluded in discussing the phraseology which marks the recognition of international law. Each of them now demands a few further remarks, to which will be added a brief notice of the more important diplomatic records whence our knowledge is derived.

The oldest text of a treaty now in existence is that of the convention made between Ramses II., king of Egypt, and the prince of the Kheta. Even those who are aware of the early progress made by the Egyptians in the arts of writing and of diplomacy, cannot fail to be surprised at the length, nature, and precision of this remarkable document. The original was engraved on a large silver plate with a ring at the top; an official copy on a *stele* of stone was found embedded in the ground at Karnak, with a portion of the surface protruding. It contains, according to the arrangement of the Vicomte de Rougè, forty-nine clauses, many of which are mutilated. The earlier clauses contain recitals of the relations previously existing between the two peoples, and of the manner in which the prince of the Kheta on his accession directed his thoughts towards peace. The articles of a permanent offensive and defensive alliance are then inserted, and are followed by clauses providing for the extradition of emigrants, deserters, and in particular of skilled workmen. The arrangement is

then, in a series of articles, commended to the protection of innumerable gods and goddesses of Egypt and the Kheta. There follow special provisions to the effect that in the case of the extradition of any runaway, his delinquency shall not be brought up against him; further, that no punishment shall be inflicted on any member of his family, and that no tortures or cruelties, which from their accurate specification would seem to have been common, shall be practised on himself. The final clause refers to a relief at the top of the tablet, in which a figure representing the King of Heaven, protector of the stipulations proposed by the prince of the Kheta, is embracing a figure of that prince. I have described this treaty somewhat in detail, as it may fairly be considered, having regard to its antiquity (about the fourteenth century B.C.), the most remarkable document now in existence which records an international transaction.

In Greece, on the other hand, ignorance or an imperfect knowledge of the art of writing for a long time retarded a similar development of diplomatic documents. Passing over a mythical treaty supposed to have been made between Athens and Eleusis in the reign of Erechtheus, and arriving at a time hardly less fabulous, the earliest account of a treaty or of an agreement in the nature thereof, and of the ceremonial with which it was concluded, is that given in the third book of the *Iliad* (245 *seq.*)—a scene imitated by Virgil in the twelfth book of the *Æneid*. In such cases, the preliminaries having been arranged, the making of the treaty consisted in the public declaration of its terms, and invocation of the gods, sacrifices and libations, with a solemn imprecation of vengeance on any one who should set it at nought. This custom of imprecating divine vengeance upon him who violated an oath was common to many nations of antiquity—among others, to the Jews and Phœnicians. The publicity of the proceedings imported as much certainty into the transaction as was required, while the brevity and simplicity of the terms sufficiently ensured their remembrance without the assistance of documentary records.

Descending to more historical times, the earliest formula which we find in connection with alliances is the oath taken by the several members of the Amphictyonic Confederacy. The orator *Æschines* has preserved this oath in his speech *περὶ παραπροσβείας*, s. 116. In that against *Ktesiphon*, s. 109, he refers to the time of Solon

a formula of imprecation which formed part of the Amphiçtyonic proceedings, and which would seem to have been the usual complement of the oath before mentioned; for he remarks, immediately after repeating the terms of the oath, that "it was sanctioned by a mighty imprecation:" — *καὶ προσήν τῷ ὄρκῳ ἀρὰ ἰσχυρὴν*. The archaic simplicity and brevity of these documents assign their composition to an early period. The formula by which the Greeks bound themselves together on the approach of the Persians, set out by Herodotus, vii. 132, and the oath which the Athenians took individually, are couched in a similar style.

The treaty made between the Eleans and the Heræans, the original of which was discovered at Olympia in 1813, is the oldest original document in existence belonging to European diplomacy. It is written in the Doric dialect, and the translation runs somewhat thus:—

Treaty of the Eleans and Heræans. Let there be an alliance for one hundred years commencing from this year. Should there be need of words or action, let them unite, as well for other purposes as for war. Let those who refuse so to do pay a silver talent to Olympian Zeus by way of fine. Whosoever shall destroy this writing, whether private person, magistrate, or town, shall be liable to the penalty herein written.

This laconic document suggests several points of importance. The custom prevailed among the Greeks, which, as already noticed, existed in Egypt, of placing a treaty under the specific guardianship of one or more deities. The preservation of so many documents of this sort is owing mainly to this custom; for the *σῆλαι* or tablets were naturally deposited in the temple of the guardian deity, so as to be within his special cognizance. Thus, it was prescribed by the terms of the fifty years' truce between Athens and Lacedæmon (B.C. 421), that counterparts should be placed in the temples of the Olympian Zeus, of the Isthmian and Delphian Apollo, upon the Athenian Akropolis, and in the sanctuary of the Amyklæan Apollo at Sparta. At Rome, Janus was the guardian deity of alliances, and such records were kept at first in the temple of *Dius Fidius*, and afterwards in that of *Bona Fides* on the Capitol.

Another point is suggested by the provision which fixes a definite period during which the treaty is to remain in force. The idea may have been that the progress of events might, at the end of the period named, demand a revision of the

arrangement; or possibly, the rise and fall of States being so rapid in those times, a treaty for one hundred years may have been looked upon in the light in which a lease for nine hundred and ninety-nine years is regarded by us. In somewhat later times special articles were inserted in treaties (Thuc. v. 18), empowering the contracting parties to revise and alter with mutual consent. The principle is here recognized, which, though formally admitted, was practically disregarded by Russia in 1871, that no State can liberate itself from the engagements of a treaty, or modify its stipulations, without the consent of the other signatories. It is the practice in modern times neither to define the period during which the treaty is to remain in force, nor to insert a clause providing for its periodical revision. This system would seem to have been instrumental in producing a loose morality with regard to the obligatory force of such documents; and the question is thereby raised whether a return to the ancient system would not be advisable, by the definition of a period long enough to secure the subsidence of angry feelings and the re-establishment of amicable relations. This practice would, at any rate, have the advantage of making the disregard of such obligations during the prescribed period more glaring, and consequently of bringing a stronger public opinion to bear upon the international offender. According to the present system, the State upon which a restriction is imposed itself selects the time for making the desired alteration; and it is needless to add that it finds its opportunity, as Russia did in 1871, in the difficulties of those who have imposed the burden. Nor does such a proceeding want the justification of a high and independent authority. Professor Mommsen, speaking of the transaction at the Caudine Forks, of which his particular view is correct, states the general principle thus: "A great nation does not surrender what it possesses except under the pressure of extreme necessity. All treaties which make concessions are acknowledgments of such a necessity, not moral obligations. Every people justly reckons it a point of honor to tear in pieces by force of arms treaties that are disgraceful."

It was confessedly the prevalence of this doctrine, and the knowledge that it would meet with a practical recognition in France, that induced the Germans, after the war of 1870, to impose such conditions as would materially cripple that country in

a future struggle with the German Empire. The victors, no doubt, estimated with care the circumstances of the position, and it may be presumed that they were competent judges of it; yet the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine renders inevitable a war which might otherwise have been indefinitely postponed, and which, in the event of danger to the German Empire from religious discontent or other causes, may prove disastrous in its results to those who took so hazardous a security.

When in subsequent times treaties were made with the intention that friendly relations should continue to exist without interruption, a provision was inserted to the effect that the treaty was to remain in operation forever. This clause is found in the treaty between Olonte and Lato, two Cretan towns (*Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, No. 2554). The Roman treaties, on the other hand, resemble in this respect those of modern times. The first treaty between Rome and Carthage, a translation of which is given by Polybius, and which is generally supposed to have been made shortly after the expulsion of the kings, contains no limitation of this kind. It has some clauses of a protective nature, indicative of the jealous spirit which naturally pervaded a great mercantile community. Roman vessels generally are forbidden to pass the promontory called Kalon; and if compelled to do so by stress of weather or of the enemy, are not to trade, but may purchase necessities for refitting or for religious observances, and must leave within five days. The regular traders (probably those who were licensed) are to transact no business except in the presence of a herald or a notary; if they observe this regulation, the public credit is pledged for the merchandise which they sell. Romans coming into the part of Sicily owning Carthaginian sway, are to enjoy a complete equality of rights with the Carthaginians.

The mention of the Carthaginians in connection with Sicily, recalls a remarkable treaty to which this State was a party a few years subsequently. Simultaneously with the triumph achieved by the Greeks at Salamis, Gelon and Theron, the Greek despots of Sicily, gained a great victory at the Himera over the Carthaginian forces. In the treaty which settled the terms of peace, if we are to believe Theophrastus, an article was inserted which imposed upon the Carthaginians the obligation of abandoning the practice of human sacrifice. Some

writers are inclined to be incredulous as to this, on the ground that Theophrastus is the only author who mentions the circumstance, and that, as we learn from Diodorus Siculus (xx. 14), the practice was not permanently discontinued at Carthage. Failing, however, further means of discrediting Theophrastus as to a statement the reverse of incredible, this may be regarded as an instance in which the principle of humanity dictated the imposition of a condition upon a subject about which those who imposed it were not materially concerned.

Coming to a somewhat later period, we shall find a considerable development in the art of treaty-making. The various negotiations which were carried on during the Peloponnesian War show a marked advance in this direction. The strict observance of the recognized formalities of international law is shown by the statement made at the commencement of Thucydides' second book, that thenceforward the two parties opened no communication with one another except through the intervention of heralds. This historian adopted the practice, too much neglected by others, of inserting into his work not only the texts of official documents, but also in some cases a detailed account of the negotiations which preceded them. The first of these documents which requires notice is that which records the terms of the truce for a year made in 425 B.C. (Thuc. iv. 118). From this it appears that three classes of persons were concerned in such negotiations — heralds, ambassadors, and their suites (*κῆρυκε δὲ καὶ πρεσβεία καὶ ἀκολουθοὶς κ. τ. λ.*). The herald, to whom the preliminary arrangements were assigned, had played an important part in the heroic times. About the age of Solon this office seems to have been a recognized part of the Athenian constitution, and to have been regarded as a sort of magistracy, as may be inferred from the oath of the Heliasts, quoted by Demosthenes in his speech against Timocrates (§ 149). The ambassadors, styled *αὐτοκράτορες* when entrusted with the authority of plenipotentiaries, of course conducted the main business; their chief was termed *ἀρχιπρεσβευτής*. The *ἀκόλουθοι* were probably the ordinary attendants of an ambassador, such as Cicero calls *assecclæ*. The two Athenian State galleys, the "Paralus" and "Salaminia," were set apart, amongst other duties, for the conveyance of embassies; and it was possibly from this employment that they derived their name of *εἰρηναρχίδες*.

It would appear from the hypothetical form of the document that it was drafted at Sparta and sent to Athens for approval. Its final clause contains a request to the Athenians, if they think any alteration desirable, to send ambassadors with full powers for its discussion. The course thus adopted was the same as that pursued in the case of the Egyptian treaty already mentioned. The text of the agreement is followed in Thucydides by the formal decree of ratification on the part of the Athenians. This decree records the name of the presiding tribe, of the clerk of the council, and of the chairman or speaker. It was moved by Laches, and by it the truce was accepted as the basis for negotiations which should determine the war. It was sworn to by three representatives of Athens and Sparta respectively, and by two belonging to each of the other contracting parties.

The similarity in form between this document and the three treaties set out at length by Thucydides in his fifth book shows that by this time a fixed and peculiar style had been adopted for the recording of international transactions. In these treaties the rights of the several parties are accurately stated, and their mutual concessions and engagements set out with much precision. The alliance, offensive and defensive, of the Athenians with the Argives, Mantineans, and Eleans, contains, among other minute provisions, a clause regulating the pay to be given to the troops of any State from which assistance may have been required, a higher rate being fixed for the cavalry than for the light and heavy infantry and archers. The religious formalities are prescribed with scrupulous care, as is also the form of the oath, which is to be sworn by the several States in their most solemn fashion. The various bodies and individuals who must take the oath are mentioned, as well as the officers who are to administer it. Provision too is made for the periodic renewal of these oaths, and the times and places for such ceremonies are determined. Copies of the treaty are to be kept in the respective capitals, and the several States are to join in depositing a copy at Olympia. In the final clause of each treaty mentioned in this book, there is a provision for making such alterations as events may demand, to the validity of which the consent of all parties is required; while the several modifications of the arrangement between the Lacedæmonians and the Persian satraps, recorded in the eighth book, present an instance of

the manner in which such provisions were carried into effect.

One of the points which strikes us most forcibly in reading the account of Thucydides is the great publicity amidst which these negotiations were conducted, as compared with the excessive secrecy which characterizes the operations of modern diplomacy. Ambassadors arriving at Athens or Sparta announced their powers and discussed the business with which they were charged, in presence of the general assembly of the citizens. This seems to have been almost the universal practice of the Greek States, including those whose form of government was not democratic. At times, indeed, when it was desirable to avoid the turbulence of a public discussion, or for other reasons, a private conference with some of the leading statesmen was proposed. Such a proposition was acceded to in the case of the Melians, and Thucydides gives a detailed account of the manner in which the discussion was conducted. Sufficient reason for the granting of this request is to be found in the nature of the argument advanced by the Athenian envoys. That its general character was such as Thucydides has stated, there is little reason to doubt, even though Dionysius of Halicarnassus accuses the historian of attempting to discredit the country which sent him into exile. But we may readily hesitate to believe that the Athenians, though demoralized, as any nation might be, by the long continuance of the war, would have advanced before a public assembly the arguments by which they then sustained their cause. Mention is made occasionally of such a request being refused. The Spartan envoys who came to Athens to treat for the release of the men blockaded at Sphacteria requested that commissioners (*ἐνυεδροι*) might be appointed, with whom they might discuss each point in quietude, and arrange such terms as they might persuade one another to accede to. This, through Kleon's influence, was refused, and the envoys — not sufficiently confident of their ability to face the assembly, and feeling that the popular expectation would not be satisfied with the concessions which they were empowered to make — retired without having accomplished anything.

It might have been thought that the documents already referred to were sufficiently minute; but the treaties made in the ensuing century show a further development in this direction. A treaty between the towns of Hierapytna and

Priansos (C.I. 2556), confirming and extending the terms of a previous alliance, contains a number of provisions relative to favors which are mutually bestowed. The rights of citizenship in general, including that of intermarriage, of the acquisition of property, of participation in religious observances, of buying and selling, borrowing and lending at interest, and of entering into every sort of contact according to the *lex loci*, are interchanged. A system of free trade is established between the two towns, with the exception of certain articles imported by sea, and a right of search is given. The cosmi or chief magistrates of each town are to supply with necessities the envoys of the other, failing the performance of which duty they are to pay them ten staters. The magistrates of each town are to have the right of entry to the senate and seats in the public assembly of the other town, along with the magistrates of the latter. Thenceforth and forever, the terms of the alliance are to be read publicly every year during a certain festival, and ten days' notice is to be given to the other town of the intention to perform this ceremony. The omission to do this, or to give the proper notice, is visited with a fine of one hundred staters. Any offender against the terms of the treaty may be brought to justice before the common court, at the suit of an informer, who, if he proves the offence, is to have one-third of the penalty, the remainder to be consigned to the public chest. In case of spoil taken from the enemy, either on a joint expedition or otherwise, each soldier is to draw a share by lot, after a certain portion has been set apart for one or both of the towns. With respect to any wrongs still unredressed, or claims unsatisfied, they are to be settled by a mixed commission, composed of the chief magistrates of both towns, whose decisions are to be given within one month after the ratification of the treaty. As regards the settlement of future wrongs, advocates are to be employed, according to the prescribed general orders. The place for the sittings of the common court is to be regulated by the annual magistrates, and mutual guarantees are to be given for the due discharge of this business within two months of their taking office. Then follow regulations providing for the revision of the treaty, and for the setting up of the tablets in the temples, with specified fines for neglect.

The texts of the treaty between Hierapytna and Rhodes, and of that between

Olonte and Lato — two Cretan towns — are each somewhat longer than that of which an abstract has been given; but the most remarkable of all the records of this class which have survived is the stone on which are engraved three documents, settling the relations of the Smyrneans and Magnesians, 244 B.C. (C.I. 3137). The first of these documents is the decree promulgating the alliance, the length of which is almost equal to that of the treaty between Hierapytna and Priansos. The second is the text of the treaty itself, which is about twice as long as the decree. The third shows that the proceedings were rather one-sided, as it records a proposal on the part of the Smyrneans, in the interest of Seleucus, that the Magnesians should admit a garrison into their town, and the acceptance of the proposal by the latter people.

Reviewing generally these last-mentioned treaties, and others of the same period, it may be said that their most curious provisions are those which regulate the formalities to be observed in their ratification and future publication at intervals. Several of them contain, in addition to the form of the oaths, and the specification of the functionaries who are to administer them, provisions that the expense of the marble tablets, and of engraving and setting them up, shall be furnished by the treasury, while economy is secured by limiting the sum to be expended for this purpose. The special attention paid to these matters will not seem strange, when it is remembered that the inscribing of a treaty upon marble and its deposit in a temple, may be taken to represent the practice of publishing State papers in the official *Gazette*.

The Roman diplomatic documents, of which but a few have reached us, present a marked contrast to those which have been examined. Livy unfortunately contents himself with stating the purport of a treaty instead of recording the text. In addition to the early treaty between Rome and Carthage, already mentioned, Polybius (iii. 24, 25) sets out the text of two further documents by which the previous arrangements were revised and altered. The second treaty is directed especially against the encroachment of either party on the domain of the other. The Romans are forbidden to trade, colonize, or go on pillaging expeditions outside certain limits; while the Carthaginians, if they capture a city in the Latin territory not subject to Rome, may carry off the inhabitants and movables, but must give up the

city. The third treaty, made in the expectation of the arrival of Pyrrhus, is remarkable as containing the form of invocation of Zeus Lithos, and an imprecation of disaster on him who, in intention or in deed, violates its provisions. The treaties by which the first and second Punic wars were concluded adopted the practice introduced by Gelon of Syracuse, and becoming prevalent in modern times, of making the vanquished party pay the expenses of the war. This idea, once started, seems to have recommended itself to the Romans; for they followed it up by seizing Sardinia in the midst of the distress occasioned to Carthage by the Libyan war, and by making the Carthaginians, as the price of peace, pay the costs incurred in that most unjustifiable proceeding. The treaty which closed the first Punic war also fully recognized the principles embodied in our foreign enlistment acts, inasmuch as by one of its provisions each party was forbidden to enlist recruits in the territory of the other.

The conciseness which marks these treaties displays a remarkable contrast to the luxuriant verbiage and excessive formality which characterize contemporary Greek documents of a similar kind. In these latter, mutual covenants and agreements are set out with almost as much prolixity as the covenants in a modern settlement. Here, on the other hand, an undertaking by one of the contracting parties is frequently provided for by reference to a similar undertaking on the part of the other. Amongst the other treaties noticed by Polybius, the most deserving of mention is that made between Hannibal and Philip of Macedon for the prosecution of the war against Rome (vii. 9). In this document a successful issue of the war is anticipated with much confidence. It goes so far as to mention some of the conditions to be imposed upon the vanquished Romans; and concludes with the clause so usual, as above mentioned, in Greece, which provides for the revision of the terms of the alliance.

But from the time when Rome became mistress of Italy, and felt her power thoroughly consolidated at home, her international discussions began to be conducted in a manner in which the refinements of diplomacy were but little regarded. Livy gives an interesting account of a conference (xxxiv. 57, 58) between ten Roman representatives and two ambassadors of Antiochus. An œcumenical meeting of legates was then being held at Rome, each of whom stated his business in the

presence of the Senate. In this case a private conference had been arranged, *quia longior disceptatio erat*. When Menippus, the envoy of Antiochus, was proceeding to settle in true diplomatic style the basis upon which the discussion should proceed, the Roman Quinctius, coming to the point at once, offered him one or other of two conditions. The argument had but just started upon these alternatives, when Sulpicius, the senior Roman delegate, cut it short: "What is the use of circumlocution? Choose one or other of the two conditions, or give over the question of an amicable arrangement." At times, however, Roman diplomacy would seem to have been less ungenerous and exacting. The letter of the Roman Senate recognizing the right of asylum at Teos, and exempting that city from tribute, which has reached us through a Greek inscription (C.I. 3045), besides indicating a regard for the principles of humanity, is one among many instances of the consideration displayed by Rome for the smaller States with which she came into contact. This letter, moreover, mentions Menippus as the ambassador of Antiochus and the Teians — probably the same person whose plausibility failed to convince the Roman legates. It seems, indeed, to have been her policy to endeavor to weaken the influence of the larger kingdoms, by encouraging a spirit of independence among the more insignificant communities. As an instance of this, it is recorded by a fragmentary inscription (C.I. 2485) that about the year 105 B.C. the petty Dorian community of Astypalæa, one of the Sporades, concluded an offensive and defensive alliance with the Roman Senate. Thus did the kingdom of iron consolidate her power by conciliating the petty nationalities against which the employment of force would have been almost ridiculous. This remnant of a treaty is fraught with a lesson which has not always been remembered by the statesmen of modern times.

A few other documents of this kind have survived, mainly through the Greek inscriptions, the Books of the Maccabees, and the history of Josephus; but an examination of them fails to show any progress such as that which marks the development of Greek diplomacy. Once impressed with the imperious tone which it was not unnatural that a conquering nation should assume, Roman diplomacy pursued the even tenor of its way, until, having ceased to be required, it was succeeded by the

system of imperial rescripts, in reply to queries of provincial governors.

Touching the duties and privileges of ambassadors, to a part of which subject incidental allusion has already been made, the literature of antiquity is plenteous in information. The position of an ambassador was well defined from a very early time. Whatever offence he might commit, he was amenable solely to the jurisdiction of the country which he represented. This rule of international law, recognized, as will be seen, by the Greeks and Romans, was settled in modern times, as late as the reign of Elizabeth, when an attempt was made to bring the ambassadors of Spain and Scotland within the criminal jurisdiction. The extension of similar immunities to an ambassador's suite was analogous to the privileges now conceded to such persons, and to the extra-territoriality which by a legal fiction belongs to an ambassador's residence. The case of Bomilcar (*De Bell. Jug. c. xxxv.*) may aptly be quoted here. Bomilcar, at the instigation of Jugurtha, then sojourning at Rome, had treacherously slain Massiva, and been detected through the information of an accomplice. "Fit reus," says the historian, "magis ex æquo bonoque quam ex jure gentium Bomilcar comes ejus, qui Romana fide publica venerat." Bomilcar, no doubt, belonged to a royal suite; but the principle which the historian here recognizes as a part of the *jus gentium* is the same, for such privileges are extended to an ambassador solely upon the ground that he represents a king, or other sovereign authority.

As the Athenians frequently bestowed public honors on those who successfully discharged their missions, so they were at times called upon to punish their representatives for malversation or other misconduct. An inscription (*Rangabè, ii. 422*) records a decree of this nature in favor of Demetrius the Phalerean. According to another inscription (*Rangabè ii. 2298*) a similar honor was paid to one Posidippus, who had rendered much service to an embassy accredited to Cassander. The modern practice analogous to this is the bestowal of the thanks of Parliament—a favor, however, which is generally reserved for military or naval success.

Malversation on the part of an envoy was deemed a crime of the gravest character. A law quoted by Demosthenes (*περὶ τῆς παραπροσβείας, § 7*), and probably attributable to Solon, specially forbids an ambassador to receive presents; and it is

recorded by Xenophon and Plutarch that Timagoras, an Athenian envoy to Artaxerxes, was accused by his fellow envoy and put to death for this offence. "If it was for the quantity he got," says Plutarch, "it served him right;" and he subjoins a list of the presents, adding that the hire of the vessel chartered to convey them amounted to four talents. It is stated by Demosthenes in the same speech (§§ 126 and 131) that death was the penalty for merely pretending to be an ambassador, and acting in that capacity without due authority; with so great jealousy did the Athenians regard the attempt to usurp a function which carried with it such important privileges.

Few instances are recorded of violence offered to the persons of ambassadors by those to whom they were accredited in consequence of offences committed against them. The rule was well recognized and almost universally acted upon by both Greeks and Romans, that they were amenable only to the jurisdiction of their own country. The outrage offered to their ambassadors by Alexander of Pheræ, B.C. 366, was considered by the Thebans to constitute a *casus belli*. Pelopidas and Ismenias having been thrown into prison by that prince, on suspicion of a design on their part to overthrow the independence of Thessaly, the Thebans forthwith declared war, and despatched two expeditions in succession to the rescue of their envoys. It would appear from the account of Cornelius Nepos (*Pelopidas, c. v.*) that the suspicion was not without foundation; for he describes Pelopidas as "aiming at the reduction of Thessaly beneath Theban sway, and deeming himself sufficiently protected by his right as ambassador, which was customarily held sacred among all nations."

An incident narrated in Livy's second book (c. 4) indicates the historian's belief that this principle of international law was held in respect by the Romans at a very early time. The Tarquins, shortly after their expulsion, sent envoys to Rome nominally to demand possession of the property which had belonged to them. This request was granted by the Senate after some hesitation, and a time allowed to the envoys within which the property should be removed. They employed this interval in organizing a conspiracy for the restoration of the royal family, but were detected through the instrumentality of a slave. For a while there was some doubt as to the course to be adopted with regard to the envoys; "and though their conduct

seemed to entitle them to be treated as enemies, nevertheless the law of nations prevailed."

The story told by the same historian (viii. 5, 6) of Annius, the Latin ambassador, shows a similar spirit on the part of the Roman senators of that day, and reflects much credit on their moderation in rather aggravating circumstances. Annius, having addressed the Senate in a violent and insulting speech, was answered by the Consul Manlius in a similar tone. Amid the uproar which ensued the voice of Annius was heard, raised in blasphemous contempt of the Roman divinities whom the consul had invoked. Quitting the Senate-house the Latin ambassador fell, and striking his head against a stone, for a time lay senseless. So furious was the commotion which arose over his prostrate body that, according to the historian, "it was the care of the officers who, by the consul's orders, were in attendance on the departing envoys, rather than regard for the law of nations, which saved them from the infuriated onset of the populace." Livy relates another instance (xxv. 7) in which the offence seemed so unpardonable that the rules of law were for the moment forgotten, and all concerned were put to death. During the second Punic war, Phileas of Tarentum, an envoy to Rome from that city, established a communication with some Thurian and Tarentine hostages, and persuaded them to attempt an escape. Having bribed their keepers and made all the arrangements, he accompanied them in their flight; but the party was overtaken and captured, and all were executed without delay, upon their return to Rome. The severity of this procedure against an envoy seems to be without parallel in Roman history; and doubtless the Romans themselves ere long regretted their hasty action, as it occasioned them the loss of both Thurii and Tarentum. There were, however, some extenuating circumstances: the Tarentines were notoriously regardless of international obligations, as shown by their wanton attack upon a Roman fleet some seventy years before, and their outrageous insolence to the Roman envoy Postumius, who was sent to demand satisfaction. Moreover, the historian freely intimates that the embassy of Phileas was merely a cloak for his design; for he describes him as sojourning at Rome *diu jam per speciem legationis*. The occurrence, too, took place when the war was at its height, at a time when the excited temper of the people

would be more likely to resent so treacherous a proceeding.

We have the authority of Diodorus Siculus for an incident nearly contemporaneous with that last mentioned, which, if true, to some extent redeems that error. During the same war, some envoys sent by Scipio on a mission to another State, had been roughly handled and subjected to much indignity by the Carthaginians; shortly afterwards, by a sort of divine retribution, a Carthaginian embassy fell into his hands; and though, according to the recognized doctrine of reprisals, he would have been justified in retaliating, he declined to follow a bad precedent, and sent them back in safety to Carthage.

A further instance, unique in all its particulars, may be subjoined. In this case a State not only submitted to the execution of its ambassador by the prince to whom he was sent, but ratified the sentence by inflicting the further penalty of confiscation of his property in favor of that prince. The document which records this remarkable circumstance (C.I. 2691) deserves to be set out in full:—

In the thirty-ninth year of the reign of Artaxerxes, and during the satrapy of Mausolus, a decree of the sovereign assembly of the Mylasians, confirmed by the three tribes: Whereas Araïssis, son of Thyssolus, has failed of the duties of his mission and conspired against Mausolus, the benefactor of the city of Mylasa, not to mention his father and their ancestors; and the king having convicted Araïssis of his crime, has caused him to be put to death; the assembly decides to proceed in the matter of his estate according to the laws of the country: it declares such estate forfeited to Mausolus, and forbids the proposing or voting upon any amendment opposed to these resolutions. Let whosoever infringes them be annihilated with all his race.

It is not necessary, of course, to assign much weight to the final paragraph: it was probably a legal formula, adopted, like many others, at a time when the weakness of the community required such stringent sanctions for its enactments, and retained in official documents of this class long after it had practically become obsolete.

But the strongest proof of the sanctity with which the person of an ambassador was invested is to be found in the circumstances consequent on the maltreatment by Sparta and Athens of the Persian envoys of Darius. This case is also of importance as suggesting a refutation of the charge advanced by so many modern writers, that the Greeks, even as between

their own cities, were bound by no obligations except such as had been the subject of actual compact. These outrages, probably the result of an outbreak of popular indignation caused by the insolent nature of the demand, were committed upon the envoys of a foreign prince, considered by the Greeks as a barbarian, and outside the pale. But the story of the remorse of the Spartans, as told by Herodotus (vii. 137), shows how thoroughly they recognized the obligation, even as towards the barbarian, the breach of which they regretted so bitterly, and were at such pains to expiate.

According to Herodotus, the wrath of the herald Talthybius, whose shrine was worshipped at Sparta, displayed itself in the continued untowardness of the sacrificial offerings. Thereupon two high-born and wealthy Spartans — Sperthies the son of Aneristus, and Bulis the son of Nikolas — volunteered to make atonement to Xerxes in their own persons for the maltreatment of the Persian heralds. When, on their arrival at Susa, they made known their mission to the king, he declared that he would not place himself on the same level as the Spartans, who had been guilty of confounding ordinances that were universally recognized; that he would not himself do what he censured in them, nor release them from their guilt in the way that they proposed. The wrath of Talthybius was therefore allayed but for a time, and revived during the Peloponnesian War; nor was it entirely appeased until the occurrence of the following event. Aneristus and Nikolas, the sons of the men who had gone to Susa to tender their lives, were sent as envoys to the great king to solicit his alliance for Sparta. Having turned aside for the purpose of seducing Sitalkes from the Athenian alliance, they were by him handed over to the Athenians, and unceremoniously put to death.

These facts related by a contemporary historian so reliable as Herodotus go far to refute statements, such as those of Manning, that "the Greeks had a few customary observances; but their slaying of prisoners, and occasional maltreatment of ambassadors, show them to have had nothing that can properly be called a notion of the law of nations." This, being the only known case of such maltreatment by any leading Greek States — for Alexander of Phæræ can hardly be considered in this light, and the Megarian outrage on the herald Anthemokritus rests on more than doubtful authority — was

probably the ground of that jurist's assertion; but having upon this matter exactly that amount of knowledge which is justly called dangerous, he committed himself to an inference directly contrary to that which the sequel of the story warrants.

I think that I may now fairly claim to have shown that, as far, at any rate, as treaty obligations and ambassadorial privileges are concerned, the contemptuous indifference with which this branch of their subject has been treated by English writers is not warranted by the facts. The usages of war recognized by the peoples of the ancient world, their practice with regard to arbitration and extradition, and the institution called *προξενία*, which is strikingly analogous to our consular system, all point to the same conclusion. The discussion of these subjects must, however, be reserved for a future occasion.

H. BROUGHAM LEECH.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER X.

THE REAL WOUND AND THE APPARENT ONE.

"He smarteth most who hides his smart
And sues for no compassion.

RALEIGH.

CHALLONER had been in the background throughout the evening described in the last chapter, but he was no longer destined to remain so; he was, within a few minutes of leaving the drawing-room, to be brought as prominently before the public as would have satisfied a dozen Whewells.

The ladies were being shawled and hooded in the library, and Lotta was in the act of having her last golosh drawn on, when a noise from without made them all turn their heads, wondering aimlessly, as females do, what was the matter.

There had been the sound of a breakage, a crash and a smash; not a remarkably violent smash; probably a lamp knocked over, or something as bad as that — annoying, but not more; and no particular attention might have been excited, had it not been immediately followed by more than the usual bustle and disturbance.

"I say!"

"By Jove!"

"Are you hurt?"

Then "handkerchief" and "bleeding"

were indistinctly caught, and finally a whole sentence reached their ears, in Robert's voice, but in a voice raised higher and more hurried than its wont, "Sticking-plaster! I don't believe she has such a thing in the house."

That was enough; all flocked out to hear and see, and Lady Matilda joined the group from the ante-room. What had happened? Who was hurt?

The questions were answered by a blast of cold air driving in through a broken window of some size, and further, by the sight of Challoner standing before Whewell, who was busily engaged tying a handkerchief above his wrist, and at the same time bending down so close over it, as to show he was endeavoring to discover something, probably the extent of the damage done.

The two were underneath a circle of lamps, and blood was dripping from their hands.

"If I could only see—if I had anything to clear the wound. Water—get some water," cried Whewell; "cold water and a sponge! Look sharp with it!" as the servants hung about uncertainly. "I can't see anything for this infernal blood."

"What do you want to see?" said a voice at his elbow.

"Oh, Lady Matilda! Beg pardon, but can't you get me *something*?" replied Whewell, somewhat taken aback, although appearing to more advantage in his concern and abruptness than in any previous phase. "Can't you get me anything to stop the bleeding? Friar's balsam—that's it; that's the thing I want. Oh, you have not any? Oh, what have you, then? And where is that water?" impatiently looking round. "I sent them for it an hour ago. I could at least bandage the cut, if we could make sure there was no glass sticking in; but I can't see anything for this—Oh, it's here! Here with it, then. Hold the basin under—right under, can't you? See what a devil of a mess you are making! Excuse me, Lady Matilda," in another tone,—"excuse me, but you are in my light. Now then, Challoner, off with your coat! Here, you, help him!"

"No, nonsense!" cried Challoner, resisting the footman's touch. "Thanks all the same, but there is really nothing to make a fuss about."

"Never mind that; off with his coat, I tell you! How the deuce do you suppose I am to get at the place up inside the sleeve? There, that's right. 'Jove, how

it bleeds! But we'll collar it yet," sponging away. "Now, does it hurt? Do you feel anything sharp? Any pricks?"

"Ah!" cried Challoner at the moment.

"I thought so. Yes; and a nice thing it would have been to have tied that in," rejoined Whewell, holding up a narrow strip of glass half an inch long. "D'ye see that? Eh? Why, it's better already. Hold his arm there, will you? Hold it as hard as you can, just above the elbow-joint; feel for the pulse and dig your fingers in. Don't be afraid; dig them in as hard as ever you can. Can anybody give me a good long handkerchief? A silk one would be the best." Teddy was half-way up-stairs ere the words were well out of the speaker's mouth. "I say, bring two," shouted Whewell after him.

"You are very good, but—you make too much of it," said Challoner, with a restive motion that implied dislike to being thus the centre of attraction. "I am sorry I have broken the pane," looking at the shattered glass, which nobody had as yet attempted to clear away; "and every one will take cold," he added.

"Yes, to be sure. I am warm enough; but it is shivery, rather," said Whewell. "If you will go back to the drawing-room for a few minutes, ladies, we shall soon be ready for you," subjoined he, concealing, if he felt it, a natural reluctance to lose his audience. "I shall manage now; I shall just tie it up till we get back to End-hill, and then no doubt Mrs. Hanwell will furnish me with plasters and balsam. You have them? Yes; that's right. He will do very well till then. It will not take long now, Challoner. Don't catch cold, like a good fellow, for I can't let you move yet. What's this? Brandy? Ah, that's the thing to keep up his fettle! I thought he was growing a little white about the gills."

The patient laughed outright.

"You may laugh—laugh away," proceeded the extempore surgeon, with the end of a handkerchief between his teeth; "but it's all very fine. Drink your brandy, my friend, and be thankful. I should not mind a nip myself, if you would be so good, Lord Overton. Oh, don't go yourself—pray don't go yourself. I would not on any account. What a good fellow he is!" he added, for the benefit of those left.

Only Challoner and the footman were left; every one else had gladly seized the opportunity to beat a retreat from the raw night air, which continued to pour in

through the broken window, since the brown paper, with which it had been proposed to patch it for the night, had not yet appeared — even Robert had retired with the rest into the drawing-room, there to be interrogated and listened to.

"He was pulling down the window. The window was open, and we all felt cold. You kept us waiting so long, Lotta. I do wish, my dear, you could manage to be a little quicker sometimes. What had you to do but put on your cloak —"

"My dear Robert, I was not a minute. But Janet had put my cloak underneath Marion's, and at first we could not distinguish which was which — these fur cloaks are all so much alike: indeed we could not see that there were two; we thought there was only one."

"Oh, never mind — never mind. How your tongue *does* run on, Lotta!" cried Lady Matilda, who never could prevent herself from speaking to her daughter as if she were still at home and unmarried. "Tell me about the accident, Robert. How could he do it? What was there in closing a window to break it all to pieces, and cut Mr. Challoner's hand so badly?"

"It is unfortunately not the hand, but the wrist — just in the worst place, where the large artery is."

"But how did he do it? How did he do it?"

"How did he do it? I do not know, I am sure: I cannot imagine. I was going to draw down the window — at least Lord Overton was going — and I was just going, when Challoner, who was in front of us both, turned round and did it."

"Did it? Did what?"

"Pulled down the frame, and the cord broke; and it came down with a run."

"Oh!"

"He says the frame had stuck, — swelled with the rain, no doubt."

"Oh!"

"It was a pity your having no remedies handy," proceeded Robert, beginning to recollect himself. "If we had been at Endhill —"

"I have two or three kinds of plaster," cried Lotta, with a glance at her mother; "and we have arnica, and several things."

"Give him the arnica when you get home, my dear," observed Lady Matilda drily. "Pour in a good supply. You are a very erudite person, we all know, Lotta. So Mr. Challoner may be safely handed over to your care."

"Arnica is not for an open wound, my love," explained Robert, in a somewhat

short aside. "It is poison, and should never be applied when the skin is broken; but a balsam for stopping bleeding is really, really a thing every one ought to have," continued he more briskly. "You see this case shows —"

"He's all right now," announced Teddy, coming in. "He says it's nothing, and —"

"It was a great thing Whewell being with us," continued Robert, unwilling to lose the ear of the house. "Whewell is certainly a wonderful man. He can do anything he sets his hand to."

"He makes a lot of row about it though."

Teddy's amendment was not uncalled for: even as they stood, there could be heard the dictatorial tones and loud laugh of the now excited and dominant guest; and grateful as they were for knowledge and skill so valuable at such a moment, perhaps no one could have asserted that a little less assumption would not have been more becoming.

However, that was neither here nor there. Whewell had done well, — had manfully rendered services for which praise and thanks were due, and these should certainly be accorded him; while Challoner — Lady Matilda in particular was not quite sure how she must now address Challoner. She must address him somehow, of course; but could she now expect him to care for civility and attention so much overdue? Could she suppose that he was not to see that he had been passed over and neglected throughout the entire evening, or imagine that he would now be thankful for a crumb from her table, flung to him so late, and for such a reason? She could but hope he would not re-enter the drawing-room, and that a passing inquiry and expression of sympathy would be all that she would need to bestow in the hall. She would accompany the others out into the hall to give it, and — but hope was vain: the outsiders were heard approaching even as she pondered.

In they all came, Challoner first.

By common consent he had been ushered to the front, in virtue of his misfortune; and the eagerness, the queries, and condolences with which he was now assailed, vindicated the justice of the sentiment.

Everybody now spoke to Challoner, except the one who should have led the way; and even Matilda had, with an effort and a blush, stepped forward to do her tardy

part, when she caught the anxious stimulative eye of her son-in-law, and the demon within her rose. Robert's look said, "Yes, go, go; now is your time; now you can make up for the past; now you can retrieve your error: be quick, be quick!" And in answer to that "Be quick, be quick!" a rebellious voice within retorted, "I shall do nothing of the kind."

We have said Matilda was a sweet-tempered woman: but there are things that would set up the back of an angel; and if there was one person on earth who was a proficient in saying or looking those things, it was Robert Hanwell.

Perhaps he might not have provoked everybody. His absurdities, his self-complacency, and his unconscious arrogance, would not have caused some good souls more than a faint annoyance, or they might even have derived from them a distinct source of amusement; but with such he must have had nothing to do as a relation, and they must have come but seldom into contact with him. To Matilda he was as a rough collar constantly worn: he could not be shaken off, he could not be thrown aside; he was always there, and he was always making himself felt to be there. Moreover, it is probable that in the presence of his mother-in-law the unfortunate young man showed to his worst — that he set her on, out of a spirit of opposition, to do things which she would not otherwise have done; and that he in turn, fretted and irritated by her levity, made himself yet more ridiculous by his ill-humor than she would have made him by her wit.

On the present occasion the ill-humor was more than ordinarily disastrous. Matilda was vexed with herself, and was really anxious to make honorable amends to Challoner for her former slighting demeanor towards him. Now a finer shade of perception than Robert possessed would have enabled him to see this, and to stand back and let her now aroused and womanly compunctions have their full swing: she would, following the dictates of her own heart, have said all that was kind and gentle; she would have won forgiveness in a moment. But just as she was about to step forward, or rather had actually taken a step or two, and was hesitating for a suitable word to begin with, a pressing and perturbed countenance must needs be thrust forward, and all was lost.

Who was he, that she should do his bidding? "Know your place, sir," was

written in every line of the frown which gathered on her brow, and she turned on her heel — to find Whewell at her side.

"We shall be off immediately now, Lady Matilda. The carriage had been sent round to the stables, but it will be here in a minute. Pray forgive Mr. Challoner: he would never have forgiven himself, I assure you, if he had bled to death in your hall."

"It was not so bad as that, I hope." Lady Matilda responded to the light tone so coldly that the speaker looked surprised.

"You have no doctor near at hand, I am told?" rejoined Whewell, leaving banter alone, as he perceived it to be inappropriate.

"Within two miles — within a mile and a half, I should say. That is pretty well for a country place, I think. We have no great need of doctors in Overton parish. If Mr. Challoner needs a doctor —"

"Oh, not a bit of him; not now, at all events. These bull-dog kind of men can stand anything; and this was merely — Oh, Mrs. Hanwell is going. Good-night, then, Lady Matilda; we shall see you in church to-morrow. And pray remember that you have promised to coach me up in my new duties; I look to you to pull me through. Good-night. Where," looking round — "where is my patient?"

He was behind, awaiting his turn; and he was unsupported, or rather his parting moments were uninjured by Robert. Robert had gone out with the Miss Applebys, who had stayed with the rest, no one knew why, and they were now being escorted to the door by him and Teddy. Lord Overton was, as usual, doing nothing, and visible nowhere. "Mr. Challoner," said Matilda very gently, "I cannot express to you how sorry I am."

She wished she could have said more, wished she could have thought of more to say; but no civility, no condolence, no repentance would furnish her with a single other word at the moment; and before she could make a second attempt, or conjure up any further pretext for detaining him, he was gone. Matilda uneasily followed. What could she do? Was there anything left for her to do? She was cudgelling her brains as she wandered on with a vague idea of being friendly in not being left behind, when anew there seemed to be a stir without, and it was Robert's voice which, as before, was the presager of evil.

"Going to walk to the village, Chal-

loner! To *walk*! What for? I thought I understood ——"

Then a murmur of undertones; then Overton's voice — "I can send at once. I should have done so before."

"Why, I'll go." That was Teddy.

Matilda lost not another moment. "What is wrong? What is the matter?" she cried, with a sound almost of terror in her tones: for long years afterwards she remembered that moment, as she had cause to remember it.

"Well, it is hard to say: really I do not know what to advise," replied Whewell, who, with the others, was standing on the doorstep, in front of the brougham, in which Mrs. Hanwell was already seated. "Of course, if Challoner thinks the bleeding is still going on, he ought to have it seen to at once. I am very sorry; I had hoped we had settled it. But certainly Challoner is right to speak out; and as you say we are going away from a doctor — that is, actually in an opposite direction — Is there no way round?" he broke off suddenly; "could we not drive round?"

"I shall walk, and be there in no time," announced Challoner with gruff decision. "Can you give me a latch-key, Hanwell? That is all I want."

"Eight miles at the end of a long day's shooting!" cried the master of Endhill.

"My dear fellow, eight miles; what are eight miles?" And Robert found himself almost pushed into the carriage. "There — it's all right; don't keep Mrs. Hanwell waiting."

"I can't allow it. Certainly you shall not go alone."

"Suppose I go with him," said Whewell faintly.

There were further suggestions and assertions, and at length, "Suppose there are two fools instead of one, and suppose here's a third to bear them company, and I'm he," cried Teddy, in the rear. "What a lark! Just wait till I get my boots on."

"You need not trouble; George is off by this time on the bay mare," said the quiet voice that was always listened to. "And," continued Lord Overton, "Mr. Challoner must be good enough to accept a bed here for to-night; he will be attended to much sooner here than at Endhill, and it will save the doctor, and the doctor's nag, a long journey into the bargain."

When had Overton done it? How had he managed it?

He had not appeared on the scene at all; and although as a host he had been polite, and as a man concerned, he had only so far entered into the spirit of the thing: now all were surprised, and though relief was painted on the faces of Whewell and Hanwell, the discomfiture of the other two gentlemen was obvious. Challoner looked, and could not keep from looking, annoyed, and Teddy refused to stop equipping himself: now that he was started, he must do something and go somewhere, and eagerly burst forth with a dozen plans.

"Do whatever you like," said his brother. "Take a walk in the rain if it pleases you — it will do no one any harm; but Mr. Challoner remains here," laying a detaining hand on Challoner's arm. "All right, coachman! Look you up in the morning, Robert;" and against so wise and comfortable a conclusion no one could protest.

Terrible had been the internal qualm which had been experienced by Whewell as well as by Robert when Challoner's first proposal had been made.

Even the lesser evil of having to drive their patient to the village and back, before again getting into the road for Endhill — a clear two miles, if not three miles, extra — had been appalling; and yet, but for Lord Overton's promptitude, this must have been the end of it. They could not be thankful enough.

"Uncle Overton is so kind and thoughtful, once he really understands about things," observed Lotta. "He does not often bestir himself, but when he does — I am so glad you had not to take that dreadful walk, either of you; I assure you I am."

So were they.

"And where would have been the good?" proceeded the lady astutely; "Mr. Challoner must have gone all the same. It would have been no use for any one of you to have gone without Mr. Challoner; and if he *had* to go, and no one else *had* to go — however, I am glad he had not to go, either: Uncle Overton settled it in much the best way." And in every aching joint and weary muscle, the other two felt that she was answered in the affirmative, and found no flaw in the argument.

"Come and sit down," said Lord Overton, gently pushing his reluctant guest back into the deserted drawing-room once more. "Matilda, don't you sit up unless you like. Challoner — why, Challoner,"

with a sudden cry, "why, it's *pouring*! Good heavens! what shall we do?"

"This," said Matilda.

Her face had paled, but it was not the pallor of inertion; in a second she had with her own hands and Teddy's help torn off Challoner's coat, and sprung upon his arm, feeling for the pulse above the elbow-joint, as before indicated by Whewell, — holding it, when found, with the grip of a wildcat.

"What are you doing?" said Overton, in a low voice. Poor fellow, he was frightened now.

"She is doing me a service," replied Challoner for her; "Lady Matilda is pressing her fingers into the vein to stop the circulation, and if she can only hold on —"

"I can — I shall."

"It is indeed kind; but the speaker did not proceed. It *was* kind — no one could say it was not kind; but it was annoying and vexatious that he should need such kindness. It was difficult to know what to say, where complaints would have been ungracious, but where too much gratitude would have been absurd. The situation had been forced upon his entertainers: nothing had been voluntary on their part, and this no one could have felt more keenly than the recipient, the Challoner who had sat silent and still, left to himself the whole evening, uncared for and unnoticed. To be sure, Overton had drawn his chair up a few yards off, and Overton had been equally at leisure; but there the good-fellowship for the nonce had ended, while neither Teddy nor Matilda had done for him a thing. To have Teddy now passionately pacing up and down the room on his account! To have Matilda kneeling by his side!

He bit his lip, and quiet man as he was, almost cursed the situation in his heart.

However, there the situation was, and nothing could improve it: and ages indeed it seemed before the sharp, imperative summons of the door-bell announced the welcome arrival — come, indeed, as soon as any reasonable mortals could have expected, and as fast as Dr. Hitchin's horse could go; and all that weary while Matilda knelt bravely on, never changing her position, nor relaxing her hold, but taking no part in the brief dialogues that from time to time were interchanged among the other three, and only now and then drawing unconsciously a long, deep breath, and stealing a furtive glance at the clock.

CHAPTER XI.

CHALLONER IS IMPATIENT TO BE GONE.

"The latent mischief from his heart to tear."

PRIOR.

UNDER the skilful treatment of the village apothecary, a man of high repute in his own sphere, and renowned for many a long-winded diagnosis, Challoner's wound soon assumed a less serious aspect.

But another difficulty now arose. He was ordered to bed — not to bed for the night, as was reasonable enough, and agreeable enough to his inclinations, but to stay in bed until seen and interviewed the next day; and this could only be hearkened to with ridicule and impatient contempt. But what, then, was the dismay of the scoffer, and the delight and importance of our friend Teddy, when the command that had been thus wantonly maltreated when it issued from Dr. Hitchin's lips, had to be obeyed from very stress of adverse circumstances! The next morning found Challoner hot and cold, coughing and shivering, and although still unwilling to own as much, by no means so obdurate as the night before. He would at least lie still for an hour or two: he had — yes, he certainly had taken a little chill; and perhaps, as the day was wet, and nothing could be done out of doors, being Sunday, he might as well submit to be coddled up, so as to be all right on Monday.

But Monday came, and he was by no means all right; throat and chest were sore, his head was aching, and he sneezed in the doctor's face even while making solemn declaration of his innocence. The truth was, that scarcely any living man could have escaped scot-free who had done what Challoner had done: he had stood — and without his coat, be it remembered — full in the icy current let in by the broken window for upwards of twenty minutes, while Whewell attended to his hand and wrist; and he had just come out of a well-warmed room, a rather over-warm room, into which no draught ever by any chance penetrated, and he had lost some blood. He could hardly have been human, and not have caught cold; and this was precisely what he had done.

He had caught cold — nothing more; but nothing more was needed. The cold had attacked both throat and chest, and there was no doubt about it. To get up and take his departure was not to be thought of; he must give in, stop where he was, and play the invalid.

A more reluctant or pugnacious invalid Dr. Hitchin had never before had to deal with.

What! stay on at Overton, and on and on at Overton, and that not for two days or three days, but "till he was better," — horrible indefinite term! — obtrude himself in a manner so unseemly on strangers, utter strangers, and demand and wrench from them, as it were, their sympathy and their hospitality? Not he. * It could not be done. The doctor must understand, once for all, that he, the patient, had got to be made well somehow in another day or so, — well enough, at any rate, to leave the Hall, and no longer trouble people upon whom he had no sort of claim, and to whose house he had merely come to dine by chance.

"Bless my life, surely it was a lucky chance then!" cried the amazed Hitchin in his heart. "One would think these were snug enough quarters for any dainty fellow to be laid up in: everything he can possibly want; fine old place, fine company — a nice, amusing, idle young fellow like Teddy, and the earl is not half so black as he's painted. Ay, and Lady Matilda. And — Lady — Matilda," proceeded the old gentleman slowly. "Ah dear! times are changed with the young folks nowadays. What would I not have given twenty years ago for the chance of being nursed up and looked after by a Lady Matilda! A fine woman, a fine stately beauty of the rare old type — not the trumpery pretty miss, with a turned-up nose and freckles, who passes as a belle in these times. Lady Matilda *never* looks amiss; I have never seen her look amiss, at any rate, and I meet her out and about in all sorts of winds, and in all sorts of old clothes. What would the man have? What does it all mean? I can't enter his room, but he begins with his 'When shall I be up, doctor? Can't I go away to-morrow, doctor?' — plaguing my life out, and running, certainly running a very decided risk, by thus fretting and irritating the mucous membrane into the bargain. What is he up to, that Challoner?" suddenly cried the little sage, knitting his wiry brows; "he is either a deep one and has his own reasons — Aha! Is it Lady Matilda after all, I wonder?"

But he kept a tight hand on the patient all the same.

Now we would not for a moment cast a slur on Hitchin, and it is not to be supposed that in the few remarks we feel called upon to make below, that we infer

he was, biassed by certain considerations in his view of the case — that he made the worst of the accident, and the most of his opportunity; but it ought to be borne in mind that, as a medical man — as *the* medical man of the neighborhood, the sole physician, accoucheur, surgeon, and apothecary of anywhere about short of Seaburgh itself — he had been hardly used by the Overtons. Lady Matilda was never ill, neither were her brothers. Their rude health and hardihood braved every kind of weather, and laughed at every sort of disease; they were by circumstances placed above the reach of almost every form of infection; they could not be accused, even by their dearest friends, of overtaking their brains; and they did not know what nerves were. His only chance lay in an accident; and so far, accidents had been few and far between.

"Yet," pondered he, "they ride the most dangerous animals going." But then Dr. Hitchin's ideas of a dangerous animal differed from those of Teddy and Matilda.

However, one thing was certain, that scarcely ever since the good doctor had established himself in those parts, had he been called in to attend any one at the Hall; and indeed, on the rare occasions when this privilege had been accorded him, and he and his Bobby had had the felicity of turning in at the avenue gate, it had been invariably on the behoof of a housemaid or kitchen-maid whose ailment did not even necessitate his drawing rein at the front door. Even Lotta had got through her full share of childish complaints before his day, and nothing had remained for him but the dregs of the whooping-cough, which dregs had done him no credit, and given him considerable trouble.

He had not soon been summoned again; and indeed it was now several years since he had even been within the park, farther than to skirt along the high slope above the house, where was a road free to all, and used as a short cut by any one who chose.

All of this being thus explained, and it being also understood that Dr. Hitchin knew tolerably well all the outs and ins of the family, and had, in common with the rest of the little world about, studied their ways and humors for a considerable length of time, the judicious reader will at once be able, according to the charity that in him — or her — lies, to determine how ill Challoner really was.

Very ill he was not, or he would have

been more meek. And he was not meek — not by any means. True, he said but little, and gave utterance to not a syllable of complaint, but his air was restive and disdainful; he received instructions and prescriptions with a smile that was worse than words; and though he did not actually dare to disobey orders, though he put out his tongue when told, and even submitted to the indignity of having a glass tube thrust under it, and having to sit still with the ridiculous thing sticking out of his grave mouth for two full minutes, he did it all with what at least was no enthusiasm, and received the report of his stomach, his pulse, and his temperature as if they had severally belonged to some one else.

Such apathy was almost too much even for the cheerful little doctor; but there was one person whom it suited to a nicety — one member of the household who got on better with Challoner than he had ever done with any mortal in his life before — and that was Lord Overton.

Overton had found a man who could hold his tongue, and yet be happy.

He had at last by good hap hit upon a fellow-creature who would sit as still, smoke as long, and say as little as he did himself; he had at length met with some one who paid him no court, gave him no trouble, put forth no effort for his amusement, no solicitude for his comfort, and who expected, in return for all this forbearance, this priceless moderation, simply nothing. When he had said his "Good morning," and "Hope you're better?" each day, he could sit down just where he liked, in the worst chair and the worst part of the room if he chose, and Challoner would barely turn his head to see where he was or what he was doing. He would pull out his own cigar; he would hunt up his own match, and pass it on, no one resenting his rising and moving to do so; he would poke the fire — Robert Hanwell would have had his hair standing on end had he witnessed the indifference with which Challoner permitted his distinguished companion to handle his own poker and tongs, once he found that Overton liked doing so, — he would sit on and on in peace and comfort, no one thinking it necessary to trouble with talking beyond a "Beastly wet," now and then, varied, perchance, with a "Bad for the farmers," — each of which remarks, if originated by himself, would merely draw from the other an inarticulate civil sound, which was perfectly polite and pleasant, but which most men would have thought

was hardly response sufficient for Lord Overton. Perhaps Challoner would volunteer the "Beastly wet," and Overton would nod the mute assent; perhaps they would both together originate the sentiment; perhaps one would see that the weather was about to improve, and the sky to clear, while the other considered that the rain was setting steadily in; perhaps one would narrate a brief, a very brief experience of country life, farmers shooting, or proprietary grievances; perhaps the other would cap the story with a better, — but however long they bore each other company, and whatever they agreed upon or differed upon, one thing was plain, they were on the best of terms.

Lady Matilda jested about the strange pair who, thus thrown at haphazard together, fitted like a pair of gloves; and my lord's predilection for Mr. Challoner, and the length of time my lord passed in the sick room, made the invalid's beef-tea several degrees stronger and more grateful to the palate than it would have been had Mr. Edward only been there to see.

Nobody told Lord Overton a word of Challoner's impatience to be at liberty — naturally nobody would; and indeed the principal person who could, was the least likely of all to whisper a hint of the kind, since Dr. Hitchin knew better than to breed mischief at any time, especially such mischief as must have been detrimental to his own interests.

Greatly was he pleased with the alliance between the two odd-come-shorts. (It was Matilda who styled them the odd-come-shorts, and who stuck to the term in spite of Teddy's representation that whatever might be said of Overton, it was rough on Challoner to be bracketed with him, without being given a chance of showing what he was or what he could be.)

Lady Matilda openly smiled in the doctor's face when he announced that Lord Overton was excellent company for Mr. Challoner. She was quite willing that he should be, more than willing — charmed, delighted; but it showed her one thing — namely this, that any one who could be thus enamored of her dear excellent elder brother's dumb show of good-fellowship could be of no earthly good to *her*: she must look elsewhere for a kindred spirit.

At length Dr. Hitchin suffered himself to be persuaded into a decree that his patient might be moved into another room, — into the drawing-room, or still better into the sunny little boudoir — Lady Matilda's boudoir — which was on the same floor, and had a southern aspect.

No going up and down stairs at first, no draughts, no chills. "You just go to Lady Matilda's room by-and-by, when the windows are shut, and there is a good fire—that is to say, if her ladyship will be good enough to grant permission," with a little bow and wave of the hand to Teddy, who was supposed to represent his sister at any time she might be apart from him. "Ask Lady Matilda —"

Challoner lifted his head, as though about to speak.

"My compliments to Lady Matilda," proceeded the good doctor, not noticing this, "and will she be charitable enough—eh? is that the phrase, eh?" smiling jovially,—"charitable enough to harbor this poor patient of mine for a few hours in her delightful haven of refuge, eh, sir? Hum, eh? Haven of refuge, eh? You will have drifted into as snug a haven of refuge as ever mariner did if you get taken in there, Mr. Challoner, I can assure you. Ha! ha! ha! Good anchorage for any man. I remember the room well," suddenly resuming a matter-of-fact tone, as the two unresponsive faces before him showed no appreciation of his slyness,—"I remember its aspect, and recommending it for Miss Lotta—Mrs. Hanwell—after her severe attack of whooping-cough. She could not throw off the cough, and I was obliged to keep her almost entirely to her mother's boudoir. It was a charming convalescent home—convalescent home, I called it then, to amuse the little girl—and it appears it must do duty for a convalescent home once more, Mr. Challoner. You will find it most comfortable: ladies always contrive to make a home comfortable; their little odds and ends, work-baskets, and knick-knacks, are all additions in their way. Lady Matilda must find you something to do, my good sir; you are tired of being idle, and that is what makes you fancy yourself so ill —"

"I! I fancy myself ill!"

"Well, yes; you have felt yourself uncommonly ill, no doubt," replied the shameless doctor coolly; "very miserable, and feverish, and low, and that was the cause of your restless desire to get away from the Hall. Oh, I understood it all; you thought you were regularly in for it, and as you did not mean to lie up, you would fain have set off through fog and rain to travel all over the country, until you had developed a thoroughpaced fever. That was what you were up to. Oh, don't tell me—I know, I know; and let me tell you, my friend, that you had your desire

as nearly as ever man had. I would not alarm any one at the time, but it has been a close shave—a very close shave; a little more would have done it—just as much more," turning to Teddy, "as Mr. Challoner wanted to do. Ah, young men, young men!"

"Pooh!" said Challoner; but two things in the last speech softened his contempt. He liked—who does not?—to have it thought he had been ill; also he liked being called a young man.

He was not a very young man—he was just at the age when a man may be young or not; but Dr. Hitchin, who revered muscle and sinew, height and breadth, a deep chest and a long arm, honestly looked his admiration, and could not comprehend the gleam of satisfaction which stole athwart Challoner's brow, where already a dash of grey had mingled with the thick dark locks on the temple.

"Pooh!" said the poor fellow, but he smiled—for almost the first time that day he smiled; something in his own thoughts had pleased him as Hitchin spoke.

"No disrespect to Lord Overton or Mr. Edward here," proceeded the doctor presently; "but you will be glad to vary your society a little. Lady Matilda—(what the mischief is the meaning of this now?" internally. "No sooner do I mention Lady Matilda than my gentleman looks black as thunder at me. Her ladyship been snubbing him, eh? Can that be it, I wonder?) And, Mr. Edward, get out a game of chess, or draughts, or something," he continued aloud; "backgammon, eh? or —"

"Penny Nap," cried Teddy joyously.

"Cards? Ah, very good—very good. Anything to amuse the mind. We used to play cribbage in my young days."

"Matilda likes cribbage. I have to play with her; it's awfully slow, for she always beats me," said Teddy, with more interest than he had before displayed in the conversation. "I hate the counting, for she always manages to bag something from me, with all those 'fifteen twos' and rot. How is a fellow to remember that nine and six make fifteen, as well as seven and eight?"

"Are you fond of whist?" It was a great moment for Hitchin. Whist was his strong point, and to make a fourth in a rubber at the Hall, or even to play with a dummy—for Lady Matilda was probably no great hand—would have been—

"No, I hate it," said Teddy flatly.

CHAPTER XII.

TEDDY'S CONFIDENCES.

"Each man has a measure of his own for everything."
LAVATER.

"For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots they hit."
DRYDEN.

HOPE was over in a moment, killed in the birth, or rather it might have been almost said to have been still-born, so few were its flickering seconds of existence. No whist-table in the library at the Hall, No Lord Overton for a partner, no reminiscences of the same on the morrow's rounds — it had been but a passing vision, gone like a flash, and now there was again only the useful Challoner to fall back upon.

"There must not be too much talking, remember," Hitchin sighed, all doctor again. "The bronchial tubes are still tender, and must not be excited. Talking irritates —"

"You need not be afraid of *his* talking," said Teddy bluntly; "he must talk in his sleep if he talks at all. At any rate, he never favors me; Overton is the only person who gets any change out of him, and a little goes a long way with Overton. He ain't particular.

But the hand that fell on Challoner's shoulder was so hearty and kindly, and the charge was so freely and confidently laid, that no one could have taken umbrage at it, and no one did. It was impossible not to like Teddy Lessingham when Teddy was good; and when he was not, why, then Matilda argued it was "only Teddy," only her poor, beautiful, whimsical — she would not for the world have whispered "half-witted" — brother. He was, she would have maintained, perfectly sensible, perfectly rational, perfectly all that he should have been, when he was not vexed or sullen; it was only when thwarted or distressed, when he did not understand, and took things amiss, and was grieved and indignant, that Teddy was irresponsible: it was other people who roused the evil spirit in him; Teddy, let alone, would not have hurt a fly.

And Teddy now quite looked upon himself as Challoner's friend. Overton was all very well, but Overton went for nothing beside two men of the world such as himself and Challoner: it was to him that Challoner must look for everything that could make his enforced stay at the Hall endurable; and accordingly, "Well, now," cried he, as the doctor left the room — "now, you see, there you are! I said you would be all right in a few

days if you would only hold on; and so you *are* all right — right as a trivet; and it is just a week to-day since — since last Saturday. This is Saturday again, you know. I dare say you didn't know, for there was nothing to tell you, unless it was the newspaper, and *that* says Friday, for to day's has not come yet, though the afternoon post will be here directly. I say, will you go to Matilda's now, or after a bit?"

"Oh, wait a little," said Challoner slowly.

"All right. But I'll tell her that you are coming, and that she is to have a good fire, and all the rest of it: I can just run along now."

"Oh — ah — don't be in a hurry," said Challoner, with an evident wish to detain the steps which had already begun to move to the door.

"Is there not — any other room?" he began hesitatingly.

"Oh, by Jove! when you heard what Hitchin said, and all the dust he raised about it! Oh, I say, that's too bad. There's the billiard-room, of course, but it would be as much as my place is worth — no, no, I never disobey orders; if I did, Matilda would give it me — that she would, I can tell you."

"But — we shall disturb her, shan't we?"

"Not a bit. Disturb Matilda! She is never disturbed. What has she got to be disturbed about? Lotta was the one who used to complain of being 'disturbed.' I am sure I don't know why, no one ever wanted to disturb *her*; she might have been let alone from morning to night, for all the good she was to anybody."

"I am such a nuisance." And something else was added indistinctly.

"Oh, come, I like that," said Teddy. "When I have told you over and over again what a perfect godsend you are to us all, and me particularly! For I never have anybody hardly — I mean any young fellows like myself. I don't know how it is, I am sure," with Teddy's puzzled look, that always made Matilda change the subject, — "I don't know how I don't have more fellows about. I had lots of friends once — I mean I have now, any number; but they don't come here. We don't ask them here; we forget, I suppose. A fellow can't be expected to remember everything, you know," he concluded, with his usual apology.

"No, of course not," said Challoner dreamily. He had been thinking his own thoughts, and they had been of a nature

to make him say "No" or "Yes" at random to any sudden call. He had added "of course not" from mere absence of mind; and as it appeared to suit the requirements of the case, he again relapsed into silence, and his companion again resumed: "Overton is as fond of you as he can be; and we were saying only this morning what a grand thing it was that Robert had not carried you off to Endhill, as he had all but done, and had you ill there. How you would have hated it! Oh, you don't know how you would have hated it!" cried Teddy from his heart. "You would have had nobody but Robert and Whewell. Whewell would not have done much for you. He is a selfish beggar; I can see he is. I don't like him a bit. He made me kneel on the cold bit of pavement, when I had to be godfather — I mean proxy godfather, or whatever it is — at the christening, and he had a nice piece of carpet. It was my carpet by rights, but he edged on to it, and I had to go on to the horrid cold stone. It was just like him: I knew he was that kind of fellow the moment I set eyes upon him. Then he comes here dangling after Matilda!"

"Does he?" said Challoner, and suddenly looked as though expecting more.

"Doesn't he, that's all! Every day this week but one, and to-day, — and he'll be over to-day yet. It's only four now; he'll be here about five. He has been, let me see — he did not come one day; that was Wednesday, and that was because we went there, so that ought not to count; and it is as if he had been every day, every single day, this week."

"But he has only been twice up to see me."

"Very likely — up to see you. The first two times he would not disturb you — not for the world, as the doctor said you were to be quiet, — Hitchin did say so, you know, though I don't believe Whewell knew it; and then Wednesday — that was the 'bye;' and then yesterday and the day before he was up both times. Well, but just fancy what it would have been for you to have been ill at Endhill," he started off another tack; "just think now. We should have come over to inquire after you, of course, — most likely we should have come over every day, as we have nothing else to do at present, — and of course we, at least I, should have come up and sat up with you a bit; but still it would have been different. And then all the rest of the time you would have had only Robert — only Rob-

ert," in a voice whose cadence spoke volumes. "And there you would have been, and we here, — and we who would have been so thankful of you —"

"It is really — you are too good," said Challoner, with a sudden movement. "Go on," he added, in rather a low voice. "What were you saying?"

"I am sure I don't know. Oh, how glad we are you are here! We should have been fit to hang ourselves these five dripping days if it hadn't been for you; for though we get on as well as most people in the wet — we don't mind it much, you know — still it is nasty to get rained through and through every day, and never to meet anybody out but ourselves," said Teddy, lucidly if ungrammatically. "Matilda is the worst off; but then, if she likes Whewell, she is welcome to him. All the same," he added, after a few minutes' reflection, "I do think she has had enough of him by this time. She cut out at the back door like anything when she caught sight of him coming up the avenue yesterday; and that was how you had so much of his company: by the way, he was hanging on till she came in, and she never came. It was rather a joke, that."

"He has no business to come over bothering us," he broke out presently. "We don't want him; he is not *our* friend; he did not come on *our* invitation —"

"Neither did I," said Challoner, with rather a bitter smile.

"You! Oh! Oh, that's too bad of you!" cried poor Teddy, reddening in his anxiety to retrieve so obvious an error. "Well, anyway you *are* our friend now, — at least if you will be friends with us," he addeed, in his best and nicest manner. "People don't seem to care much to be friends with Overton and me," oblivious of the numbers he had just before boasted; "they don't take to us much, I am afraid. But we are not so bad at all when you get to know us. At least, *I* am not so bad," said Teddy, very simply. "Overton," with warmth, — "Overton is as good a fellow as ever lived; and so is Matilda."

"She is — what?"

"Never mind; don't catch one up, I say. I only meant to tell you that you need not be afraid of her. People are afraid of her, you know; they say she is spiteful, and that. It is the greatest lie. There's no spitefulness in her; she only lets her tongue run on a bit. Overton and I are always telling her of it; but we can't help laughing, she does take people off so jolly well sometimes. She means

no harm : she is awfully good to you when she likes you. She can't like everybody ; she is too clever to like everybody — that's the worst of her ; and there are people, you know — She says Robert sets her teeth on edge," he broke off suddenly.

Challoner laughed.

"Ah, but it's true," proceeded the naughty boy, quite aware that he was telling tales ; "he is such a fool, he never knows when he is in a hole, and goes on and on till she can't stand more. Then she lets out on him ; how can she help it ? It is his fault ; he ought to keep out of her way."

"But he cannot always keep out of her way."

"Oh yes, he could. Why not ? Nobody wants him."

"That may be, but still —"

"Oh, I know what you mean : it is what she says herself ; she has got to put up with him for Lotta's sake. Women are so soft, you know. You would not think Matilda was soft like that, but she is. It is queer, but she does not mind Lotta half so much as Robert. Now I think there is six to one and half-a-dozen to the other. Lotta is as like all the Wilmots as she can be ; they have all those flat faces and sleepy eyes. You would never dream she was Matilda's daughter, would you ? Matilda is like *us*," said Teddy, looking very handsome and conscious.

"She is."

"You see it ?"

"Like you ? Yes."

"But not like Overton ?"

"Not in the least like Lord Overton."

"I wonder what you think of Matilda," said Teddy, after a pause, and several wistful glances. "I am afraid she behaved very badly to you the other night. I am sure I don't know — that is to say — you see, it was all a bit of temper," proceeded he, in the humor to be chatty and confidential, for the hour was seductive, the sick-room warm and bright, the day without dark and dismal, and moreover, he had just come in from a long wet ride, had changed his things, and got comfortable again ; and with his armchair on one side of the fireplace, and Challoner's on the other, to be cosy and communicative seemed quite the right thing.

"It was only Matilda's way of showing fight because Robert gave himself airs. Of course it was not fair ; but then women never do fight fair, and there's no driving the notion into their heads. When Matilda wants to serve Robert out somehow,

she don't care a hang how ; and so, because Robert looked daggers at her for not taking more notice of you before — oh, you know what I mean," a little uneasy, now that he got so far, and no helping hand was held out to draw him to land, as was sure to be the case if Matilda were by and saw him in difficulties. "You know well enough my sister was stiff, and cold, and — and infernally disagreeable to you, both at Endhill and when you dined here ; at any rate here. At Endhill, of course, she had nothing to do with you ; but then, of course, she should have had, and she would have had too, if she had chosen. But it was the night you all came over, that she was the worst. I was quite ashamed ; it seemed so inhospitable altogether. And how were you to know ? It was not meant for *you* at all ; it would have been the same whoever had come — I mean she would have been the same to any friend of Robert's — that's to say — well, of course, there was Whewell," he murmured, and his voice fell.

"I have nothing to complain of, I am sure," replied Challoner, with the courtesy of a Grandison, but with something also of the coldness. "Lady Matilda has surely a right to choose whom she will honor by her —"

"Oh, fiddlesticks ! Honor ! There was no honor about it. Whewell got her ear, and so she let him talk on ; and if Robert had taken no notice, she would have been as sick of him then as she is now, but Robert's putting in his oar just did all the mischief. When Robert tries to force Matilda to do a thing — no matter whether she wants to do it or not — it is just as if she had put out her two fore-feet like our donkey mare, and she'd stand still till Christmas before she'd budge a step."

"Your sister" — said Challoner, and then stopped. He had not relaxed a line in his face, nor made as though he heard the simile so little flattering and so truly fraternal. "Your sister" — he said ; then began again — "I owe Lady Matilda a great debt of gratitude for her kindness and patience the other night. Probably she did me a valuable service, and I am sure it was neither an easy nor an agreeable one."

"Oh — ah — yes. Yes, of course. I had forgotten Matilda held your arm. But any one could have done that. However, she meant it for civility, no doubt ; and that just shows how right I was about it all. Robert and Lotta had gone home by that time, you see. They had taken

themselves off before we went back to the drawing-room; and so, when there was no one there to see, and your hand was bad again, Matilda was glad enough to be of use. Oh, I know she was: she is awfully good if people are ill, or hurt, or anything; but she wouldn't have touched you with a hot poker if Robert had been by—I can tell you that, Challoner."

Again Challoner laughed aloud: he began to find Teddy Lessingham downright amusing.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEWELL ENCROACHES.

"They that are rich in words must needs discover
They are but poor in that which makes a lover."
RALEIGH.

WITHOUT any suspicion of the base revelations that were thus being made within a few feet of her own door, Matilda sat awaiting her brother's return from the sick-room, whither she had seen him turn in an hour before, and from which he seemed in no hurry to emerge.

Matilda was not in her usual spirits.

She was a little uneasy, a little anxious and remorseful, and in consequence just a little cross. Whewell had been rather much for her. She had laid her little hands upon him—had laid them for a moment; had meant to trifle away a sunny hour, and no more,—and he had seized the moment in grim earnest, and expected the hour to expand into a lifetime. He had encroached; he had—yes, he certainly had shown desire for more than had ever been intended, more than he would ever get. If he could only have been content to have taken the welcome accorded him as he ought to have taken it—to have enjoyed Lord Overton's hospitality, shot his pheasants, admired his sister, and then respectfully made his bow, and taken himself off,—how much better it would have been! But here he was still, and every day lessened his charms.

He would not remain at Endhill, although it was to Endhill alone he had been first invited. Endhill now found no favor in his eyes: he would appear and reappear at Overton; morning, noon, and night at Overton—one excuse or other serving his turn as it offered; but always expecting to be met with open arms, to be made much of, entertained, asked and pressed to stay on,—and never, as it seemed, for an instant suspecting that it would have been better to stay away.

Lady Matilda's own sitting-room had

not been safe from his intrusion since she had imprudently laid its existence bare to him on the first occasion of his looking in for an afternoon call. He had not begun to lose caste then, and she had little dreamed how soon he would do so, even when he had vowed, with delighted eyes, that he would know the way back thither. Too speedily had he made use of his knowledge: the very next afternoon had seen him tapping at the door; and such precipitation had even then made her vexed with herself, while she had repented more and more when Monday's and Tuesday's visits had been followed by Thursday's and Friday's, and Wednesday had only been a "bye" because the brother and sister had been at Endhill.

Now Matilda would not have had any one know it for the world, but the real reason of their going to Endhill—the real object which had taken them thither—had been to put a stop to Whewell's notion that he was to be at Overton every day of the week.

He had been known to be going shooting, and to be going shooting near the Hall, quite close up to the house, in fact; and as such an arrangement infallibly meant that he must be asked, or ought to be asked in, or that he would come in without asking, Matilda, quick as thought, had taken occasion when the plans were being made, and when Whewell himself was standing at her elbow, to send a message to her daughter through Robert, the only other person present, to the effect that she would ride over to the cottage in the course of the afternoon. She had even done more—she had added, somewhat emphatically, a playful codicil, announcing that her visit was to her grandson, and that she therefore hoped the grandson would be visible, and would be glad to see his dear grandmother. Alas! some one else had been also visible, and very glad to see the dear grandmother. Whewell had noted the riders pass, and had left his sport on the instant to fly at the higher game; and this from a sportsman was enough: he could not more effectually have shown his hand.

He had meant to show it: it had seemed to him time to show it; for the bold barrister had done more than merely fall in love with Lady Matilda, enough as that might have seemed for a four days' acquaintance,—he had fully made up his mind to become her suitor—and more, her husband. He had thought it all over; the birth and the jointure, as well as the beauty and the wit; and this was the re-

sult: he felt himself to be a lucky man — a very lucky man.

It would have been well for him to have looked into his luck a little more closely; it would have saved him much disappointment, a little pain, and a lifelong bitterness, — and it would have saved Lotta a week's heavy house-books. For, with so fair a prize to win, and so much depending on the use he made of his present opportunity, it was not to be expected that Whewell should be in a hurry to go, even though the entreaties of host and hostess waned in urgency, and though the courses at dinner were perceptibly curtailed as the week went by.

What cared he for courses, his head running on Matilda? He wanted nothing of Endhill, nothing but bare house-room — and not even that, would Lord Overton only have been a little less obtuse. Had he had his will, he would have been at one place, one all-engrossing place, from morning till night; and, indeed, so confident was he that it only needed a few decisive strokes to carry the day, that he could scarcely understand how it came about that no chance of giving these seemed forthcoming. He thought the Overton brothers needed a jog on the elbow; and accordingly one afternoon, when matters were thus at a standstill, he made his way over early, but not too early — not early enough to be put off with luncheon by the innocent Teddy, nor to place in an awkward predicament his sister. By arriving shortly after four on an ungenial day, he could spin out the time till a hope that he would stop dinner should drop out naturally; then a messenger could fetch his portmanteau in a trice, and all would be happily arranged. If Lord Overton or any one else should suggest, "Take a bed here," very well; there would be no need for saying no. He had been prepared for anything, would agree to everything, and confidently hoped the best.

But the visit went on, and there was no word about sending for the portmanteau, and at length he was fain to jump up, watch in hand, and be amazed at the lateness of the hour, and vow he must fly like the wind to be in time for Mrs. Hanwell's very, unfortunately, primitive dinner-hour. He declared he had forgotten dinner altogether. Did Lady Matilda think he could possibly walk over in three-quarters of an hour, and would her daughter be terribly severe were he a little late? He was really terrified, he would not stop a single second longer.

"I'll see you back in my T-cart," announced Teddy, with a very fair show of obligingness, considering that he was inwardly raging against his sovereign lady, who had bound him over to do so sorely against his will, and, as he had told her, against his conscience also, "For you know the lies I shall have to tell if I do," he had said; "and it's too bad of you to make me tell lies when there's no need for them." But she had been inexorable: he was to drive Mr. Whewell back, and it was all nonsense about the lies; he was simply to *do* it — there was no lie in that; whether he liked doing it or not, was his own affair.

The argument had not closed when Whewell himself had appeared on the scene, and he now interposed eagerly, for he thought he saw daylight somewhere: "No, really; I could not think of your troubling yourself."

"Oh, no trouble; I should enjoy it of all things," said Teddy, with a look of dreadful exultation at his sister. "There is nothing I like more than a drive in the wet." Another look. "And hark to the rain now! It's pouring cats and dogs!"

Here Whewell stole a glance at Matilda also. "Oh, if you *like* it," he responded dolefully; "there is no accounting for tastes. But I confess I am not a fish or a duck. However, it is my own fault for not being off sooner. I —"

"No hurry. I'll tool you over in twenty minutes or so. The T-cart, Charles," to the footman. "Tell them to look sharp. I let them know it would be wanted some little time ago." Then, in answer to a warning expression on his sister's brow, "I should have gone out any way, Whewell," he concluded, thus in his own mind serving Matilda right. She had now made him tell three lies, if not four, and he had thus shown her that he was the one who knew best, and that the thing could not have been done without.

But even with the ordering of the T-cart, and the bustle of getting ready for it, had come no opening to Whewell for a quiet word with his hostess. Teddy had not been allowed to leave the room even to put on his coat and get his gloves and hat, without showing the visitor out first; and even in pressing the lady's hand as his adieux were being made, he had been unable to convey any sentiments, since she had chosen the moment, the very moment, when his fingers touched hers, to give directions about posting a letter. Her "Good-bye" to him, and her "Don't for-

get" to her brother, had been spoken in a breath.

Then Friday's attempt had been still more of a failure. Lady Matilda had not only been out, but had remained out, and he had not seen her at all; and although he could not, of course, be sure that it had been done on purpose to avoid him, and though he had refused to feel hurt and annoyed, or to take the matter as having any serious aspect, yet he had been unable to forget that he had distinctly promised he would himself bring over from Endhill some expected documents for Challoner, and had named the time at which he would appear. On Friday night he had begun to think that he should not have quite so easy a path to tread as he had at first anticipated.

Lady Matilda, on her part, hoped that she had shown the man his place.

She had desired to do it gently. She still liked Whewell, and liked to be liked by him; and would he now go, would he only vanish from the scene while there was still peace and good-will between them, and while no words had passed which could cause regret or unpleasantness in the future, he should be at once reinstated in her good graces, and all presumption should be condoned and forgotten. Oh, if he would only go; if anything she could say or do would make him understand; if Robert would but exert himself to shake off his friend; if Overton, of his own accord and without being prompted, would but withhold the shooting! Oh, if they would but see, tiresome, ignorant stupids that they were! They had not an eye among them.

All this she said to herself twenty times a day, and she had no one else to say it to. No one helped her, no one comforted her; and accordingly it was with a somewhat sombre brow, and a little droop at the corners of her mouth, that Lady Matilda sat in her little room, deserted even by her faithful Teddy, ruefully wondering what was to happen next—whether she must actually quarrel with Whewell,—and, to pry still more closely into the secrets of her foolish heart, it must be owned that there lurked down in its depths all a woman's unquenchable desire to stand well with a lover to the last,—whether she must throw him off in the end, and say, "Mr. Whewell," in the most awe-administering tones she could muster, or whether—

The door opened, and she started to her feet, with difficulty suppressing a cry.

It was only Challoner, and the parted lips melted into a smile.

Only Challoner! And who and what was he? It mattered little what he was: he was not Whewell, and that was enough.

The relief was such, that the warmest of welcomes was scarcely warm enough to the speaker's mind. She could almost have kissed the rough hand she held, in gratitude for its owner's being merely himself and no one else. With him, all at once, she felt she had no fault to find: he stood before her in his integrity, and nothing could be laid to his charge; no languishing gleam from his eye had ever had to be avoided—no forward, too forward movement to be repressed; with him she was safe—on him she could still dare to shine. It was a dangerous rebound.

And undoubtedly it caused surprise in the minds of the ignorant pair. Teddy, indeed, had had his own ideas as to the reception his friend was likely to meet with, and he had looked deprecatingly into Matilda's face, and had hidden behind Challoner's broad back as the door opened; while Challoner himself, if the truth were told, hung his head like a child, and slouched like a criminal. By common consent both had stolen along the passage without opening their lips, and they had striven to turn the door-handle noiselessly and advance inoffensively, and then—what was this? Instead of being met by majesty in arms, an angel beamed forgiveness!

It was not an angel that whispered in Jem Challoner's ear at that moment.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
GREENSTEAD CHURCH.

ABOUT twenty miles out of London, and less than an hour's ride from Liverpool Street, on the Great Eastern Railway, is the most curious church in England; and were it situated elsewhere, or rather, were it not so near to this great metropolis, which is so vast that its inhabitants find sufficient within it to interest them, it would be a centre of attraction in whatever county it was, and pilgrims, archaeological and otherwise, would flock to it from all parts. But because it is so near London, and close to the much-frequented Forest, the vast majority of Londoners know nothing of it.

Suppose, however, the reader mentally accompanies the writer (to whom this little

church is an object of the deepest reverence) on a visit to the little village — no, it is not even a village — of Greenstead, near Chipping Ongar, in Essex; a place so small that the “Post Office Directory” only names *seven* people, and its whole population is but some one hundred and twenty.

The railway journey, after passing Leytonstone, is all too short, passing through a beautifully varied country, delightfully wooded, and quite hilly enough to dispel the average Londoner’s hallucination that Essex is a flat country. Far too soon does the train stop at its terminus, Ongar; and we set off at once on our visit to Greenstead. A turning on the right hand, half-way between the station and Ongar church, brings us to a stretch of springy turf — with a noble avenue of trees, and this leads direct to Greenstead Hall — by the side of which is the little church.

Probably the first feeling would be one of disappointment; a common, and very little, village church, with a wooden tower and shingle spire; a nearer approach elicits a remark that evidently the chancel is a later addition, and coming still closer, one is forced to exclaim: “How singular! the nave is made of split trunks of trees!” Precisely so, and it is about these trees that a tale can be told. That little chantry chapel *stood there, and was composed of those self-same logs*, when, in the year A.D. 1013, it sheltered for a night the bones of Saint Edmund, king and martyr.

Illuminated MSS. of Saxon times have made us familiar with similar, and larger, buildings of logs thatched, and there are a number of actual existing remains of timber work, but these remains are mostly only accessory to the buildings, or concealed by rubble, and cannot pretend to vie in antiquity with this wonderful specimen. Not to go into the matter deeply, but simply to show that in Saxon times wood was a material much used, we find that Edwin the king, in 627, was baptized in a wooden church, where now stands the glorious York Minster. The first church at Lindisfarne was made in 652, of sawn oak, and thatched. There was a church at Dutlinge, in Somersetshire, according to William of Malmsbury, made of wood; and the Abbey of Croyland was made of wood and boards, neatly joined together. In a charter to Malmsbury Abbey, King Edgar says “that he would restore the sacred monasteries, which, by being composed of rotten shingles and worm-eaten boards, divine service was

neglected in them.” Small wonder then that, with the materials all round and ready to hand, split logs should have formed the fabric of this little chantry chapel, which could only have been served by one priest, and he probably an ancho-rite or ankret, whose footsteps never went beyond the threshold of that building within which he had vowed to live and die; and a reason for this suggestion will be given further on.

Even had it no historical associations, such a relic of undoubted antiquity would commend itself specially to our regard, would be treated with great reverence and jealously conserved; but identified as it is with the memory of Edmund, it becomes singularly precious.

To thoroughly understand and enjoy this little church, let us go back to the times when it was built, and as Lydgate may be as accurate an historian as any one else, in this matter where so much is fable, we will make occasional use of that wonderfully beautiful MS. life of St. Edmund, which Lydgate presented to Henry VI. and which is one of the gems of the British Museum.

St. Edmund was the son of Alkmund, a distinguished Saxon king, and his queen Siware, and he was born at Nuremburgh in the year 841. Previous to his birth, his father went a pilgrimage to Rome, and whilst at his devotions a celestial light appeared on his breast. This was interpreted to mean that he should have a son whose fame should fill the world. Of his childhood nothing is known, until the arrival of Offa, king of East Anglia, on a visit to Alkmund, to whom he was related. Offa was childless, and the young Edmund won his heart, and when the king was dying on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, he called his nobles together, resigned his royal signet to them, and recommended Edmund as his successor.

Offa being buried, the nobles hastened to Saxony, where Alkmund convened his nobility, and it was settled that the boy should go to England to fill the dead king’s throne. He was nearing the land (Hunstanton in Norfolk), when

Through goddis might, whan thei the lond han
hauht,

This holi Edmond, of hool affeccion,
ffro ther arryvaile, almost a bowe, drauht,
He ful devouth, gan to knele down,
And preied god first in his orison.
That his comyng were to him acceptable,
And to all the land useful and profitable;
And in tokne that god herde his praier

Upon the soil, sondy, hard, and drie,
 Ther sprong bi myracle fyve * wellis clier;
 That been of vertu, helthe, and remedie
 Ageyn ful many straunge malladie;
 Thus list the lord, of his eternal myght,
 ffirst at his londing, magnifie his knight.

For some reason or other, the lad did not at once assume the government, but spent the following year in retirement at Attleborough in Norfolk, where, instead of his counsellors making him acquainted with the laws, customs, and manners of the people he had come to govern, they allowed him to spend his time in committing the whole of the Psalter to memory. At last, according to Asser, "the most glorious King Edmund began his reign the 25th Dec., A.D. 855, and was crowned and anointed king of East Anglia by Humbert Bishop of Hulm, on the following Christmas-day, A.D. 856, having then completed the fifteenth year of his age."

The sort of education he had received would naturally unfit him for the troublesome times in which he lived, and although we hear plenty about his personal piety, we hear of nothing he did for the welfare of his people. How he became enbroiled with the Danes, history says not — probably because such a "niddering" was fair game, but Lydgate tells the generally received legend, of how the celebrated Norseman, Ragnar Lodbrok, whilst hawking on the seashore, saw his pet hawk fall into the sea — how he jumped into a boat to rescue it, but was driven away from his own land, and finally cast on shore at Norfolk, where, with his hawk (which in spite of all he had retained) he was presented to Edmund, who hospitably received him, and gave him as a companion, owing to his love of field sports, his own falconer Bern — and from this dates his downfall.

Probably Bern was not wicked all at once, although the poet says —

So serpentyn was the violence
 Which of this Bern sette the herte afre,
 Of fals malys, moordre to conspire.

Indeed, it was but jealousy that goaded him to commit crime: —

Cause was ther noon, sauf that Lothbrok
 Was more curous, and gracious onto game
 Than was this hunte, and mo besties took,
 In such practise had a grettere name.

Upon a day togeder out thei wente
 Unto a wode sum game for to fynde,
 And whil Lothbrocus no maner malis mente,

* Galfridus says twelve.

This false Bern fil on him behynde,
 And cowardly, the story maketh mynde,
 Slough him right ther in his furious teene,
 And after hid him among the bussches greene.

Lodbrok never came home that day, nor the day after, nor the next, and

The kyng enquired ech man where he was,
 And in this while, reunyng a great paas,
 In kam his grehound, and fawne gan the kyng
 fill down to forn him, ful pitously whynyng.

The dog came three days running, for food, and continued this strange conduct, until on the fourth day he was followed, and Lodbrok's body was found. Like the famous "dog of Montargis," the hound pointed out the murderer, and Bern was condemned to be put adrift to sea, in the very boat that bore the ill-fated Dane to England. A proper elaboration of the plot necessitates this boat drifting back to Denmark, and so it did; and the Danes, who knew the old viking craft, eagerly asked after their king — and brought Bern before Hinguar and Ubba, the dead king's sons: —

This cursid Bern, envious and right fals,
 And of complexion verray Saturnyne,
 Worthi to been enhangid bi the hals,
 Or to be rakkid with a broken chine,
 With face pale, and tonge serpentyne,
 Reported hath in his malencolie
 How King Edmund slough Lothbrok of envye.

Probably intense indignation prevented their inquiring into the truth of this story; at all events they acted as if they considered it true, and the two sons, conducted by Bern, and accompanied by an army of twenty thousand men, set sail for East Anglia.

That they came in 865 is a matter of history; and, during the next five years, Edmund had several encounters with the Danes, with varying success, and at one time he actually drove them out of his kingdom. It was then that he unfurled his famous banner of three gold crowns on a blue ("colour ynde") ground, the meaning of which (although some take it as the arms of East Anglia) Lydgate gives as follows: —

This other Standard feeld stable off colour
 ynde,
 In which off gold been notable crownys thre;
 The firste tokne in cronycle men may fynde
 Granted to hym for royal dignyte,
 And the second for virgynyte;
 ffor martirdum the thrydde in his suffryng
 To these annexyd, ffeyth, hope, and charyte,
 In tokne he was martyr, mayde, and kyng.

At length in 869, the Danes came south

from Yorkshire, and plundered and burnt all the rich eastern monasteries, murdering their inmates; and in 870, Hinguar took possession of Thetford, then Edmund's capital, and a battle was fought there, which lasted the whole day, and then the victory was undecided. But, shortly after the battle, Ubba joined his brother with ten thousand fresh troops, and Hinguar sent an ambassador to Edmund, requiring his submission. His prime counsellor bishop, Humbert, advised compliance, and pointed out

By dissymylyng ye may yourself submytte
Sith the kyngdom shal to you be reserved,
And that your lif may be fro deth conserved,
Your silff submytting ye may dissymyle and
feyne
ffor a time til god list bet ordeyne.

"But blissid Edmond was not born to feyne. Yt longid not onto his roial blood" — and he would not listen to the bishop; he was prepared to die for, and with, his people, and he sent back an extremely heroic, but very ill-advised message, and fled to Eglesdene — now called Hoxne. The Danes pursued and captured him, and Hinguar, incensed at his conduct, commanded him

ffirst to be bete with shorte battis rounde,
His body brosid with many mortal wounde.

The cursid Danys of newe cruelte
This martyr took most gracious and benigne,
Of hasty rancour, bownde him to a tre
As for ther marke to shute at, and ther signe,
And in this wise, ageyn him thei maligne
Made him with arwis* of ther malis most
wikke,
Rassemble an yrchon† fulfilled with spynys
thikke.

This mene while whan Hinguar did him se,
And sauh his body steyned al in red,
He maade his knyhtis reende him fro the tre,
And comanded to smytyn of his hed;
But the holy martir of oo they took first heed
Requered a space to maken his praier,
And most devoutly saide as ye shal heer.

At the end of his somewhat long prayer,
his head was severed from his body, and
the chronicler goes on to say: —

Danys of despit the body ther forsook,
A glorious tresour of gret worthynesse,
But of the martyr the holy hed they took,
And bar it forth of froward cursidnesse
In ta covert shrowded with thyknesse
Of thornys sharpe, the story maketh mynde,
And then they hid it that no man shulde it
fynde.

* Arrows.
† A hedgehog.

Of course, the death of such a saint could not fail to be marked by a miracle of some kind, and one was duly forthcoming; for our Saviour

Knowing that he deied for his sake,
Suffred a wolf his holy hed to take,
And to conserve it ageyn assautis alle,
That foul nor beeste sholde upon it falle.

His nobles and servants hearing of his fate, went and recovered his body, but were many days before they found the head — and then another miracle was necessary: —

Wyth weyping terys, with vois most lamenta-
ble,
So as they souhte, walkyng her and ther,
Wher artow* lord, our kyng most agreable,
Wher artow Edmond, shew vs thyn hevenly
cher.
The hed answerde thryes, her, her, her,
And never cesid of al that longe day
So for to crye tyl they kam wher he lay.

This hevenly noise gan ther hertis lyhte,
And them releve of al ther hevynesse,
Namly whan they hadde of the hed a syhte,
Kept by a wolff forgetting his woodnesse;†
Al this considered they meekly gan him dresse,
To thanke our lorde knelyng on the pleyn,
ffor the gret myracle which that they have seyn.

But this was not the only miracle shown on the occasion, for the power that could tame the savagery of a wolf could do yet stranger things.

The folkys dide ther bysy dilligence
This holy tresour, this relik sovereyne,
To take it upp with dew reverence,
And bar it forth tyl they did atteyne
Vnto the body and of thy eke tweyne
Togidre set, god by myracle anoon
Enjoynd hem, that they were maade bothe
oon.

Off ther departyng ther was nothyng seene
Atwen the body and this blissid hed,
ffor they togidre fastyned were so cleene,
Except only who sotylly took heed,
A space appered, breede of a purple threed,
Which god list shewe tokne of his suffrance,
To putte his passion more in remembrance.

It now only remains to tell about the extremely well-behaved wolf, and the history would be sadly incomplete without recording what became of it. It quietly accompanied the corpse until it was entombed,

And meekly after to woode went ageyn
Most dooiffully, and was never after seyn.

His martyrdom took place on Novem-

* Art thou.
† Wildness.

ber 20, A.D. 870, in the fifteenth year of his reign, and the twenty-ninth of his age. Probably on account of the disturbed state of the country, his body was buried in a little out-of-the-way chapel, most likely a counterpart of Greenstead, at Hoxne in Suffolk, and there it remained for about thirty-three years, when rumors were spread abroad that some blind men had been restored to sight, and other miracles had been wrought, at the tomb of the martyr king. So his ignoble resting-place would no longer do, and a large wooden* church was erected at *Betrichesworth* or *Beodricsweorth*, now called St. Edmond's Bury, for the reception of the royal corpse. On its exhumation, it is said to have been in perfect preservation, with the head united to it, and only a red mark round the throat to mark its decapitation. Nor only so; a devout woman, named Oswyn, averred that she had long lived near the saint's place of burial, and for several years had tended the corpse, yearly cutting its hair and paring its nails, which holy relics she religiously preserved.

So in A.D. 903 the body was transferred to its more stately resting-place at Bury, and there it remained, to the great profit of its keepers, until the year 1010, when Turkil the Dane, having harried the whole of East Anglia, burnt and plundered Bury. The custodian of the royal corpse, Egelwin or Ailwin, afterwards Bishop of Elmham, conveyed it to London, and deposited it, as some say, in Christ Church, or, as others say, in St. Gregory's near St. Paul's, and, as it passed through Cripplegate, the lame recovered the use of their limbs, which fact all must believe who put their faith in Stow as a truth-telling historian. In London, however, it remained for three years, and it was, in the year 1013, reconveyed to its home at Bury, passing through Old Ford, Abridge, Stapleford (when it was hospitably received by the lord of the manor, who, in return, was miraculously cured of an illness from which he was then suffering), GREENSTEAD, Dunmow, and Clare.

Dugdale in his "Monasticon," quotes a manuscript entitled "Registrum Cænobii Sancti Edmundi." "Idem apud Aungre hospitabatur, ubi in ejus memoria lignea capella permanet usque hodie." "Also he was sheltered near Ongar, where a wooden chapel, in memory of him, remains to this day." Some might imagine from this that this chapel might have been

built afterwards, but a moment's consideration will at once dispel this idea; for, should that have been the case, undoubtedly it would have been dedicated to the miracle-working saint, and then probably would have become a place of pilgrimage for having sheltered so illustrious a person; whereas it is dedicated to Saint Andrew; and being already in existence and of a most unpretending character, it has remained, luckily for us, unnoticed, and now stands, a veritable monument of Saxon times, and an unique example of a really old Anglo-Saxon church. That it was there when the corpse was brought that way, and that it was not hurriedly built as some have imagined, is evidenced by the fact that the logs are carefully grooved and tongued, and fastened into sills; whereas, if it had only been a rough shelter for the night, the chapel would have been built of split logs, sharpened and driven into the ground, whilst these are worked with great care, are not absolutely half-trunks, but have had a slice of the heart taken out, probably to form the roof and sills — and the inner, or flat, sides of the oaken or chestnut slabs (for authorities are divided as to the nature of the wood) have been carefully roughened, as if with an adze, in order to retain the plaster.

This little chantry, then, was intended to be permanent, and its dimensions have never varied; its length is 29 ft. 9 in.; width, 14 ft., and the walls were 5 ft. 6 in. high. It had a high-pitched roof, and was probably thatched with rushes; the east end was taken down when the chancel was added, probably early in the sixteenth century. The original beams remain. The west end was of logs of wood, and was complete, with exception of a doorway for admission into the tower, in 1748, as an engraving in "Vetusta Monumenta" shows. A portion still remains, the rest has been *improved* away; but the north and south sides are almost as they were originally. On the south side there are seventeen original slabs, and on the north there are twenty-one original slabs, the places of two others being filled up by modern substitutes, as the method of construction employed entirely prevented the possibility of replacing one of the timbers without lifting the roof-plate. This is a strong proof of its antiquity; for, when it was taken down in 1848 to repair the ravages of that destructive beetle the *Ptinus pectinicornis*, both plate and sill were clearly shown never to have been touched since they were first

* Abbo Floriacensis says: "Per maximam miro ligneo tabulata ecclesiam."

put together. Owing to that wretched little beetle, about 12 in. had to be cut off the end of each log, and a wall in brick-work raised a corresponding height. This, however regrettable, was absolutely necessary, or what we now have would not have been ours much longer, and, indeed, the restoration of the church has been most judicious.

On the north-west side of the chapel is an opening cut in one of the logs, an ankret's window, or leper's window, as it was sometimes called. These curious windows are not uncommon, but they are generally on the *south-west* side of the chancel. However, there are examples of their being on the *north-west* side, and this is one of them. These little side windows are always low down, and generally have bars and shutters, but there could have been nothing to tempt thieves in this little chantry, and it is furnished with neither. One of the reasons of their existence undoubtedly was, that the recluse or ankret dwelling therein might speak and be spoken to after public service time, when the doors were shut. People were fond of asking the ghostly advice of the ankret and even confessed to him, as Richard the Second, before going to meet Wat Tyler in Smithfield, went to church at Westminster Abbey, "after which he spake with the anchore, to whom hee confessed himselfe."

But these little windows had another use. We know that in England leprosy was a fearful plague, and lepers could on no account be allowed to mingle with the general population. Shunned everywhere, and naturally prohibited from worshipping God in company with their fellow-men, these little windows were made the means of enabling them to see, or at all events to hear, mass being performed, and through them the Holy Communion could be administered to the poor diseased outcast. And that this part of the world was no freer than the rest from this fearful scourge, is evidenced by the fact that at Brentwood, a very few miles off, there was a hospital for lepers, and the estate now is known by the name of "The Spital."

The window, as far as one can judge, must have been the ankret's sole means of light, and no one ever seems to have dreamed of desecrating these sacred logs by cutting windows in them, light having been given, when the roof was tiled, by means of dormers. Its interior is very plain, and necessarily so low-ceiled that a tall clergyman cannot stand upright in the

little pulpit, and it has no brasses nor any monuments worth particular attention. On one of the beams is carved a rude representation of the three crowns and the wolf watching the saint's head; but this was done at its restoration. At Hoxne Church there was a poppy-head of wolves' paws supporting a crown; and at Hoxne also was a wonderful old oak, the very tree, according to tradition, to which the martyred king was bound, and known by the name of St. Edmund's Oak. It was 20 ft. in circumference, and the branches spread over a width of 84 ft. On September 11, 1848, whilst the sides of Greenstead Church were lying on the ground undergoing repair, this great oak fell, to the great grief of the surrounding inhabitants. A suggestion was made that the trunk should be examined, and an old arrow-head was found deeply imbedded in the solid wood. The annual rings on this tree showed it to be upwards of one thousand years old.

Apart from its matchless old nave, there is nothing of interest in or about the church or churchyard. Nicely tended, everything denotes the model parish. Its registers date back to 1558, and it is a rectory which, on every vacancy, is offered to a curate of St. Botolph, Aldgate, having been so left in the middle of the last century by a vicar of that church named Pratt, who purchased the living of Greenstead.

JOHN ASHTON.

From Temple Bar.

MARSHAL BERWICK.

MARSHAL BERWICK fills an honorable place in a military history of eventful changes. In her warlike, as in her general annals, France has proved either extreme of fortune; and she has risen to the topmost heights of glory, to fall low in the depths of abasement. At two epochs her victorious armies were the terror and admiration of Europe; and four times at least she defeated or baffled a coalition of powerful States apparently irresistible in their united strength. Yet Rocroy and Landen were followed by Blenheim; men who exulted over Denain and Fontenoy lived to mourn over Rosbach and Minden; the sun of Austerlitz was eclipsed at Waterloo; more than one veteran of Auerstadt and Jena has shed tears over the ruin of Sedan; and the flag which, in the first years of the century, waved in triumph over the subdued Continent, has

been recently torn down from Metz and Strasbourg, in the agony of a conquered people, whose military supremacy had been long recognized.

Marshal Berwick was a distinguished soldier in what may be called the first period of the ascendancy and the reverses of France in war, that part of the reign of Louis XIV. which begins with the well-known league of Augsburg, and terminates at the peace of Utrecht. If not entitled to rank among the masters of war of that splendid era, he had some of the qualities of a great captain; it was his fortune to win the first battle, which marked a turn in the tide of the disasters of France, with lasting results of immense importance; and if the campaigns conducted by him do not bear the stamp of transcendent genius, they are examples of prudence, of skill, and of judgment. He was eminent, too, in the war of sieges, a remarkable feature of that period; and if not loved as a leader of men, as Condé, Villars, and even Vendôme were loved, he inspired confidence and commanded respect; and he was an administrator of no ordinary resource, solicitous as to the wants of his troops, and, in a special manner, chary of their blood. If his character, moreover, was in the main that of a soldier of fortune of high degree, cold, stern, calculating, with few scruples, and with little sympathy outside the camp, it is to his credit that, in a revolutionary age, he steadily adhered to the side he chose; and his reputation is wholly free from the dark charges which will ever tarnish the fame of his great kinsman, Marlborough. We avail ourselves of the volumes before us* to notice the career of this eminent man, an Englishman, and of an English nature, though unhappily, through life, a foe of England. Colonel Wilson's book can scarcely be called a military work of the highest order; his narratives of campaigns want breadth and clearness, and are overloaded with tedious details; and his criticisms are somewhat indistinct and timid. Nevertheless, taken as a whole, this is an excellent study of Berwick and his age; it abounds in valuable information and research, though the author has borrowed too much from the pages of Henri Martin; and it is fluently and agreeably written, apart from the fault of repeated quotations of poetry, brought in rather in schoolboy fashion. We entirely

agree with the leading idea of Colonel Wilson throughout these pages, that the art of war has been as finely illustrated in the mighty deeds of the illustrious dead as in those of the living chiefs of armies — it is doubtful, indeed, if a greater commander than Hannibal has been ever seen, and Napoleon's wonderful campaign of Italy is the grandest passage of modern war — and we believe with him that, at the present time, the moral forces that decide battles, the ability of leaders and the energy of troops, are scarcely held in sufficient account.

Berwick was born in 1670, a son of James II. by Arabella Churchill, the plain-faced sister of a brilliant youth who was to develop into the great Duke of Marlborough. To conceal probably his mother's shame, the child was sent to France soon after his birth; and he was carefully brought up at Jesuit schools, a training which, spite of many defects, has been that of many a distinguished soldier. While still in his teens he passed into the hands of one of the best military teachers of the day; and soon afterwards he was sent to Vienna, with some youthful scions of the *noblesse* of France, to behold war in its stern realities. The menacing tide of Ottoman conquest, which had lately surged round the Austrian capital, was now receding to the lower Danube; and Christendom, for a moment at peace with itself, had despatched volunteers from many lands, to take part, with the Imperial armies, in a crusade against the still dreaded infidels. Berwick witnessed the terrible siege of Buda, and the overwhelming defeat of Mohacz; and he gave such promise of valor and skill, that he attracted the notice of Charles of Lorraine and was given honorary rank in the Austrian service. He was ere long, however, summoned to England, the crown, on the death of Charles II., having devolved on his ill-fated parent, at this moment in full enjoyment of the popularity he was soon to forfeit. James II. seems to have loved the youth with an affection rare in that heartless age; he gave him a regiment of household troops, the lieutenancy of Hampshire, and the command of Portsmouth; and he raised him to the highest place in the peerage, with the title which he was to render famous. All went well, for a time, with the stripling duke; but it is significant of the state of opinion, that the sturdy Protestant squires of Hampshire soon became jealous of their "Popish" lord; and the hand of Berwick was scornfully refused by a daughter of

* (1) James II. and the Duke of Berwick. (2) The Duke of Berwick, Marshal of France, by C. T. Wilson, Lieut.-Colonel. London: 1876, 83.

the great Whig house of Cavendish. At the outbreak of the Revolution of 1688, it is to the honor of Berwick that he remained true to his father when the unhappy king was abandoned by his legitimate offspring, and found foes in his own household; he had no part in the treason of Churchill or in the double dealing of Mary and Anne; and he shared the fortunes and perils of James, accompanying him in his flight from Rochester. He was once more at his father's side when the dethroned monarch endeavored to regain his kingdom by a descent on Ireland, and when, with woeful results in history, that unhappy island became a centre of a conflict which was dividing Europe. Berwick played a not undistinguished part in the fierce and relentless strife that ensued, though it cannot be said that he gave proof of the peculiar powers of the future commander. Throughout the contest he was chiefly noted for feats of daring and prowess in the field; his heroism at the Boyne was conspicuous as a leader of the brave Irish cavalry; and he showed much skill in the partisan warfare which raged fitfully throughout the whole country. But at Limerick, on the one occasion when he had something like a real command, he is said to have been careless and even timid, the reason, doubtless, being that he had no confidence in the resistance of rude levies of peasants, and that, like almost all professional soldiers, he undervalued the force of patriotism in despair.

Before the war in Ireland had come to an end, Berwick was transferred to another theatre less distasteful to a young chief of promise. The power of France, under Louis XIV., had been increasing for nearly forty years; it had wrested provinces from Germany and Spain; more than once it had threatened Holland with ruin; it had controlled the policy of England abroad; and, sustained as it was by immense armies, and fleets that seemed destined to rule the seas, it was a standing menace to European freedom. This ascendancy, indeed, if not so complete as that of Napoleon after Tilsit, was, in reality, more to be feared; and yet it had been endured by the awed Continent, which, divided in itself, and with conflicting interests, had made no united effort to throw off the yoke. The Revolution, however, of 1688, which had made William of Orange supreme in England, had given an opportunity to the one statesman of high rank in the councils of Europe,

who most hated the domination of France; and through the influence of that great ruler, the league of nations and States was formed, which, after the lapse of nearly thirty years, was to humiliate the pride of Louis XIV., and to set permanent bounds to French ambition. The Grand Alliance had set its forces in motion in 1689-90; and France had to confront the onset of armies directed against her borders, from the Thames to the Po, and from the Rhine to the Tagus. At first, however, and indeed for years, the coalition had but little success against the strength of the single State; and William III., its chief leader in the field, it must be confessed, was no match for the trained and experienced generals of France, men of the great school of Turenne and Condé, though in tenacity and energy he surpassed them all. Berwick, by this time, with a general's rank, was given a command in the Low Countries; and, under Luxemburg, he took an active part in the brilliant campaigns of that able chief from 1690 to 1694. He witnessed the celebrated siege of Mons, and was just too late for that of Namur; and he distinguished himself on the field of Steinkirk, one of those defeats which have made William famous, for it indicated the resource and the indefatigable zeal, which, as in the case of Blücher in another age, sometimes more than atone for the faults of the strategist. On the day of Landen, one of the few great victories of which France can boast in her wars with England, he was made prisoner in a furious charge; and he was thus unable to share in the onset of the French cavalry, which decided the battle, as they bore down on the retreating foes held together to the last by their heroic leader. This experience of war, on a grand scale, assuredly was not lost on Berwick; his "Memoirs" show that he fully understood the general operations of these campaigns; yet the generalship of Luxemburg was of a type quite different from that which was to win him a name; and he perhaps owed but little to that daring chief. It should be added that Berwick beheld one of the great disasters of France in this war; he was a spectator of the catastrophe of La Hogue, one of those terrible defeats which was to show how brief was to be the rule of Louis XIV. on the seas.

During the years that followed the Peace of Ryswick, Berwick was employed in diplomatic missions, for which he seems to have had a special aptitude. Before

the war closed, he had, indeed, been engaged in planning an insurrection in England; but the charge has certainly no foundation that he took part in Jacobite plots against the life of William III. He witnessed the death of his dethroned parent; was selected to head the band of exiles who proclaimed "King James III." at St. Germain; and thenceforward became the most confidential friend of Mary of Modena, though she once disliked him with the dislike of a wife for the son of a concubine. The beginning of the war of the Spanish succession found him still only with a general's rank; but he acquired before long a marshal's bâton, a promotion to which he was well entitled, as his military abilities became manifest. We have no space even to trace the outline of the mighty contest which shook Europe from 1701 to 1715, and which was surpassed only by the gigantic strife of the French Revolution and first empire. The Grand Alliance fashioned by William III. held together after the death of its author; and though Italy and Germany were in part divided, almost the whole of Europe was banded together against France and her domineering master. For a time the contest seemed not unequal; the jealousies and opposed interests of the Allies greatly impaired their power; and more than once France seemed on the verge of success that probably would have broken up the League. By degrees, however, the superior strength of the coalition, more ably directed than ever had been the case before, began to tell with decisive effects; one great victory saved Germany; another set the Low Countries free; a succession of efforts at last broke through the barriers of the French frontier; and though France struggled heroically to the last, and even plucked safety from the depths of peril, she was a defeated power after the Peace of Utrecht, and for a century ceased to give law to Europe. It is more to our purpose to glance at the state of the art of war at this stirring epoch, and of the armed masses of men which may be called its instruments. War still bore traces of the feudal age; campaigns in winter were almost unknown; and as communications were still few and difficult, as fortresses were extremely numerous, and as the resources of countries were still scanty, it was impossible to make the decisive marches, and to strike the rapid and overwhelming blows which have been witnessed in the present century. Neverthe-

less, if invasions like those of 1814, 1815, and 1870 were not yet within the power of man, great operations in the field were possible; and if a single siege sometimes cost a campaign, the march of Marlborough from the Meuse to the Danube, and Villars's plan of assailing Austria were combinations of the highest order. As regards armies, they were comparatively small; but they were large enough to task to the utmost the best powers of their ablest chiefs; for it is doubtful, indeed, if a single commander can properly direct the immense multitudes which stand arrayed in the battles of this day. For the rest, the organization and weapons of armies were still imperfect, cumbrous, and weak; but as this inferiority prevailed in all, capacity in administration and skill in tactics were relatively as valuable then as now; and, indeed, the ascendancy still retained by cavalry made energy, resource, and promptness in command, perhaps even more important than they are in our time.

The most conspicuous figure in this great contest was certainly the renowned Marlborough; and it may be doubted if a more perfect general has ever appeared on the stage of history. He possessed, in an extraordinary degree, penetration, insight, and quick decision; and he was thus enabled, with unerring judgment, to seize advantages on the field of battle which caused victory to attend his standards. No one has surpassed him in the art of seeing the weak points in an enemy's line, and in strengthening the positions held by himself; and he had the steady purpose and the calm, firm will which turned this knowledge to the best account. His two greatest triumphs, Blenheim and Ramillies, were due largely to these peculiar gifts; in the first he perceived that the point of junction between the armies of Tallard and Marsin was the spot upon which to collect his efforts; in the second he saw that the French left was paralyzed through its false position, and that he could strike the right with overpowering force; and his admirable plans of attack were carried out with a vigor and power that were all his own. He was, in a word, a consummate tactician; nor was he inferior, perhaps, as a strategist. The backward state, indeed, of the military art, and his dependence on jealous and timid allies, prevented him from carrying out projects of the highest order in the annals of war; and he probably had not the transcendent

faculties which characterize the great moves of Napoleon. The operations, however, that led to Blenheim were admirable specimens of combination; and Marlborough's daring plan of invading France, neglecting or masking the frontier fortresses, was far in advance of the ideas of his age, and anticipated the Napoleonic strategy. We do not undervalue Eugene of Savoy; he was an excellent commander on the field of battle, as his great victory of Turin proves; and his campaigns on the Adige and the Po show that he had a fine intelligence and a strong, bold character. In our judgment, however, the only chief who approached Marlborough, in this memorable strife, was the high-souled and most able Villars, one of the grandest soldiers of the French monarchy. Villars, doubtless, had not the astonishing skill in manœuvre of his far-famed rival; he was out-generalled more than once by Marlborough; and the Englishman forced the celebrated lines, which the Frenchman boasted were "*his ne plus ultra*." Nevertheless Villars was a great captain; he was alike daring, and prompt in action, and yet singularly prudent and wise in judgment; his tenacity and vigor have been seldom equalled; and no general has possessed in a higher degree the faculty of playing a losing game, of bidding defiance to adverse fortune, of animating troops with his own heroic spirit. As a strategist, too, he is in the foremost rank; his project of invading Austria was that of Napoleon in 1805-9; and his stubborn defence of the French frontier, against the victorious troops of Marlborough, with ultimate and surprising success, if not faultless, was able in the extreme. Denain, moreover, was, in its way, as decisive as any battle in the war; and if Villars fell back from the field of Malplaquet — the grandest perhaps of defensive actions — his defeat was worth many triumphs for France, for it really dissolved the alliance against her, and saved the monarchy of Louis XIV.

Berwick was not the equal of these famous men in genius, resource, and deeds of daring. He was, however, a very able chief; and he possessed, though in an inferior degree, some of the special gifts of his great kinsman. He had not Marlborough's *coup d'œil* on the field; at least he had few occasions to display this quality; but, time and thought being accorded to him, he had much of Marlborough's singular power of discovering the vulnerable points of a foe. This was

conspicuously seen in two sieges, in which he showed skill of a high order, and gave proof of decision of character, more valuable in the case of generals than mental accomplishments, however splendid. In 1705 Berwick sat down before Nice, then a fortress of extraordinary strength; and he had received all but positive commands from Versailles to direct the attack in a way prescribed by Vauban, the greatest of French engineers. Yet after reconnoitring the place with care, Berwick satisfied himself that the plan was a bad one; and he planted his batteries against a front wholly different from that which had been pointed out, with ultimate and triumphant success. If we recollect how immense was the authority of Vauban in cases of sieges, this was a very remarkable feat, especially considering that, at this period, the marshal was only in his thirty-fifth year. The same great qualities were also shown in the memorable siege of Barcelona, one of those astonishing instances of the defence of fortresses which abound in the military records of Spain. This last refuge of Catalan freedom was assailed by Berwick in 1714; and he selected what has been since admitted to have been the most favorable point of attack, in this case, too, overruling engineers, who, however, seem to have been inferior men. Breaches having been made in two bastions, a desperate assault was made and repulsed; and the engineers "following mere routine," had "nothing to propose" but "renewed efforts," which, in the existing state of the place and the garrison, would have probably ended in fruitless butcheries. Berwick, however, "having well weighed the matter," and perhaps recollecting old days at Limerick, resolved to delay the assault until the broken ramparts would permit troops to pour in, in a mass, with resistless force, and though murmurs arose from young lieutenants, his sagacity and prudence met a just reward, for the place fell, though after a fearful contest. Berwick's skill in battle was, nevertheless, seen most evidently on the field of Almanza, one of the most important actions of the war; and in this instance he scarcely fell short of Marlborough in readiness and decided judgment. In this battle — among other things remarkable for this, that the English army was commanded by a Huguenot refugee and that of France by an English exile — Ruvigny had committed a twofold mistake; his left had a ravine in its immedi-

ate rear, and his infantry and cavalry were so intermixed that neither arm could act with proper effect. Seizing the opportunity, Berwick directed a tremendous charge against the allied left and drove it, in slaughter, across the ravine, and then, turning fiercely against the uncovered centre, he shattered it with one of those great attacks of horsemen which, in that age, were so often decisive, the enemy, though stubbornly fighting to the last, being paralyzed through its vicious formation. The defeat ruined the cause of the Allies in Spain; and the credit is fairly due to Berwick, though it has been said that the last great charge — like that of Kellermann at Marengo — was the inspiration of a skilful lieutenant.

Berwick was thus a really great tactician, taking the word in its most comprehensive sense. He had other qualities of a general, too, which entitle him to rank high among soldiers. As an administrator he was very efficient; severe, methodical, and strict in discipline, he contrived that the armies under his orders should be better equipped and provided than those of his more brilliant comrades; and while the troops of Vendôme and Villars starved, his own were usually ready for the field. In this excellence he resembled Wellington; and there was this additional point of resemblance, that he was extremely careful of the lives of his men, yet was esteemed rather than loved in the camp, in this respect being the exact opposite of generals like Villars, and, above all, Napoleon. What, however, determines the real place of a leader of armies, in the annals of war, is his capacity for large operations in the field; his ability, in a word, as a strategist; and tried by this test Berwick, too, stands high, though he did not attain the highest rank. Here, again, we see a likeness to Wellington; his skill as a strategist lay in defence, though he was capable of a fine offensive; and it is remarkable that one who, in early youth, was conspicuous only as a dashing swordsman, became, under the responsibilities of command, one of those prudent, wary, and sagacious chiefs who succeed rather by wearing out an enemy, than by striking him down with well-directed blows. We can only glance at Berwick's career in the great war of the Spanish succession. Colonel Wilson suggests that one cause of the comparative want of success of Marlborough in the second of his campaigns in Flanders, was that Berwick was in the camp of the

French, and may have counselled Villeroi and Boufflers; but this rests on conjecture only, and the real reason, we suspect, was that the great Englishman, not having yet made his absolute superiority in war manifest, was completely trammelled by the Dutch deputies. Berwick shows badly, compared with Marlborough, in the campaign of Oudenarde and Lille, but this was because he could not act in concert with such a man as Vendôme; and possibly his illustrious kinsman would have been foiled as he advanced to the Scheldt, had Berwick's advice to attack been followed. The campaign of Berwick on the Portuguese frontier, if not brilliant, shows much forethought; and his operations after the fall of Madrid are admirable alike for skill and judgment. The reputation, however, of this able chief rests principally on his memorable defence of the south-east of France in 1709-12. We must refer our readers to Colonel Wilson, to explain how Berwick drew his well-planned lines from the mouths of the Var to the heads of the Rhone; how skilfully he closed the Alpine passes, taking care however to have means of exit, and so placing his troops on the theatre as always to hold the chord of the arc; and how, stationed behind this barrier, he baffled for years the efforts of Daun, and ultimately compelled his foes to retreat. For a long period this scheme of defence was deemed a model of the military art, and a perfect specimen of mountain warfare; and, regard being had to the existing state of communications and of the power of armies, it may be said to have been admirable in the extreme. Now, indeed, it would be of little use and obsolete, when this and other sub-alpine districts can be traversed with comparative ease, and when armies have acquired a "mobility" and force they did not possess in the days of Berwick; but it does not follow that it was not of the very highest merit at its peculiar time.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the career of Berwick after the end of the war of the Spanish succession. Honors had fallen largely on the successful warrior. He had been made a grandee of Spain; and he had received the ducal title of Fitz-James, with a fitting appanage, from Louis XIV. During the years that followed the Peace of Utrecht he held several high commands in France, in which he maintained order and upheld authority with the severity of a soldier of fortune, not in sympathy with the wants of the people;

and when governor of the province of Guienne he became an intimate friend of Montesquieu, then the young president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, who has written an enthusiastic eulogy of him. Throughout this period he was a leading spirit of the little Jacobite court of St. Germain, but he disapproved of the rising of 1715; the officer trained in regular war no doubt despising the Highland clans, and rating them as low as the Irish kerne whom he had seen in 1690-91. Berwick, of course, often appeared at Versailles; but the sober-minded and solid Englishman kept aloof from the orgies of the regency and the frivolous life of the new generation; he was not in accord with the licentious tastes, the refined scepticism, the delicate vice of the Paris *salons* of that corrupt age. He lived much with his wife and children, *en province*, on his estate of Fitz-James, preferring the quiet ways of a country gentleman to the glittering scenes of the noisy capital; and in this, as in other respects, an Englishman. In the brief war caused by the ambition and daring policy of Alberoni, Berwick led a French army to invade Spain; the victor of Almanza thus drawing his sword against a sovereign whom he all but restored to his throne. For this conduct he has been severely blamed; yet his first duty was surely to France; and for the rest he had acquired the character of an exile, reared under foreign standards, and caring for little beyond the ideas of the camp. The end of this distinguished soldier, like his life, may be pronounced fortunate. At the beginning of the war of the Polish succession, Berwick was given the chief command on the Rhine; and having sat down to besiege Philipsburg, he was killed by a cannon ball in the trenches, while examining the works with his wonted care. His illustrious comrade in arms, Villars, died almost exactly at the same time, having, as he said, "spent his last fire" in the campaign of 1734 in Italy, and—for Saxe and Lowendal were not Frenchmen—being the last great general of native origin who gave glory to the arms of the Bourbon monarchy. More than a generation was to pass away before Frenchmen of the calibre of Berwick and Villars were to be seen again in the armies of France; and they were then to appear in the despised ranks of the plebeian soldiery, whose unhonored lives had been wasted on many disastrous fields, by the Soubises and Clermonts of Louis XV.

From Good Cheer.

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER VI

A WILD NIGHT.

ALTHOUGH the afternoon had brightened into summer, the evening changed to winter. Slowly the sky darkened as the sun set in a misty glory behind the hills, and clouds gathered. The restless wind, which had only abated during the day, again rose, at first in a low monotone moving the clouds slowly along, but by-and-by it came sweeping up the Firth in great gusts and singing a wild duet with the heaving waters, whilst the clouds hurried hither and thither with increasing rapidity, and the moon could only occasionally send a silver gleam through the darkness.

"It'll be a gey blaw the-nicht," said the fisher-folk, to whom every sound and sign of wind, water, and clouds had its meaning.

"I doubt if they'll win out," they said again, with anxious looks at the angry sky.

They referred to the fishing fleet which nightly started on its perilous adventures. But there was no *fear* in the manner of regarding the gathering storm; only calm recognition of an ordinary fact in their dark lives, with possibly some sense of inconvenience and loss due to the present state of the elements. The weather-indicator, in the little square fronting one side of the harbor—placed there with the kindest intentions by some benevolent person—was rarely consulted. By most it was looked upon as a sort of curious toy. "Just the weather-box," said some, as if tempest and calm were locked up in it. They looked to nature herself for guidance in their calling, and seldom thought when they "went out" that they might never come back; a blessed condition of the mind which enables us to do our duty in the teeth of danger.

Women as well as men take their lives in the same way; never a thought of what may come: and only a short, sharp cry in the heart with an outwardly dumb sorrow when the worst befalls. Then to work again; not a boat or a man the less goes out to sea; not a woman the less ready to do her work on shore. The life goes on just as if nothing had happened, whether it be a single smack or a fleet that founders. There are more mouths to fill and

therefore more work to do. There is no time for outward wailing.

What goes on within — God knows.

In the parlor of Anchor Cottage the captain was comfortably smoking his pipe and drinking toddy; seated in a big, high-backed armchair, a cheery fire burning at his feet. Annie at the table was busy with accounts which she was anxious to dispose of before going to bed.

The wind made a loud moaning round the walls, but never a window or door shook, everything had been made so truly firm. This was a house built to stand and not to sell.

Neither father nor daughter paid any heed to the storm. He was busy with his pipe and his toddy, delighting himself in watching her silent diligence in work.

So they had been occupied for some time. Then he showed symptoms of restlessness, and at length he spoke.

"Will you be soon done, Annie? I want to speak to you."

It happened that she had a very clear notion of what he wished to speak to her about, and also that she did not wish to hear it. So she answered, —

"It will take me a long while yet, father; maybe, till bedtime."

She proceeded with renewed energy to examine books and papers and to calculate figures, and he remained silent, respecting her task and valuing its results.

By-and-by he became restless again.

"Are ye no nearly done yet?" he inquired impatiently.

"I'll make some stupid blunder if you keep on speaking, father."

"Then stop afore you make the blunder, because I maun speak to you about a matter that has been rumblin' in my inside a' this afternoon."

Thus commanded she knew that no further evasion of the disagreeable subject was possible without getting her father into one of his passions — and they were frequent enough and furious enough to make her willing to sacrifice her own comfort in any way to avoid one of them. She laid down her pen, turned her chair towards the fire and said quietly, —

"Now, father, what is your will?"

He took the pipe from his mouth, carefully examined its contents, then pressed them down with his finger; next took a big gulp at his toddy, and finally replacing the pipe between his teeth said, in a sort of shy way, —

"I wanted to speir at ye something."

"What is it, father?" she replied ten-

derly, although much tempted to laugh at his droll behavior.

He felt that incipient laugh, and something of the fun of the position touched himself, for he grinned as he said, —

"Just this, my lass; would ye like to be maerrit?"

"That would depend upon the man, father," she answered, with a merry laugh.

"Hoots, lassie," he said, with a comical mixture of irritability and sense of humor in his voice and manner, "ye dinna mean to tell me that ye are gaun to think about the man when it's his siller that concerns ye."

Annie became serious; looked in the fire as if studying some grave problem which was exhibited to her there. Presently, without looking up, she spoke, —

"I am wondering, father, if my mother thought o' the man or the siller most when she took you."

That was almost a cruel stroke, although the girl did not know it. When Duncan Murray wedded her mother he had obtained with her a tocher which had helped him considerably in his fight with fortune. So the burly little man moved uneasily in his chair, his ruddy face became ruddier, and he took some more toddy.

"That's no the question, Annie. I hae nae intention o' forcing your will in the matter; but I just want to talk it ower wi' you in a sensible sort o' way. Ye see you should think o' both the man and his siller, for there are mony lads that would be glad to take you from me, no for yoursel', but for what you would bring wi' you. Sae it behoves us to consider."

Annie was still staring into the fire; but now she was also listening to the wind sough, sighing round the house and making strange noises in the chimney. Maybe, too, she was listening to a voice she had heard that day at the gate and thinking of its meaning, whilst hearing the echo in her own breast.

"I thought you said that you would never part with me and the 'Mermaid,' father."

The voice was so soft and the look she turned upon him so gentle that he could not be angry. Nevertheless, he tried to appear as one injured, because he felt so keenly that he deserved the reproach expressed so quietly.

"I am no to part wi' either o' you. I was just putting a question to you, and there was nae harm in that."

"Oh no."

"Weel, the lang and the short o' it is this: there's a man came to me the-day

—I'm no gaun to tell you wha." (She smiled: as if she did not know who! Poor old father!) "And he says that if you will take him and I will gie my consent he'll gie you a' your ain way and make ower to you at once a fortune. I said to him, 'You maun speir at hersel', my man.' He said he would, and he's gaun to do it, and I first wanted to ken aforehand what you would be likely to say. But you are free to do as you like."

"You mean Mr. Cargill, father."

"Eh!—hoo did you ken that?" exclaimed the old captain, forgetting in his amazement even to smoke.

"Easily enough; he was the only man here to-day except——"

"Weel?" (There was a curious glimmer of a smile on the old man's face as he put the question required by her pause.)

"Except Mr. Ross, and he cannot do what you say the other offers to do. But I am afraid that Mr. Cargill is not the man for me, with all his wealth and your consent."

"Oh, then you mean that you'll hae somebody else without my consent."

She got up, took the empty pipe from his hand and proceeded to fill it with an experienced hand. As she gave it back to him with a light,—

"We'll no talk any more havers to-night, father. You ken well enough that I will never take a man that you say no to; and I will never take one that I say no to, though you should say yes. Now that's all settled."

"Ay, ay, and it's that way, is't," muttered the captain to himself, but quite loud enough for her to hear. "It's that way, is't? We maun see aboot that. We maun see aboot that. An empty purse against a weel-filled one—we maun see aboot that."

Annie was a little fidgety as his loudly expressed reflections proceeded, and was glad when they were interrupted by a loud ring at the bell of the entrance-door.

"Wha can that be at this hour? Hope there's naething wrang wi' the 'Mermaid.'"

"Kirsty will soon tell us," said Annie, arranging her papers for the night.

"Maister Cargill," said Kirsty, the stout serving-woman, opening the door for the big lymphatic form to enter.

"I hope you will excuse me for dropping in upon you so late," he said, in what he thought was a grand manner; "I intended to be here four hours ago, but was unexpectedly detained in the town. Sorry

now I did not come straight along from the old place; but was obliged to make a call first, and the business occupied me much longer than I expected."

"Never heed that, sit doon—and get a glass, Annie. Oh, but you like wine and seegaars. Very weel; though I never meddle wi' thae things mysel' I hae some wine that was gi'en me in a present that folk wha ken say there's nae better in Edinbro'. Ay, and I hae seegaars to match. Get them out, Annie."

Annie obeyed quickly, and then excusing herself as she was required elsewhere left the room.

The wine was good and the "seegaars" were good, as the captain had said, and Cargill evinced his appreciation of both.

"And noo," said the captain when they were settled down, "how did you come out on sic a night?"

"Oh, the night is not so bad in a close cab with a good horse and a careful driver."

"And is the man waiting for you?" cried the captain, his eyes starting, "and you never thought of seeking a dram for him!"

"I do not like to encourage tippling in people of his class," coolly answered the loutish sybarite, as he sipped his wine and smoked his cigar.

There was a movement on the captain's lips as if he repressed some words which were no doubt of a very emphatic character. He rang the bell fiercely and called loudly for Kirsty whilst he filled a glass with whiskey.

"Hey, take this to the cabman to keep him warm while he's waiting."

"He has jist cam' for a light tae his lamp and's at the door," replied the woman; "puir man, he's sair drookit."

Then the captain walked about to regain his temper. Cargill had not moved during the whole of these proceedings. He smoked and drank placidly as if they had nothing to do with him, and if these good people chose to concern themselves with a mere cabman who would receive his full fare and something over, that was their business.

The driver stood shivering at the door, the fierce gusts of wind threatening to tear the coat from his back, whilst the horse stood shivering at the gate.

"Thank ye, mem; I wish the puir beast could hae a dram tae on sic a night. Here's your very good health," said the man as he gratefully accepted the captain's hospitality.

The captain sat down again and resumed the conversation.

"And now," he said, "what has brought you here at this hour?"

"Two things, sir," rejoined Cargill slowly, or lazily, but did not proceed.

"And what may thae twa things be?"

There was again that curious movement on the captain's lips which had first appeared when he learned that there was a poor man out in the cold for whom his employer had not the least consideration.

"The first thing, captain — and it could have waited till to-morrow — is to tell you that all the conditions I mentioned will be faithfully carried out. My mother is delighted with the idea of the match, and says she will agree to anything in order to bring it about. She has a high esteem for you, captain."

The man actually could not refrain from attempting to patronize even in such a position as this.

"That's very guid o' her to say sae, and very guid o' you to tell me. But there was nae need o' saying it, for Bell and me are auld acquaintances and we hae aye respeckit ane anither."

Cargill felt sore; it was his great weakness that he did not like to be reminded of the origin of his fortune or of himself. He would have done anything to remove his mother from the midst of her old associations; but she would not move, and in spite of all his efforts they were continually dashing in his teeth, as it were.

"She is a wonderful woman," he said vaguely, as he looked at the ceiling and sent a great cloud of smoke up to it.

"She is that," Captain Duncan said heartily, "and sae far everything is satisfactory. Noo, you hae naething mair ado than jist get the lass to gie her consent."

"Yes, but you will help me with your authority."

"Undoubtedly; I promised that afore — a' things being agreeable. And this I can tell you, there never was a more obedient and faithful bairn in the world than my Annie."

"Then that being the case we may consider the matter as good as settled; for I am not afraid of being able to make myself sufficiently agreeable to her during the passage to Peterhead to warrant you in telling her that you have chosen me for your son-in-law — provided one condition is complied with by you."

"And what may that be?"

"You are taking Ross with you?"

"I am that. He is the best man I could find to keep my mind easy when I

am resting myself'. What's wrang about that?"

Cargill rested back in his chair and puffed meditatively for a few seconds before replying. Then —

"Do you mean to say, captain, that you don't see what is going on?"

"I see a heap o' things that are going on and going off too. But what particular thing are you meaning?"

"Would you like to see your daughter married to a man like Ross?"

"No, if she could get a better. He is a decent chiel. Do you see onything particular wrang with him?"

"I have nothing to say about him. But although I do not doubt myself, I would rather you did not take him with us on board the 'Mermaid.'"

It was the captain's turn to smoke for a few seconds in silence. Then, decisively, as if he had been arguing the whole question out in his mind, —

"The matter is settled and canna be changed."

"But don't you see, captain," urged Cargill in his heavy way, trying to be persuasive, "if he goes with us, you are denying me a fair chance with Miss Murray. If we are left to ourselves, all will go well; but if we are interfered with there is no saying what may happen."

"There is naething can happen that shouldna happen. Annie kens what she is doing, and Ross is a decent lad. If he doesna do onything to disgrace himself and she says that I am to part wi' the 'Mermaid' and her, then there is nae mair to be said about it. We'll jist hae to do it. You hae gotten my word — he hasna; so you maun take your chance. At the same time I should say that you are ower feared. What, man, you hae the siller and the grand ways. Do you think ony woman in her senses would hae a doubt as to the man she should take? Fie, I'm surpreezed at ye."

"That's true."

But when he went away Cargill's mind was more in keeping with the storm than when he arrived. On that black drive back to Edinburgh the wind seemed to whistle weird suggestions to his brain; the melancholy roar of the waters seemed to rouse wild thoughts of possibilities by which he might prove himself the worthier man of the two; and the ugly, slushy roads, crossed here and there by the ghastly light of a feeble lamp, seemed to reflect his mind.

All the weak vanity of the man was stirred to passion; and the passion which

springs from such a source is always the worst.

CHAPTER VII.

"MERMAID AHoy!"

DONKEY engines rattling bales of goods from quays aboard ships, or *vice versa*: barrels, boxes, hampers, all flying in the air and alighting safely in their places amidst a Babel of tongues and a great smell of tar. That was the port of Leith.

The bantam-like "Mermaid" nestled at its moorings, but panting and puffing as proudly as its neighbors, trying to make itself appear as big as possible, and continually asserting its claim to equal consideration with any of the huge rivals which lay to right and left of it. The bantam was noted amongst the people of the port for its neatness and sea-worthiness, and for the pushing character of its commander. Goods put on board the "Mermaid" were considered as safe as if they had been placed in the hands of the persons to whom they were consigned. Thus the credit of Duncan Murray stood high, and he valued it more than his life—truly more than his life, for it was no mere phrase with him, it was a fact. He valued that credit more than his life, more even than his daughter's life, and that meant everything human he cared about: it included the "Mermaid." It had come to be a saying, "as safe as though it was with Duncan Murray," and that was as much to him as if he had been made lord high admiral of the fleet.

The fact was remarkable that in the whole course of his trading he had never lost the smallest package intrusted to his care; and as years went on the pride of this fact grew in its proportions in his breast, until it seemed as if one failure would have killed him.

Annie, with her sailor's hat and pea-jacket on, stood on the hurricane deck overlooking the bustle on board and on the quays. Her father was moving about everywhere; now scolding, now encouraging, now lending a hand to move some pile.

At length everything was on board, and only two people were wanting to complete the equipment of the "Mermaid" for her trip.

"Where is Mr. Ross?" asked Annie, after long consideration with herself.

"He'll join us on the road; he asked me to let him go out last night and I said, ay, if he would meet us in time. Nae fear o' him."

She had no need to ask where was Mr. Cargill, for a cab drove along the wharves as far as it could, and that gentleman appeared in a faultlessly fashionable vulgar check tweed tourist suit. He had only a small hand-bag to carry, for his portmanteau had been put on board the previous night.

His figure was grotesque: imagine a stout man six feet in height, with heavy jowls and sleepy eyes, dressed like a lad of fifteen! This was Mr. Cargill, who had an unbounded faith in the elegance of his figure and the skill of his tailor.

Annie laughed at the sight of him, and the captain felt disposed to bid him "put some claes on" as quick as he could. But recognizing in all this the height of aristocratic fashion, he held his tongue and marvelled. Captain Duncan would have been a great toady if opportunity had offered; for he had a vast reverence for the "nobeelity," and deep respect for anything which even remotely represented it. So, with all his absurd airs, "Jeems" Cargill impressed the old man as being something out of the common—just as poor old Bell Cargill was impressed, and consequently permitted her money to flow at his command.

He saluted his hosts, but they were too much occupied to give him particular attention, and he had grace enough to recognize that fact. He applied himself to the arrangement of his berth, fitting up in it all the newest contrivances for securing comfort at sea. Having done this he went on deck.

The boat was just casting off. He looked around: Captain Duncan was doing everything and Bob Ross was not there!

"Are you going to do without your pilot?" he said to the skipper as he approached him.

"I hae nae time to speak to onybody the-noo," was the sharp response, as Captain Duncan hurried to his post on the hurricane deck.

Cargill quietly followed him, because Annie was there.

"We shall have a pleasant day," he said, with as much warmth as if there had been something very particular in the remark.

"It looks pleasant enough at present," she answered, smiling at the weather-prophet; "but it is a west wind, and those clouds yonder may bring us such rain as will spoil the nicest clothes."

He only observed the smile and was unconscious of the playful allusion to his gorgeous raiment.

"Ah, you are weather-wise, Miss Murray, and I ought not to have dared to say a word on the subject. I ought to have asked you to tell me how it was to be. But we may be happy in the most unpleasant weather when we are with those we like best in the world."

"What is the day to be, father?" she said, turning her head away impervious to this very broad compliment.

"You'll no be fashed wi' heavy seas, ony way," answered the captain, busy minding his own business and unconscious of what was going on. Cargill did feel that slight movement of her head and inattention to his words; for like all small natures he was content so long as attention was paid to him, but spiteful always, and wrathful sometimes, when he was treated with the slightest neglect.

"However, she will come round," was his thought, and the opportunity to bring her round was his now. The father was in his favor, and that bugbear, Bob Ross, was not on board. He congratulated himself most cordially on that circumstance. He did not care by what lucky accident it had been brought about. There was the fact, and that was enough for him. It was something more than that the absence of Ross left him free to woo Annie; there had been certain wild thoughts in his head which made him specially glad that the man was away.

Then he had a particular piece of gratification. Annie went down to the deck and he accompanied her. They walked up and down, and she listened to his empty chatter about the grand sights and grand people of London and Paris. He tried to make her understand what delights lay before the woman who should be taken to these places by a man who loved her and "knew his way about."

She said little in reply, but she listened, and he felt assured that he was making rapid progress in her good graces. She halted occasionally and looked out to sea or towards the shore scanning the waters with eager eyes: he did not observe their expression, and did not guess what she was looking for. And at such times she would say "Yes" or "No" or "That's fine," in a low voice which filled him with the joy of triumph.

But in the midst of his triumph, the "Mermaid" suddenly slackened speed, and then the engine stopped altogether. Annie stood still, looking at a smack which was sailing towards them.

"Is there anything the matter?" inquired Cargill in surprise.

"Oh, no, nothing the matter; only there's Mr. Ross coming."

Cargill looked as if the shadow of the blackest cloud which followed them had fallen on his face.

Then there came a shout from the distance of "'Mermaid' ahoy!" and presently the boat glided up beside the steamer. A lithe figure climbed up her side and Bob Ross stood on the deck. A wave of his hand to his comrades below to signify "all right," the boat dropped astern, and the paddles of the "Mermaid" moved again. Then he turned to shake hands with Annie, but did not stay to speak more than a few words of greeting to her. He hastened to the captain.

There was such a change in the manner of the girl! And yet it was a change of so quiet a nature that it was only perceptible to the eyes of jealousy. Dull of wit as Cargill might be, jealousy made him keen of vision. From the impassive listener to his rhodomontade, courteous because he was her father's guest, she became buoyant in mood and bright in face, answering him briskly on every subject he mooted, giving him with singular cordiality more than all the information he desired as to the management of the vessel and the various points of the coast which they passed. For as it was a clear day they were enabled to hug the coastline, and even the houses could be distinguished with the naked eye, so far.

"But suppose now if the man at the wheel happened for a little while to neglect his duty and you were passing a rocky shore, what would be the consequence?" he inquired, as one anxious for information.

"Well, if the wind blew landward we should come to grief," she replied, smiling. "But you need not be afraid of that with my father and Mr. Ross on board."

"Oh, I am not afraid," he said pompously; "but I wanted information in the management of a boat, as I think of buying a yacht, and your father is to arrange the matter for me if I should decide upon it. But that will depend upon somebody else."

And he looked at her, meaning that she should understand who the somebody was. She did not choose to understand, but answered as if she were interested in the project.

"It would be a fine enjoyment for you to go sailing about wherever you liked; but I hope you would not think of managing the boat yourself at first."

"Certainly not; but the somebody is

quite able to do it — only of course she would not require to do it. She would, however, control our skipper, whoever he might be, and see that he played no larks with us. As, for instance, keeping us in port for his own purposes when we wanted to go out by pretending that the wind was dead against us; or there was a storm coming — and so on. She would know all about it and set him right."

Still she would not understand.

"It is not usual for any one to interfere with the skipper," she said, without the slightest alteration of tone or manner; "and no man that ken'd his trade would allow it."

"But supposing you were to see a man making a dangerous mistake — he might know his trade but be drunk perhaps — *you* would not stand by and permit it to continue at the risk of the lives of all on board?"

"Ay, but the man that got drunk when at his work would not ken his trade," she answered, in a tone of contempt for such an individual as had been problematically suggested to her.

The answer and the manner in which it was given apparently afforded Cargill much satisfaction, for he did not at that moment further attempt to impress upon her that the yacht he spoke of was to be bought for her if his suit prospered.

She was too happy to be annoyed by his attentions; and he was not mistaken as to the immediate source of her good-nature. He saw her speaking frequently to Ross, and although he could not hear them, he could easily guess the purport of their conversation, and he was several times successful in interrupting them. He noted with what glee she waited upon him at meals, on which occasions they were generally alone together in the cabin, for, of course, when Ross was below, Captain Duncan was on deck.

Once, standing by the open skylight, he heard this part of their conversation.

"You mind, Annie, that when this trip is over I'm to speak to your father."

"Oh, yes, I mind; and I can give you good news. From something he said to me, I think he'll maybe no be much against it."

Cargill walked away with teeth hard set and frowning brow.

CHAPTER VIII.

ROCKS AHEAD.

BUT from that moment Cargill's bearing towards Ross altered strangely. He

became quite friendly — not patronizing — in talking to him, and he praised him in the cabin. So cleverly did he manage this that Ross said to himself, "Well, he is not so spiteful as I thought he was;" and Annie's eyes brightened whilst she said to herself, "Well, there is some good in him after all. I never thought he could say a kind word about Bob." For although she spoke of *Mr. Ross*, that person was in her thoughts plain Bob.

In fact they were all getting on in such a pleasant way that Captain Duncan began to think that Cargill had succeeded in winning the lass; and he said to his daughter when they were alone together, —

"So, you're to tak' a man after a'?"

"I'm no wantin' a man," she said very decisively, knowing to whom her father referred.

"Ay, ay," was the jocular observation, "ye say that, but I never ken'd a lass that didna want a man unless she had ane already."

Annie turned away her head, making no reply. But she was thinking much. What was she to do if her father insisted on this marriage with Cargill? He had said that he would not insist; but she knew how obstinate he was once he had got an idea fixed in his head. Kind he was, and fond of her as a father could be of a daughter; but in his anxiety to see her "a grand leddy," as he called it, the conviction might be borne in upon him that he was proving his affection most by forcing her to do what he judged best for her future.

Had Annie seen the curious grin on her father's ruddy face as he made his little joke, perhaps she would not have been so uneasy. She had not seen it, but remembered what she had told him — that she would take no man without his good-will and would not take one against her own. She would hold to that.

She went towards Ross, who was at the wheel. He smiled as she approached, but there was no answering smile on her face. She passed him without a word, and stood with her back towards him gazing at the long track the little steamer had made.

Ross, grasping his wheel firmly, glanced round in surprise; but it was only for an instant, for he had to turn his face quickly to the course before him. He could speak, however, although he could not look, for the coast of huge rocks is one of the most dangerous known to mariners. The "*Mermaid*" was a very slow vessel, although a sure one, and to save time, the

weather being fine, they were hugging the shore, and constant watchfulness was requisite on the part of the pilot.

"Is there anything wrong?" he asked anxiously.

She answered, also without changing her position, —

"I am feared there is something wrong."

"Can you tell me what it is — can I help you in it?"

She stood silent for a while, the wind whistling around them and the engines panting as the "Mermaid" toiled her way along. At length, Annie, —

"Do you mind that day we were at the gate?"

"I shall never forget it."

"Do you mind that when I was saying there was only one time when I wished I might leave father, I did not tell you what that time was?"

"I mind every word you said, for every word was like gold to me."

"I am going to tell you now."

Her voice faltered a little as she spoke, and he listened with his heart thumping against his side. Then came the low, sweet voice like a whisper of the wind, —

"It was when I thought of you."

His grasp tightened on the handle of the wheel, as if to keep himself from forgetting all sense of duty and turning round to take her in his arms.

"I ken'd that, Annie, and that was what made your words sae dear to me. Nothing can ever take the joy of that minute from me — I hae felt it in my heart ever since, and it has comforted me whenever I thought of the possibility that you might be given away to — somebody else."

There was again a long silence. They were full of the glory of their love and could not speak. Annie was the first to find voice.

"I doubt my father is against us. He is taken up with that man, and his grand ways and his fortune and his promises, and I doubt he will never hearken to a word from you. That is what is wrong, and I'm sair troubled."

"But you will never give yourself to him?"

"Never. That is what I came to tell you — I shall never take him; but I shall never take you either without father's will. And I want to tell you more: that if I am no to be yours, I shall never be anybody else's."

"I am content. I can bide my time, and it will come. Do not you fear."

She scarcely heard the comforting words, for she had turned quickly and

hurried away, half ashamed of the confession and the pledge she had given.

Ross felt as if he could have steered the "Mermaid" against the wildest storm that ever blew. He was no mere man now, he was a giant with all a giant's strength. She had told him that her thoughts had been like his own long ago. She had pledged herself to him and the future was safe. Now he knew what he had to do. He had to satisfy her father and he would do it. There might be a little delay, but the time must come when Duncan Murray would own that he was worthy of his daughter. As for Cargill, — poor chap! — if he had any right feeling in him at all he would suffer badly by the loss. Even if it were only his vanity which was hurt, he would suffer. So, for him there was nothing but kindly pity.

But oh! the happiness that thrilled through the man as he stood at his post, guiding the little "Mermaid" safely to her port.

Cargill, however, had no intention of being a loser in this game they were playing. He, too, could bide his time, and he felt assured that his time was nearer than that of Ross.

It had been his purpose to make his proposal to Annie before they reached Peterhead; but he had soon seen that the time was not fitting, and he did not mean to ask her to marry him until he was pretty sure that her answer would be yes. And that time would be soon.

It was getting dark when the heavily laden little steamer reached the rugged coast of Buchan, and the pilot, knowing the dangers of the Dun Buy Rock and the Bullers, was keeping well off, but not so well off as one less acquainted with the coast would have done. So far, this had been the most rapid passage the slow "Mermaid" had achieved, and Ross had good reasons for desiring to make it a remarkable one in its career.

When they were about opposite Slains Castle, the lights were up, and there was no one on deck except Ross and the look-out. The captain was below, resting in perfect confidence of his pilot's skill, and Annie was engaged with some papers in the cabin.

Cargill came on deck, lit a cigar, and took a short turn up and down as if surveying the darkening outlines of the coast. He spoke a few words to the man on the look-out, then he walked slowly aft to Ross, who, confident of his course in such a calm sea, and feeling some sorrow for the man whose disappointment he ex-

pected to be so great, and who had become so friendly with him lately, had no objection to exchange a word with him.

"Cold work this, Ross, and confoundedly dull, isn't it?" he said good-naturedly.

"Neither cold nor dull, Mr. Cargill," was the cheery answer.

"Ah, you like the work, I suppose, and that makes all the difference."

Cargill seated himself on a coil of rope as he spoke.

"Of course I like it or I wouldn't be at it."

"I suppose you find it troublesome enough at times?"

"That is to be expected — all work is troublesome at times."

"You seem to be taking things easy, though, with all the perils of the deep before you."

"Whiles," answered Ross laughing.

"Wish I could do that," and a cloud of smoke went up from the cigar.

"You have never known what it was to work for your living, and that's a pity for any man."

"Ah. Do you smoke?"

"Very seldom, and never at work."

"That's a pity for you; because I have some splendid cigars here — cost a shilling each."

"Then I should not like to smoke one."

"You would if you knew what they were. Well, you won't refuse to have a drink with me? If you do, I shall think you are keeping up old scores against me."

He poured out a dram from his flask as he spoke and held it up to Ross. The latter hesitated, but remembering the trouble he was to cause this man, he said,

"It is against all rules to drink when on duty; but seeing what there has been between us and is likely to be, I won't refuse to drink your health."

He drank, and Cargill slowly put the metal cup on the bottom of his flask again.

"Capital stuff that, I can tell you. Got it myself from a friend in Campbelton."

"Ay, it's strong," said Ross, gasping. "I wish there had been some water with it."

"Would you like some now? I'll send it to you."

"Thank you, I'll be obliged to you."

"All right," and Cargill moved off as if to fulfil his promise. He threw his cigar overboard and disappeared down the cabin stair. But the water did not come.

Ross felt his throat parched and something fiery flew up to his head, making his eyes start as if they were to come out.

What could this be? Surely one glass of whisky could never have such an effect upon him. It must have been very strong whisky indeed. What a fool he had been to touch it! They were approaching the Dun Buy Rock and the Bullers, where he should have all his senses about him. But no! his senses were becoming confused, his eyes dim, and everything danced before them — a devil's dance of flashes of fire and black huge rocks. What was the matter? Could he not pull himself together? He had only to hold the wheel as it was and all was right. Steady, now. He set his teeth; he would master this demon that had got possession of him.

He tried to call out, but his tongue was paralyzed. His senses were becoming more and more confused, his eyes more and more dazzled. Then a sort of frenzy seemed to come upon him. He would defy these demons. He would hold on and carry the vessel safely by the rocks.

"He fell, still holding to the wheel, thus altering the course of the "Mermaid" so that her nose turned suddenly straight to the Dun Buy Rock.

There was a moment of bewilderment on the part of the look-out. Then he shouted in terror, —

"Save us! what's wrang? — we'll be on the rocks in five minutes!"

The captain heard the cry and hurried on deck, followed by his daughter and Cargill.

In an instant the captain's quick eyes took in the terrible position. He rushed to the wheel and saw Ross lying prostrate.

"Drunk! and curse him!" he almost screamed as he grasped the wheel, and with a vigorous effort wrenched it round so that he turned the "Mermaid" into safe water again.

All hands were on deck now, Annie standing apart, pale and bewildered.

"Take that drunken villain out o' my sight," he roared, as he stood panting and guiding the vessel.

CHAPTER IX.

ALL FORLORN.

THE huge rocks called the Bullers o' Buchan rise high and jagged above the sea, which dashes and churns white against them, falling back moaning as if with disappointment that it cannot overthrow them. But it has made inroads at their feet, forming curious archways, leading to great caverns, once the haunt of smugglers. Still the rocks stand firm, proud guardians of the coast, and a terror

to mariners and fishermen when the winds blow high.

The little "Mermaid" looked like a speck on the water in contrast with these giants of nature. As it steamed slowly and safely by them there were some on deck whose hearts beat quick at thought of the peril they were so narrowly escaping. All were grateful to the captain, who had come so timely with such skill and strength to their rescue; only one pitied the man who had led them into the danger.

As for Duncan Murray, his breast was full of wrath. The reputation for care and skill which he had earned with a lifetime to be jeopardized at last, and only saved by a miracle! Jeopardized by the man he had trusted as he trusted himself! There was no penalty heavy enough for such a villain!

Except the engine-man and Ross, who had been placed on the floor of the cabin, all remained on deck. But no word was spoken until they passed the grim Bullers. They were like people petrified, pale and dumb, watching the scowling figure at the wheel. When they knew that they were safe there was one great breath like a sob of relief, and a silent prayer of wondering thanks. Then the power of motion was restored to them by the loud voice of the captain giving some brief commands.

Annie had been by her father's side all the time, so white and calm that she was more like a statue than a living woman. She watched every movement of the vessel, how obediently it answered the helm under the master's hand, until at length it took them out into safe water. But her mind was busy seeking the reason for this strange occurrence. Her father in his rage had said that Ross was drunk, but she could not believe it. Her mind leapt to the thought that he had fallen in some fit; and at her father's first words she moved swiftly away, down to the cabin.

There on the floor lay the man she loved, the man to whom she had pledged herself, and who had so nearly destroyed them all — a senseless, ugly piece of humanity. She approached him, bent over him with tender hope.

She drew back quickly and her face flushed. His breath told her that her father had spoken truly. And yet she was dimly conscious that mingled with the fumes of whisky there was something else, which she did not understand, and which at the moment did not impress her mind.

There was the one horrible fact: he had been drinking and so had imperilled all their lives!

The first sickening sense of dismay over, she became calm again, and bethought her that something ought to be done to restore him to consciousness. Who was to help her? She dared not speak to her father and she would not speak to Cargill. By-and-by she would be able to get one of the men, but none of them could be spared at present.

Meanwhile she got a towel, dipped it in cold water and laid it on his head. Next she shook him roughly by the arm; but he made no sign. Then that was all she could do.

There was one thing more. She called him by name; but he made no sign. Whilst doing this she became a little more conscious of the presence of that something besides the fumes of whisky, only she was too busy in her efforts to rouse him to give it particular heed.

And she was wondering. How could this miserable shame fall on Bob Ross? In all that she had ever heard of him there had been no hint of this. Quite otherwise: one of the qualities for which he had been specially noted was his sobriety. Then how should it come now in the hour when he was most anxious to please her father?

She could not understand. It was strange; that was all she could say, and in her bewilderment begin wondering again. And as she was wondering there came suddenly a pain in her breast and a dull aching in the dry eyes, for was not his shame hers?

Oh, how brave and noble she had believed him to be! How much above all other men in everything — how pure, how strong and faithful in all that became a man! And lo, there he lay helpless — such a sorry sight!

She could not bear, it and she covered her face with her hands, rocking herself to and fro as she knelt beside him. Strange, piteous cries in her brain, but no sound coming from her lips. The idol seemed to have fallen from its high place — fallen so low down and still was loved.

She did not care now who knew it. She loved him and she would help him, though everybody else should turn from him.

She knew by the sounds on deck — trampling of feet, loud voices — and the varying movements of the engine, that they were nearing port. Whether or not the noise had any effect in rousing him,

Ross at length stirred from his lethargy.

He moved slightly as if to turn on his right side. With anxious face and ready hands she assisted him. He muttered something in a husky whisper, but she was unable to make out what he said.

She called him by name twice and her voice seemed to reach him at last. There was a spasmodic movement of the body, and this time his muttering was distinct enough for her to comprehend, —

"Starboard, starboard, confound ye. There's the Dun Buy — we must hold off."

The rest of his words faded into indistinctness again.

The turmoil above grew louder, and the movements of the engine more eccentric than before.

She dipped the towel into cold water, and bathed his face and hands. He breathed more freely and regularly than he had been doing for some time, and presently he opened his eyes.

What weary, wild eyes they were, staring at her without the least sign of recognition! They frightened her, and yet they brought the tears which relieved her own parched eyes.

"Do you no ken me — Bob?" she hesitated a little over the name.

The wild expression disappeared and slowly there came a smile of recognition.

"No ken you, Annie! how could that ever be? *My* lass! But what a dream I hae had — that I got faw and let the boat gang on the rocks and —"

But there the glimmer of intelligence faded, and a vacant expression took its place. This was not the expression of imbecility, but that of one who is looking at something he cannot see and searching his mind for something he cannot find.

Suddenly he made an effort to rise, but fell back helpless.

"Try again," she said eagerly; "if you could only get on to the seat, it would make me less wae to look at you."

Mechanically he made the effort, and with her strong help succeeded, after a few trials, in getting on to the seat. He leaned back, unable to support himself, still looking at the something he could not see.

"Can you bide there that way till I get you a drink?"

She brought him a glass of water and held it to his lips. He drank greedily as if his throat were parched, and he seemed to revive. She took both his hands in hers and gazing earnestly at him said, —

"Can you no tell me how this happened? Try to mind. Where did you get the drink?"

"I canna tell. I got whisky, and I saw the Dun Buy and the Bullers, and I wanted to keep clear of them. But something aye pulled the wheel out o' my hands. There was —"

He ended the sentence by shaking his head hopelessly and muttering wearily, "I canna tell — I dinna ken."

She saw it was no use pressing her questions further at that time, and indeed she had no opportunity of doing so. Although the noise above continued, the engine had stopped, and she knew that they were in port. Her father came down. Partly in consequence of his dread of any further accident, and partly out of a wise discretion, knowing his own temper, he had delayed coming until the "*Mermaid*" was safely moored in Peterhead Harbor. Now when he came, he found her holding Ross's hands and speaking softly to him. His passion blazed up in spite of himself.

"What are you doing there with that scoondrel? Come oot o' that this moment."

She did not move, and Ross was apparently quite unconscious of the angry and bitter words.

"Did you no hear me?" shouted the father. "I tell you that you are no to disgrace yourself by speaking another word to him."

"Father, he is no weel," she said gently, but without releasing her lover's hands.

"No weel! — he'll be well enough when he gets over his drucken fit."

"This is not a drunken fit, father. He is really not well, and you should get a doctor to see him."

"Me get a doctor for the scoondrel that nearly ruined me as weel as drooned us a'!" exclaimed the captain, as much astounded by his daughter's calmness as by her first disobedience. "I tell you he was drinking when he was at the wheel, and that would hae been enough for me even if he hadna put us a' in siccan danger."

"How do you know that he was drinking when at the wheel?" she asked calmly.

"Cargill told me. He took a dram from him."

"Ah!" The exclamation was short, quick, with a drawing in of the breath. "And *he* gave it to him."

"Ay, but he maun hae been drinking

before that, because ae dram wouldna mak' him like what he is. Come, out o' this, Bob Ross, and thank the kindly thoughts I hae aye had for you till noo, that I dinna send you to jail instead of giein' you leave to walk ashore."

"Father, will you not send for a doctor?" she pleaded once more.

"I'll no hear another word, you hizzie, but I'll hae something to say to you in a wee while."

To her amazement Ross stood up, unsteadily, but still maintaining the position. He drew one hand dazedly across his eyes and said huskily, —

"No for me, Annie — no for me — you shall not suffer for me. I'll go. Your father is right. I begin to mind now, and it is his kind thought that saves me from a jail — it is not all clear yet; but it is coming back. Me standing at the wheel and no power to speak, and — and that's all."

"Bide a minute and I'll get Jock Burns to go with you," and she darted up the stair.

Captain Duncan was puzzled. He could not make out the man; this was not the way he had ever before seen anybody who was "fou" behave. But then there was nothing else to explain his falling asleep at the wheel; and so he answered the puzzle by resolving to stick to his first impression.

"I am sorry for you, Bob; but you hae brought it on yoursel' and I canna pass it over. Had it been onybody else I would hae been on the look-out for sic a thing, but no wi' you — no wi' you."

"You are doing kindly by me, captain, and I thank you," said the poor man, again passing his hand dazedly over his eyes. "I dinna understand yet; but it's coming to me, and I ken that I was wrang. I thank you and I'll go."

He made a step forward, staggered, and fell back upon the seat. He would have fallen on the floor but that the sturdy captain caught him in time.

From The Nineteenth Century.
OUTCAST RUSSIA.

THE JOURNEY TO SIBERIA.

SIBERIA — the land of exile — has always appeared in the conceptions of the Europeans as a land of horrors, as a land of the chains and *knoot*, where convicts are flogged to death by cruel officials, or killed by overwork in mines; as a land of

unutterable sufferings of the masses and of horrible prosecutions of the foes of the Russian government. Surely nobody, Russian or foreigner, has crossed the Ural Mountains and stopped on their water-divide, at the border pillar that bears the inscription "Europe" on one side, and "Asia" on the other, without shuddering at the idea that he is entering the land of woes. Many a traveller has certainly said to himself that the inscription of Dante's "Inferno" would be more appropriate to the boundary pillar of Siberia than these two words which pretend to delineate two continents.

As the traveller descends, however, towards the rich prairies of western Siberia; as he notices there the relative welfare and the spirit of independence of the Siberian peasant, and compares them with the wretchedness and subjection of the Russian peasant; as he makes acquaintance with the hospitality of the supposed ex-convicts — the "Siberyaks" — and with the intelligent society of the Siberian towns, and perceives nothing of the exiles, and hears nothing of them in conversations going on about everything but this subject; as he hears the boasting reply of the Eastern Yankee who drily says to the stranger that in Siberia the exiles are far better off than peasants in Russia — he feels inclined to admit that his former conceptions about the great penal colony of the north were rather exaggerated, and that, on the whole, the exiles may be not so unfortunate in Siberia, as they were represented to be by sentimental writers.

Very many visitors to Siberia, and not foreigners alone, have made this mistake. Some occasional circumstance — something like a convoy of exiles met with on the muddy road during an autumn storm, or a Polish insurrection on the shores of Lake Baikal, or, at least, such a rencontre with an exile in the forests of Yakutsk, as Adolf Erman made and so warmly described in his "Travels" — some occasional striking fact, in short, must fall under the notice of the traveller, to give him the necessary impulse for discovering the truth amidst the official misrepresentation and the non-official indifference; to open his eyes and to display before them the abyss of sufferings that are concealed behind those three words, exile to Siberia. Then he perceives that besides the official story of Siberia there is another sad story, through which the shrieks of the exiles have been going on as a black thread from the remotest times of

the conquest until now. Then he learns that, however dark, the plain, popular conception of Siberia is still brighter than the horrible naked truth; and that the horrible tales he has heard long ago, in his childhood, and has supposed since to be tales of a remote past, in reality are tales of what is going on now, in our century which writes so much, and cares so little, about humanitarian principles.

This story already lasts for three centuries. As soon as the tsars of Moscow learned that their rebel Cossacks had conquered a new country "beyond the Stone" (the Ural), they sent there batches of exiles, ordering them to settle along the rivers and footpaths that connected together the blockhouses erected, in the space of seventy years, from the sources of the Kama to the Sea of Okhotsk. Where no free settlers would settle, the chained colonizers had to undertake a desperate struggle against the wilderness. As to those individuals whom the rising powers of the tsars considered most dangerous, we find them with the most advanced parties of Cossacks who were sent "across the mountains, in search for new lands." No distance, however immense, no wilderness, however unpracticable, seemed sufficient to the suspicious rule of the *boyars* to be put between such exiles and the capital of the tsardom. And, as soon as a blockhouse was built, or a convent erected, at the very confines of the tsar's dominions — beyond the Arctic circle, in the *toundras* of the Obi, or beyond the mountains of Daouria — the exiles were there, building themselves the cells that had to be their graves.

Even now, Siberia is, on account of its steep mountains, its thick forests, wild streams, and rough climate, one of the most difficult countries to explore. It is easy to conceive what it was three hundred years ago. Even now it is that part of the Russian Empire where the arbitrariness and brutality of officers are the most unlimited. What was it, then, during the seventeenth century? "The river is shallow; the rafts are heavy; the chiefs are wicked, and their sticks are big; their whips cut through the skin, and their tortures are cruel; fire and strappado; but the men are hungry, and they die, poor creatures, at once after the torture," — wrote the *protopope* Avvakum, the fanatic priest of the "old religion" whom we met with the first parties going to take possession of the Amor. "How long, my master, will these tortures last?" asks his wife as she falls attenuated on the ice of

the river, after a journey that already has lasted for five years. "Until our death, my dear; until our death," replies this precursor of the steel-characters of our own times; and both, man and wife, continue their march towards the place where the *protopope* will be chained to the walls of an icy cellar dugged out by his own hands.

Since the beginning of the seventeenth century, the flow of exiles poured into Siberia has never ceased. During the first years of the century, we see the inhabitants of Uglitch exiled to Pelym, together with their bell which rang the alarm when it became known that the young Demetrius has been assassinated by order of the regent Boris Godunoff. Men and bell alike have tongues and ears torn away, and are confined in a hamlet on the borders of the *toundra*. Later on they are followed by the *raskolniks* (non-conformists) who revolt against the aristocratic innovations of Nikon in Church matters. Those who escape the massacres, like that "of the three thousand," go to people the Siberian wildernesses. They are soon followed by the serfs who make desperate attempts of overthrowing the yoke freshly imposed on them; by the leaders of the Moscow mob revolted against the rule of the *boyars*; by the militia of the *streltsy* who revolt against the all-crushing despotism of Peter I.; by the Little Russians who fight for their autonomy and old institutions; by all those populations who will not submit to the yoke of the rising empire; by the Poles — by three great and several smaller batches of Poles — who are despatched to Siberia by thousands at once, after each attempt at recovering their independence. . . . Later on, all those whom Russia fears to keep in her towns and villages — murderers and simple vagrants, non-conformists and rebels; thieves and paupers who are unable to pay for a passport; serfs who have incurred the displeasure of their proprietors; and still later on, "free peasants" who have incurred the disgrace of an *ispravnik*, or are unable to pay the ever-increasing taxes — all these are going to die in the marshy lowlands, in the thick forests, in the dark mines. This current flows until our own days, steadily increasing in an alarming proportion. Seven to eight thousand were exiled every year at the beginning of this century; eighteen to nineteen thousand are exiled now — not to speak of the years when this figure was doubled, as was the case after the last Polish insurrection —

making thus a total of more than six hundred thousand people who have crossed the Ural Mountains since 1823, when the first records of exile were taken.

Few of those who have endured the horrors of hard labor and exile in Siberia have committed to paper their sad experience. The *protopope* Avvakum did, and his letters still feed the fanaticism of the *raskolniks*. The melancholy stories of the Menshikoff, the Dolgorouky, the Biron, and other exiles of high rank have been transmitted to posterity by their sympathizers. Our young republican poet Ryléeff, before being hung in 1827, told in a beautiful poem, "Vainarovsky," the sufferings of a Little Russian patriot. Several memoirs of the "Decembrists" (exiled for the insurrection of December 26, 1825), and the poem of Nekrasoff, "The Russian Women," are still inspiring the young Russian hearts with love for the prosecuted and hate to the prosecutors. Dostoevsky has told in a remarkable psychological study of prison life his experience at the fortress of Omsk after 1848; and several Poles have described the martyrdom of their friends after the revolutions of 1831 and 1848. . . . But, what are all these pains in comparison with the sufferings endured by half a million of people, from the day when, chained to iron rods, they started from Moscow for a two or three years' walk towards the mines of Transbaikalia, until the day when, broken down by hard labor and privations, they died at a distance of five thousand miles from their native villages, in a country whose scenery and customs were as strange to them as its inhabitants — a strong, intelligent, but egotistic race!

What are the sufferings of the few, in comparison with those of the thousands under the cat o'-nine-tails of the legendary monster Rozguldéeff, whose name is still the horror of the Transbaikalian villages; with the pains of those who, like the Polish doctor Szokalsky and his companions, died under the *seventh thousand* of rod-strokes for an attempt to escape; with the sufferings of those thousands of women who followed their husbands and for whom death was a release from a life of hunger, of sorrow, and of humiliation; with the sufferings of those thousands who yearly undertake to make their escape from Siberia and walk through the virgin forests, living on mushrooms and berries, and inspired with the hope of at least seeing again their native village and their kinsfolk?

Who has told the less striking, but not less dramatic pains of those thousands

who spin out an aimless life in the hamlets of the far north, and put an end to their wearisome existence by drowning in the clear waters of the Yenisei? M. Maximoff has tried, in his work on "Hard Labor and Exile," to raise a corner of the veil that conceals these sufferings; but he has shown only a small corner of the dark picture. The whole remains and probably will remain unknown; its very features are obliterated day by day, leaving but a faint trace in the folk-lore and in the songs of the exiles; and each decade brings its new features, its new forms of misery for the ever-increasing number of exiles.

It is obvious that I shall not venture to draw the whole of this picture in the narrow limits of a review article. I must necessarily limit my task to the description of the exile as it is now — say, during the last ten years. No less than one hundred and sixty-five thousand human beings have been transported to Siberia during this short space of time; a very high figure of criminality, indeed, for a population numbering seventy-two millions, if all exiles were "criminals." Less than one-half of them, however, crossed the Ural in accordance with sentences of the courts. The others were thrown into Siberia, without having seen any judges, by simple order of the administrative, or in accordance with resolutions taken by their communes — nearly always under the pressure of the omnipotent local authorities. Out of the 151,184 exiles who crossed the Ural during the years 1867 to 1876, no less than 78,676 belonged to this last category. The remaining were condemned by courts: 18,582 to hard labor, and 54,316 to be settled in Siberia, mostly for life, with or without loss of all their civil rights.*

* Our criminal statistics are so imperfect that a thorough classification of exiles is very difficult. We have but one good work on this subject, by M. Anuchin, published a few years ago by the Russian Geographical Society, and crowned with its great gold medal; it gives the criminal statistics for the years 1827 to 1846. However old, these statistics still give an approximate idea of the present conditions, more recent partial statistics having shown that since that time all figures have doubled, but the relative proportions of different categories of exiles have remained nearly the same. Thus, to quote but one instance, out of the 159,755 exiled during the years 1827 to 1846, no less than 79,909, or 50 per cent., were exiled by simple orders of the administrative; and thirty years later we find again nearly the same rate — slightly increased — of arbitrary exile (78,676 out of 151,184 in 1867 to 1876). The same is approximately true with regard to other categories. It appears from M. Anuchin's researches that out of the 79,846 condemned by courts, 14,531 (725 per year) were condemned as assassins; 14,248 for heavier crimes, such as incendiarism, robbery, and forgery; 40,666 for stealing, and 1,426 for smuggling, making thus a total of 70,871 cases (about 3,545 per year) which would have been condemned by the codes

Twenty years ago, the exiles traversed on foot all the distance between Moscow and the place to which they were despatched. They had thus to walk something like forty-seven hundred miles in order to reach the hard-labor colonies of Transbaikalia, and fifty-two hundred miles to reach Yakutsk. Nearly a two years' walk for the former, and two years' and a half for the second. Some amelioration has been introduced since. After having been gathered from all parts of Russia at Moscow, or at Nijni-Novgorod, they are transported now by steamer to Perm, by rail to Ekaterinburg, in carriages to Tumen, and again by steamer to Tomsk. Thus, according to a recent English book on exile to Siberia, they have to walk "only the distance beyond Tomsk." In plain figures, this trifling distance means two thousand and sixty-five miles to Kara, something like a nine months' foot journey. If the prisoner be sent to Yakutsk he has "only" two thousand nine hundred and forty miles to walk, and the Russian government having discovered that Yakutsk is a place still too near to St. Petersburg to keep these political exiles, and sending them now to Verkhoyansk and Nijne-Kolymsk (in the neighborhood of Nordenskjöld's wintering-station), a distance of some fifteen hundred miles must be added to the former "trifling" distance, and we have again the magic figure of forty-five hundred miles — or two years' walk — reconstituted in full.

However, for the great mass of exiles,

— although not always by a jury — of all countries in Europe. The remainder, however (that is, nearly 80,000), were exiled for offences which depended chiefly, if not entirely, upon the political institutions of Russia: their crimes were: rebellion against any serf-proprietors and authorities (16,456 cases); nonconformist fanaticism (2,138 cases); desertion from a twenty-five years' military service (1,651 cases); and escape from Siberia, mostly from administrative exile (18,328 cases). Finally, we find among them the enormous figure of 48,466 "vagrants," of whom the laureate of the Geographical Society says: "Vagrancy mostly means simply going to a neighboring province without a passport" — out of 48,466 "vagrants," 40,000 at least, "being merely people who have not complied with passport regulations" (that is — their wife and children being brought to starvation, they not having the necessary five or ten roubles for taking a passport, and walking from Kalouga, or Tula, to Odessa, or Astrakhan, in search of labor). And he adds: "Considering these 80,000 exiled by order of the administrative, we not only doubt their criminality; we simply doubt the very existence of such crimes as those imputed to them." The number of such "criminals" has not diminished since. It has nearly doubled, like other figures. Russia continues to send every year to Siberia, for life, four to five thousand men and women, who in other States would be simply condemned to a fine of a few shillings. To these "criminals" we must add no less than 1,500 women and 2,000 to 2,500 children who follow every year their husbands, or parents, enduring all the horrors of a march through Siberia and of the exile.

the foot journey has been reduced by one-half, and they begin their peregrinations in Siberia in special carriages. M. Maximoff has very vividly described how the convicts at Irkutsk, to whose judgment such a moving machine was submitted, declared at once that it was the most stupid vehicle that could be invented for the torment of both horses and convicts. Such carriages, which have no accommodation for deadening the shocks, move slowly on the rugged, jolting road, ploughed over and over by thousands of heavily loaded cars. In western Siberia, amidst the marshes on the eastern slope of the Ural, the journey becomes a true torture, as the highway is covered with loose beams of wood, which recall the sensation experienced when a finger is dragged across the keys of a piano, the black keys included. The journey is hard, even for the traveller who is lying on a thick felt mattress in a comfortable *tarantass*, and it is easy to conceive what the convict experiences, who is bound to sit motionless for eight or ten hours on the bench of the famous vehicle, having but a few rags to shelter him from snow and rain.

Happily enough this journey lasts but a few days, as at Tumen the exiles are embarked on special barges, or floating prisons, taken in tow by steamers, and in the space of eight or ten days are brought to Tomsk. I hardly need say that, however excellent the idea of thus reducing by one-half the long journey through Siberia, its partial realization has been most imperfect. The convict barges are usually so overcrowded, and are usually kept in such a state of filthiness, that they have become real nests of infection. "Each barge has been built for the transport of eight hundred convicts and the convoy," wrote the Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph*, on November 15, 1881; "the calculation of the size of the barges has not been made, however, according to the necessary cubical space, but according to the interests of the owners of the steamers, MM. Kurbatoff and Ignatoff. These gentlemen occupy for their own purpose two compartments for a hundred men each, and thus eight hundred must take the room destined for six hundred. The ventilation is very bad, there being no accommodation at all for that purpose, and the cabinets are of an unimaginable nastiness." He adds that "the mortality on these barges is very great, especially among the children," and his information is fully confirmed by offi-

cial figures published last year in all newspapers. It appears from these figures that eight to ten per cent. of the convict passengers died during their ten days' journey on board these barges; that is, something like sixty to eighty out of eight hundred.

"Here you see," wrote friends of ours who have made this passage, "the reign of death. Diphtheria and typhus pitilessly cut down the lives of adults and children, especially of these last. Corpses of children are thrown out nearly at each station. The hospital, placed under the supervision of an ignorant soldier, is always overcrowded."

At Tomsk the convicts stop for a few days. One part of them — especially the common-law exiles, transported by order of the administrative — are sent to some district of the province of Tomsk which extends from the spurs of the Altay ridge on the south to the Arctic Ocean on the north. The others are despatched farther towards the east. It is easy to conceive what a hell the Tomsk prison becomes when the convicts arriving every week cannot be sent on to Irkutsk with the same speed, on account of inundations, or obstacles on the rivers. The prison was built to contain nine hundred and sixty souls, but it never holds less than thirteen to fourteen hundred, and very often twenty-two hundred, or more. One-quarter of the prisoners are sick, but the infirmary can shelter only one-third, or so, of those who are in need of it; and so the sick remain in the same rooms, upon or beneath the same platforms where the remainder are crammed to the amount of three men for each free place. The shrieks of the sick, the cries of the fever-stricken patients, and the rattle of the dying mix together with the jokes and laughter of the prisoners, with the curses of the warders. The exhalations of this human heap mix with those of their wet and filthy clothes and with the emanations of the horrible *parasha*. "You are suffocated as you enter the room, you are fainting and must run back to breathe some fresh air; you must accustom yourself by-and-by to the horrible emanations which float like a fog in the river" — such is the testimony of all those who have entered unexpectedly a Siberian prison. The "families room" is still more horrible. "Here you see," says a Siberian official in charge of the prisons — M. Mishlo — "hundreds of women and children closely packed together, in such a state of misery as no

imagination could picture." The families of the convicts receive no cloth from the State. Mostly peasant women, who, as a rule, never have more than one dress at once; mostly reduced to starvation as soon as their husbands were taken into custody, they have buckled on their sole cloth when starting from Arkhangelsk or Astrakhan, and, after their long peregrinations from one lock-up to another, after the long years of preliminary detention and months of journey, only rags have remained on their shoulders from their weather-worn clothes. The naked emaciated body and the wounded feet appear from beneath the tattered clothes as they are sitting on the nasty floor, eating the hard black bread received from compassionate peasants. Amidst this moving heap of human beings who cover each square foot of the platforms and beneath them, you perceive the dying child on the knees of his mother, and close by, the new-born baby. The baby is the delight of, the consolation to these women, each of whom surely has more human feelings than any of the chiefs and warders. It is passed from hand to hand; the best rags are parted with to cover its shivering limbs, the tenderest caresses are for it. . . . How many have grown up in this way! One of them stands by my side as I write these lines, and repeats to me the stories she has heard so many times from her mother about the humanity of the *scelerates* and the infamy of their "chiefs." She describes to me the toys that the convicts made for her during the interminable journey — plain toys inspired by a good-hearted humor, and side by side, the miserable proceedings, the exactions of money, the curses and blows, the whistling of the whips of the chiefs.

The prison, however, is cleared by-and-by, as the parties of convicts start to continue their journey. When the season and the state of the rivers permit it, parties of five hundred convicts each, with women and children, leave the Tomsk prison every week, and begin their foot journey to Irkutsk and Transbaikalia. Those who have seen such a party in march, will never forget it. A Russian painter, M. Jacoby, has tried to represent it on canvas; his picture is sickening, but the reality is still worse.

You see a marshy plain where the icy wind blows freely, driving before it the snow that begins to cover the frozen soil. Morasses with small shrubs, or crumpled trees, bent down by wind and snow,

spread as far as the eye can reach; the next village is twenty miles distant. Low mountains, covered with thick pine forests, mingling with the grey snow-clouds, rise in the dust on the horizon. A track, marked all along by poles to distinguish it from the surrounding plain, ploughed and rugged by the passage of thousands of cars, covered with ruts that break down the hardest wheels, runs through the naked plain. The party slowly moves along this road. In front, a row of soldiers opens the march. Behind them, heavily advanced the hard-labor convicts, with half-shaved heads, wearing grey clothes, with a yellow diamond on the back, and open shoes worn out by the long journey and exhibiting the tatters in which the wounded feet are wrapped. Each convict wears a chain, riveted to his ankles, its rings being twisted into rags — if the convict has collected enough of alms during his journey to pay the blacksmith for riveting it looser on his feet. The chain goes up each foot and is suspended to a girdle. Another chain closely ties both hands, and a third chain binds together six or eight convicts. Every false movement of any of the pack is felt by all his chain-companions; the feebler is dragged forward by the stronger, and he must not stop: the way — the *étape* — is long, and the autumn day is short.

Behind the hard-labor convicts march the *poselentsy* (condemned to be settled in Siberia) wearing the same grey cloth and the same kind of shoes. Soldiers accompany the party on both sides, meditating perhaps the order given at the departure: "If one of them runs away, shoot him down. If he is killed, five roubles of reward for you, and a dog's death to the dog!" In the rear you discover a few cars that are drawn by the small, attenuated, cat-like peasants' horses. They are loaded with the bags of the convicts, with the sick or dying, who are fastened by ropes on the top of the load.

Behind the cars hasten the wives of the convicts; a few have found a free corner on a loaded car, and crouch there when unable to move further; whilst the great number march behind the cars, leading their children by the hands, or bearing them on their arms. Dressed in rags, freezing under the gusts of the cold wind, cutting their almost naked feet on the frozen ruts, how many of them repeat the words of Avvakum's wife: "These tortures, ah dear, how long will they last?" In the rear, comes a second detachment of soldiers who drive with the butt-ends of

their rifles those women who stop exhausted in the freezing mud of the road. The procession is closed by the car of the commander of the party.*

As the party enters some great village, it begins to sing the *miloserdnaya* — the "charity song." They call it a song, but it hardly is that. It is a succession of woes escaping from hundreds of breasts at once, a recital in very plain words expressing with a childish simplicity the sad fate of the convict — a horrible lamentation by means of which the Russian exile appeals to the mercy of other miseries like himself. Centuries of suffering, of pains and misery, of persecutions that crush down the most vital forces of our nation, are heard in these recitals and shrieks. These tones of deep sorrow recall the tortures of the last century, the stifled cries under the sticks and whips of our own time, the darkness of the cellars, the wildness of the woods, the tears of the starving wife. The peasants of the villages on the Siberian highway understand these tunes; they know their true meaning from their own experience, and the appeal of the *neschastnyie* — one of the "sufferers," as our people call all prisoners — is answered by the poor; the most destitute widow, signing herself with the cross, brings her coppers, or her piece of bread, and deeply bows before the chained "sufferer," grateful to him for not disdaining her small offering.

Late in the afternoon, after having covered some fifteen or twenty miles, the party reaches the *étape* where it spends the night and takes one day's rest each three days. It accelerates its pace as soon as the paling that incloses the old log-wood building is perceived, and the strongest run to take possession by force of the best places on the platforms. The *étapes* were mostly built fifty years ago, and after having resisted the inclemencies of the climate, and the passage of a hundred thousand of convicts, they have become now rotten and foul from top to bottom. The old log-wood house refuses shelter to the chained travellers brought under its roof, and wind and snow freely enter the interstices between its rotten beams; heaps of snow are accumulated in

* The Russian law says that the families of the convicts are not submitted to the control of the convoy. In reality they are submitted to the same treatment as the convicts. To quote but one instance. The Tomsk correspondent of the *Moscow Telegraph* wrote on November 3, 1881: "We have seen on the march the party which left Tomsk on September 14. The exhausted women and children literally stuck in the mud, and the soldiers dealt them blows, to make them advance and to keep pace with the party."

the corners of the rooms. The *étape* was built to shelter one hundred and fifty convicts; that being the average size of parties thirty years ago. At present the parties consist of four hundred and fifty to five hundred human beings, and the five hundred must lodge on the space parsimoniously calculated for one hundred and fifty.*

The stronger ones, or the aristocracy among the convicts—the elder vagrants and the great murderers—cover each square inch of the platforms; the remainder, that is, double the number of the former, lie down on the rotten floor, covered with an inch of sticky filth, beneath and between the platforms. What becomes of the rooms when the doors are closed, and the whole space filled with human beings who lie naked on their nasty clothes impregnated with water, will be easily imagined.

The *étapes*, however, are palaces when compared with the half-*étapes*, where the parties spend only the nights. These buildings are still smaller, and, as a rule, still more dilapidated, still more rotten and foul. Sometimes they are in such a state as to compel the party to spend the cold Siberian nights in light barracks erected in the yard, and without fire. As a rule, the half-*étape* has no special compartment for the women, and they must lodge in the room of the soldiers (see Maximoff's "Siberia"). With the resignation of our "all-enduring" Russian mothers, they squat down with their babies wrapped in rags, in some corner of the room below the platforms or close by the door, among the rifles of the escort.

No wonder that, according to official statistics, out of the 2,561 children less than fifteen years old who were sent in 1881 to Siberia with their parents, "*a very small part survived.*" "The majority," the *Golos* says, "could not support the very bad conditions of the journey, and died before, or immediately after, having reached their destination in Siberia." In sober truth, the transportation to Siberia, as practised now, is a real "Massacre of Innocents."

Shall I add that there is no accommodation for the sick, and one that must have exceptionally robust health to survive

an illness during the journey? There are but five small hospitals, with a total of a hundred beds, on the whole stretch between Tomsk and Irkutsk, that is, on a distance which represents at least a four months' journey. As for those who cannot hold out until a hospital is reached, it was written to the *Golos*, on January 5, 1881: "They are left at the *étapes* without any medical help. The sick-room has no bedsteads, no beds, no cushions, no coverings, and of course nothing like linen. The 48½ kopecks per day that are allowed for the sick, remain mostly in full in the hands of the authorities."

Shall I dwell upon the exactions to which the convicts are submitted, notwithstanding their dreadful misery, by the warders of the *étapes*? Is it not sufficient to say that the warders of these buildings are paid by the crown, besides the allowance of corn flour for black bread, only with three roubles, or 6s. per year? "The stove is out of order, you cannot light the fire," says one of them, when the party arrives quite wet or frozen; and the party pays its tribute for permission to light the fire. "The windows are under repair," and the party pays for having some rags to fill up the openings through which freely blows the icy wind. "Wash up the *étape* before leaving, or pay so much," and the party pays again, and so on and so on. And shall I mention, too, the manner in which the convicts and their families are treated during the journey? Even the political exiles once revolted, in 1881, against an officer who had permitted himself to assault in the dark corridor a lady marched to Siberia for a political offence. The common-law exiles surely are not treated better than the political ones.

All these are not tales of the past. They are real pictures of what is going on now, at the very moment when I write these lines. My friend N. Lopatin, who made the same journey two years ago, and to whom I have shown these pages, fully confirms all the above statements, and adds much more which I do not mention only for want of space. What really is a tale of the past—of a very recent case—is the chaining together of eight or ten convicts. This horrible measure, however, was abolished in January, 1881. At present, each convict has his hands chained separately from his comrades. But still, the chain being very short, gives such a posture to the arms as renders the ten and twelve hours' march very difficult, not to speak of the insupportable rheu-

* The Russian law, which mostly has been written without any knowledge of the real conditions it deals with, forbids to send out such numerous parties. But, in reality, the normal party numbers now 480 persons. In 1881, according to the *Golos*, 6,507 convicts were sent in sixteen parties, making thus an average of 406 convicts per party. N. Lopatin gives us the figure of 480 as the average size of parties.

matic pain occasioned in the bones by the contact of the iron rings during the hard Siberian frosts. This pain, I am told and readily believe it, soon becomes a real torture.

I hardly need add that, contrary to the statements of a recent English traveller through Siberia, the political convicts perform the journey to Kara, or to the places where they are to be settled as *poselentsy*, under the same conditions as, and together with, the common-law convicts. The very fact of Izbitskiy and Debagorio-Mokrievitch having exchanged names with two common-law convicts, and having thus escaped from hard labor, proves that the English traveller's information was false. Nicholas Lopatin, whom I have already mentioned, and who has been condemned to settlement in Siberia, performed the journey on foot, in company with a dozen, or so, of comrades. It is true that a great number of Polish exiles of 1864, and notably all noblemen and chief convicts, were transported in carriages, on posting horses. The numerous political exiles, transported to Siberia by order of the administrative, also perform the journey in the same way — where there are posting horses. But, since 1866, the political convicts (condemned by courts to hard labor or exile) have mostly made the journey on foot, together with common-law convicts. An exception was made in 1877–1879 for the few who were transported to eastern Siberia during those three years. They were transported in cars, but following the line of the *étapes*. Since 1879, however, all political convicts — men and women alike, and many exiled by order of the administrative — have made the journey precisely in the way I have described, very many of them chained, contrary to the law of 1827.

When writing his book on "Hard Labor and Exile," M. Maximoff concluded it with the wish that the horrors of the foot journey he had described might become as soon as possible matter of history. The transport of convicts on barges was then just inaugurated, and this measure had saved the State, during the first year, a sum of 40,000*l.* The ministry of justice was earnestly pressing at that time all honest men to tell what they knew about the exiles, and announced its readiness to undertake a complete reform of the whole system. There was no lack of men ready to devote their lives to ameliorating the sad fate of the exiles and to erasing forever from our life the black reminiscence of exile in Siberia. But

M. Maximoff's wish has not been realized. The Liberal movement of 1861 was crushed down by the government; the attempts at reform were considered as "dangerous tendencies," and the transport of exiles to Siberia has remained what it was twenty years ago — a source of unutterable sufferings for nearly twenty thousand of people.

The shameful system, branded at that time by all those who had studied it, has maintained itself in full; and, whilst the rotten buildings on the highway are falling to pieces, and the whole system disintegrates more and more, new thousands of men and women, transported for such crimes as those "the very existence of which" was doubted twenty years ago, are added annually to the thousands already transported to Siberia, and their number is increasing every year in an awful proportion.

P. KRAPOTKINE.

From Forestry.

THE OAKS OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

HAVING wandered for about three miles along a highway overhung with the fragrant lime and the deepening foliage of the elm, the first object of interest is to be seen close beside the road; and this old memorial of the dead past is often unnoticed by the visitor as he saunters leisurely along. It is the skeleton, so to speak, of an oak-tree that at one time must have been of huge dimensions, and capable of giving shade to hundreds of men. It is generally known by the name of the "Parliament Oak," tradition asserting that King John, of Magna Charta fame, who was an ardent devotee of sport, and occupied during certain seasons of the year a palace in the woods at Clipstone, for the purpose of facilitating his deer-hunting proclivities, once had occasion to call his Parliament together, and the senators of his court assembled under the gigantic oak which now stands near the highway. Whether such traditional information is correct cannot well be ascertained; but great care is taken of the "relic," and it is chained together, so that a dissolution of the trunk cannot easily take place. For six hundred years it is supposed to have withstood the blasts of winter, and many years will yet elapse before it ceases to give that cooling, leafy shade which the pedestrian is so grateful for in the hot days of summer. Turning

to the right, a very remarkable sight is reached. This is the "Shambles Oak," the remnant of an immense tree, with a trunk half hollow, and half destroyed by fire by some forest Vandal. It is stated that here Robin Hood used to conceal the venison he had procured in the chase, and from the size of the interior, it may easily be conjectured what amount of booty might be concealed. Like the first-named "relic," this *ci-devant* monarch of the forest is carefully chained, and sustained, like a paralytic, with crutches and supports, so that the traditional monument shall be allowed to escape the fate of Lucifer, "to fall and never to rise again." Travelling on, the division line between the estates of the Duke of Portland and the Earl of Manvers is reached; and it will be seen that the fenced line of one mile consists entirely of holly-trees of singular height and size. Between the two estates a splendid glade runs down to the confines, and a fine old oak occupies the sole position in the open space of green. Everything in this part of Sherwood is tropical in its profusion and wildness, and the silvery birch nestles under the giant oak, while the elm bends over the turfy footpath, and shelters the traveller from scorching heat. A long line of turf alone shows where the pedestrian may proceed; but if he is wise, he will turn to the right and proceed along the carriage-way, which is as full of pebbles as the seashore. Bracken and gorse almost envelope him, while millions of flies come from all parts of the forest to pay him homage. Half a mile further on he may sit down and rest on the roots of a forest king, the "Simon Forester," as it has been designated by the dwellers in the vicinity, and admire the immensity of the trunk, and the extent of the shade it affords. Such a monster is rare in the forest, or indeed in England, and it is to be hoped that no forester, whether the famed "Simon" or his descendants, will ever be allowed to lay the axe to its roots. During the interval the "sublime weed" will help to dispel the flying pests which are so demonstrative in their affection, and he will be able to proceed along the pebbled way refreshed, cooled, and invigorated. Three furlongs further on, through a wilderness of tangled forest, presenting every variety of foliage and tint, the crowning triumph of his labor is reached, and he again sits down under the shade of one of the mightiest oaks that exist in England. This is the famous "Major

Oak," the photographic picture of which he will be able to purchase from the old man of the woods who constantly inhabits its vicinity. He will be lucky indeed if he can sit down on the immense roots without being interrupted in his cogitations by the presence of a party bent on enjoyment. This is the "happy hunting-ground" of the Nottingham lacemaker and the Sheffield grinder, and no better *locale* could be imagined. The venerable oak stands in the centre of an acre of beautiful turf, and can be viewed in all the glory of its proud position. The size of its trunk can be imagined from the fact that seven full-grown persons can only clasp hands around it, while its hollow interior has been known to accommodate a dozen persons. The spectator is astounded with its size, and not only is it the monarch of the forest, but its branches spread out to form a picture of grace and surpassing beauty. These are no lightning-shivered branches or ungainly growth: all the *pose* of the tree is exceptionally majestic, and such as many an artist has loved to delineate. Here he may rest and gaze upon the aspect of loveliness which surrounds him, and when he has sufficiently admired the thousands of birches with their shimmering leaves—the chestnuts with their wealth of foliage—the golden-crested gorse, and the undulations of woodland scenery, unmatched in its beauty, he will be content to seek the quietude of the village inn, and ruminate on his wanderings through one of the most picturesque forests in the kingdom. Further on he would encounter an army of great oaks, and the magnificent mansion of Thoresby, standing in a park of three thousand acres, with pretty Pearlthorpe Church, and historic Clumber—the heritage of the young Duke of Newcastle—in the far distance. But premising he is content with his walk through one section of the forest, he had better strike a "bee-line" from his resting-place, and in a few minutes he will be approaching the village of Edwinstowe, with its quaintly constructed church, where Maid Marian is said to have been united in the bonds of matrimony to her forest lover Robin Hood. In this old-world village he will be able to find the needful rest and accommodation, and will not be ungrateful for the simple fare set before him, nor unthankful that he has been able to enjoy a sight of nature's beauties in their lavish loveliness.

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PROGRESS, OR RETROGRESSION?

WHAT progress in the sum of human years?

I asked of Truth, whose wan and weary eyes,
Fixed on the strife of hosts contending,
The strife of good and evil never-ending,
Were clouded oft with tears.

Sad as the strain of saddest symphonies,
The sorrow of her answer filled my ears: —
"Daily men know me more, and love me less.
Time was, I flashed upon the young world's
sight,

And drew all hearts with wonder and delight,
In my first loveliness.

Then a great promise o'er the distance hung
That would make all things happy, all things
young;

Redeem the curse, relieve the pain,
The great world's misery heal again.

So was it echoed on from tongue to tongue."

"And then?" I asked. She answered, "As a
star

Glad seers saw and hailed me from afar.
And suddenly a glory was revealed

To simple shepherds in the field,
Who saw a light in Heaven, and lo!
With angel-forms the dark was all aglow,
While through the spheres a sacred music
rung:

'Peace and good-will!' O blessed word!
'To you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'

More strong than blood,
That tie of brotherhood!
'Good-will and peace!' To all the promise
sung."

"And now?" I asked. No answer! "Now?"
She turned,

And all her cheek one fire of anger burned.
"Listen," she cried. I heard a distant roar,
Like starving outcasts on a hungry shore,
Rise from a mighty city evermore.
And then anon, piercing that outer din,
Rose up the shriek of women mad with gin,
And hollow laugh of girls who sold their sin.
And as with age, gaunt on its mother's knee,
The babe cried out for bread, no bread had
she.

"Listen again!" she cried; and then, hard by,
The rich man's music drowned that "bitter
cry,"

And harp and viol charmed the wintry sky.

O Christ, eternal Brother,
Once more this day is thine;
Once more to one another
Our stony hearts incline.
Peace and good-will! And can it be
That this is all we learnt of Thee, —
This splendor to despair allied, —
A palace here, there, at its side,
Those dens of misery?

Oh! rather come the shocks that nations feel!
Come, Revolution, with the armed heel!
Come Attila, with all thy Vandal crew,
Tread into dust our gold!
Respect not aught that's old!
Cast in a nobler mould,
Our State renew!

I turned, and looked to Truth, but Truth had
fled.

Only there lingered on a voice, that said,
Sad-echoing still:

How little yet ye know the word
On that first dawn of Christmas heard,
The only power to right the wrong,
To fire the cold, and tame the strong,
The grand, old, glorious angel-song,
"Peace and good-will."

Christmas-day.

A. G. B.

Spectator.

ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD DOYLE.

A LIGHT of blameless laughter, fancy-bred,
Soft-souled and glad and kind as love or
sleep,

Fades, and sweet mirth's own eyes are fain
to weep

Because her blithe and gentlest bird is dead.
Weep, elves and fairies ali, that never shed
Tear yet for mortal mourning: you that
keep

The doors of dreams whence nought of ill
may creep,

Mourn once for one whose lips your honey
fed.

Let waters of the Golden River steep
The rose-roots whence his grave blooms
rosy-red,

And murmuring of Hyblæan hives be deep
About the summer silence of its bed,
And nought less gracious than a violet peep
Between the grass grown greener round his
head.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

Athenæum.

RONDEAU.

FAREWELL, Renown! too fleeting flower
That grows a day to last an hour;
Prize of the race's chest and beat,
Too often trodden under feet, —
Why should I court your "barren dower"?

Nay; had I Dryden's angry power —
The thews of Ben, — the wind of Gower;
Not less my voice should still repeat
"Farewell, Renown!"

Farewell! — Because the Muses' bower
Is filled with rival brows that lower;
Because, howe'er his pipe be sweet,
The bard, that "pays," must please the
street;

But most . . . because the grapes are sour, —
"Farewell, Renown!"

AUSTIN DOBSON.

From The Times.

A LIFE OF LORD LYNDBURST.*

AMPLE, though somewhat tardy justice has been done to the memory of Lord Lyndhurst by Sir Theodore Martin's "Life" which has just issued from the press. Hitherto no one could have had more cause to complain of biographers than that distinguished lawyer and statesman; and he would have felt the case to be so much the harder that he had objected to his biography being written at all. Lord Lyndhurst's sagacity was as great as his keen perception of character, and his objections had been partly founded on the fact that Lord Campbell was writing the "Lives of the Chancellors." Indeed, he half playfully warned Lord Brougham of the fate that was probably in store for them both. At all events, when Campbell applied to his learned brother lord for biographical materials, Lyndhurst had taken his precautions and the answer was ready: "Materials you shall have none from me; I have already burnt every letter and paper which could be useful to my biographer; therefore he is at liberty to follow his own inclinations." Lord Campbell did follow his own inclinations. He went about his work with scanty materials, and for once "plain John Campbell" was imaginative rather than prosaic. We have no wish to follow an evil example and bear unfairly on the memory of an eminent man. But when in 1869 we reviewed the last volume of the "Lives" we took the opportunity of showing, on information from less prejudiced sources, that Lord Lyndhurst was not the brilliant Mephistopheles Lord Campbell seemed inclined to depict. And now in this book of Sir Theodore Martin's we have a refutation of many charges and insinuations. The latter remarks that Lord Campbell "could not possibly have written of Lord Lyndhurst as he did if he had not felt assured that no private papers were left to rise up in judgment against him." But, remembering Lord Lyndhurst's very decided reply, the difficulty that suggested itself when we heard

of a second memoir was as to whence the fresh materials were to come. Sir Theodore Martin supplies the answer in saying that Lord Campbell had taken Lord Lyndhurst too literally. Sundry important papers had passed into the hands of friends; while through some of the earlier and most interesting years of his career Mr. Copley had been corresponding with near relatives who were settled in America. No doubt, as things turned out, it might have been better for his own sake had he left more matter for the instruction of counsel for his defence. But quite sufficient has been placed at the present biographer's disposal to enable him to vindicate in great measure Lord Lyndhurst's political consistency; and, what would perhaps have seemed of more importance to that kindly nature, to show one of the most warm-hearted of men in his real character—as son and brother, as husband and friend.

The very creditable early struggles of Lord Campbell himself might have inspired him with greater sympathy for those of Lord Lyndhurst; and should have told him that the successful career of his brother chancellor could only have been due to conscientious application. Beyond a good education, young Copley owed little to his father's purse, and when many young men of promise are still burdens on their friends, he was already freely contributing to the support of his family. The son of the distinguished American artist, best known as the painter of the "Death of Chatham," he was born in Boston in 1772. The memory of the veteran statesman, who died in his ninety-second year, reached back to the scenes of the Gordon riots which he witnessed from his father's windows in Leicester Fields. He is said to have been a boy of great humor and vivacity. His niece, Mrs. Amory, writes:—

Friends from this side of the Atlantic carried back to Lord Lyndhurst the tales they had heard of his boyish pranks, and how his father would reprove him and exclaim, "You will be a boy, Jack, all your life!" At which the aged statesman would gently smile, as the memories of his youth rushed on his mind, and answer, "Well, I believe my father was right there."

* *A Life of Lord Lyndhurst. From letters and papers in possession of his family.* By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. John Murray, 1883.

Read in the recollections of Lord Campbell's "Life," there is something singularly touching in those reminiscences. But at the same time they may be taken as an explanation or an extenuation of much that Lord Campbell has written to Lyndhurst's disadvantage. For the one was a boy all his life, while the other had never been a boy at all. Copley was sent straight from a private school at Chiswick to Trinity College, Cambridge. There, though but little is recorded of his university career, he showed his versatility as well as his vivacity. He had taken eagerly to boating and delayed somewhat long to set himself to serious study for honors. But, once at work, he made up for lost time, and came honorably out as second wrangler. The effort strained his strong constitution, but he rallied immediately afterwards; and there we see the man who made light of labors and found time for society when most fully occupied. He won from his college the appointment of travelling bachelor, with a grant of £100 per annum, for three years. Those three years he decided to spend in his native America, where he was charged besides with the settlement of an important piece of family business. During his absence he wrote regularly and frequently, and very fortunately the letters have been preserved. They abound in evidences of his lively family affections, and of his loving care for his father, mother, and sisters. In them Lyndhurst unconsciously shows himself one of those men who crave for affection, and who, while their brilliant social gifts make them courted everywhere, are always turning towards the loving confidences of the family hearth. For, while writing in that strain, he was enjoying life heartily, and the work-worn student had changed to "a lusty, rosy, stupid-looking fellow, the son of some Yorkshire farmer, who had never stirred out of sight of his village." Indeed, at one time he had contemplated taking to American farming. He writes to a sister, with the same fond thought for his family:—

If I had a tract of good land, perhaps 5,000 acres, which may be purchased for no very considerable sum, I would in four or five years,

if it should please God to bless me with health and strength, not only render it a very productive and delightful estate, but also a delightful retreat to you and my dear mother.

And here we may observe that many years later, when his legal prospects seemed to be gloomy in the extreme, he had serious thoughts of taking orders. At that time he only yielded to a sense of filial duty and the strong remonstrances of his father.

He came back from America; he took his degree; he entered himself at the Inns of Court, and attended the chambers of Mr. Tidd, the celebrated special pleader. The years of weary waiting for practice weighed heavily on his sanguine and buoyant nature. But through that dreary time of probation he was indefatigably industrious, and grounded himself in law with a thoroughness for which Lord Campbell refuses to give him credit. The truth apparently was, as Sir Theodore Martin suggests elsewhere, that the plodding Campbell could not comprehend the tenacity and exactness of Copley's memory. At one time, and long subsequently, the latter verified the date of an event by its coincidence with a trivial incident in his Cambridge career, and if he seldom had recourse to notes and note-books like other men, it was simply because he could safely rely upon his recollections. While he had little professional occupation, and much of his time was at his disposal, he writes regularly to a favorite sister, who had married in America, and to her husband. These letters, chiefly dated in the very beginning of the century, are full of public interest, since they relate to the condition of our countrymen at home and to the exciting events which were then taking place on the Continent. Indeed, the incidental interest of some of the details is so great that they will be considered one of the most attractive parts of the present volume.

It was shortly after his call to the bar that Lord Campbell tells us he made Copley's acquaintance; and there begins Sir Theodore Martin's criticism of what he considers Campbell's misrepresentations or inaccuracies. We take one of the first by way of example. Lord Campbell tells

a story of Copley addressing a debating club in the Temple, of which Copley was a leading member. "His fault (Copley's) was that he was too declamatory." And Lord Campbell illustrates it by a story of porters and laundresses gathering outside to listen to the orator, till at length the excitement grew to such a height that cries of "Fire" brought out the fire-engines. In reality, "the discussions took place late in the evening, when the Temple gates were closed, and were confined to pure questions of law, the meeting being modelled upon the plan of the courts at Westminster. . . . The story is upon the face of it incredible." A question of much greater consequence is that of Copley's early political opinions. Lord Campbell bluntly talks of his "ratting," and speaks of him as "renegade" when he was brought in for Yarmouth by the favor of Tory ministers. He says of Copley in the days when he was called to the bar, "He was a Whig and something more — or, in one word, a Jacobin." He talks of him, with unwonted poetical license, as having danced round the tree of liberty in France at a time when Copley, as it happens, had never crossed the Channel. There is a tradition, indeed, at Cambridge that Copley talked Jacobinism as an undergraduate, and on one occasion donned the red cap; but how far he continued to feel as a Jacobin, even in his hot-headed youth, may be demonstrated from passages in his "Letters to his Kinsfolk," which assuredly were never meant for publication or written in refutation of unforeseen charges. In 1796 he had written from Philadelphia to his mother: "I am become a fierce aristocrat. This is the country to cure your Jacobins. The opposition here are a set of villains." Again, writing from England in 1803 to his sister in America, he expresses himself as follows, at the time when his sympathies, had they been Jacobin, must have all been enlisted on the other side: —

You will, perhaps, wish to know something with respect to the disposition of the people. Never upon any occasion was there a greater display of loyalty, zeal, and unanimity, and before the end of a twelvemonth you may expect to hear of events highly honorable to the British character.

On the other hand, the frame of Copley's mind was very different from that of his illustrious predecessor in the lord chancellorship. He was no bigot to impracticable codes of antiquated principles, like Lord Eldon. On the contrary, he had the prescience and practical sagacity of Disraeli. He could see whither irresistible influences were tending, and when it was time to give way to the inevitable and renounce conscientious resistance. We have no prejudice in favor of Lord Lyndhurst; we can have no object in whitewashing him. But so far as we can see, he neither changed more nor less than other statesmen whose characters have never been impeached; and, in being guided by the movements he could not govern, his revolutions were far less rapid and complete than those, for example, of our present premier.

The young lawyer was greatly indebted to his American brother-in-law for generous help at a very critical moment. On his call to the bar he expressed his gratitude as follows: —

Assisted by your friendship I am now to launch my bark into a wider sea. I am not insensible of the dangers with which it abounds. But while to some it proves disastrous and fatal, to others it affords a passage to wealth, or, what is of more value than wealth, to reputation and honors.

In those days romantic incidents at the bar were more common than now, and a single *cause célèbre* cleverly managed often brought an able counsel into note. Copley owed his start to what we might call a piece of clever professional chicanery. He had been retained for the defence of one of the Luddites. The prisoner was indicted as being in the employment of certain "proprietors of a silk and cotton-lace manufactory." Copley challenged the indictment, on the ground that it implied a manufactory of mixed silk and cotton, whereas the contrary ought to have been made clear by interpolating an "of" before the word "cotton." The objection was admitted, the prisoner escaped, and his counsel was nearly being carried in triumph on the shoulders of a ragged and sympathetic mob. His father lived to see his son succeed in the profession to which he had persuaded him to adhere. What

he thought of that son, how absolutely he trusted him, and what good reason he had for his affectionate confidence, may be gathered from a memorandum by his widow, written immediately after the death :—

When the whole property is disposed of and applied towards the discharge of the debts, a large deficiency must, it is feared, remain. My son has of late years advanced all that he could spare beyond what was necessary for his immediate subsistence, and has not been able to lay up anything. . . . He blessed God at the close of his life that he left the best of sons for my comfort, and for that of my dear Mary the best of brothers. I pray that his cares may not overpower him.

Here Sir Theodore Martin pauses to deal with two accusations brought by Lord Campbell—namely, that Copley had been a listless law student, and careless in getting up his cases. As for the charge of indolence, apart from the fact that industrious study is almost invariably the condition of commanding success, the whole of the first half of the biography before us refutes it. But, by way of disproving the carelessness, we may quote a suggestive anecdote. In the infringement of a patent for the manufacture of lace, Copley had been retained for the defendants. He travelled “special” down to Nottingham to see his client—it was in the days of the coaches, we must remember—and asked to be shown over the manufactory.

Delighted to find his counsel animated by so great an interest in the case, Mr. Moore took pains to explain the principle of his machine, possibly with an amplitude of detail superfluous to a practical student in mechanics like Copley. Copley listened patiently, but with a seeming air of listlessness and without saying a word. Mr. Moore went on with further illustrations. Still Copley listened and made no sign. At length, exasperated at what he thought to be either stupidity or indifference in his hearer, Mr. Moore stopped with the exclamation, “What is the use of talking to you? I have been trying this half-hour to make you understand, and you pay no heed.” “Now listen to me,” replied Copley, who meanwhile had been thinking out the points of resemblance and difference between the machine before him and that from which it was alleged to have been borrowed, and then, going into the whole question, he showed such a mastery of technical detail that Mr. Moore confessed himself fairly astonished. He was still more astonished when he found that Copley, bent on making himself master of the working of the machine by actual experiment, took his seat at the frame, and, before he left it, turned out an unexceptionable specimen of bobbin net lace.

He had greatly increased his reputation by the defence of Dr. Watson, a close ally of the more notorious Thistlewood, and one of the instigators of the “Spa-field Riots.” In later life, and even after he had sat upon the woolsack, the fact of his having held a brief on that occasion was repeatedly brought forward in confirmation of the charge that he had once been a Jacobin, and was consequently a renegade. Apart from the professional obligations on any counsel, the simple answer was, that Mr. Wetherell, his leader in that Luddite trial, was the highest of high Tories, and that Wetherell had made it a condition of his acting that Copley should be associated in the defence. No doubt it was the talent he then exhibited, and the unfortunate coincidence caused him much subsequent annoyance, which induced Lord Liverpool to offer him a seat in Parliament. Copley accepted, after taking time for consideration, and, without imputing the consideration to a struggle with conscience, there was surely reason enough for any barrister, just rising into an income, hesitating before accepting an offer which must have excited all his ambition. Lord Campbell, with his accustomed kindness of insinuation, says it was a passage in Lyndhurst’s life which he always shunned. On that Sir Theodore remarks :—

We quote these words only to give them the strongest denial, upon the authority of those who were intimate with Lord Lyndhurst to the end of his days. On this “passage of his life” he was at all times ready to speak without a shade of embarrassment, and he never spoke of it but in the one way, as a transaction which left him perfectly unfettered, which asked for no surrender of any of his political opinions, and which, on the contrary, enabled him to make for the first time a public profession of the convictions which he had long entertained. . . .

In the letters even of his youth we find no traces of a leaning towards extreme views on either side; his inclination, indeed, seems to be all towards opinions the reverse of what are called popular. . . . It would certainly have been strange if he had not often expressed opinions hostile to the doctrines of “arbitrary power and passive obedience,” which Lord Campbell, as we have seen, was not disinclined to support, but which “must always have been distasteful to a man like Copley, himself a man of the people, and whose sympathies were naturally with the great body of the industrious masses.

According to Lord Campbell, the critical moment, from his change of opinion, came to Copley when he addressed the

House for the second time, and on the Alien Bill. He talks of "a tempest of ironical cheers," prompted by a knowledge of the orator's antecedents, over which Copley's "audacity" triumphed. Sir Theodore tells his story, which is somewhat long, in a very different way; and comments upon the more correct version. "What then, must be thought of the biographer, who, while professing to quote 'Hansard,' deliberately, and with the view of giving a color to his assertion, puts words into Copley's mouth of which there is not a trace in 'Hansard'?" We might, and, indeed, we must, multiply examples of Lord Campbell's animus towards the man of whom he successfully begged his silk gown, and to whom he was in no small degree indebted for his chancellorship. But here is another which is so curtly and positively disposed of that it becomes extremely significant. Campbell says of Copley in his first session, "He could be relied upon in every emergency of debate, doubtless saying to himself, 'The sailor who looks for high salvage and prize money must be ready to go out in all weathers.'" The commentary, founded on the official report of the debates, is, "This is said of the man who, so far from taking a prominent or obtrusive part in the debates of the session, spoke only a few sentences during two unimportant discussions." In fact Copley was no Brougham. Far from airing his persuasive eloquence promiscuously and perpetually, he notoriously reserved it for weighty or indispensable occasions, and, as was remarked by a distinguished contemporary statesman, that was one great secret of the influence he came to wield. One of his finest forensic efforts was his speech at the queen's trial, delivered under circumstances exceptionally unfavorable.

His task was no light one to engage the attention of the assembled Peers on the 44th day of the inquiry, when it seemed as if no more was left to be said after the numerous speeches, all good and all very long, which had gone before. But in reading his speech, one feels that it must have arrested their attention from the first, and kept it to the close. Nothing was superfluous, nothing irrelevant. Almost severe in its prevailing argumentative simplicity, it was here and there enlivened by scholarly allusions and apt quotations that fell naturally into their place. . . . And when he rises into a more impassioned strain, the language is nervous, close, and weighty, with the emphasis of logically reasoned thought.

As for that forensic eloquence of his,

Lord Campbell admits that "it was wonderfully clear and forcible," but adds characteristically, "He could not make the tender chords of the heart vibrate, having nothing in unison with them in his own bosom." For that matter we may call Lord Tenterden into court, who, although scarcely more intimate with Copley than Campbell, judged him more generously and dispassionately. "The solicitor-general (Copley) has less learning than the attorney-general, but a much better person, countenance, and manner; a good head and a kind heart." His political and professional success, his engaging manners, and his brilliant conversation made him welcome in all circles of the best society. Lord Campbell asserts that Lady Copley weeded her visiting-book of the names of lawyers and their wives. As to that, Mr. Hayward, who had every opportunity of knowing, wrote in a review of Lord Campbell's "Life" in the *Quarterly*.

He never threw off an old friend; he was never ashamed of a vulgar or unfashionable acquaintance; and to say that a man gradually becomes select in his intimacies as he becomes famous, is simply to say that he profits by the hardly won privilege of mingling with distinguished persons of all classes.

On the death of Lord Gifford, who was master of the rolls, Lord Liverpool offered the place to Sir John Copley. In those days it conferred the great advantage of enabling the minister to retain the Parliamentary services of the new judge, since acceptance of the office did not vacate his seat. But only eight months afterwards he was called upon to leave the Commons for the Lords, when he exchanged the mastership for a higher dignity. Lord Liverpool had been struck down by paralysis; the king had sent for Mr. Canning; Lord Eldon resigned the chancellorship, and the woollack was tendered to Copley. The offer was all the more gratifying that it was made by the special desire of his sovereign, and came immediately after a sharp passage at arms in the House between the new chancellor and the new premier.

Although the chancellorship was the end and aim of his professional ambition, Copley had reason for hesitating before accepting. He was not a rich man; he had had little opportunity of laying by money from a lucrative practice, and the resignation of the mastership of the rolls, a permanent certainty of £7,000 a year, was a serious consideration. But for a

man of his powers, self-confidence, and temperament, the ultimate decision was inevitable. Moreover, in succeeding to Lord Eldon he accepted grave responsibilities. The tardy but weighty decisions of his predecessor had commanded general respect, and Copley had too much self-respect not to feel sensitive to well-founded criticisms. What he knew to be incumbent upon him may be gathered from a remark he made subsequently to Mr. Charles Greville with regard to his own successor: "I know Brougham affects a short cut to judicial eminence, but without labor and reading he cannot administer justice in this court." As he had never held briefs in Scotch appeals he laid himself out to master the Scotch laws of real property; and in the mean time sought and found efficient assistance in that department. Politically there could be no objections to his assuming office, for although he differed from Canning on the Catholic claims, it was understood that these were to be left an open question. He continued chancellor under Lord Goderich, who became premier on the death of Canning. As to what passed at Windsor, when Lord Goderich had determined to resign, Lord Campbell gives minute and picturesque details. According to Sir Theodore Martin, they must be purely fanciful. It was asserted that when Lord Lyndhurst recommended sending for the Duke of Wellington the king had said, "Remember, whoever is to be minister, you, my lord, must remain my chancellor."

On a matter of this sort the Duke would have brooked no interference, and Lord Lyndhurst was not the man to report to others such an act of unconstitutional interference by the Sovereign with the privileges of his First Minister, had it been attempted. But it suits Lord Campbell's purpose to insinuate that Lord Lyndhurst was forced upon the Duke, who, he says, "knew little of Lord Lyndhurst which he much liked." The fact, however, was that Lord Lyndhurst then and always was on the best terms with the Duke, and that he owed his continuance in office to the Duke's conviction that he had amply shown his fitness for its duties, both upon the woolsack and in the Cabinet.

Indeed, Lord Campbell throughout his "Life" lays himself out consistently to show that Lord Lyndhurst was as unwelcome to Peel as to the duke. He tells one story in particular, and very circumstantially, of a scene at a Cabinet council. Peel had made a proposal; and Lyndhurst taking a different view, pro-

ceeded to argue against it. While he was speaking, Peel read a paper ostentatiously, and when the chancellor had finished calmly remarked that he presumed the Cabinet assented to his proposal. Apart from the intrinsic improbability that Peel would have permitted himself such gross discourtesy towards such a man, or that the high-spirited chancellor would have been ready to put up with it, we have ample evidence, documentary and otherwise, brought forward as to the feelings which Peel really entertained. In 1840 Lord Lyndhurst was nominated for the high stewardship of Cambridge University. Lord Lyndhurst was then abroad, and his friends had put him in nomination without any opportunity of consulting him. Sir Robert Peel wrote to the chairman of his committee, and the contents of that letter are extremely significant.

I have written to those who have consulted me to say that I think we ought in his absence to presume his consent to stand, and only make the more vigorous exertions for him on account of his absence.

Some persons appear to attach weight to the consideration that Lyndhurst may decline, and that active demonstrations in his favor would thus needlessly offend Lord Lyttelton, and insure his loss to the Conservative party.

I have not much faith in his adherence to it under any circumstances, and if I had, should consider it a paramount obligation to do all in my power for a man of superior pretensions for the office of Lord Steward, but, above all, for a former colleague and personal friend, with whom, in office and out of office, I have always been in the most confidential intercourse in public matters.

Stronger still, perhaps, is a brief note from Sir Robert to Mr. Bonham, M.P., written a few days after a visit paid by Lord Lyndhurst at Drayton Manor:—

I was delighted to see Lyndhurst in such good health and spirits, delighted to see him

in that happier hour
Of social converse, ill exchanged for power.

I have had some colleagues with whom I have lived, while in office, on terms of greater personal intimacy, but none whose society was more agreeable, or on whom I could more confidently rely when real difficulties were to be encountered.

Yet Lord Campbell has said of those two eminent men that they "always entertained a considerable personal dislike of each other, which they took very little pains to conceal." Lyndhurst's confidential political relations, both with Peel and the duke, are shown conclusively in a correspondence that passed among them

in the summer of 1828. The Catholic question had come up for consideration, and Peel had reluctantly decided that concessions could no longer be delayed. He would willingly have retired from office, but was restrained by a sense of public duty. He had placed himself, as he said, unreservedly in the hands of the Duke of Wellington. On the 9th of August the duke wrote to him, enclosing the copy of a letter to the chancellor, and saying:—

I am to see him (the Chancellor) again this afternoon, and will write you a line before the post goes out; and I hope to hear from you on Monday. I will either then or this evening, with the Lord Chancellor, fix a time at which we shall meet to talk over the subject previous to my having any further communication with the King.

In another letter written a few days later, we come on the following passage:—

In the mean time I tell you that I have communicated your papers to the Chancellor alone. . . . Moreover, I told the King that it should go no further than to you and the Lord Chancellor in this stage.

So much for the actual position of the man said to have been offensively excluded from the confidence of chiefs who neither liked nor trusted him. Even malice or ingratitude, however, could hardly dispute the generosity with which he distributed patronage, disregarding politics when merit was in question. There were no sharper pens in the leading Whig periodical than those of young Macaulay and Sydney Smith. In 1828, Lyndhurst, at the request of Lord Brougham, bestowed a commissionership of bankruptcy on Macaulay, which Mr. Trevelyan describes as "a rare piece of luck, at a time when, as Lord Cockburn tells us, 'a youth of a Tory family, who was discovered to have a leaning towards the doctrines of the opposition, was considered as a lost son.'" As for Sydney Smith, to his pleasure and surprise, he found himself appointed to a canonry at Bristol, and Lady Holland says of that appointment: "For this promotion he always felt deeply grateful to Lord Lyndhurst, as it was of the greatest importance to him." She writes of a dinner at her father's house, where Copley had shown his brilliant powers of conversation, and goes on: "Little did we then guess how much he was to contribute hereafter to the happiness and comfort of my father's life."

Not long afterwards he was to be himself indebted to a political opponent for a similarly considerate offer. When he had

to leave the woolsack, he was far from rich—at least, he had only his pension of £4,000. Lord Grey came to the rescue, offering him the place of chief baron, thereby showing also the value he set on his judicial powers. Lord Grey wrote to Lord Brougham, who, as the new chancellor, had really the place of chief baron in his gift, that the appointment "would be creditable to the government in placing a most effective judge on the bench." Before accepting, Lyndhurst consulted his late colleagues, who all cordially urged him to assent. And the manner in which he discharged his judicial duties fully justified Lord Grey's opinion.

During the four years that Lord Lyndhurst held the office of Chief Baron, he raised the reputation of the Court to the highest point, confirming the impression which he had previously made among the members of his profession that he possessed all the qualities of a great Judge in a pre-eminent degree. Such was the despatch given by him to the consideration of cases, and so great was the respect inspired by his decisions, that he entirely changed the character of his Court. It had for many years fallen into disrepute, but it now became a favorite with legal practitioners and the most busily occupied of all the Courts.

It is but fair to admit, however, that, in his capacity of chief baron, Lord Campbell for once does him ample justice: "I often went into Lyndhurst's court, and as often I admired his wonderful quickness of apprehension, his forcible and logical reasoning, his skilful commixture of sound law and common sense, and his clear, convincing, and dignified judgments." His manner of summing-up was a bold but successful departure from precedent. Hitherto it had been the general habit of the judge to read over the notes of the evidence *verbatim* to the jury, a practice which, as may be readily understood, rather clouded than cleared their intelligence. Lord Lyndhurst, who had a most methodical mind, with a singular tenacity of memory, condensed the evidence, lucidly grouping the salient facts, and making intricacies intelligible to very ordinary capacities. The exactness of his recollections is said to have been extraordinary; but he had been carefully training himself while still at the bar for the effective discharge of the duties of the bench. And that alone seems to be proof sufficient that he had been one of the most intelligently hard-working of barristers. He told a friend who had complimented him on his masterly summing-up:—

I determined that if ever I sat on the Bench I would endeavor to lay the evidence before the jury in a form which was better adapted to their comprehension, and I made it a rule, whenever I was in Court, to digest the evidence in my own mind, as if it was my function at the close to state it in the clearest and compactest shape I could to the jury. It was not possible for me then to take down the evidence; and being forced to rely upon memory, practice soon made the method easy to me.

In the memorable debate in the Lords on the Reform Bill, it was not until the fifth and last night that Lyndhurst addressed the House. Then he followed Brougham, and Brougham had made one of the most magnificent of his grand oratorical displays, creating a profound impression. Even that dignified assemblage had been moved from its habitual calm by the passionate fire of his peroration. Lord Lyndhurst, as he said truly enough in opening his own speech, had never risen under greater difficulties. But he took his stand conscientiously on the lines of a long-tried Constitution, which the measure submitted to them must probably revolutionize. Even when listened to in contrast with the brilliant declamation which had gone before, it was admitted that Lord Lyndhurst had proved equal to the occasion. Perhaps the finest, as it is the best-known, passage of a famous speech is that in which the dignified and high-bred ex-chancellor made frank confession of his modest origin, turning the avowal into a weapon of defence.

My Lords, I owe the situation I have the honor to hold in this House to the generous kindness of my late Sovereign. I cannot boast an illustrious descent. I have sprung from the people. I am proud of being thus associated with the descendants of those illustrious names which have spread lustre upon the history of our country. But if I thought your lordships were capable of being influenced by the unworthy measures which have been resorted to, and that you could from such motives be induced to swerve from your duty on this important occasion, when everything valuable in our institutions is at stake, I should be ashamed of this dignity, and take refuge from it in the comparative obscurity of private life, rather than mix with men so unmindful of the obligations imposed upon them by their high station and illustrious birth.

The great speech, which is supposed to have gone far towards swelling the majority that rejected the bill, created profound irritation among the orator's political adversaries. Even one of the most equable in temperament went so far as to say that Lord Lyndhurst, in consequence of his

attacks on the government, was bound to resign his judicial appointment. As matter of fact, he had only consented to be chief baron on the understanding that his political freedom of action was to be unfettered.

That speech, with his consequent motion in committee, contributed directly to the subsequent crisis. In the crisis he played an important part. The king sent for him to ask his advice in what Lord Campbell calls "the most splendid moment of his career." The interviews were, doubtless, gratifying as showing the confidence reposed in him, but they cost him dear. He was charged with being concerned in a base party intrigue. He was "traduced, maligned, and calumniated." A violent attack by Sir Francis Burdett, in the Commons, gave him an opportunity of vindicating his conduct, both then and in the debates on the Reform Bill. Succinctly put, the following was his defence: He had acted in strict accord with the Constitution. As a member of the Privy Council, he was bound to advise the sovereign; and he had given his advice to the best of his ability. Even as a judge it was his duty to volunteer his opinion against any legislation he considered inimical to the safety of the crown. As for the charge of having shown himself factious, it was contradicted by his recent Parliamentary career. He had held aloof from political discussion till the Reform Bill was introduced. Believing that bill to be subversive of the Constitution he was sworn to defend, he had opposed it openly and to the utmost of his powers. Nor was it in any way inconsistent, that when the bill was read for the third time by tacit consent he did not enter an unavailing protest or vote in the minority of twenty-two. Like the Duke of Wellington, he had resigned himself to the inevitable and shrunk from a precedent that must have done gratuitous mischief to the Constitution to which both were so deeply attached. He had another opportunity of proving the sincerity of his patriotism when the Duke of Wellington was suddenly summoned to Windsor, on Lord Melbourne's resignation, in the autumn of 1834. Peel had been promptly recalled from his Italian tour, and the late colleagues were again in consultation as to the construction of a Cabinet. Peel, by way of showing, as we may suppose, his inveterate distrust of Lyndhurst, had immediately put himself in communication with him. It was after a dinner at Lyndhurst's house that the famous "Tamworth

manifesto" was issued. The ex-chancellor had consented to resume his seat on the woolsack; and, considering the doubtful prospects of his friends and the great majority of the other party in the Commons, it was no light pecuniary sacrifice. When, very shortly afterwards, he again resigned the seals, he was free enough to devote his powers to Parliamentary work. Through those labors, important and interesting as they were, we have no space to follow him. He showed, however, that he rose superior to party considerations when it was a question of measures he believed to be for the public benefit. As an example of that, we may refer to his conduct as to the bill for authorizing the defence by counsel of the prisoners in criminal trials. It had been originated in the Commons by the Whigs, but they seemed indifferent to pushing it through the Lords. "Lyndhurst took it up, moved the second reading, and fought it vigorously through its subsequent stages. This he did careless that he was reproached, even by those who favored the bill, with having opposed a similar measure when he was attorney-general." His answer appears as satisfactory as it was frank; and it suggests that he may be charitably supposed to have been candidly open to conviction on questions like the Catholic claims, which more nearly affected his personal interests. "His answer was, not that he then had many of the most experienced judges and lawyers upon his side, but that, having since gone thoroughly into the question with Lord Brougham and others, he was satisfied that the balance of advantage was in favor of the measure." We need only advert in passing to Sir Theodore Martin's way of dealing with Lord Campbell's assertion that Brougham, when thrown over by his Whig allies, became the ready and supple tool of Lord Lyndhurst. More interesting is the story of his early relations with Disraeli — a connection which the future leader of the Conservatives always remembered with gratitude and affection.

Lord Lyndhurst had been among the first to discern the promise of a brilliant future in the young Disraeli, whose originality, independence, and courage had a special charm for him. It was to him that Mr. Disraeli's first political essay, "A Vindication of the English Constitution," published in 1835, was addressed. The young novelist was always a welcome guest at his house. . . . Lord Lyndhurst did his best to get Mr. Disraeli into Parliament, which, after several disappointments, was accomplished in 1837. In that year "Ve-

netia" was dedicated to him by his young friend, as a "record of his regard and affection."

After the death of his old friend and early patron Disraeli paid this touching tribute to his memory:—

The world has recognized the political courage, the versatile ability, and the masculine eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst; but his intimates only were acquainted with the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, and the playfulness of his light and airy spirit.

And, *à propos* to that kindly testimony to his private character, we may glance at the old man in the society he gathered about him. Sir Theodore Martin tells us that he was catholic in his tastes: "Artists, authors, and men of science were as welcome as politicians, or members of the diplomatic body, or as beautiful and gifted women." Lord Campbell has said sneeringly that the last visitor was the most lucky, since he escaped the dropping fire of satire directed at the back of each as he left. Sir Theodore Martin asserts that Lord Campbell, never being admitted to that familiar society, had no opportunity of judging; and he quotes Mr. Abraham Hayward, who is an unimpeachable authority on such a subject: "We have consulted every surviving friend of his that we could discover, and they are unanimous in denouncing these charges of backbiting and social treachery as utterly groundless."

Lord Lyndhurst was in his sixty-ninth year when, in 1841, he became chancellor for the third time. During that last chancellorship he confined himself almost entirely to speaking on questions of legal reform, nor need we follow him closely to the close of his career. That he retained his influence to the last, was shown by his being naturally invited to mediate between the hostile factions after the schism in the ranks of the Conservatives. That he had preserved his power of oratory to the end, is demonstrated by his vigorous speeches upon Eastern politics, delivered before and during the Crimean war, and by his speeches on the national defences when danger was threatening from France. In evidence of the versatility of his powerful intellect, we have a letter from the late Mr. Nasmyth quoted, in which the man of inventions expresses his surprise at the extraordinary cogency and lucidity of Lord Lyndhurst's cross-examination when Mr. Nasmyth exhibited his monster telescope. As for his classi-

cal accomplishments, when, in his ninety-first year, Mr. Gladstone sent him his translation of the first book of the Iliad, Lord Lyndhurst returned a note of thanks, with a modestly worded piece of criticism.

Mr. Gladstone thought so highly of this criticism that he wrote back, asking permission to print it in a contemplated preface to his translation. "It is not," he said, "from a mere wish to parade you as my correspondent, though that may have its share. Your observation, which has great force, cuts, I think, deep into the pith of the matter — into the principles of Homeric translation — so pray let me have your permission."

We have a touching picture of the peaceful life of the old man, who had had so wide an experience of public affairs and whose vigorous life had been so fully occupied. Latterly he had turned chiefly towards religious studies, arriving at a firm and devout conviction of the truth of the Christian revelation and the leading doctrines of the Christian faith. His great dining-room had been turned into a bedroom, where he was tenderly nursed by his wife and daughter. To the very last, he showed towards his friends his habitual sweetness and thoughtfulness. "As one of them, Mr. Alfred Montgomery, was leaving the room, after looking, as he felt, upon that never-to-be-forgotten face for the last time, he heard him whisper to Lady Lyndhurst, in a tone of anxious inquiry, 'Was I kind to him?'" He died on the morning of the twelfth of October, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age. We have necessarily passed over much we should gladly have noticed, yet we do not know that we have anything to add. We have shown how Sir Theodore Martin has painted the man whom Lord Campbell presented as a brilliant and unscrupulous timeserver, almost approaching the type of a Mephistopheles. In our opinion, Sir Theodore Martin has proved his case, but we leave it to our readers to judge between the portraits.

From Good Cheer.

A MAIDEN FAIR.

BY CHARLES GIBBON.

CHAPTER X.

A HOPELESS CASE.

THE first person Annie encountered on the deck was Cargill, and for an instant she shrank from him, clutching the top of

the cabin stair to prevent herself from falling backward. He held out his hand to aid her; but she recovered herself without taking the proffered hand.

During the time of danger the most terror-stricken face of all on board had been that of Cargill. He grasped the nearest rope of the rigging, and clung to it as if he were already drowning, and this was the last straw of hope. His flabby cheeks grew yellow, and his fishy eyes started in his head more prominent than ever. He had never contemplated the possibility of a wreck. When the danger was over he was the first to recover his equanimity, and to pretend that he had not been at all disturbed by the incident.

He lit a cigar, and whilst apparently looking on at the bustle which preceded the arrival in port, he hovered about the cabin skylight and the stair, wishing to go down, and, for some reason, unable to do so, straining his ears to catch any sound that might come from below. He heard nothing.

He advanced to the captain several times, as if to speak, but saw that he would receive very little grace if he attempted it. Then he walked back to the cabin skylight and hovered about it as before. But when they were fast in port he met the captain on his way to the cabin, told him of the dram he had given to Ross, with many expressions of regret at the almost fatal consequence, and taking his full share of blame. At the same time he offered his flask to the captain, who very willingly took a dram whilst saying, —

"It was a foolish thing for you to do, though kindly meant; but it was a — weel, we'll no say nae mair about that. I dinna want to be in a passion when I gang doon to him. I'm no gaun to prosecute him, as I might do; but out o' this boat he goes this minute, if he has to be carried out."

"Don't be too hard on him, captain. He must have had a drop before that he did not take into account. One glass could never have had such an effect upon him."

"He maun hae had a guid wheen draps afore — confound him! — for you see I hae taen a big dram the noo, and I'm a heap the better o't, instead o' being the waur. But that's no to the purpose. He had nae right to touch onything when he was on duty."

"All the same, captain, for your own sake don't be hard on him."

"Oh, I'm no gaun to be hard on him, as I hae told you. I hae had ower muckle

liking for him for that. I'll manage quiet enough; but we maun get him ashore; I canna thole to hae him near me."

So the captain went below, and Cargill, as before, hovered about the cabin, and thus encountered Annie when she rushed up from below.

"Do you want anything — can I get it for you?" he asked eagerly.

"No — yes — thank you," she said excitedly, and with a little confusion. "Wait a minute."

She passed him and ran to the bow, where the men stood in a group, talking and smoking. As there was to be no discharge of cargo till the following day, they were all taking their ease and discussing the strange events of the passage.

"I want you to go down to the cabin, Jock," she said, touching the arm of a thick-set, grey-bearded man, "and bide with Bob Ross; he is not well."

"You're fashing yoursel' ower muckle about him, missy" (that was her name on board the "Mermaid"); "but I'll do your bidding."

"I tell you all, he is not well; he was not fou."

"That's just what I was saying," asserted a sturdy fellow named Campbell — the same who had been the look-out at the moment of peril, "for he was speaking to me no half an hour afore he put the wheel wrang, and he was as sober as a judge."

The man said this doggedly, having just been contending with much opposition from his mates.

"You are right, Campbell," said Annie, grateful to find some one who agreed with her. She had been much disappointed by the manner in which Jock Burns had obeyed her; for she had counted upon him as Ross's friend, and found that he, too, shared the common belief regarding the cause of the pilot's blunder.

"Go you up to the town and fetch the best doctor you can find that will come immediately."

Then she went back to Cargill, who was waiting for her with every appearance of stolid patience in his general bearing; but the fish eyes rolled restlessly between the shore and the group of men to whom she had been speaking.

It was the late gloaming — the hour when sea and land appear most beautiful, touched by the saddest, sweetest, most mysterious lights and shades. Voices and all sounds seem hushed, and the restless plash of the sea is like the low croon

of a mother singing a lullaby. The shadows deepen slowly, and by-and-by all is hushed and yet not dark.

Suddenly there comes a glory in the sky; great shafts of lights of many colors, like straight rainbows, dart across it through white streams, and the eyes are filled with wonder.

"This is the first time I have seen the Northern Lights, Miss Murray," said Cargill as he advanced to meet her; "and they are certainly admirable."

"Ay, they are fine," she answered gravely, checking the inclination she felt to show her dislike for his conventional expression of admiration: "we who have seen them before believe they are something more than admirable — we cannot put our wonder into words."

"That is exactly how I feel," he answered, evidently quite unconscious of the rebuke conveyed in her simple words. "But remarkable as these phenomena are, will you believe it, there is something which occupies my mind so much at present that I am unable to give them proper attention?"

"Indeed!"

"It is true. May I tell you what it is, Miss Murray?"

"May I speak to you first, Mr. Cargill?"

Even his dull self-conceit was taken aback by this curious way of replying to his question. He fancied he had spoken in the tones of a charmer — he did believe himself an invincible lady-winner — and she spoiled all his fine preparations by a request which he could not refuse. He had a great objection to be crossed even in trifles.

Yet she had spoken very quietly; and the wonder overhead — now appearing as luminous white streams simply — shone on her calm, sad face, making it so beautiful that for the first time he became vaguely conscious that there was something in the world finer and nobler than himself.

He made the grand bow which a dancing-master had taught him, and which he had learned to perform with less grace than an awkward elephant might have shown.

She smiled in a sad, half-hearted way; but still she smiled, and his good opinion of himself was restored. That bow had conquered her.

"I was just going to ask you, Mr. Cargill, what did Mr. Ross look like when you gave him that dram from your flask? Did he look as if he had been drinking?"

This was extremely disagreeable in several ways, but particularly because it took his mind entirely away from the arrangement of the pretty phrases in which he was to express the thought which was uppermost in it. His answer was so prompt that to her quick wit it seemed to have been studied.

"I really did not think so, or you may be sure I would have been the last person in the world to add to the poor fellow's affliction — to say nothing of the fact that consideration for our safety would have prevented me doing so."

"Did you speak to him?"

"For a few minutes, yes."

"And he answered you sensibly enough?"

"I must say that so far as my recollection goes, he did. No one was more surprised than I was when the real state of the case was brought so unpleasantly before us. But of course I had no suspicion that he could be guilty of such — such stupidity."

He had hesitated over the word he should use; for he desired to show a friendly disposition towards Ross.

"Thank you, Mr. Cargill. It was a pity you gave him that dram."

She turned away, looking anxiously for the return of Campbell with the doctor. Cargill's heavy paw rested on her arm.

"Are you forgetting, Miss Murray, that I asked to be allowed to speak to you?"

"No."

"Then permit me to do so now" (he had resumed his grand air and the flabby smile which he thought so winning). "You know the question I want to ask; your father wishes you to say yes; and I need not say that I desire you to say yes."

She turned upon him those clear bright eyes and that fair troubled face.

"I will speak honestly, Mr. Cargill, and it will save you and me a heap of vexation, maybe. I know what you mean, and I tell you once for all that as long as I live my answer will be the same to you as it is now — you can never have yes from me."

"But your father would like it."

"Ay, but he would never wish me to do what I do not like and do not think would be right."

The man was not a wooer; he had not the feelings of one. So instead of persuading, instead of feeling that he must give everything to win the one object he desired, he felt his pride wounded, he drew up his big frame and used reproach.

"It cannot be that after what has happened you still think of this man, Ross! You yourself said that a man who could disgrace himself as he has done would not be worth thinking about."

She felt her cheeks tingling, and she looked down as she spoke in a low voice.

"You have no business with what I may think, Mr. Cargill."

Then she looked up and her eyes brightened again as she cried: "Here's the doctor."

It was curious how the pride-puffed form of Cargill appeared to collapse at that announcement, and he slunk back a few paces.

Campbell came forward with a grey-haired, muscular-looking gentleman, whose fresh, healthy face gave evidence that he lived much out of doors. On the way to the steamer Campbell had told Dr. Pratt the circumstances of the case, so that he was ready to see the patient at once. Annie went down to the cabin with him, and, after some hesitation, Cargill followed, but stopped at the foot of the stair.

Ross was lying on the seat where he had fallen when he made his attempt to leave. He was again in a state of stupor. Captain Duncan was moving restlessly about; Jock Burns was standing by, stolid and indifferent.

Annie watched the doctor's face eagerly whilst he was examining the patient; and waited, breathless, for his verdict.

The doctor treated the case in a brisk, off-hand way as one of mere drunkenness, and Annie's heart ached with shame.

"He is a strong, healthy fellow," he said, "and there is nothing the matter with him except that he has had a drop too much. Put him into a berth, and let him sleep it off. He'll be all right when he wakens."

Then the doctor, too, was against her; he also found that common explanation for the condition of Ross. Annie felt that the last hope of convincing her father that there was a mistake was gone. According to the doctor, there had been no "fit," no sudden attack of illness — only that vulgar crime of drunkenness.

But she had faith, and she did not despair even now.

Ross wakened in his berth early in the morning; but he was not yet "all right," as the doctor had predicted he would be. He was certainly much better; but he was still confused, and for a little while unable to comprehend his position.

Then it flashed upon him with cruel vividness — the drink — the disgrace.

He could not yet recollect all that had happened, but enough was clear to make him anxious to get away from the "Mermaid" without causing more pain to Annie. With that thought he turned out of the berth and soused his head well in cold water. Then he had only to pull on his boots and fasten his necktie, for his clothes had not been taken off. That done, he made his way to the deck, purposing to go on shore and take the first train home. What was to be done afterwards would be decided when his head was clearer.

Early as it was, however, Captain Duncan was already astir, and as soon as Ross appeared from below, they met.

"I am sorry for you, Bob, but it's the best thing you can do to gang hame by train. I dinna think I could thole to hae you on board after what has ta'en place. Had you done it at any other time, I wouldna hae thought muckle about it; but when you were at the wheel and at such a place — oh, confound it, I canna think aboot it wi' any patience."

Ross bowed his head and could not speak. Presently the captain went on, —

"Hows'ever, you can mak' your mind easy sae far that I'll no speak a word about it, and the lads will haud their tongues for your sake. At the same time I am done wi' you."

"It's very good of you, captain," said Ross, speaking low and huskily; "but although you may hide it from other folk, you cannot hide it from me. That's the worst of it. I don't know yet exactly what I have done or how I did it; but I dare say I shall learn it all soon enough. Thank you, and good-bye."

He went on shore, the captain looking after him with something wistful in the expression of his ruddy face. Suddenly he turned and shouted, —

"Campbell — here. You gang up to the station wi' Bob Ross and see him safe into the train. I'm doubtin' he's no juist himsel' yet."

Campbell obeyed willingly; he was the only one, except Annie, who had the slightest doubt as to the cause of Ross's disgrace. The captain turned to his duties with an excess of energy, as if anxious to forget in the bustle this painful incident.

When Cargill rose and learned that his rival was safely off, he was in high glee. He had no doubt that now with a clear course before him and with her father on his side, he would speedily overcome An-

nie's objections. In his cunning schemes, however, he did not take into account his own clumsiness. Annie did.

CHAPTER XI.

ONE FRIEND AT LEAST.

It was a busy day for the master and crew of the "Mermaid." The cargo consisted chiefly of salt, saltpetre, and a large quantity of oil, intended for one of the experiments in oiling the angry waves for which Peterhead was become famous. The captain was desirous of having all cleared out before the noon of the following day, and his men found him more impatient than they had ever known him before.

Cargill would have persuaded Annie to accompany him on an excursion inland to view some of the beauties of Buchan, which he had been told were numerous. She declined, pleasantly enough, as it seemed, but so firmly that he did not persist. He counted upon his victory during the return passage. Meanwhile he sauntered into the town by himself, to gratify the eyes of the folk with a view of his manly person and the latest style in tailoring.

Annie felt as if the atmosphere were somehow purer during his absence. Without exhibiting any deliberate design to avoid him — and certainly without discourtesy — she contrived to escape being left alone with him during the next two days, when the business of unloading having been completed, that of reloading was in progress.

On this second day after the departure of Ross there was amazement on board the "Mermaid" at sight of old Dick Baxter hirpling along the quay, as calmly consequential and as much at home as if he had been at Newhaven.

"Dod, there are surely few bees i' the byke when the drones come out," exclaimed the captain cheerily. "Whar in the world do ye came frae, Baxter?"

"Just frae hame, captain, and I'm wantin' you to tak' me back again."

"And are you out on business, or are you just taking a daunder to see the kinty?"

"Ooo, baith, baith, captain; a man's never ower auld to learn, and I hae been learning a heap as I cam' along. But I would never hae started if it hadna been that naething would satisfie Bell Cargill except that I should gang ance errand to look after her calf."

"What's ta'en the auld wife?" said

the captain laughing; "does she think he canna take care o' himsel'? — he's auld enough."

"I couldna say, but Bell has notions, and she will hae them carried out."

"Aweel, gang you below, and Annie will see that you hae something to eat."

"And whar's Jeems the-noo?"

"Up the town, some gate."

At that Dick Baxter hirpled down to the cabin with unusual alacrity. To Annie his only salutation was, as he presented a letter, —

"Bob Ross sends you that, missy."

Her face flushed with pleasure; but she put the note in her pocket in order to attend to the wants of the unexpected guest.

"Na, na," he said hurriedly; "read your bit letterie, and while you're doing that I want to look into Jeems's cabin. I hae got an idea in my head that puir Bob didna get fair play, and I want to try and make sure o't."

"You think that?" she cried joyfully.

"I hae nae doubt about it, and the doctor that saw him in Edinbro' has nae doubt about it — for, tak' his word for it that he tasted naething a' day exceptin' what Jeems gied him. But we want to mak' sure afore speaking. Whar's his cabin?"

She pointed to a door. Old Dick passed into the place, closing the door after him. Annie, like many others, had great faith in Dick Baxter's wisdom, for as he studied the newspapers so carefully he could always tell about everything that was going on, and no one had ever been bold enough to question his judgment on any question of right and wrong.

She opened her letter with fingers which were not quite so steady as usual, and read her first love-letter. It was a strange one.

"I write this to let you know I am better, Annie, and to tell you that there has been some mistake about me somewhere."

"On the way to the station, Campbell told me about everything that happened, and although I could not take it all in clearly at the time I have been able to do so since. You all think that I was drinking. You will believe me — I had nothing except what Cargill gave me, and that I took because after what you had said to me I was kind of pitying him, and did not like to show ill-feeling. There was something wrong about that whisky. Dick Baxter had been reading something in the paper that made him suspect it the minute I told him about the accident."

"He is going to you. If he should be right I will be able to face your father and the world again, and, best of all, I will be able to meet you without feeling that there is any shame upon me."

"It has been a hard time for me, Annie, and I do not think I could have come through it but for you — God bless you. I am hoping that there is only a wee while to wait till I may see you again; and I am feared that something may come between us yet. But nothing can change me."

She put the letter in her pocket. There was a new light on her face, making it look gentler and happier than it had ever done before. Ay, she did believe him — she had believed all along that he had been betrayed in some way, although she could not guess how. But Dick Baxter was a clever man and he would find it out.

When Dick reappeared from Cargill's cabin there was a peculiar smirk on his wizened face, and nodding to Annie complacently he muttered, —

"Just as I thought, just as I thought."

"What is as you thought?" she inquired eagerly.

"Gie me a minute or twa," he answered, seating himself before the joint of corned beef which had been placed for him. He took a dram first and then ate heartily. His reflections were much aided by this proceeding, and when he had finished he produced a large, well-worn pocket-book from the midst of a curious collection of needles, hanks of thread, fishing-hooks and odd buttons, and selected a scrap of paper which had been cut from some newspaper.

"I dinna want to gie you ony false hopes, missy, but if I be na far wrang, Bob Ross will soon be put right."

"You have found out how it was done?"

"I jaloused it as soon as Bob let me ken what had happened. You see what comes o' reading the papers. I would hae been like the lave o' you, maybe, if I hadna read that."

He handed her the scrap of paper. It was the report of a common enough police case: a man enticed into a house, drugged, robbed, and turned out into the street in a state of apparent drunken stupefaction.

"This is what he has done!" she cried excitedly.

"Bide a minute, missy. You hae a heap to answer for; if it hadna been for you, the gowk would never hae thought o' sic a daft-like thing. Hows'ever, we want to clear Bob. You say naething about this, no even to your father, and I'll sat-

isfee him that he was mista'en. Whan do you start?"

"To-morrow morning."

"Weel, as soon's I hae told Jeems what his mother wants, I'll gang hame again by train the day. But I would like you to tell me ane or twa things first."

The "ane or twa things" included the whole of her conversation with Cargill about Ross, and the information she had gathered from the men separately that not one had observed the slightest sign of anything being wrong with the pilot until they found him lying by the wheel.

"It's just wonderfu' how you thought about seeking out a' that," said Dick admiringly; "but you were aye a clever lass, missy. I canna understand how the captain should be sae ready to think ill o' Bob."

"Cargill made him believe that he had been drinking before."

"Aweel, that'll a' be set right afore lang. You and me maun keep a calm sough for a wee while. Just you keep on as you hae been doing — keep frien's wi' him and maybe we'll get mair out o' him."

When Cargill returned he was annoyed exceedingly to find his bugbear, Dick Baxter, waiting for him, and almost started into a rage when he heard the well-known salutation, "Weel, Jeems, how's a' wi' you the-day?"

He would have turned away at once from this pest, but he was detained by the next words.

"Your mother sent to you ance errand. She wouldna believe in the post or the telegraph; the matter was sae particular that naething would serve her but I maun come wi' her message."

"What is it she wants now?" was the surly and impatient query.

"She doesna want you to break your trip; but she *commands* you to gang straight to her the minute you land. She bade me say that you would hurt yoursel' mair than you can fancy, if you didna do her bidding."

"Very well."

"You'll come the minute you land?"

"Of course, since she is so particular about it."

"I'll tell her to expect you, for I'm gaun back by train the-day."

That evening in the gloaming, work over and all quiet in the harbor, Captain Duncan was sitting on deck smoking. Annie was walking up and down, occasionally halting beside him. During one of these halts, he said abruptly, —

"Annie, I want you to be kind to Jeems Cargill."

This was the first time he had referred to the subject of the proposed union since that evening in the cottage.

"What for in especial, father?"

He puffed slowly, and looked over the bulwark into the clear blue water which was splashing gently against the sides of the "Mermaid." He was perplexed: what especial reason was there for asking her to be kind to Cargill? He himself had no especial regard for the man, and but for his fortune would have had little to say to him.

"It's this way, Annie; you see he's a man that has a great notion o' you: he's weel-to-do in the world; there's naeboddy has ony particular ill to say against him; and he asked me to put in a word for him wi' you. I said I would, and I'm doing it. You might do a hantle waur than agree to be Mistress Cargill."

She laid her hand on his shoulder: she could feel the awkwardness with which he spoke. At another time she would have relieved him by laughing at the whole affair. At present she had too many anxious thoughts weighing upon her for laughter to find vent.

"I told you my mind about this, father, when you mentioned it before. I am of the same mind yet, and I will never change."

She felt a glow of pleasure in thus echoing her lover's words.

"Aweel, aweel, I'm no gaun to force your will. I was meaning you for another man a' the while; but I hae done what I promised and nae mair need be said. You would hae loupit blitherly enough at — but that's a' by and nae mair need be said."

He got up and leaned over the bulwark now, puffing vigorously.

A vague suspicion of his meaning flashed across her mind, making the heart leap quick with surprise and joy.

"Who are you speaking about now, father?" she asked, her voice low and not quite so steady as usual.

"Never heed, never heed. It's a' by noo — the big fool!"

Then there was silence. She was trembling and afraid to speak lest she should find that she misinterpreted her father's thoughts. But it must be *him* he referred to; and this was the meaning of all his curious little jokes and grins which had often puzzled her when he was speaking about her marriage. Could it be?

"I'm sair put about wi' Bob Ross," he

said by-and-by, half angrily, half regretfully. "What a hypocrite he maun hae been! — I would as soon hae thought o' doing sic a thing mysel' as him. Had it no been for that, he was the man for you and the 'Mermaid' tae."

"And will be, father," she cried gleefully.

"Na, that canna be noo—it's a' by. I'd sooner see you maerit to Jeems Cargill."

"Oh, father, you will find that you are mistaken about poor Bob."

"That's impossible."

In the midst of her great gladness there came that cruel thought—everything had been lost by that one blunder. She *knew* what Cargill had done; Dick Baxter knew it; but how could they prove it?

As soon as the "Mermaid" arrived at Leith, Cargill took his leave of Annie. He was disappointed: all his powers of persuasion had failed to move her. She had been civil to him—most civil—but she would not permit him to get out his proposal. When he was saying good-bye he made one more effort to win her favor.

"I suppose I may come to Anchor Cottage to-morrow?"

Then her whole manner suddenly changed, and she became cold, almost stern.

"You may come, of course, Mr. Cargill; but you will not speak to me again until Mr. Ross is put right with my father."

He was staggered, confused, muttered that he did not see what business it was of his; and with clumsy haste made his way on shore.

Thinking over those parting words of Annie's he was a little disturbed and in very ill-humor when he arrived at his mother's "beastly hut," as he called it. Entering the room he did not observe the absence of any salutation, querulous or otherwise, from his mother; but when he looked he was conscious of a change in her appearance which startled even him.

She sat bolt upright in her chair, the white mutch as carefully "piped" as ever, surrounding a face like that of a corpse. Her right hand rested on a little table at her side, the left grasped the arm of the chair, supporting her in the erect position of one who is just about to rise to her feet.

He did not note the singular calmness of her voice, and was more startled by its tenderness than by her appearance.

"I'm glad you hae come, Jeems, for I hae muckle to say to you afore I get up."

"What is it, mother?"

His own voice was somehow subdued and less self-assertive than usual.

"You ken, Jeems, that I hae many times had rizzon to compleen o' your way o' doing; and mair than once in my passion I was actually meaning to take every bawbee awa' frae ye and gie it to some o' the hospitals?"

"Oh, yes; but that was only when you were angry," he answered uneasily.

"Ay, but my anger lasted lang enough for me to make out the will."

"What!"

"Ye needna be feared. There was a frien' o' yours wha after lang speakin' gar't me put that paper in the fire."

"Who was that?" he asked, breathing freely again.

"It was nane ither than Bob Ross. Hae ye no rizzon to be grateful tae him?"

The selfish nature of the man rendered him indifferent as soon as he knew himself to be safe.

"Of course, and I'll thank him when we meet."

The woman's eyes set in that gaunt, sallow face seemed to glitter as if a flame were reflected in them; and there was a weird solemnity in her voice.

"Ye'll hae to dae a heap mair than that. Ye'll hae to put him richt wi' his folk. Ye'll hae to tell how it cam' about that he fell doon stupefied at the wheel."

There was none of Bell's customary passion in tone or manner. She pronounced the sentence calmly, and there was a tremulous sadness somewhere which rendered her words the more impressive.

"What do I know about it?" he said sulkily after the first surprise, "except that I gave him a dram, and —"

"And you ken what was in the dram, Jeems. You ken that there was nearly the hale o' this stuff that was in this bottle in 't."

She lifted the right hand from the table, and showed him a small phial.

"Where did you get that?" he exclaimed, starting up, and then suddenly checking himself, whilst inwardly cursing his own stupidity in having laid down the phial in his berth on board the "Mermaid" and forgotten it, instead of throwing it overboard at once. He was only for a moment puzzled as to how it came into his mother's possession, for he pres-

ently remembered the visit to Peterhead of the creature he now began to look upon as his evil genius, Dick Baxter.

Bell Cargill went on.

"You bought this on pretence that you wanted a strong sleeping-drink, and you gied it to Bob Ross. Did you no dae that?"

"What is the use of asking such a foolish question?" he growled restlessly.

The old woman looked at him a long time, and that strange sadness which was lying somewhere in the background became more evident in the lines of the worn face and the darkening of the eyes. Without anger, scarcely with any change of tone, she spoke.

"I aye kenned ye were a fule, Jeems, but I never thought you were a villain. Own the truth to me, or you'll hae to own it in a court o' justice. Ye hae wranged the man that was your best frien' — when I get up I'll mak' amends tae him. But that's no the question. You maun mak' amends tae him enoo, or never a farthing o' my siller ye shall hae. Speak — you did it."

Cargill saw how much in earnest his mother was, and after a struggle with his vanity, which was overcome by his greed, he answered, with a clumsy attempt to be jocular, "Well, I did put a few drops into his dram, but it was only a joke, and meant no harm. I had no notion that he was going to wreck us."

"Hech, sirs, and that's a' your repentance. Ye ken fine that you were gaun to wreck him. Put your name to this paper."

Cargill looked at the paper, which she held under her hand, and read the writing on it. It was a plain, brief statement that he had purposely given Ross a sleeping-draught. He made an attempt to snatch it away from her, but whilst she covered it with one hand she placed the other on his breast.

"Hearken, Jeems. If that paper is no put into the hands o' Dick Baxter this nicht wi' your name to it you will be ruined."

He hastily scrawled his name, thinking that he could easily tear the paper afterwards; but at that minute his evil genius hirpled in at the door, and snatched the paper almost from under his hand.

"The paper doesna matter, mistress," says Dick Baxter, "though I've got it. I was standing on the stairhead and heard every word he said tae ye."

Cargill's impulse was to seize the man and take the prize from him by force; but

the attention of both was attracted to the mother.

Her eyes had become suddenly dim, and she muttered, in a voice growing rapidly more and more faint, —

"Tell Bob Ross I'll mak' amends tae him when I get up. I'm weary enoo."

And Bell Cargill lay back in her chair, and fell asleep.

CHAPTER XII.

"WEEL MAY THE KEEL ROW."

CAPTAIN DUNCAN rubbed his eyes and would have grown pale had his ruddy cheeks been capable of such a sign of emotion, when Annie and Dick Baxter explained to him and proved to him how Bob Ross had been betrayed.

"Preserve us," he gasped, "and me blaming him wrangly a' this time! — but what for did he no speak out himsel' — I would hae believed him."

"Oh, father, you would not be patient even with me, far less with him; and he was too much stupefied to be able to understand things himself until he got home."

"Gang for him, Dick — fetch him here this minute," cried the captain in passionate haste.

"That'll no be ill to dae," said Dick, with one of his wise grins, "for he's just out by."

Ross halted in the doorway, pale still, but firm on his feet again. The captain opened his mouth as if to speak, but, for a little, was unable to do so. Then he took out his big red and white handkerchief, wiped his face with it, and next began to tug at it and tie knots on it as if it were a rope. He found his tongue at last, and with much rough awkwardness —

"I did you wrang, Ross. I beg your pardon, and there's my hand and there's Annie and the 'Mermaid.'"

The hands of the two men clasped in a grip that meant eternal friendship.

Then the old captain without another word, passing between them, hurried out of the room. He sat down on the anchor in the middle of the green. There he had his pipe and a dram and a crack with old Dick Baxter, learning all the details of Cargill's treachery and how it was found out. At the end Dick was a richer man that day than he had ever been at one time in all his life.

As for Annie and Bob Ross, they were alone in the room. She was in his arms, and he could only say in a whisper, —

"God bless you — my own lass."

There were few folk in the town who did not miss Bell Cargill. When it became known that she was gone there was as much of that silent sorrow about the place as if news had come of the loss of a whole fleet of smacks.

"We hae lost a guid frien'," said one wife to another, and that was Bell's epitaph; but the generous hand and the sharp tongue are still missed in the place.

Outside Anchor Cottage the truth about the narrow escape of the "Mermaid" is only known to Campbell, the sailor who retained his faith in Ross in spite of appearances, and Dick Baxter. The incident is frequently spoken about amongst the men; but Ross himself when questioned only laughs and says, "Oh, I had a dram, that's all."

Cargill gave instructions to the lawyers to sell everything in the place, and has never been seen there since his mother went away.

The "Mermaid" still plods on its diligent course; but Ross is now the captain and owner, although Duncan Murray is always with him. And at times when there is a calm sea, in the soft northern gloaming, Annie's low voice is heard crooning the old song, "Weel may the keel row."

From The Nineteenth Century.

A RECENT VISIT TO THE BOERS.

I LEFT Dartmouth with my friend, Mr. A. K. Loyd, in the "Grantully Castle" on the 15th of August, and on the 7th of September, half an hour after midnight, we let go our anchor in Table Bay. I was rather sorry to miss the first view of Table Mountain, but glad to quit the ship, which, good as she is, I had become somewhat tired of. Such, however, was our high opinion of her merits, and such our confidence in our friend Captain Young and his excellent staff of officers, that we secured our return passage in the "Grantully."

After landing and settling ourselves comfortably at Poole's Hotel, our first move was to call on Lieutenant Bower, secretary to the governor. He at once plunged us into the maze of Cape and South African politics, and with the help of maps, expounded to us some of the endless South African complications connected with the Basuto question, the Cete-wayo question, and the question relating

to the land of the Bechuana natives beyond and west of Griqualand, recently occupied by the Boers of the Transvaal.

It takes but a short time to see plainly that the affairs of South Africa are in fearful confusion. Heaven knows whether they can ever come right without a desperate convulsion, though it is to be hoped that the good sense of the inhabitants, both Dutch and English, will in the long run prevail, and avert any catastrophe that might tend to loosen the bands that unite them to the mother country.

We soon made acquaintance with several members of the Cape Parliament, who were in the habit of dining at Poole's Hotel, among them Mr. Merriman, the commissioner for crown lands and works; Mr. Pearson, member for Port Elizabeth; Mr. Rhodes, member for Berkeley; and Mr. Uppington, the leader of the opposition. They all showed us much civility, and we attended some debates in the House, which are carried on partly in English and partly in Dutch.

The session was drawing to its close, after which the present Parliament will be dissolved, and a new election will take place. It will, it is generally believed, result in the return of a Dutch majority, whose policy will in all probability be out of harmony with English views. The discussions are likely to turn chiefly upon the financial condition of the colony, which is far from satisfactory, owing in great measure to the heavy cost of the recent Basuto war, which was undertaken for the purpose of disarming the natives, in which endeavor the colony most signally failed.

Everything in Cape Town is fearfully dear. Oranges which grow in the place are twopence each, eggs threepence each; wheat is imported, and so is butter and cheese. Lodging too is very costly. People grumble desperately, and think the colony is ruined. Great hopes are founded on gold discoveries which are expected to be largely made in the Transvaal. The reports of experts and engineers are most favorable, and the *on dit* is that gold will be found in large quantities in the Transvaal and the native territories beyond.

Among the pleasantest incidents of my visit to Cape Town was the taking up, after a lapse of nearly thirty years, of a very warm thread of friendship with General Leicester Smythe, now commander-in-chief in South Africa, and, during the absence of Sir Hercules Robinson, acting also as governor of the colony. We had been brother aides-de-camp at headquar-

ters in the Crimea, and from those days we had never met, owing to curious circumstances; till I walked into his room at Government House, Cape Town, when the twenty-eight years' interval seemed at once to vanish. He and Mrs. Smythe made us free of their house, where we passed much of our time most agreeably.

The first Sunday after our arrival, after morning service at the cathedral, we took the train for Wynberg, in compliance with an invitation we had received from Mr. Mackarness, a barrister, and son of the Bishop of Oxford, and his wife. The railway runs round and at the foot of Table Mountain and the Devil's Peak, and in the pleasant villages through which we passed people make their suburban retreats. Our friends live in a villa near the Wynberg station, from whence they have a splendid view of the Hottentot Holland mountains, fifty miles distant, with snow-covered peaks.

After an excellent luncheon we and our hosts embarked in a Cape cart, a capital vehicle, on two wheels, drawn by two little horses, with the pole between them, curricule fashion.

Being the springtime of the year in this hemisphere, the green buds were just beginning to put out their shoots on the oak-trees, while the beautiful evergreen "silver tree" which covers the hillsides was in full leaf. The air was extraordinarily light and transparent, making the mountain peaks in the distance look quite close.

We drove through fertile and pretty country to visit one of the great Dutch families, the Cloetes, of Constantia. Their residence is a fine Dutch house, magnificently situated, overlooking the bay with the whole range of Hottentot Holland mountains, and around them their own orchards and vineyards, which latter produce the finest wine in the country.

The Cloetes themselves are people of the highest consideration, belonging to a family of Dutch colonists of the most aristocratic descent in the country. They are rich and prosperous, but they live much like yeomen of the olden time, and are simple in their manners and very hospitable.

The Dutch population in the colony is more numerous than the English, but less energetic and enterprising. The Dutch are the old landed aristocracy of the country. They occupy the best and richest land in the colony. They own the best vineyards and the best sheep-farms, and the choicest spots belong to them. They

seldom sell, and most scrupulously keep the land in their own families.

As they advance into the interior of the country they are found to be less polished, rougher in their habits, and more primitive in their mode of life. The Boers, those of the Transvaal especially, possess an Old Testament bloodthirstiness towards their enemies, and would like to retaliate upon natives, for their raids, by turning the heritage of the heathen into their own possession. These sentiments, which exist in full vigor among the independent Boers of the Transvaal, are shaded down gradually from black to white in the civilized Dutch community of the Cape Colony. But all are alike unable to comprehend what *they* consider the sentimental policy of England towards the natives.

They hold the opinion that legislation of a nature suited to a highly civilized people is unsuited to the as yet totally uncivilized races of South Africa. Whatever hopes may be entertained for the far future, the present inferiority of the black population of South Africa cannot be denied, and it seems not unreasonable to demand that legislation should be of a nature adapted to the actual condition of their wants and requirements. There are wise and humane men in South Africa who could indicate and carry out a line of policy suited to the natives—a policy of firm guidance and strict rule, combined with paternal protection.

Unrestricted liberty is a doubtful blessing to a native population; it leads not to their advancement, but to their degradation, and to the enriching of grog-sellers and brandy merchants, among whom the strongest advocates of unlimited freedom for the blacks are to be found. Never were natives more prosperous than those under the Moravian missionaries of the last century, who exercised physical restraint as well as moral authority over them; and the same good result is now seen in the native industrial settlement at Edendale, in Natal. Works of public utility at the Cape, such as railways, storage of water, etc., might surely be advantageously carried on by gangs of natives under officers duly appointed for their proper supervision. There exists in South Africa a vast population of men of the finest physique, capable of any amount of work if properly directed; and yet the great want of the country is adequate labor, to enable the fertility of the land to be fully utilized.

We were anxious to see as much as possible, during our short stay, of the in-

terior of the country, and our friends all recommended an expedition to Griqualand West, which is the most remote province belonging to the colony, and is the most recent in point of acquisition. It adjoins the Orange Free State, to which it belonged up to 1871.

All the interest in Griqualand West is centred in the diamond fields, which are at Kimberley, or close adjoining it. It was a good deal owing to Mr. Merriman's description of the diamond fields that we were induced to go there; and though the travelling was rather hard and the fare somewhat rough, I got through the journey very well, and shall never regret having made it.

Our friends cautioned us that we should have to submit to a rough time of it as soon as we got beyond the reach of railways. Furnished with a select basket of provisions from Poole's Hotel, we started on our expedition at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 11th of September, in a railway carriage, with sleeping accommodation attached. The first sixty or eighty miles traversed after quitting Cape Town are the most picturesque of the journey; you are then passing through the first or coast-line of mountains.

During the early stages you see beautiful pine-trees (Norfolk Island pines) growing in the hollows and along the sides of the mountains. As you advance farther, the mountains become arid, and the plains look like sandy deserts. You find yourself in a country of a geological formation which is quite new to you. The mountains are flat-topped, some few being conical, but all of them seem to be, and actually are, disintegrating into the plains. The hollow places are rising and the mountains are subsiding. In fact, this has already happened to such an extent that you may positively witness that which for want of a better name I will call the skeletons of mountains — dry stones, with every particle of sandstone, and limestone, and soil, in short everything which held them together and clothed their sides, and made them stand up, washed out.

After rising to a great height over a range between three and four thousand feet high, you expect to descend to valleys and plains beneath; but no, you find yourself on a wide sandy plain, which formed possibly an immense lake in ages gone by. Far in the distance you see a low range of hills, or rather a line of stone-heaps. United with them there is what is called here a nek, or pass. Once

through this pass you surely expect that there will be a descent; but no, again you find yourself on another enormous plain, wider and higher, and more apparently arid, than the last. Such is the character of the country in South Africa even up to the subtropical regions, where the climate is tempered by the high altitude of the plains. Kimberley is four thousand two hundred feet above the sea. The nights are cold, and the changes of the temperature are very sudden. There is ice in winter. Kimberley is about the same latitude south, as Cairo is north, of the equator.

Victoria West is the present terminus of the railway system; we reached it about midday on Thursday. About three o'clock the same afternoon the coach was to start on its forty-four hours' journey. Our seats (three insides) had been secured at Cape Town. On looking inside the conveyance the prospect was not encouraging. Two ladies and four gentlemen were already seated, and had established themselves with rugs and private pillows, which indicated them as old stagers, well inured to the trials of the journey. Partly on their account, but mostly on my own, I determined to leave them, at all events for a time, in peaceful possession of the inside, and so I climbed on to the outside of the coach, where Loyd and John Cooper had already seated themselves. I squeezed in between the two coachmen, that is to say, between the man who held the whip and the man who held the reins. When I say that the team was a ten-in-hand affair, it will be no matter of wonder that two coachmen were needed. An enormous nigger had charge of the reins and a Dutch Boer handled the whip. The decision as to which track was to be used along the velt rested with the man with the whip; he was also the guard of the mail, and the chief bugler of the coach. Punctually at three o'clock the mail started; the little horses, rough, but evidently well-bred, had been standing harnessed two and two in a long line in front of each other, apparently fast asleep. They no sooner heard the nigger give a sort of screech than they started off as if possessed by so many mad devils racing to perdition. The coach swayed from side to side, and jolted fearfully. Gradually, however, the team seemed to recover their reason, and settled down to their ordinary speed, which is a good spanking pace of eight or nine miles an hour. These mad rushes occurred again and again during the journey. I thought them most disa-

greeable, but they seem to be cherished institutions amongst the South African driving community, and they will probably never be dispensed with as long as niggers are the recognized coachmen. Probably the present race of little wild horses would refuse to start on their journey unless they were "rushed off" in some such fashion. One of these bulky coaches, not long ago, when springing along with a team of ten horses, turned over on its top. A gentleman sitting outside, who had some of his bones broken, brought an action against the coach-owner, but it was proved that one of the passengers had clutched at the reins, and so his action failed.

Before night came on I abandoned the box, and faced the inside with all its horrors. Ever afterwards I clung to my seat, through all vicissitudes, to the end of the journey. Loyd manfully stuck to his seat behind the driver till he was overcome by want of sleep and abundance of dust during the second night of the journey. My servant, Cooper, also braved it out on the outside with great fortitude. Inside, a thick-nosed Jew had a blanket over his head, and snored fearfully. At each stage, wherever we outspanned, we relieved our misery for a few moments by stretching our limbs and drinking hot coffee, which tasted excellent under the circumstances. Out-spanning and in-spanning is a process, so far as I am aware, only practised in South Africa. The same harness serves all through the journey, it goes with the coach or wagon. The horses come up to the vehicle as bare as the Zulus themselves; in a moment they are inspanned. At the end of the stage, as if by magic, the harness falls off them, and in less than no time the whole team is rolling in the sand, grunting and wriggling on their backs with every sign of satisfaction. After a roll, a South African horse is said to be so refreshed as to be able to start on another long stage. I never, however, heard of a South African horse assenting to this economical doctrine. Horses which do hard work in South Africa are fed upon what is here called "forage." This is a name given to bundles of unthrashed oat straw, and better food for cattle could not be desired. The soil is very suitable for growing oats, the straw of which is hard and full of silica. English horses thrive splendidly on it, and I never saw a broken-winded horse all my time in South Africa. Cape horses do their work with more ease than English ones; after the longest stage, in

the hottest weather, the stage horses were neither blown nor hot. An Englishman who had been several years in the colony, and had made many a long journey on horseback, assured me that a small Afri-cander horse will outlast an English one on a journey. On the other hand, an English race-horse can give the best South African horse five stone in weight and gallop right away from him on a race-course.

Kimberley Mine, formerly called New Rush, presents the appearance of an enormous hole, nine acres in extent. It has been gradually lowered to a depth of four hundred and odd feet. In its original state, before it was hollowed out, the land was divided into a number of small individual holdings, thirty feet square in extent. These were called "claims," and they were again divided into a much smaller size, even down to the sixteenth of a claim. As the mine became deeper, you will readily understand that the sides, composed of valueless matter called "reef," began to fall in. The claims next the sides were first overwhelmed, and as the working gradually got deeper the drift threatened to cover the whole mine. Claims which were valued at fabulous sums, and for which enormous sums had been offered, and sometimes paid, are now depreciated to almost nothing. Most of the individual claims have been bought up by companies who have erected steam-engines on the side of the mine.

The "reef" is now got out in buckets, which are drawn up with wire ropes from the bottom of the mine. A certain amount of diamondiferous soil is obtained, but the chief work now done is hauling out the "reef," in the hope of eventually coming again upon the rich blue soil.

Some engineers maintain that the present plan will not answer, and that landslips will continue to smother the blue as long as the mine continues an open working.

The first searching for diamonds was carried on in 1870, by people from Natal, amongst whom were Australian diggers, and one Brazilian, who was struck by the resemblance between the gravel bordering the Vaal River and the gravel which contains diamonds in Brazil.

Almost simultaneously with the development of the diggings in the Vaal River, diamonds were discovered within the border of the Free States; notably at Du Toit's Pan and on the farm at Bultfontein.

At first capitalists were unknown, the

men employed were essentially diggers, and they looked after their own concerns and their own claims. The diggers framed rules and regulations for themselves. These rules and regulations to a great extent are still in force, although circumstances have greatly changed, and the individual digger has disappeared, making way for the capitalist with steam and working-gear worth millions sterling.

The Kimberley Mine was at first called New Rush. It was so called on account of the rush made to it by the diggers at the Vaal River. The Dutch farmer who owned the land at Bultfontein sold it to a company. The company endeavored to protect their rights, and refused to allow searching to proceed in this ground. But miners have a law of their own "that claims must not remain unworked," so they "jumped" Bultfontein Mine, and the company were glad to take a small fee for granting miners' rights.

There are many conjectures which are given as an explanation of the phenomena of diamond mines. The most learned, however, are quite unable to reconcile themselves over the first difficulties. If the diamonds are the result of enormous pressure and of the effect of fire upon metals in the depth of the earth, how does it happen that in the vicinity of diamonds, and even touching them, are found pieces of carbonized wood, and small delicate shells, which could not exist under the action of heat? I purchased a small diamond as it was found, sticking in the blue earth, with a bit of carbonized wood adhering to it. I was present at the finding of many diamonds, but, to speak the truth, I did not covet any of them, and I bought nothing excepting this little stone of three carats weight. South African diamonds are often inclined to be yellow, a real brilliant of perfectly pure color is indeed a *rara avis*. The Star of the South, the finest diamond ever found in South Africa, now belongs to Lord Dudley and weighs eighty-three carats.

Everything of interest connected with diamond-finding is carried on at the top of the mine. The blue rock is brought to the surface in the buckets which I have spoken of. The buckets travel on wire ropes, which are precisely similar to those used in steam-ploughing, the extremity of the wire rope going round a drum at the bottom of the mine four hundred feet deep. Before steam-engines were used at the top of the pit, windlasses were in use, and gangs of Kaffirs were employed to work them; and very hard labor, indeed, it used

to be. The plan adopted by the miners was to man the windlasses with alternate gangs of men of different tribes — Zulus, Korannas, and Basutos — and to stimulate one tribe against its rival tribe, who should wind up the windlass the quickest. Now, all the hauling is done by steam, and the Kaffirs only work in the mine, and also at the performance which is called the "wash up." The Kimberley Mine and the other mines, Du Toit's Pan and Old de Beer, are shaped like irregular and old-fashioned chimneys. The sides of the mine are composed of black and yellow shale, in which diamonds are not found. In the middle of the mine, and filling up the shaft or chimney, the diamondiferous rock is found.

The question which agitates the anxious diamond-digger is to know how the blue rock comes there; and this is a practical question, more than a scientific one, in his mind. Does the blue come from below? and if from below, from what unknown depth does it come? On the other hand, has the diamondiferous rock entered the mine from above, running down in a muddy stream, carrying the diamonds, and the shells, and the carbonized wood along with it? Some, however, are not without hope that the diamonds come from below, and they flatter themselves that when they have dug down deeper they will come to bigger and finer stones as they approach the great source from which the brilliants are thrown up from the bowels of the earth. The descent into the mine in one of the buckets is an operation involving a large amount of dirt and a certain amount of danger. We did not go down into any of the mines.

When the rock is brought to the surface it is exposed for some weeks on the floor, as it is called. The sun, wind, and rain soften it, and prepare it to be operated upon by a machine in which wash-tubs and sieves perform the chief part. The aim is to reduce the rock to mud, and to extract the diamonds without injuring them. In the lower part of the machine are drawers, which are kept carefully locked till the operation called the "wash up" is concluded. Into these drawers the diamonds and the garnets, the crystals and the agates, which cannot be reduced by pulsating, find their way by reason of their weight. When the drawers are opened, the contents are spread out over a table in the open air. Some of the principal people, armed with common knives, begin to sort and pick out the brilliants. In an ordinary "wash up" as many as a

dozen or fifteen diamonds are found. I picked out three or four; you put them into the kick of a broken black bottle. The Kaffirs don't come to the tables, but otherwise there is but little restriction. All whites and blacks are searched, or are liable to be searched, on quitting the mine.

The Kaffirs are made to march through a room in a state of nature. They make no difficulty about this disrobing, for doubtless they feel much more at their ease without their garments than with clothes on. The natives are compelled when they enter a town to put on clothes. On the outskirts of a town they may be seen donning their garments, which on the march they carried on their heads.

Twenty-two shillings a week are the usual wages earned by Kaffirs. A native's object in working is to save money enough to get cows, and with cows (nine is the usual number) he buys a wife. A woman is not properly married unless cows have been paid for her. The modesty of a woman would be injured unless cows had been given for her. Missionaries accept the ceremony of exchange of cows for a wife as constituting legitimate marriage. If a Kaffir is fortunate enough to have daughters, his fortune is secured, for he gets cows and cattle in return for his daughters.

Kaffirs make good servants, and Zulu girls very good cooks, although Zulu women are seldom obtained. A raw Kaffir, fresh from his tribe, is considered likely to make the best and most honest servant. At our Kimberley Hotel there were three black boys — they are always called boys — Jack, Bones, and August, and a young Zulu, who came in to chop wood. This last was a splendid creature, I never saw such arms and legs, and his hands were as fine as a lady's.

A Kaffir, when he has a tough piece of work, throws off his garments and greatly improves his gentlemanlike appearance. Of the black men at Mrs. Jardine's hotel, August was the most trustworthy, although twice a year he disappeared for three or four days. He is believed to go into the Karroo to hide his money. Mrs. Hoskyns also had a splendid Zulu in her service, who was called Lord Tom, on account of his aristocratic appearance. Black servants have very odd names, which I don't know how they acquire. A little Koranna maid of ten years old was called Pillow-case.

At the Boer farms where we stopped on our way back from Kimberley, we were

often waited upon by little black parlor-maids of eight or nine years old. In Griqualand West it is common for native children to be indentured as servants to Boers and farmers for fifteen years. The Boers have the reputation of being very good to these children, who grow up and associate on equal terms with the little Boers.

Every black man in Griqualand West is obliged to be in possession of a ticket or pass descriptive of his employment, and naming the master for whom he works.

The laws about natives are more strict in Griqualand West than in the rest of the colony. This is owing to this province having been recently taken over from the Orange Free State. The Boers manage the natives better than the English settlers do. They are more severe with them, and at the same time are more kind, treating them more like children. The Boers especially object to the imperial legislation with regard to the natives.

During our journey through Hope Town and Griqualand, we laid ourselves out, as much as possible, to talk to the Boers, and learn as much as we could about them.

The market-place at Kimberley, from six to eight every morning, is well stocked with big, bulky farmers. They come in with their wagons and oxen, bringing produce from the Orange Free State and the neighboring country. The chiefs of the neighboring tribes also send in wagons with firewood from Bechuanaland. This market-place is a very striking sight as we saw it when we drove into Kimberley on our mail wagon at six o'clock in the morning, with hundreds and hundreds of oxen in spans of eighteen and twenty yoked to the wagons, which are mostly loaded with trunks and branches of camelthorn and wild-olive wood. These trees are beyond conception hard, and are quite as good for raising steam as the best coal, but unfortunately they are becoming very scarce, and the distance the wagons have to travel to find them is constantly increasing. Every stick within thirty miles of Kimberley has been cut down to supply the all-devouring steam-engines.

The Boers possess qualities which Englishmen are usually willing to admire. If you wish to find out the good side of a body of men, there is no difficulty in discovering it amongst the Boers. They are very hospitable and good-natured; they are men of very fine appearance, and are immensely strong. An Englishman at Kimberley described to me how he saw a

Boer drag a refractory young ox across the Kimberley market-place, and inspan him to a wagon. In the matter of hospitality the Boer is quite a gentleman; he gives you the best he has without any fuss. He is, in this respect, what we believe our ancestors to have been a hundred years ago, when inns were uncommon. A night's lodging and a meal are never refused by a Boer. But tales are told how the hospitality of the men has been abused by a certain class of Englishmen whose vulgarity and selfishness cannot be too severely condemned.

A Boer is, in a certain sense, very particular about his dignity, and on entering his house you must be careful not to seat yourself in the armchair, which is especially reserved for the head of the family. You must also partake of all the dishes on the table. A certain Englishman who was visiting a Boer, and was unaccustomed to the scarcity of crockery which prevails in these out-of-the-way farms, and was besides more particular than he need have been, fell into a sad scrape through his own sensitiveness. The farmer, who was bent upon being gracious, offered him coffee, which was gladly accepted, whereupon the Boer hastily swallowed down the contents of his own cup, and proceeded with care to wipe the cup clean with a large, blue, and well-used pocket-handkerchief. This finished, he filled the cup half full of sugar, and adding coffee, handed it to his guest. The sensitive Englishman was quite at a loss what to do. Fortunately, as he thought, he saw the Boer turn his back for a minute, and promptly he threw the whole mixture out of window; but, as bad luck would have it, the Boer's wife was comfortably asleep just outside the window, and the hot coffee and the sugar took effect in the middle of her person, and trickled down over her gown. However, no offence was meant, and no offence was taken on this occasion. I believe the Boer's wife and the gentleman became very good friends, and a new gown was not objected to. It is behavior quite different from this, however, to which I was alluding in speaking of the misbehavior of Englishmen. It is to such things as outspanning your oxen and turning them into an inclosed garden for safety during the night. It is to men helping themselves to mutton out of a man's flock without leave given or asked. It is to such things I allude, things which are spoken of and told by Englishmen of their own countrymen. There is no portion of the world where you meet a greater

mixture of men than in South Africa. Unfortunately you cannot eliminate the blackguard, and whether on horseback or on foot, whether he is dressed roughly or smartly, whatever his outer guise may be, his conduct is the same—that of an insufferable brute, bringing a bad name upon his countrymen.

At Kimberley there is quite a high-toned, high-class society; not large, of course, that could not be expected at so small a place, but a society of the best sort of Englishmen and of English ladies. To Loyd and to me the utmost kindness and hospitality were shown. Mr. Leigh Hoskyns is public prosecutor; he holds a government office of importance, with a good salary attached to it. He was our principal entertainer and chief friend, on account of his Berkshire connection though his father, who is rector of Upton, and through his wife, who is daughter of John Bowles, of Milton Hill. Mr. Rudd, another Kimberleyite, to whom I had letters, is a university man who has made South Africa his home. His experiences of the camp are most wide, embracing a time when he worked with a pick and shovel on his own claim. Mrs. Rudd is the possessor of some fine diamonds which were found by her husband when he was a digger in the mines. At the Diamond Exchange you meet men of all ranks. Officers of the army and navy, of course; they are always to be seen when adventure is to be encountered. University men, Eton and Harrow men, acting as time-keepers and secretaries on the works.

Kimberley is built of corrugated iron. The church, the clubs, the hotels—everything inhabited by man or beast—is roofed, and often sided, with corrugated iron. Appearance, you may well imagine, is not studied. Comfort, however, has been sought for and often found. Mr. Hoskyns has built an excellent house with a corrugated iron wall, if you may use such an expression, round his garden and lawn-tennis ground. A good club exists, of which we were made members. Trees are now generally planted, and everybody has a gum-tree or two in his compound.

The most beneficent work in Kimberley is the water reservoir, containing over a million gallons, with pipes laid on to every part of the town. The water is pumped from the Vaal River, a distance of eighteen miles. Under the vivifying influence of this most blessed element, trees and flowers are springing up, and even couch

grass is with great care made to grow. The best house in Kimberley belongs to Mr. Rudd. In his garden stands an ancient camel-thorn tree. Under this tree Mr. Rudd first pitched his tent, when Kimberley was innocent of corrugated iron and all other products of civilization. This is the only tree now left standing in the place. In the mean time, Kimberley has grown up; the machinery connected with the mines is estimated as worth two or three millions of money; some of it, however, is rapidly going to wreck. Kimberley is in a depressed state. Claims which were worth thousands are now worth nothing.

The same depression has spread over the whole colony; a period has come when trade has altogether ceased to roar. Banks, which formerly lent money upon any and no security, now refuse to make the smallest advances. Some people lay the blame to one cause, some to another, and all hope for the return of the good days. It is quite likely that the period of apparent prosperity was only a period of inflation, when the trade of the country was kept going by unnatural means. Africa has two great disadvantages to contend against — the severe droughts, and the varied and different races which inhabit the country. The Boers help the trade of the country very little; their wants are small, and the wants of the colored races are confined to one article of manufacture — namely, brandy. The people of the colony, with great courage and spirit, have started various industries — glass-making, shoe-making, soap-boiling, and cart and wagon building. This last is a trade which ought to flourish here, for the colonial wood is excellent, and the demand for carts and wagons incessant. Nevertheless, wagons and carts, and what are called "spiders," from America, are coming in and supplanting the home made carts and wagons, which are made perhaps too solid and heavy, but they are famous carts for the country. They run on two wheels, and are made curricule fashion. The other industries are also going to the bad, and the people who started them are asking to be protected by the exclusion of the foreign article which competes against them — each in his own particular trade.

Cape prosperity will never revive in these trades. America and England must beat a small community like this which has no good coal, and scarce and uncertain labor. My advice to the Cape people is to take everything they can buy from England as cheaply as they can get it,

and then make the best they can out of the agriculture of the country — wine and tobacco-growing, sheep and ostrich farming, and preserving and drying fruits, etc. The storage of water is wonderfully neglected, considering how well it has answered in cases where it has been tried. The State derives no direct revenue from the diamond fields. Thirty thousand pounds a year are derived from the sale of diamonds found upon illicit buyers, but all this money goes in maintaining the police service at Kimberley. A large detective force is kept up for the purpose of suppressing the illicit dealing, which, however, flourishes, although less than it used to do. Anybody found in possession of an uncut diamond is liable to be sent to hard labor. The way illicit dealers are caught is through natives, who are in the pay of the police, offering to sell them diamonds; when the sale is completed, the detectives who are on the watch pounce down upon the dealers and bring them to justice. Women are the worst offenders in many cases. One woman boasted that she had a basin full of diamonds where the police could not find them.

After four days at Kimberley we started on our return journey. I was anxious to avoid a repetition of the disagreeables of the Kimberley wagon, so we bargained with a certain Solomon to take us in his cart as far as Hope Town, seventy miles on the way. We departed soon after midday on Tuesday from Mrs. Jardine's hotel with our coachman Solomon and his horses — "Charley," "Diamond," and "Fly." I mention these three names because most of the horses on the road were called after these designations. Our Kimberley acquaintances — Rudd, Fry, Foster, Hoskyns, and Bowles, now grown into warm and bosom friends — assembled to see us off. We started on our journey after many hand-shakings and expressions of regard, which I believe were equally genuine on both sides. Our first resting-place, where we passed the night, was a little hamlet called Honing-kloof Nest. The Boer farmer and his family were all of them in bed, at least I suppose so, for we never saw them. A small outhouse — compound of corrugated iron — stood open in close proximity to the stables. Encouraged by Solomon, we took possession of this apartment, and after visiting our prog basket we turned into two good beds, with which the spot was furnished, with the door open, and with hens and chickens feeding around

us. We passed an excellent night, and slept soundly up to the fashionable hour of six. As the farmer and his family were still slumbering in bed, we had to depart in the morning from that honey nest without anything hot for breakfast, although Solomon had prepared something warm which he said was coffee.

There is a great sameness in the country in South Africa. It is apparently a treeless and waterless desert: treeless and often waterless it is, but a desert it ceases to be when rain falls. Even in seasons of drought the leaves are succulent with moisture, and are beaded over with drops of water like the ice-plant. In the province of Hope Town, where we then were, no rain had fallen for a year and two months, and the sheep were terribly punished. Mr. Finsham and his Dutch wife, who gave us a most excellent repast of mutton and coffee, told us that though he prayed for rain, yet when it came it would, he knew, kill half his flock, so weak and exhausted were they from the drought.

Six miles before reaching Hope Town, the Orange River is crossed by an iron bridge more than a quarter of a mile in length. We paid a toll of seventeen shillings. The Orange River flows nine hundred miles through South Africa, and falls into the Atlantic about three hundred miles north of Cape Town. When the rains have fallen it must be a magnificent stream. The roads, even the best, are the very worst I ever saw. Imagine the Downs of Berkshire — stony, and sandy, and denuded of grass, and in proximity to a farm, and you have the road to Kimberley. Sometimes your wheels sink into sand, and sometimes you bump over stones like loose cannon-balls. Traveling in your own cart is much better than by the public conveyance, because you can stop when you please and examine the flowers and the shrubs, and look at the springboks, of which we saw numbers bounding along over the plains. The farmers course these antelopes with dogs crossed with a greyhound. We never got nearer than three hundred yards to a herd. Great vultures, or *aasvögel*, are frequently seen swarming over the plains. A horse or an ox that dies in the road is immediately devoured. I counted sixty vultures sitting on and around a dead animal close to the road. They would hardly move away when we drove in amongst them. The skeletons of horses and oxen which have perished by the way are seen along the road; nothing but

bleached, bare skeletons with horns and hoofs are left undevoured. I have often heard the question discussed as to whether it is the sense of sight or of smell that enables vultures and such like birds of prey to discover the carcasses which they devour. As we were travelling along the open veldt on Thursday morning we became very conscious that to windward there was a carcass lying in the sun. The wind carried the tainted air in a current through which we soon passed, and wafted it down a corry which extended a long way to the left of the direction we were driving. At first there were no vultures in sight, but presently far in the distance, working upward, and for all the world like well-trained pointers drawing on game, a pair of *aasvögel* appeared, flying along the line of scent with unfailing instinct towards the object of their search, which, owing to the low level at which the vultures flew, could not possibly have been seen by them. This circumstance seems to me convincing proof that these birds are guided by their sense of smell in the wonderful faculty which they possess of putting in an early appearance at the funeral feast.

At the point where the rivers — the Modder and the Rist — join, we made our midday halt; this was the day before we crossed the Orange River. We unpacked our basket and shared the contents with an English engineer, Mr. Darke by name, who was building by contract the stone piers for the railway bridge over the Mod River. Our friend presented us on leaving with a dainty which we did not at first appreciate, but which afterwards we found to be really very good eating. It was a long strip of sun-dried springbok venison, called "biltong." It eats much better than it looks, and is most convenient food, because it can be carried so easily, and is also very nourishing. Mr. Darke, who seemed a thorough Britisher, gave us the history of how he came to be lodged in the "Tronk" at Hope Town, because he wanted to punch a Boer's head for refusing to join him in singing "God save the Queen" after the battle of Lang's Nek. He told us that the Boers, who were the most close-fisted people in ordinary life, were very liberal in their expenditure upon church-building, and also upon headstones or monuments for their departed relations.

At Hope Town we made the acquaintance of a Boer who interested us very much. His name is De Meillon, he was one of the Transvaalers who were present

at Lang's Nek and Amajuba Hill. He talked with a great deal of rough eloquence of his own feelings and those of his comrades after their victory. There was no doubt about his complete conviction that the success of the Boers was owing to direct divine interference in their favor. He said, "How can I doubt this when we know that we were especially protected at Colley Kop, where thousands of bullets were fired, and only one Boer was killed?" I asked him whether he and his comrades were greatly elated after the victory. He said, "No," that they proceeded at once to a quiet "kneel down," as he expressed it. De Meillon asserted that the Boers of the Orange Free State and those of the Cape Colony would have joined the Transvaal Boers if the war had continued. There is no question more hotly argued all over South Africa, than the rights and the wrongs of the convention with the Boers after the defeats of Lang's Nek, Ingogo, and Amajuba. The action of the English government is almost universally condemned by Englishmen in the colony. The Dutch take a different view, and maintain that nothing less than lifelong bitterness and hatred between the English and Dutch would have resulted.

Of the three races which form the population of South Africa the most numerous by far are the colored race; the most permanently established on the soil are the Dutch Boer race; the most active and enterprising are the British. With these qualifications, each in his own esteem the most important, the various races, the Boers, the British, and the blacks, all regard themselves as possessing claims for paramount legislative consideration. The colored races outnumber the other two, in the proportion of four to one in the Cape Colony, and fourteen to one in Natal, and their numbers are steadily increasing.

The general desire of the colored people is to become the direct subjects of the queen, for whom they have the most reverential feeling. The conquered people of Zululand are quite unable to understand how it is that they have not come under the queen's dominion and under her protection. The native tribes in Bechuanaland have the same feeling. The chief Mankoroane, who was our ally in the Transvaal war, speaking in the figurative language of his people, declared that he clings to the queen his mother as a man clings to the central pole of his tent or hut, but that he finds it very hard work to

hold to it in these times. What is it he hopes for? He hopes the queen will become his sovereign, and he will pay taxes to her. What is it he fears? He fears the Transvaal Boers, who covet his land, will take possession of it. And what is his grievance? It is this: that he and his people are left unarmed and defenceless before the rifles of the Boers, because the colonial law forbids arms and weapons being sold or brought into the territory of the natives.

The tendency of the Boer farmer is to push forward in whatever direction he finds there is food and water for his flocks and herds. No effort of cultivation is needed, and no process of civilization is required for a dozen Boer farmers to occupy many hundred thousand acres of land, and to claim the land and the country, to the exclusion of natives and British, on the strength of having trekked out with their wagons and oxen. The process going on in Bechuanaland is similar to what took place in the Transvaal. The Cape Colonists are uneasy under the process now going on, because the main roads leading into the interior of Africa, from whence come merchandise, corn, and ivory, and wood, pass through Bechuanaland on the way to the coast, and the Transvaal Boers might interfere inconveniently with the traffic. Sound policy in the interest of the colony and good faith to the natives alike point out the decision which ought to be come to with regard to the Bechuana question. The decision of her Majesty's government should be that England will not permit any further invasion by the Boers of the land of a Bechuana native. An appeal to the home government has been made, to prevent farther extension of Transvaal Boer annexation, and it is confidently expected at the Cape that the answer will be favorable to the appeal.

I have said that the Dutch Boers are the race which is the most permanently established on the South African soil, and of this, I think, there can be no doubt. The best land in the Cape Colony belongs to the Dutch settlers, and the best and most fertile states, the Orange Free State and Transvaal, also belong to them. They are essentially the landholding community of South Africa. The better class and superior people of English race, who have settled in South Africa, have never cut themselves off from a possible and even probable return eventually to England.

The man who calls himself an African-der, and who has cut himself off from

English sympathies and English connection, is generally of the poorer class, either a small tradesman or a clerk in some business, and is of no great importance or weight in the country. If the Boers own the land, and colored races possess the vast majority in numbers, the English race may fairly claim to be the promoters of the energy and enterprise of South Africa. It is Englishmen who have started, and who now maintain by their trade the two splendid lines of ocean steamers, the "Union" and the "Castle," which run between South Africa and London, each company having eighteen steamers, every ship being over three thousand tons burden. It is Englishmen who have opened up the diamond fields, and the gold fields, and the ostrich farming, and the railways, and who have improved the breeds of horses, sheep, and goats. It is Englishmen who have brought money to South Africa in a hundred different ways. It is through Englishmen's enterprise that the Dutch Boer has been able to send his produce to a hundred good markets instead of a few bad ones, as in former times. Sheep of twelve months old are selling for twenty shillings a head, and vegetables in the neighborhood of towns are fetching fancy prices. But if profit has come to the Boers, restraint and restrictions have also been imposed upon them, especially in their dealings with the native races. The cost of labor has also greatly grown. Estimating the good then with the bad, both of which are due to the Englishman, it is the latter which in the opinion of the Boer greatly predominates, and it is this conviction which will move him at the impending election to return a majority of Dutch Boer farmers to the new Parliament at Cape Town. It was the same conviction which acted on the minds of the majority of the Boers in the Transvaal. English profits and English progress are all very well, but English progress taken in conjunction with English restrictions cannot be accepted; and however much the people in the Transvaal towns wished for the profits, the majority in the country determined to forego them rather than take them in company with curtailment of liberty and the obligation to pay taxes.

It appears to me that, on the whole, South Africa possesses a larger share of difficulties than any other British colony. There is no doubt that a population of black savages outnumbering the civilized community by fourteen to one in Natal, and four to one in the Cape, is a tremen-

dous drawback, and I am not the least astonished at the alarm with which the colonists regard the constantly increasing numbers of the colored races, together with the very uncertain and changing policy of the imperial government towards those races. R. LOYD-LINDSAY.

From The National Review.
SCRAPS FROM THE CHRONICLES OF
VENICE.

IN the year A.D. 452, when the great hordes of Attila came across the mountains and scattered fire and destruction over all the rich plains of Italy, there fled from Padua, into the dreary lagoons of the Adriatic, a company of despairing men, with their families, trusting themselves rather to the winds and waves than to the tender mercies of the Huns. Some found a refuge on the island of Torcello, and some on a smaller one, which, from its fancied resemblance to an olive, they named Olivolo; nor were they, tradition tells, the first who had made a home on this lonely spot, for thereon they discovered the vestiges of a castle built by Antenor, the Trojan, who fled thither after the destruction of the city, for which end he had conspired with Odysseus and Agamemnon.

In course of time, the little colony continuing to flourish, they built a church, which they dedicated to the fisher's patron, St. Peter, and, in memory of its site, called it San Pietro di Castello, and this church eventually became the mother church of Venice, of which the island of Olivolo forms the most easterly point. Seeing, as one now does, these islands paved, covered with buildings, and connected with each other by bridges, it is difficult to realize what, in those bygone times, must have been the desolation and dreariness of a home upon them. The nearest approach to forming any idea of their ancient appearance is to be attained when, at low tide, Venice is surrounded by a series of flat, marshy-looking islands, the soil of which is bound together by a long, green seaweed, and over which wanders here and there some poverty-stricken wretch seeking for any stray article left there by the receding waters. Such must have appeared the whole surrounding scene, when these poor fugitives from Padua established themselves on their olive island, poor exchange for their olive-clad plains of home. The prettiest view

of the dome-crowned church of San Pietro is to be had by going in a gondola nearly as far as the island of Saint Elena, or, as the Venetian dialect has it, Sant' Eyena. From here the dome shows beautifully against its background of snow-covered mountains, and with its campanile (which leans perilously, as do most of the towers of Venice) casts long, clear reflections over the still water. It was from this church of San Pietro that took place the celebrated robbery of the brides of Venice, on the 2nd February, 944. On this day, the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, it had been in olden times the habit for all the marriageable maidens to assemble before the doge, and there the young men chose their brides, those who selected pretty ones paying a certain sum to dower the ugly ones.

But as the city grew, this custom fell into disuse, and after the marriages had been settled by the parents of the young people, the daughters of the city were wedded on that day at S. Pietro, taking with them each their dowry in a little ark. Still later, when the republic had grown rich and great, the ancient custom became further changed; only twelve maidens were married, and these, chosen out of the poorest families of the city, were dowered by the State, and adorned for the occasion with crowns and jewelled breast-plates, from the public treasury, and, as before, each carried her portion in a little ark. The procession must have filed along the Riva dei Schiavoni, under the bright morning sun, as all the maids had first to present themselves to the doge, before going to the church, where they were met by their bridegrooms and friends, all in their gayest attire, and by the crowds of their fellow-citizens assembled to see the ceremony.

The fame of this festival having reached the ears of some pirates of Trieste, they determined, at one bold swoop, to carry off the brides, with the State jewels on them, from the very midst of the bridal train. Coming across from Trieste the night before the festa, they moored their boats under the island bank, and next morning, clothed, says the old chronicle, in robes of purple and scarlet, but fully armed beneath this festal guise, they mixed with the crowd which awaited the brides, and with them entered the church, where, at a given signal, they drew their swords, and, cutting a way through to the altar, seized the twelve frightened girls and bore them away to their boats, and then fled with all sail up. One scarcely

realizes how, amidst such a crowd of spectators, there were not found some to prevent this bold plan being carried out; whether they were all unarmed, or too much taken by surprise to effect a rescue, is not told; but no sooner were the pirates fairly off than the whole city seems to have woken to the fact that it would be to her everlasting disgrace if her daughters were not restored safe and sound.

The doge, Candiano III., ordered out his galleys, and sending his commands to the masters of the guilds to do likewise, put himself at the head of the little fleet and pursued the robbers, who, foolhardy, or impatient to divide their spoil, had landed on the shore at Caorle, and were found by the indignant Venetians, intent on the distribution of the plunder.

The first Venetian boat was manned by some of the cabinet-makers from the parish of Santa Maria Formosa, and these hardy workmen, falling on the pirates, slaughtered them every one, rescuing the maidens. The doge ordered the dead bodies of the pirates to be thrown into the sea, and then decreed that henceforth that port should bear forever the name of Porto delle Donzelle, the port of the damsels, and that the day of their rescue should be kept as a festival for all time.

Then the doge, a man of many sorrows, whose reign, like that of David of old, was troubled by a rebellious son, calling for the cabinet-makers, asked them what reward they would desire for their bravery. Perhaps there was one of the bridegrooms among the party, and he thought the recovery of his bride sufficient reward; be that as it may, the honest workmen only requested that henceforth forever, their serene prince and his successors should, on the anniversary of that day, pay a visit in state to their parish church, Santa Maria Formosa. But the doge, desirous they should ask more, feigned to see obstacles, and putting them off, said, "And what if it should rain?" But they, unwilling to be refused, replied, "We will give you hats to cover you." Where to the doge further objected, saying, "And if I am thirsty?" They answered, "We will give you to drink." So the prince, marvelling at their modest persistence, agreed to their demand; and every year he, and his successors after him, accompanied by the Signoria in their robes of state, paid a visit to the church on the feast of the Purification of the Virgin, and there was received by the parish priest, who, in remembrance of the promise of his flock, presented the sovereign with

some gilt hats, and flasks of malvoisie, and oranges; and further, to preserve the recollection of the day's events, twelve girls were yearly chosen by ballot, two out of each of the six parishes of the city, and, dressed with great magnificence at the expense of their respective parishes, were carried round the city in open boats, and, with the doge and the Signoria in their gilt barges following, went on the octave of the 2nd of February, to San Pietro, to thank their God, who had protected the daughters of the city and rescued them from the hands of the oppressor; and then, returning to St. Mark's, were dismissed by the doge with his blessing, after which they made the tour of the Grand Canal, every window and roof being crowded with spectators, while bands of music were stationed at intervals on the balconies.

The brides were received at the house of one of the richest families, and there fêted and made much of for the space of a week; great banquets, dances, and comedies were given, and such enormous expenses incurred, that the State at last interfered, and passed a law to limit the sums spent, and to reduce the number of the brides from twelve to four, afterwards to three, and finally, abuses having crept in, it was decreed that, in future, wooden figures representing the maidens should be carried in their stead, which substitution caused such indignation amongst the populace that they followed the train with hisses and howls, and at last pelted them with showers of turnips, which, no doubt, then as now, lay handy on every vegetable stall, where to this day they form, both raw and cooked ready for eating, one of the chief articles of sale.

The riot was punished with a fine of one hundred soldi, and from that day, 1272, until 1379, the procession was allowed to take place in peace; but the war at Chioggia breaking out, the State was either too sad or too impoverished to continue the festa, and the custom ceased, never to be revived, the only memorial of it being in the tongue of the people, who still, as a term of abuse, designate a stupid, skinny woman, a "wooden bride."

The church of San Pietro now looks very deserted, grass grows between the great flags of the paved campo before it, and the patriarchal palace is turned into barracks; but the tower, though leaning, is in perfect repair, and, with its facing of white Istrian marble and its arched parapet, is one of the finest in the city.

Close to this little island lie the arsenal

and dock-yard, once renowned for the construction of war-galleys, now busy building a great ironclad, and all around stand the houses occupied by the workmen, great high buildings, peopled evidently by countless families, who all hang out their linen to dry at the front windows, the parti-colored garments making curious patches of color on the once scarlet but now peeling walls of these ancient tenements, over the doors of which are to be seen the half-obliterated, carven shields of some old family, now perhaps extinct, or, as in the case of the last representatives of some noble houses, reduced to the condition of gondoliers.

It is a matter of wonder how any of the old Venetian stock are still in existence, when the number of deaths which took place during the great plague is considered; for in 1630, in the course of that one year, eighty thousand people were swept away in Venice alone. The government did all in its power to prevent the spread of the awful scourge by instituting, not only hospitals for the sick, but quarantine for those who had been in any way in contact with them. The sick were sent to the little island near the Lido, called the Lazaretto, where there is still a hospital, and those who were as yet well, but who had run the chance of contagion, were encamped around the Lazaretto Nuovo, the island which is now occupied by the trim gardens and monastery of the Armenian fathers. No better description of the scene can be given than in Sansovino's own words:—

But here came only those who were well, who, having been amongst the sick, doubting whether they were infected, retired to this place, and there did quarantine for twenty-two days. Which thing I having known in my own person to my grievous loss by the death of my daughter Aurora, at the age of eleven years, and by the grief of Benedetta Misocca, my consort, in the time of the plague, in the year 1576, it pleases me to relate the order in which this work was maintained, for the example of foreign princes, so that they may clearly understand what was the singular charity of our fathers and lords towards the people in its urgent need, and so that they may learn to imitate them with works really worthy of them, and to make perpetual memorial to the glory of this, without doubt, Christian and pious city. There were there from eight to ten thousand persons in three thousand or more boats. To all these, for the most part poor people (although there were also some nobles and citizens who lived at their own expense), who had been despoiled of their infected property which they left in Venice, was given food at the public expense for two and twenty days.

So many boats, small and large (because amongst them were some hulks of disabled galleys), posted round the Lazaretto, had the appearance of an army besieging a sea city. Above was seen a banner, beyond which it was forbidden to pass, and near by was the force for the punishment of those who disobeyed the commands of the superiors.

In the morning at a proper hour appeared the inspectors, who, going from bark to bark, informed themselves if any had fallen ill, and, finding any such, sent them to the Lazaretto vecchio. Not long after this, arrived other boats laden with bread, cooked meat, fish, and wine, and dispensed the above articles to the amount of fourteen soldi the day per head, in such order, and in such silence, that it could not be surpassed. As the evening fell, there was heard a wonderful harmony of divers voices of those who at the sound of the Ave Maria, praised God, singing, some litanies, and some psalms. At night-time not a sound nor a movement was heard, so that no one would have said that there was a living man there, much less eight or ten thousand persons. But scarcely did the day dawn, when there arrived at least fifty boats, full of people who came into quarantine, the which folk were all received and saluted with mild applause and cheerfulness by every one, protesting to the new comers, that they ought to be of good heart, because here no man labored, and they were in the country of Cockaigne. Meanwhile, with prayers that came from the depth of their heart, they turned towards heaven, and, with joined hands, prayed for the perpetual maintenance of this republic. It was also a marvellous thing to see the number of boats which went to visit their divisions with divers refreshments. And neither was it a small marvel to the lookers-on to see the wooden houses, made by the public on the shores of the Lido, near the water, for the convenience of the people: because from afar it seemed like a new city; and, besides this, it had a cheerful and joyous aspect, although the hearts of the people, so crushed with much suffering, were filled with extreme compassion and grief.

But all these precautions availed but little; the plague held its own, until the doge and Senate, in despair, vowed to build a magnificent church in honor of our Lady of Health (the Madonna della Salute) if only this plague should cease, and annually to repair in state thereto, in thanksgiving for the answer to their prayers.

In 1631, the plague abating, they immediately took thought to redeem their word, and published a request for plans from architects of all nations, writing orders to their ambassadors at different courts to help them in this object. But meantime, not to put off the day of thanksgiving, a great wooden church was temporarily erected, on the spot on which now rise

the white domes, so well known to all visitors to the Queen of the Adriatic. The site chosen, being on the further side of the Grand Canal, a bridge was built on boats across from the church of San Moïse to the door of the temporary erection, and all adorned with Oriental carpets, and from this bridge to the door of St. Mark's the road was covered in with arches, draped with white cloth.

The chief magistrate of the Board of Health made proclamation on the Piazza di San Marco, that God, by the intercession of the Virgin, had in his mercy freed the capital of Venetia, and her provinces, from the scourge of the pestilence; and, as he finished speaking, all the bells rang out, every ship in harbor fired off a salute of artillery, and the air rang with the shouts of the people. High mass was then sung by the patriarch in the great basilica, and then, in solemn order, the train passed under the white-draped arches, the doge in his gorgeous robes of cloth of gold, the senators in their crimson brocades, richly furred, the nobles in purple velvet, and all the clergy of the city in full canonicals, making altogether such a grouping of color as now exists only in the pictures of Paolo Veronese.

The Te Deum was sung in the temporary church. But we may well imagine that beneath all this outward show of rejoicing, and in spite of the heartfelt thanksgiving for the cessation of the pestilence, which had more than decimated the city, there must have been many a sore heart; for, amidst all that gaily adorned festal troop, there can have been none in whose family some gap had not been recently made by the enemy which laid low rich and poor alike.

The design chosen for the church which should arise on the site of the temporary fabric, was that of Baldassare Longhena, and the work was soon set in hand, but the building was not consecrated until more than fifty years after the first thanksgiving-day. Now, although it is of a corrupt style of architecture, with its monstrous rolled cornices and theatrically posed statues, it forms one of the most charming features of the Grand Canal, particularly at sunset, when the traveller returning from the Lido sees the domes rising pearly-grey against the blue and crimson sky, the water rippling gold and violet and emerald green at their feet, the vista of the opening canal stretching away into the dusk, all its inequalities softened into one general beauty in the evening haze. One of the best views of the Rialto

is from a little way above the "Volta di Canal," that is, the bend made by the Grand Canal just by the great Foscari Palace. The posts which every house has for the convenience of mooring the gondola, with their bright tints (being painted with the owner's colors, his crest, or coat-of-arms on the upper end), add greatly to the cheerfulness of the scene.

The aspect of the Rialto is probably as familiar to most people as their own house-door, so often has it been depicted by artists of all nations; and yet the bridge itself is not, except for the boldness of its great span, really beautiful, being overweighted by the double row of shops on the top. Who does not think of Shylock when the Rialto is mentioned, and of his speech to the merchant?—

Signor Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies and my usances.

But the Rialto here meant is not the bridge, but the space at the foot of it, where the vegetable market now is, and where in former days the merchants used to walk under the arcades and talk over their business. Here, also, after the death of a member of a patrician house, the men of the bereaved family assembled, dressed in deep mourning, *i.e.*, in long training robes of black, with hanging sleeves, and girded with a leathern belt, and received the condolences of friends, who took them solemnly by the hand, murmured a few words of sympathy, and then passed on.

On the open space at the top of the bridge stood for three days Marco Polo, the great traveller, feigning to be mad and turning a wheel, and crying incessantly, "If the Lord pleases, he will come," until, on the back of a beggar in the gazing crowd, he recognized the ragged garments, in which his treasured jewels were stitched, and which his uncle's wife had unwittingly given away.

Leaving the Rialto behind us, we see the fish-market on our left, and of an early morning it is a very pretty sight, covered with baskets of little silvery fish, something like whitebait, called here *bussichetti*, great dogfish with wide mouths, and quantities of the razor shell-fish, *capi lunghi*, which are eaten raw, and *capi santi*, the pilgrim's cockle, with its pretty yellow and rose-tinted shells. Over all these, the fishermen make awnings with the beautiful golden and scarlet sails of their boats, which lie moored along the edge of the quay.

Almost opposite to the fish-market is the opening of the narrow canal which leads to the palace erst belonging to the hapless Marino Faliero, "who," as says the old historian, "being aged eighty years, very rich, of excellent heart and great eloquence, but extraordinary choleric; by this choler, being moved with great indignation at an insult done to the honor of his name, and not avenged as he desired, conspired against his country, not for lust of lordship, being of the age of eighty years and without children, but by reason of weakness of the brain, he being then so old;" and so, with brief sentence he concludes, "he was decapitated in that place in the which he had received the ducal crown:" this place not being, however, at the head of the Scala dei Giganti, as Byron would, in his drama, lead one to believe, that staircase not having been built until more than a hundred and fifty years after Marino's death.

The house just beyond the bridge, on the right, contains part of the original fabric in which poor Marino Faliero was born, and which, after his death, was confiscated and given as the price of blood to the furrier who had betrayed him, who did not long enjoy his ill-gotten gains, but, being of a grasping and restless character, was exiled by the government. Over the Byzantine windows, on the second floor, is still visible the stone-carved shield of the Falieri, as well as other ancient carvings, let into the wall.

Returning into the Grand Canal, the gondola passes between many an old palace, each with its story attached. On the right, just before the bend which the canal makes towards the station, is the great Palazzo Vendramin Calerghi, sometimes called the Palazzo Non Nobis, from the inscription "Non nobis domine, non nobis," the motto of the family, cut on the stones forming its base. Here, in 1658, took place one of those brutal murders which occasionally occur in the annals of Venice. At that date there lived in this palace Vittore, a priest, Giovanni, and Pietro, three brothers of the house of Grimani, dissolute and factious men, whom the State, tired of their crimes, had sentenced to banishment; but the three brothers braved the law, and remained in their house, surrounding themselves with bravoës, ruffians ready to obey their worst bidding.

Francesco Guerini, a Venetian noble, having in some manner incurred the hatred of the three, they had him seized on the night of the 15th January, as he was

leaving the opera at the theatre then existing in the parish of San Giovanni e Paolo, and brought from thence in a gondola to their own house, taken into the little garden, which lies alongside, bordering on the Grand Canal, and there had him murdered before their eyes. The Senate, indignant at this outrage, cited the brothers to appear before its tribunal; but they, refusing to obey the summons, were again sentenced to banishment, degraded from their rank as nobles, and their goods confiscated, and, furthermore, it was decreed that their palace door should be built up, the garden, the scene of this dastardly murder, should be laid waste, and a column erected therein bearing this inscription:—

L'abb. Vettor, Zuane e Piero, fratelli Grimani, furono banditi per haver contro la pubblica libertà, nelle proprie case barbaramente condotte e con moltissime archibugiate interfetto s. Francesco Querini, fo de Z. Francesco.

[The Abbé Victor, John and Peter, brothers Grimani, were banished for having, against the liberty of the public, barbarously led into their own house, and laid low with many arquebus shots, Messeri Francesco Querini, son of Messeri Francesco.]

This decree was carried out; but, in spite of it, we find that some years afterwards the sentence of banishment was repealed, the brothers were restored to their former honors, the column of infamy (as these pillars commemorative of a crime were named) was removed, the garden restored to its former state, and the three murderers so far increased in wealth and prosperity that they added another wing to their already magnificent house. Truly these wicked men flourished like a green bay tree! It would be interesting to know whether their end was prosperous, or whether retributive justice overtook them at last.

Further up the canal, and at the corner of the Canareggio, the broad canal which, before the days of the railway, was the main route to Mestre, stands the handsome two-storied house called Ca' (i.e. Casa) Labia, once belonging to the rich and powerful family of that name, of whom the story goes that their name even was a pun on their riches, "*mi pare che abbia quella casa sempre ricchezze*," says the gondolier (Venetian speech dropping every *i*) who tells the tale, of how so great and wealthy were they, and so proud thereof that they wished to appear even more so, and, therefore, gave magnificent banquets to many gentlemen, every one being served on golden plates, the which,

after dinner, the servants had orders to throw from the windows into the canal, as if these things were of but little worth to such as they; "but," adds the narrator, "mark this, guards were set to watch the spot, and at night, when all was quiet, the heir of the house dived, and recovered all his golden plates which for ostentation had been cast away; but the end of their pride and vain-glory was, that these who had been so rich and powerful ended their days in misery and poverty." We do not know what gave rise to this tradition, but certain it is that the Labia were very wealthy, for it is recorded that many a time they entertained more than forty gentlemen at banquets, where every one was served on gold; and on one occasion, Paolo Antonio Labia, on his return from some naval expedition, when the men under his command were disbanded, furnished three hundred of them with new garments and food, and money sufficient to take every man to his own home, be the distance what it might. The richly ornamented palazzo is now turned into a *deposito di carrozze*, but, considering that such a thing as a carriage is unknown in Venice, the business can scarcely be a lucrative one.

Close beside the house rises the campanile of the church of San Geremia, a view of which is to be found amongst Canaletto's pictures of Venice; but the church then bore quite a different aspect to its present one, the entire building having since been remodelled.

Beyond the Canareggio bridge rise the tall houses of the Ghetto, the part of Venice which, after many years of total exclusion of the Jews from the city, was, in 1416, at last conceded to them; under the condition that they should never be seen without, says the ancient decree, a large yellow O, as big as a loaf, on their breasts, and a yellow cap on their heads. The Ghetto of Venice is, contrary to the traveller's usual experience, one of the cleanest parts of the city; and its inhabitants seem here, as elsewhere, to have been prosperous in money-getting, for some of the finest houses in the Grand Canal now belong to members of the chosen people.

The stranger in Venice is particularly struck by the curious narrow ways which lead up to some of the best houses, making it almost impossible for him to find his road to them on foot, as the narrow alleys, or *calle*, as they are called here, twist and turn in the most confusing manner. Neither is the fashion of number-

ing the houses conducive to ease in finding any given address, as the whole of each parish is numbered through from beginning to end, without any reference to the names of the streets; the reason of this being, doubtless, that within a few hundred square yards several streets bearing the same name are to be found, "Calle della Malvasia" and "Calle del Magazen" being the most frequent — the former from the, in ancient times, large number of shops for the sale of the favorite wine, "malvasia," *i.e.* malvoisie; and the latter referring to the small taverns called *magazeni*, where loans of small sums of money were obtainable as well as wine.

Passing from the Campo di San Polo, a large open square, surrounded with handsome houses now falling into decay, through one of the above-mentioned Calle del Magazen, a narrow, tortuous passage, about four feet wide, we reach a little bridge, a modern erection, across which the way leads, under low pillars, along the quay of a little canal, the Rielo di S. Polo, to the back or land-entrance of the Ca' Capello, not the house from which the famous Bianca Capello fled with her Florentine lover, but a smaller one belonging to another branch of the family, and the front of which was formerly adorned with paintings by Paolo Veronese and his friend Zelotti, but of which works of priceless value no traces now remain. In this palace, on the 9th of February, 1519, the head of the Capelli gave a great *fête*, and Sanuto tells in his diary how it was feared that the merry-making would be broken up, a quarrel having arisen amongst some of the guests; but peace being fortunately re-established, the gentlemen proceeded, each with his lady, under the pillars above mentioned, into the Campo San Polo, where, having danced till nine o'clock, they returned to the Ca' Capello, where they supped, the banquet being no doubt laid in the great hall, which here, as in most old Venetian palaces, runs through the centre of the house, on the first floor, and from which hall, it may be said in conclusion, these few glimpses of old Venetian customs are taken.

AMY LAYARD.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
DREAM-SPACE.

PROFESSOR CAYLEY'S address at the opening of the recent meeting of the

British Association produced a somewhat singular impression. That not one in a hundred of those who heard or read it could form any opinion as to its value was generally admitted; yet hundreds expressed very strong opinions respecting its extreme value, its unusual profundity. The newspaper science writers of the average class (men like him who spoke of the great sea wave after the Javan earthquake as a tidal wave, or like that writer in the *Times* of September 22, who volunteered the amazing statement that our distance from the sun is greatest when the earth is on the major axis of her elliptic orbit, least when she is on the minor axis) were deeply impressed by ideas, new doubtless to them, about non-Euclidean geometry, imaginary points in space, and space of four dimensions or more. The *Globe* was moved to unusual solemnity by these mysteries, and recognizing in the meetings of the British Association, with their *soirées*, *conversazioni*, excursions, and so forth, efforts at the advancement rather than the popularization of science, commended the opening address as more suitable than such mere wondrous discourses as Tyndall, Huxley, and others have addressed to rapt and delighted audiences. The *Times* talked equal nonsense. Even the *Spectator*, though its editor is a man of learning and acumen, spoke of Professor Cayley's address as affording evidence that progress in science involves hard thinking, instead of proving, as it really did, that there may be much hard thinking without a trace of progress. "If Professor Cayley," says the writer in the *Spectator* (surely not Mr. R. H. Hutton himself), "so excites or so illumines the mind of one mathematician that he is induced to redouble exertion, and to carry the torch still further onward, more is done for mathematics, and therefore for science generally, than would be done by years of lectures productive only of mental titillation, or of those 'discussions' which are, for the most part, only mellifluous expressions of gratified wonder."

To the true science worker, whether in the fields of mathematical inquiry as directed to the advance of science, or in physical researches, the fault to be found with those parts of Professor Cayley's address which attracted most attention as being most mysterious, lies not in their profundity, still less in their solidity, but in their relations to considerations utterly and necessarily valueless. There is no more difficulty in conceiving non-Euclid-

ean geometry, for instance, or in working out a system of such geometry, than in conceiving the geometry based on ideas which are axiomatic to us, and in working out that system of geometry which is actually in vogue: but work of one kind is useless; work of the other kind tends directly to the advancement of knowledge. There is more difficulty in conceiving imaginary intersections of lines and curves which according to experience do not intersect at all, and again in conceiving a fourth dimension in space; but each difficulty is as great for a Helmholtz or a Clifford, a Spottiswoode or a Cayley, as it is for a college lad of mathematical turn of mind who has clear conceptions of the meaning of mathematical definitions and axioms.

Before commenting on the preposterous (and worse) waste of time and mental power in the discussion of relations either non-existent or inconceivable, I will briefly touch on the notions themselves which have been advanced as if they were worth considering. What these notions are can be made as clear to any reader of ordinary intelligence as they ever can be to the profoundest mathematician, *though it is true enough that only the profoundest mathematician can elaborate systems of mathematics based on the imagined truth of these untrue and inconceivable fancies.* This is where the newspaper writers referred to above mistake. They are told, truly, that only mathematicians can work out systems of non-Euclidean geometry, or of multidimensional space; and they therefore imagine that only mathematicians can know what are the ideas on which such systems are based. But as a matter of fact the nature of these ideas is quite easily to be understood, though no one that has ever lived can work out or even conceive the working out of all which would follow from the truth of ideas intrinsically inconceivable.

The simplest perhaps of all the imaginary mathematical ideas is one relating to numbers. In our actual world two and two make four. But there comes along one of those mathematical metaphysicians who are not content to labor in advancing knowledge, but prefer to speculate about the impossible or inconceivable, who asks: "What would happen with our arithmetic in a world where two and two made three, or, it may be, five? In one case processes of numeration would differ by defect, in the other by excess. Let us see what sort of arithmetic we should require, to deal (in one case and in the other) with

the altered state of things." Now for this easily understood idea the mathematician or arithmetician of the kind we are considering can adduce reasons as valid as (we shall presently see) he can advance when inviting men to consider systems of non-Euclidean geometry or of multidimensional space. It is practically axiomatic, no doubt, that in this world, so far as our experience goes, two and two always make four. We are even so far lost to all sense of caution in such matters as to imagine that as two things of any sort whatever, existing anywhere whatever, may be represented for purposes of enumeration by two marks, and two other things by two more marks, and as we get in this way (as we can prove experimentally if necessary) four marks, and not three, it is certain that two and two always make four. But we should rouse our souls to conceive the possibility that elsewhere than in this limited little infinite universe of *ours*, the addition of two things to two things of the same sort may always result in giving three things of that sort, and therefore we must learn to picture the possibility that in that other kind of universe the conception that two and two make four would appear as *bizarre* and fanciful as the notion seems to us that two and two should make three. As for experiment, however often repeated, proving that two and two make four, that is a delusion and a snare. The proposition that two and two make four "*seems*"* only to have the character of universality and necessity," but "because a proposition is observed to hold good for a long series of generations, one thousand numbers, two thousand numbers, as the case may be, this is not only no proof, it is absolutely no evidence, that the proposition is a true proposition holding good for all numbers whatever; there are in the theory of numbers very remarkable instances of propositions observed to hold good for very long series of numbers which are nevertheless untrue."

Now when we have *talked* about such a conception as that in some imaginary universe two and two make three, when we have started a number of metaphysical "may be"s and "might be"s, and "what-then-would-be"s, and so forth, in what way have we advanced science? Is the bewilderment which such talk may produce in

* The quotation is from Professor Cayley's address. He does not apply the word *seems* to the proposition that two and two make four, but he does apply it to a proposition of the same character, namely, that even and odd numbers succeed each other alternately *ad infinitum*.

the minds of those too full of faith in the men, who profess to teach them, to imagine that they may be merely talking and talking naught, a feeling which is likely to encourage them to the further study of science? Would the dignity of science have suffered much if, instead of such bewilderment, interest had been excited in the minds of fairly intelligent readers by some clear, non-technical explanation of a matter within their scope? Ah, but, says the brilliant young buccaneer of the press, it is well to show the ignorant crowd that gathers to hear a presidential address, how high the minds of mathematicians soar above not only their knowledge but even their power of conceiving things knowable. Is it so? But how if the crowd is not so ignorant as we pretend? How if nine-tenths of those present are intelligent and well-educated persons, capable of taking interest, and wanting to take interest, in scientific truths? And so far as the dignity of science is concerned, how if instead of revering the mathematics which comes before them in such questionable shape, they see in the supposed advance only such advance as there is from the strength of mid-life to the dotage of second childhood? Mathematics in its prime, the mathematics of Newton and Lagrange and Laplace, advanced our knowledge like the mental work of a man in his prime; mathematics dealing with imaginary nonentities is like the unintelligible fancies of a dreaming dotard who *has been* learned and profound, but in his old age lets idle imaginations take possession of him.

Now let us turn to the geometry called non-Euclidean, and see in what sense or degree it differs from the imaginary arithmetic I have just touched on; a subject which would probably have received more attention from mathematicians than it has yet had, were not its absurdity and uselessness rather too obvious.

We are to start by imagining that a plane is a surface of a perfectly smooth sphere of great size, so that any part of the surface which could be examined would seem to have no curvature at all, but to be what in Euclidean geometry is called a plane. A straight line would of course be only an apparently straight line drawn on this apparently plane but really spherical surface. Then, the investigation of the properties of lines and curves on this surface would at first lead to Euclidean geometry. Thus two straight lines, as the poor deluded inquirers would deem them, intersecting each other, would

seem to draw farther and farther apart the farther they were drawn from the point of intersection. Parallel lines would be drawn which, produced ever so far (that is, so far as ever seemed necessary) both ways, would not meet or seem to approach each other. The inhabitants of the perfectly smooth sphere "might very well conceive," as Professor Cayley puts it, "that they had by experience established the axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the axiom" on which the theory of parallel lines is based. But "a more extended experience and more accurate measurements would teach them that the axioms were each of them false; and that any two lines, if produced far enough each way, would meet in two points; they would in fact arrive at a spherical geometry, accurately representing the properties of the space "in which they lived." Be it noted, Professor Cayley here supposes the inhabitants of the spherical surface to be limited to the surface. They are not to be regarded as creatures standing on that surface. Their universe is the surface itself, with its apparent properties of length and breadth only, which really are curved length and curved breadth, and therefore involve thickness also. What kind of brains we are to attribute to these creatures does not appear; but if the recognition that on a sufficiently extended survey their supposed straight lines met, did not suggest the idea of thickness, we must imagine a certain degree of mental density in them. Professor Cayley says, "Their original Euclidean geometry would be a true system; but it would apply to an ideal space, not the space of their experience;" in other words, these curved-surface creatures would have conceived the idea of a true plane, and would by experience have been taught that their surface-home was not a true plane; capable of these things, they must of necessity be capable of recognizing the distinction between a plane and a spherical surface; but a sphere has diametral as well as surface dimensions. With the recognition of this would necessarily have come the recognition of a third dimension—thickness as well as the length and breadth they had before recognized.

The next idea suggested by the mathematicians of impossible and imaginary relations is, if possible, still more *outré*. "Let us modify our notion of distance," says the geometrician of the imaginary. (In other words, let us modify our notion of the fundamental conception of meas-

urement, in order to see what we may conceive if we begin by imagining the inconceivable.) We measure distances by some very short measure—*i.e.*, a measure very short indeed compared with the distances to be measured—a foot, for instance, to measure hundreds of miles, or a yard to measure millions. Then we imagine that the rule or measure we take about with us, instead of behaving like a respectable footrule, changes in length in different parts of the universe we live in. The only rule the rule obeys is, we are to suppose, that in any the same part of our universe the rule's length is always the same, so that if we only knew where we were we should know what the rule's length was, but otherwise not. Moreover we are supposed not to know, but to imagine in the innocence of our hearts, that our rule is the same in length wherever we may be.

Of course, thus far, no supposition has been made which is inconsistent with possibilities. A footrule of a given substance does change in length when taken to places of different temperature, and if we imagine (which is quite conceivable) that the temperature is constant at particular points in the universe, the rule would be always of the same length when brought to any given place, though of a different (but also known) length when brought to some other place.

Now in such a state of things as this, we might measure a given distance as confidently with a varying footrule as with an unvarying one, for we should never find out any mistakes we might make, seeing that at every remeasurement the same variations in the rule's length would take place, so that the result would always be the same, and we should never detect our error. Distances so determined would not be the real distances, as (in our simplicity) we estimate distances—that is, by the number of times they contain a measure of given and unvarying length. Or, as Professor Cayley remarks, we may arrive at a similar result through a rather different conception. If the rate of progress from a given point in a given direction be conceived as depending only on the configuration of the ground, and the distance along a given path, between any two points on the path, be measured by the time required for traversing it, then the distance would in this case, as in the last, have a determinate value. But it would not be the actual distance, but the distance estimated in a way quite unlike our ordinary conception of distance.

So far all is reasonable enough. The conceptions about the measurement of distance are no more inconsistent with reason than the supposition that if we had a rule really only eleven inches long which we supposed to be a true one-foot rule, we should find all our measurements made with it consistent and congruous, though in reality all our estimated distances would be incorrect. What follows, however, is as inconsistent with reason as it would be to imagine that we could at the same time know the short rule to be one inch less than a foot and conceive measurements made with it as a one-foot rule to be exact, as well as congruous *inter se*.

For the professor of imaginary geometry goes on to conceive the possibility that in a universe where actual footrules varied systematically in length, or the actual measurements of distance were for other reasons systematically incorrect (though congruous), the ideas of beings inhabiting such space would be as inexact as those ever-varying footrules. He imagines the inhabitants of such space conceiving of their space as we conceive of the space we live in, which is of course right enough; and also quite rightly he points out that as to portions or parts of their space they would have erroneous notions; but he treats these erroneous views as though they actually changed the distances, as well as the estimate of such distances. To conceive that a man who has found twelve rule-lengths in a given distance would suppose the distance to be twelve feet if he thought his rule a footrule is manifestly right; to assert also that if the rule was but eleven inches long the distance would in reality be but eleven feet is also right; but to speak of this erroneously measured distance as though its character as a distance differed in some way from that of any correctly measured distance, is to suggest a sheer absurdity. Yet this is precisely the sort of mistake into which the followers of imaginary geometries insist on falling.

Suppose, they say, that as the rule moves away from a fixed central point of the plane it becomes shorter and shorter, and that this shortening takes place with sufficient rapidity to make distances which are really finite seem infinite, because the rule becomes infinitely shortened, and seems therefore to be contained an infinite number of times in distances really finite. If this happens within a finite distance from the centre, then around that centre there will be a finite space such that, as

distances are assumed to be measured, the boundary will seem to be at an infinite distance from the centre. It will be impossible by any number of applications of the rule to get beyond that boundary. Or if you take the time method of measuring distances, then you are to suppose that as the distance from the centre increases the time occupied in traversing a given real distance becomes greater and greater until at a certain finite distance from the centre it becomes infinite. Then, in like manner, it becomes impossible, by any application of your time measure, or in other words in any amount of time, to get beyond that finite distance from the centre. The region around will in either case be an unknown region to which you cannot attain, for in one case as you near the boundary you seem to be traversing infinite distances when, in reality, only traversing finite ones; and in the other you seem to be an infinite time traversing certain distances when, as a matter of fact, the distances seeming to require infinite times for passing them are finite.

When we either apply such fancies as these, or others not less inconsistent with our innate conceptions, to space relations, we are naturally led to a geometry unlike that dealt with by common-sense geometers. We may call the geometry to which we are thus led non-Euclidean, and it may please the fanciful to find in the cumbrous term something suggestive of scientific profundity. If we called these imaginary relations "dream-geometry," we should be somewhat nearer the truth, for it is only in dreams that men can fancy things are and are not, at one and the same time.

The particular axiom of Euclid's geometry by which believers in the imaginary find entrance into their dream region is the twelfth, which really implies that if two straight lines are found to be diverging when we examine them at any point along the length of each, they diverge in that direction let them be extended as far as we please. The axiom, indeed, really seems to relate to convergence, for it states in effect that if two lines are found by the application of a particular test to be converging in one direction they will continue to converge till they meet. But as an earlier axiom has already stated that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, it is clear the recognition of a point of intersection in one direction compels us to believe that there is no point of intersection in the other. In both axioms the idea underlying what is held to be obvious

in the axiom is that of direction. It has often been suggested that each axiom is open to improvement. The earlier might be replaced by the axiom that if two straight lines coincide in two points they coincide throughout their length, only it might be objected that there is a sort of "bull" here, for there is in this case but one straight line. Yet in reality *this* is the axiom which Euclid assumes throughout his geometrical reasoning, many of his propositions being open to exception if it be admitted that two points are insufficient to determine the position of a line. Indeed his first two postulates practically involve this axiom. Let it be granted, he says, that a straight line can be drawn from any one point to any other point, and that a straight line so drawn can be produced to any distance in the *same straight line*. Here manifestly both Euclid's own axiom that two straight lines cannot enclose a space, and the more general axiom above suggested, are assumed as self-evident and necessary truths with regard to the straight line.

As for the unfortunate twelfth axiom, it is quite true that it is a proposition requiring proof, not really an axiom. But, in like manner, the definition of parallel lines involves a theorem, namely, that there can be such lines as being produced indefinitely both ways will never meet. Here, however, it cannot be doubted that our fundamental conception of the straight line enables us to accept the idea of parallel lines as axiomatic, and also *this*, which is the essence of the whole matter. If two straight lines are parallel, and we draw through a point in one of them *any straight line whatever* not coinciding with it, this straight line will meet the other, and will meet it on that side where the crossing line falls between the parallels. Thus let AB, CD, be parallel straight lines, and through any point P in AB let any straight line be drawn, say in the direction indicated by the arrows E, F. Then that this thwart line must meet CD produced in one direction, and cannot possibly meet CD produced in the other direction, is certainly as axiomatic as the statement that two straight lines cannot enclose a space.

But dream-geometry starts with the assumption that this is not axiomatic or necessarily obvious — that within certain limits many straight lines might be drawn through P (besides AB), which would not meet CD produced in either direction; or else that a line through P meeting CD produced towards C might also meet CD pro-

duced towards D, or two straight lines enclose a space, which in dream-geometry (but in dream-geometry only) is not impossible.

The idea underlying all this nonsense is that within the distance over which we extend our survey straight lines may preserve the qualities which we associate with straightness, and so our geometry be true within the regions for which it has been constructed, but that at greater distances than we deal with straight lines without losing their straightness may converge after diverging, may return into themselves, and may, in fine, play numberless pranks not recognized as possible in common-sense geometry. The late Professor Clifford, whose splendid mathematical powers were far too often wasted, as have been those of Helmholtz, Cayley, and other powerful mathematicians, over mere dream-geometry, went so far as to say that two points diverging from where he stood before his audience at the Royal Institution, though seeming within the distances we deal with to increase indefinitely their distance apart, might eventually meet again, either at a point very far from that whence they set out, or at that very point itself. Now here is a conception which a common-sense, clear mind can deal with as effectively as the best mathematical mind the world has yet produced. What is our idea of two lines diverging in a straight line from a point? Certainly this, that throughout their movement, whether continued for a few seconds or for a million years, or for infinity of time, each is moving directly from the other, never inclining by the least conceivable angle from the direction which takes it exactly from the position occupied at the moment by the other. This being so, is it or is it not absurd to speak of the possibility that these two points can ever meet? seeing that if they met they must, long before the time of meeting, have been travelling in such a way as to be approaching each other. Can any mind conceive, nay, can we even conceive any mind out of Bedlam conceiving, the approach and final meeting of two points as resulting from their continual divergence, guided throughout by their momentary positions, let them be where they may?

But it may be answered that the new geometry would in this case regard the two points as diverging along certain tracks possessing the quality of straightness for non-Euclidean space but really re-entering into each other, or converging so as to intersect somewhere or other. But

this is to adopt the idea of a straight line and to give up the idea of a straight line at one and the same moment. We define a straight line as that which lies evenly between its extreme points; and as the straight line can be produced to any distance in the same straight line, the extreme points may be any whatever. Can one at the same time accept the idea of a straight line as lying evenly between its extreme points, and also as re-entering into or intersecting itself?

We find just the same absurdity (as well as mere inconceivability) in the idea of a fourth dimension in space. It is idle to talk of creatures having only length, and what such inconceivable creatures would think of breadth; idle to talk of creatures having only length and breadth and what such unimaginable creatures would think of our comfortably triple dimensions of length, breadth, and thickness. No one can imagine such creatures as actually existent beings. No one can imagine a "body" having fewer dimensions than three. But if one for a moment could imagine such beings, one might very readily admit that their ideas about geometry would be as infinitely thin and shallow as they themselves were infinitely flat and tenuous. But turning to the three dimensions which we recognize, and cannot but recognize, in every definite *portion* of space, whether occupied by material body or not, it is as impossible to conceive of a fourth or higher dimension as it is to conceive of a body having but one or two dimensions. Take any straight line whatever in which or parallel to which to measure length, and intersecting it take any straight line square to it along which to measure breadth; then you have a plane in which or parallel to which you measure length and breadth. Conceive this plane extended indefinitely, preserving its perfect planeness. Now is it possible to conceive of a point *anywhere whatever* which shall not be either in this plane or on one side or the other of it? The distance of any point from the plane, which may be any whatever between infinity and nothing, corresponds to the third dimension which completes our conception of space. If a point can be conceived which is not perfectly determinable by its distance from a definite point in that infinitely extended plane, then there may be a fourth dimension in space. But to conceive the existence of such a point we must imagine a point to be somewhere neither in the plane nor on either side of it. One might as reasonably speak of a

number which was neither equal to some given number nor greater than it nor less than it.

Professor Cayley is good enough to explain that the first step is the only difficulty, and that granting a fourth dimension we may assume as many dimensions as we please. It is so, and consequently outside dream-geometry we can assume no more than three dimensions in space. The only argument that has ever been adduced in favor of the geometrical existence of fourth, fifth, and higher dimensions still, is that equations with one unknown may be conveniently regarded as relating to lengths, equations with two unknowns as relating to surfaces, and equations with three unknowns as relating to volumes; so that if, without departing from space as actually known and conceivable, we might similarly interpret equations with four, five, or more unknowns, it would be convenient and pleasant. But it would be as reasonable to argue that as a distance traversed may be conveniently measured by the time taken in traversing it, it would be convenient to find — in one and the same series of equations — a corresponding way of representing a surface or a volume by time intervals. Thus, if in a certain problem relating to the uniform motion of a heavenly body we conveniently represent miles by minutes, might we not conveniently in the same investigation represent square miles by square minutes; and if common-sense folk say that we cannot conceive square minutes, why should we not reply that though they cannot, yet they show their want of mathematical adaptiveness in failing to see that as minutes conveniently represent miles, square miles which certainly exist must have their correlatives in square minutes, which one of these days we may learn to understand?

Nay, may we not in this way fairly parody Professor Clifford's remark that in non-infinite space of four dimensions, reëntering into itself and otherwise inconceivably comporting itself, he could find relief from the oppressive vastness of limitless space? Time also is presented to common minds as infinite. But may it not be infinite because we with our finite ways of thinking know at present only of time progressing in one direction? May we not conceive of time as having more dimensions than one; not mere length but breadth also, and mayhap even thickness, and, added to that, density also? The difficulty is only in the first step. If once we admit the idea of time going on

in more directions than one, extending sideways as well as forwards, we have at once the conception of time of two dimensions, we may compare squared time to surfaces, we can picture time when extended indefinitely in what we suppose to be the same direction reëntering into itself and so find relief from the oppressive vastness of endless time. All this, I grant, is nonsense, sheer, utter, time-wasting absurdity. It all the better symbolizes the nonsense which mathematicians of masculine mind reject, the non-Euclidean geometry, quadri-dimensional space, and like absurdities, by which a false idea of profundity is suggested, but which are in reality vain, idle, time-wasting dreams.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
OLD LADY MARY:

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

I.

SHE was very old, and therefore it was very hard for her to make up her mind to die.

I am aware that this is not at all the general view, but that it is believed, as old age must be near death, that it prepares the soul for that inevitable event. It is not so, however, in many cases. In youth we are still so near the unseen out of which we came, that death is rather pathetic than tragic — a thing that touches all hearts, but to which, in many cases, the young hero accommodates himself sweetly and courageously. And amid the storms and burdens of middle life there are many times when we would fain push open the door that stands ajar, and behind which there is ease for all our pains, or at least rest, if nothing more. But age, which has gone through both these phases, is apt, out of long custom and habit, to regard the matter from a different view. All things that are violent have passed out of its life, — no more strong emotions, such as rend the heart — no great labors, bringing after them the weariness which is unto death, but the calm of an existence which is enough for its needs, which affords the moderate amount of comfort and pleasure for which its being is now adapted, and of which there seems no reason that there should ever be any end. To passion, to joy, to anguish, an end must come; but mere

gentle living, determined by a framework of gentle rules and habits — why should that ever be ended? When a soul has got to this retirement and is content in it, it becomes very hard to die: hard to accept the necessity of dying, and to accustom one's self to the idea, and still harder to consent to carry it out.

The woman who is the subject of the following narrative was in this position. She had lived through almost everything that is to be found in life. She had been beautiful in her youth, and had enjoyed all the triumphs of beauty; had been intoxicated with flattery, and triumphant in conquest, and mad with jealousy and the bitterness of defeat when it became evident that her day was over. She had never been a bad woman, or false, or unkind; but she had thrown herself with all her heart into those different stages of being, and had suffered as much as she enjoyed, according to the unfailing usage of life. Many a day during these storms and victories, when things went against her, when delights did not satisfy her, she had thrown out a cry into the wide air of the universe and wished to die. And then she had come to the higher table-land of life, and had borne all the spites of fortune, — had been poor and rich, and happy and sorrowful; had lost and won a hundred times over; had sat at feasts and kneeled by deathbeds, and followed her best-beloved to the grave, often, often crying out to God above to liberate her, to make an end of her anguish, for that her strength was exhausted and she could bear no more. But she had borne it and lived through all — and now had arrived at a time when all strong sensations are over, when the soul is no longer either triumphant or miserable, and when life itself, and comfort and ease, and the warmth of the sun, and of the fireside, and the mild beauty of home were enough for her, and she required no more. That is, she required very little more, — a useful routine of hours and rules, a play of reflected emotion, a pleasant exercise of faculty, making her feel herself still capable of the best things in life — of interest in her fellow-creatures, kindness to them, and a little gentle intellectual occupation, with books and men around. She had not forgotten anything in her life — not the excitements and delights of her beauty, nor love, nor grief, nor the higher levels she had touched in her day. She did not forget the dark day when her first-born was laid in the grave, nor that triumphant and brilliant climax of her life when

every one pointed to her as the mother of a hero. All these things were like pictures hung in the secret chambers of her mind, to which she could go back in silent moments, in the twilight seated by the fire, or in the balmy afternoon, when languor and sweet thoughts are over the world. Sometimes at such moments there would be heard from her a faint sob, called forth, it was quite as likely, by the recollection of the triumph as by that of the deathbed. With these pictures to go back upon at her will she was never dull, but saw herself moving through the various scenes of her life with a continual sympathy, feeling for herself in all her troubles — sometimes approving, sometimes judging that woman who had been so pretty, so happy, so miserable, and had gone through everything that life can go through. How much that is, looking back upon it! passages so hard that the wonder was how she could survive them — pangs so terrible that the heart would seem at its last gasp, but yet would revive and go on.

Besides these, however, she had many mild pleasures. She had a pretty house full of things which formed a graceful *entourage* suitable, as she felt, for such a woman as she was, and in which she took pleasure for their own beauty — soft chairs and couches, a fireplace and lights which were the perfection of tempered warmth and illumination. She had a carriage, very comfortable and easy, in which, when the weather was suitable, she went out; and a pretty garden and lawns, in which, when she preferred staying at home, she could have her little walk or sit out under the trees. She had books in plenty, and all the newspapers and everything that was needful to keep her within the reflection of the busy life which she no longer cared to encounter in her own person. The post rarely brought her painful letters; for all those impassioned interests which bring pain had died out, and the sorrows of others, when they were communicated to her, gave her a luxurious sense of sympathy yet exemption. She was sorry for them; but such catastrophes could touch her no more: and often she had pleasant letters, which afforded her something to talk and think about, and discuss as if it concerned her — and yet did not concern her, — business which could not hurt her if it failed, which would please her if it succeeded. Her letters, her papers, her books, each coming at its appointed hour, were all instruments of pleasure. She came down-stairs at a cer-

tain hour, which she kept to as if it had been of the utmost importance, although it was of no importance at all: she took just so much good wine, so many cups of tea. Her repasts were as regular as clockwork—never too late, never too early. Her whole life went on velvet, rolling smoothly along, without jar or interruption, blameless, pleasant, kind. People talked of her old age as a model of old age, with no bitterness or sourness in it. And, indeed, why should she have been sour or bitter? It suited her far better to be kind. She was in reality kind to everybody, liking to see pleasant faces about her. The poor had no reason to complain of her; her servants were very comfortable; and the one person in her house who was nearer to her own level, who was her companion and most important minister, was very comfortable too.

This was a young woman about twenty, a very distant relation, with "no claim," everybody said, upon her kind mistress and friend—the daughter of a distant cousin. How very few think anything at all of such a tie! but Lady Mary had taken her young namesake when she was a child, and she had grown up as it were at her godmother's footstool, in the conviction that the measured existence of the old was the rule of life, and that her own trifling personality counted for nothing, or next to nothing, in its steady progress. Her name was Mary too—always called "little Mary" as having once been little, and not yet very much in the matter of size. She was one of the pleasantest things to look at of all the pretty things in Lady Mary's rooms, and she had the most sheltered, peaceful, and pleasant life that could be conceived. The only little thorn in her pillow was, that whereas in the novels, of which she read a great many, the heroines all go and pay visits and have adventures, she had none, but lived constantly at home. There was something much more serious in her life, had she known, which was that she had nothing, and no power of doing anything for herself; that she had all her life been accustomed to a modest luxury which would make poverty very hard to her; and that Lady Mary was over eighty, and had made no will. If she did not make any will, her property would all go to her grandson, who was so rich already that her fortune would be but as a drop in the ocean to him; or to some great-grandchildren of whom she knew very little—the descendants of a daughter long ago dead who had married an Austrian, and who

were therefore foreigners both in birth and name. That she should provide for little Mary was therefore a thing which nature demanded, and which would hurt nobody. She had said so often; but she deferred the doing of it as a thing for which there was "no hurry." For why should she die? There seemed no reason or need for it. So long as she lived, nothing could be more sure, more happy and serene, than little Mary's life; and why should she die? She did not perhaps put this into words; but the meaning of her smile, and the manner in which she put aside every suggestion about the chances of the hereafter away from her, said it more clearly than words. It was not that she had any superstitious fear about the making of a will. When the doctor or the vicar or her man of business, the only persons who ever talked to her on the subject, ventured periodically to refer to it, she assented pleasantly,—yes, certainly, she must do it—some time or other.

"It is a very simple thing to do," the lawyer said. "I will save you all trouble; nothing but your signature will be wanted—and that you give every day."

"Oh, I should think nothing of the trouble!" she said.

"And it would liberate your mind from all care, and leave you free to think of things more important still," said the clergyman.

"I think I am very free of care," she replied.

Then the doctor added, bluntly, "And you will not die an hour the sooner for having made your will."

"Die!" said Lady Mary, surprised. And then she added, with a smile, "I hope you don't think so little of me as to believe I would be kept back by that?"

These gentlemen all consulted together in despair, and asked each other what should be done. They thought her an egotist—a cold-hearted old woman, holding at arm's length any idea of the inevitable. And so she did; but not because she was cold-hearted—because she was so accustomed to living, and had survived so many calamities, and gone on so long—so long; and because everything was so comfortably arranged about her—all her little habits so firmly established, as if nothing could interfere with them. To think of the day arriving which should begin with some other formula than that of her maid's entrance drawing aside the curtains, lighting the cheerful fire, bringing her a report of the weather; and then

the little tray, resplendent with snowy linen and shining silver and china, with its bouquet of violets or a rose in the season, the newspaper carefully dried and cut, the letters, — every detail was so perfect, so unchanging, regular as the morning. It seemed impossible that it should come to an end. And then when she came downstairs, there were all the little articles upon her table always ready to her hand; a certain number of things to do, each at the appointed hour; the slender refreshments it was necessary for her to take, in which there was a little exquisite variety — but never any change in the fact that at eleven and at three and so forth something had to be taken. Had a woman wanted to abandon the peaceful life which was thus supported and carried on, the very framework itself would have resisted. It was impossible (almost) to contemplate the idea that at a given moment the whole machinery must stop. She was neither without heart nor without religion, but on the contrary a good woman, to whom many gentle thoughts had been given at various portions of her career. But the occasion seemed to have passed for that as well as other kinds of emotion. The mere fact of living was enough for her. The little exertion which it was well she was required to make produced a pleasant weariness. It was a duty much enforced upon her by all around her, that she should do nothing which would exhaust or fatigue. "I don't want you to think," even the doctor would say; "you have done enough of thinking in your time." And this she accepted with great composure of spirit. She had thought and felt and done much in her day; but now everything of the kind was over. There was no need for her to fatigue herself; and day followed day, all warm and sheltered and pleasant. People died, it is true, now and then out of doors; but they were mostly young people, whose death might have been prevented had proper care been taken — who were seized with violent maladies, or caught sudden infections, or were cut down by accident — all which things seemed natural. Her own contemporaries were very few, and they were like herself — living on in something of the same way. At eighty-five all people under seventy are young; and one's contemporaries are very, very few.

Nevertheless these men did disturb her a little about her will. She had made more than one will in the former days during her active life; but all those to whom she had bequeathed her posses-

sions were dead. She had survived them all, and inherited from many of them, which had been a hard thing in its time. One day the lawyer had been more than ordinarily pressing. He had told her stories of men who had died intestate, and left trouble and penury behind them to those whom they would have most wished to preserve from all trouble. It would not have become Mr. Furnival to say brutally to Lady Mary, "This is how you will leave your godchild when you die." But he told her story after story, many of them piteous enough.

"People think it is so troublesome a business," he said, "when it is nothing at all — the most easy matter in the world. We are getting so much less particular nowadays about formalities. So long as the testator's intentions are made quite apparent — that is the chief matter, and a very bad thing for us lawyers."

"I dare say," said Lady Mary, "it is unpleasant for a man to think of himself as 'the testator.' It is a very abstract title, when you come to think of it."

"Pooh!" said Mr. Furnival, who had no sense of humor.

"But if this great business is so very simple," she went on, "one could do it, no doubt, for one's self?"

"Many people do — but it is never advisable," said the lawyer. "You will say it is natural for me to tell you that. When they do, it should be as simple as possible. I give all my real property, or my personal property, or my share in so-and-so, or my jewels, or so forth, to — whoever it may be. The fewer words the better, so that nobody may be able to read between the lines, you know; and the signature attested by two witnesses; but they must not be witnesses that have any interest — that is, that have anything left to them by the document they witness."

Lady Mary put up her hand defensively, with a laugh. It was still a most delicate hand, like ivory, a little yellowed with age, but fine, the veins standing out a little upon it, the finger-tips still pink. "You speak," she said, "as if you expected me to take the law in my own hands. No, no, my old friend; never fear, you shall have the doing of it."

"Whenever you please, my dear lady — whenever you please. Such a thing cannot be done an hour too soon. Shall I take your instructions now?"

Lady Mary laughed, and said, "You were always a very keen man for business. I remember your father used to say, Robert would never neglect an opening."

"No," he said, with a peculiar look. "I have always looked after my six-and-eightpences; and in that case it is true the pounds take care of themselves."

"Very good care," said Lady Mary; and then she bade her young companion bring that book she had been reading, where there was something she wanted to show Mr. Furnival. "It is only a case in a novel—but I am sure it is bad law; give me your opinion," she said.

He was obliged to be civil, very civil. Nobody is rude to the Lady Marys of life; and besides, she was old enough to have an additional right to every courtesy. But while he sat over the novel, and tried with unnecessary vehemence to make her see what very bad law it was, and glanced from her smiling attention to the innocent sweetness of the girl beside her, who was her loving attendant, the good man's heart was sore. He said many hard things of her in his own mind as he went away.

"She will die," he said bitterly. "She will go off in a moment when nobody is looking for it, and that poor child will be left destitute."

It was all he could do not to go back and take her by her fragile old shoulders and force her to sign and seal at once. But then he knew very well that as soon as he found himself in her presence, he would of necessity be obliged to subdue his impatience, and be once more civil, very civil, and try to suggest and insinuate the duty which he dared not force upon her. And it was very clear that till she pleased she would take no hint. He supposed it must be that strange reluctance to part with their power which is said to be common to old people, or else that horror of death, and determination to keep it at arm's length, which is also common. Thus he did as spectators are so apt to do, he forced a meaning and motive into what had no motive at all, and imagined Lady Mary, the kindest of women, to be of purpose and intention risking the future of the girl whom she had brought up, and whom she loved—not with passion, indeed, or anxiety, but with tender benevolence: a theory which was as false as anything could be.

That evening in her room, Lady Mary, in a very cheerful mood, sat by a little bright unnecessary fire, with her writing-book before her, waiting till she should be sleepy. It was the only point in which she was a little hard upon her maid, who in every other respect was the best-treated of servants. Lady Mary, as it happened, had often no inclination for bed till the

night was far advanced. She slept little, as is common enough at her age. She was in her warm wadded dressing-gown, an article in which she still showed certain traces (which were indeed visible in all she wore) of her ancient beauty, with her white hair becomingly arranged under a cap of cambric and lace. At the last moment, when she had been ready to step into bed, she had changed her mind, and told Jervis that she would write a letter or two first. And she had written her letters, but still felt no inclination to sleep. Then there fluttered across her memory somehow the conversation she had held with Mr. Furnival in the morning. It would be amusing, she thought, to cheat him out of some of those six-and-eightpences he pretended to think so much of. It would be still more amusing, next time the subject of her will was recurred to, to give his arm a little tap with her fan, and say, "Oh, that is all settled, months ago." She laughed to herself at this, and took out a fresh sheet of paper. It was a little jest that pleased her.

"Do you think there is any one up yet, Jervis, except you and me?" she said to the maid. Jervis hesitated a little, and then said that she believed Mr. Brown had not gone to bed yet: for he had been going over the cellar, and was making up his accounts. Jervis was so explanatory that her mistress divined what was meant. "I suppose I have been spoiling sport, keeping you here," she said good-humoredly; for it was well known that Miss Jervis and Mr. Brown were engaged, and that they were only waiting (everybody knew but Lady Mary, who never suspected it) the death of their mistress to set up a lodging-house in Jermyn Street, where they fully intended to make their fortune. "Then go," Lady Mary said, "and call Brown. I have a little business paper to write, and you must both witness my signature." She laughed to herself a little as she said this, thinking how she would steal a march on Mr. Furnival. "I give, and bequeath," she said to herself playfully, after Jervis had hurried away. She fully intended to leave both of these good servants something, but then she recollected that people who are interested in a will cannot sign as witnesses. "What does it matter?" she said to herself gaily; "if it should ever be wanted, Mary would see to that." Accordingly she dashed off in her pretty, old-fashioned handwriting, which was very angular and pointed, as was the fashion in her day, and still very clear, though slightly tremulous, a few

lines, in which, remembering playfully Mr. Furnival's recommendation of "few words," she left to little Mary all she possessed, adding, by the prompting of that recollection about the witnesses, "She will take care of the servants." It filled one side only of the large sheet of note-paper, which was what Lady Mary habitually used. Brown, introduced timidly by Jervis, and a little overawed by the solemnity of the bedchamber, came in and painted solidly his large signature after the spidery lines of his mistress. She had folded down the paper, so that neither saw what it was.

"Now I will go to bed," Lady Mary said, when Brown had left the room. "And Jervis, you must go to bed too."

"Yes, my lady," said Jervis.

"I don't approve of courtship at this hour."

"No, my lady," Jervis replied, deprecating and disappointed.

"Why cannot he tell his tale in daylight?"

"Oh, my lady, there's no tale to tell," cried the maid. "We are not of the gossiping sort, my lady, neither me nor Mr. Brown." Lady Mary laughed, and watched while the candles were put out: the fire made a pleasant flicker in the room—it was autumn and still warm, and it was "for company" and cheerfulness that the little fire was lit; she liked to see it dancing and flickering upon the walls,—and then closed her eyes amid an exquisite softness of comfort and luxury, life itself bearing her up as softly, filling up all crevices as warmly, as the downy pillow upon which she rested her still beautiful old head.

If she had died that night! The little sheet of paper that meant so much lay openly, innocently, in her writing-book, along with the letters she had written, and looking of as little importance as they. There was nobody in the world who grudged old Lady Mary one of those pretty, placid days of hers. Brown and Jervis, if they were sometimes a little impatient, consoled each other that they were both sure of something in her will, and that in the mean time it was a very good place. And all the rest would have been very well content that Lady Mary should live forever. But how wonderfully it would have simplified everything, and how much trouble and pain it would have saved to everybody, herself included, could she have died that night!

But naturally there was no question of dying on that night. When she was about

to go down-stairs next day, Lady Mary, giving her letters to be posted, saw the paper she had forgotten lying beside them. She had forgotten all about it, but the sight of it made her smile. She folded it up and put it in an envelope while Jervis went down stairs with the letters; and then, to carry out her joke, she looked round her to see where she would put it. There was an old Italian cabinet in the room with a secret drawer, which it was a little difficult to open, almost impossible for any one who did not know the secret. Lady Mary looked round her, smiled, hesitated a little, and then walked across the room and put the envelope in the secret drawer. She was still fumbling with it when Jervis came back, but there was no connection in Jervis's mind then, or ever after, between the paper she had signed and this old cabinet, which was one of the old lady's toys. She arranged Lady Mary's shawl, which had dropped off her shoulders a little in her unusual activity, and took up her book and her favorite cushion, and all the little paraphernalia that moved with her, and gave her lady her arm to go down-stairs; where little Mary had placed her chair just at the right angle, and arranged the little table, on which there were so many little necessities and conveniences, and was standing smiling, the prettiest object of all, the climax of the gentle luxury and pleasantness, to receive her godmother, who had been her providence all her life.

But what a pity! oh, what a pity, that she had not died that night!

II.

LIFE went on after this without any change. There was never any change in that delightful house; and if it was years, or months, or even days, the youngest of its inhabitants could scarcely tell, and Lady Mary could not tell at all. This was one of her little imperfections—a little mist which hung like the lace about her head over her memory. She could not remember how time went, or that there was any difference between one day and another. There were Sundays, it was true, which made a kind of gentle measure of the progress of time; but she said, with a smile, that she thought it was always Sunday—they came so close upon each other. And time flew on gentle wings, that made no sound and left no reminders. She had her little ailments like anybody, but in reality less than anybody, seeing there was nothing to fret her, nothing to disturb the even tenor of

her days. Still there were times when she took a little cold, or got a chill, in spite of all precautions, as she went from one room to another. She came to be one of the marvels of the time—an old lady who had seen everybody worth seeing for generations back—who remembered as distinctly as if they had happened yesterday, great events that had taken place before the present age began at all, before the great statesmen of our time were born; and in full possession of all her faculties, as everybody said, her mind as clear as ever, her intelligence as active, reading everything, interested in everything, and still beautiful in extreme old age. Everybody about her, and in particular all the people who helped to keep the thorns from her path, and felt themselves to have a hand in her preservation, were proud of Lady Mary: and she was perhaps a little, a very little, delightfully, charmingly proud of herself. The doctor, beguiled by professional vanity, feeling what a feather she was in his cap, quite confident that she would reach her hundredth birthday, and with an ecstatic hope that even, by grace of his admirable treatment and her own beautiful constitution she might (almost) solve the problem and live forever, gave up troubling about the will which at a former period he had taken so much interest in. "What is the use?" he said; "she will see us all out." And the vicar, though he did not give in to this, was overawed by the old lady, who knew everything that could be taught her, and to whom it seemed an impertinence to utter commonplaces about duty, or even to suggest subjects of thought. Mr. Furnival was the only man who did not cease his representations, and whose anxiety about the young Mary, who was so blooming and sweet in the shadow of the old, did not decrease. But the recollection of the bit of paper in the secret drawer of the cabinet, fortified his old client against all his attacks. She had intended it only as a jest, with which some day or other to confound him, and show how much wiser she was than he supposed. It became quite a pleasant subject of thought to her, at which she laughed to herself. Some day, when she had a suitable moment, she would order him to come with all his formalities, and then produce her bit of paper, and turn the laugh against him. But oddly, the very existence of that little document kept her indifferent even to the laugh. It was too much trouble; she only smiled at him, and took no more notice, amused to think

how astonished he would be—when, if ever, he found it out.

It happened, however, that one day in the early winter the wind changed when Lady Mary was out for her drive: at least they all vowed the wind changed. It was in the south, that genial quarter, when she set out, but turned about in some uncomfortable way, and was a keen northeaster when she came back. And in the moment of stepping from the carriage she caught a chill. It was the coachman's fault, Jervis said, who allowed the horses to make a step forward when Lady Mary was getting out, and kept her exposed, standing on the step of the carriage, while he pulled them up; and it was Jervis's fault, the footman said, who was not clever enough to get her lady out, or even to throw a shawl round her, when she perceived how the weather had changed. It is always some one's fault, or some unforeseen, unprecedented change, that does it at the last. Lady Mary was not accustomed to be ill, and did not bear it with her usual grace. She was a little impatient at first, and thought they were making an unnecessary fuss. But then there passed a few uncomfortable feverish days, when she began to look forward to the doctor's visit as the only thing there was any comfort in. Afterwards she passed a night of a very agitating kind. She dozed and dreamed, and awoke and dreamed again. Her life seemed all to run into dreams—a strange confusion was about her, through which she could define nothing. Once waking up, as she supposed, she saw a group round her bed, the doctor with a candle in his hand, (how should the doctor be there in the middle of the night?) holding her hand or feeling her pulse: little Mary at one side crying—why should the child cry? and Jervis very anxious, pouring something into a glass. There were other faces there which she was sure must have come out of a dream, so unlikely was it that they should be collected in her bedchamber; and all with a sort of halo of feverish light about them, a magnified and mysterious importance. This strange scene, which she did not understand, seemed to make itself visible all in a moment out of the darkness, and then disappeared again as suddenly as it came.

III.

WHEN she woke again it was morning; and her first waking consciousness was, that she must be much better. The chok-

ing sensation in her throat was altogether gone. She had no desire to cough — no difficulty in breathing. She had a fancy, however, that she must be still dreaming, for she felt sure that some one had called her by her name, "Mary." Now all who could call her by her Christian name were dead years ago — therefore it must be a dream. However, in a short time it was repeated, — "Mary, Mary! get up; there is a great deal to do." This voice confused her greatly. Was it possible that all that was past had been mere fancy; that she had but dreamed those long, long years — maturity and motherhood, and trouble and triumph, and old age at the end of all? It seemed to her possible that she might have dreamed the rest, for she had been a girl much given to visions; but she said to herself that she never could have dreamed old age. And then with a smile she mused and thought that it must be the voice that was a dream; for how could she get up without Jarvis, who had never appeared yet to draw the curtains or make the fire? Jarvis perhaps had sat up late. She remembered now to have seen her that time in the middle of the night by her bedside, so that it was natural enough, poor thing, that she should be late. Get up! who was it that was calling to her so? She had not been so called to, she who had always been a great lady, since she was a girl by her mother's side. "Mary, Mary!" It was a very curious dream. And what was more curious still was, that by-and-by she could not keep still any longer, but got up without thinking any more of Jarvis, and going out of her room came all at once into the midst of a company of people all very busy — whom she was much surprised to find at first, but whom she soon accustomed herself to, finding the greatest interest in their proceedings, and curious to know what they were doing. They, for their part, did not seem at all surprised by her appearance, nor did any one stop to explain, as would have been natural; but she took this with great composure, somewhat astonished perhaps, being used, wherever she went, to a great many observances and much respect, but soon, very soon, becoming used to it. Then some one repeated what she had heard before. "It was time you got up — for there is a great deal to do."

"To do," she said, "for me?" and then she looked round upon them with that charming smile which had subjugated so many. "I am afraid," she said, "you will find me of very little use. I am too old

now, if ever I could have done much, for work."

"Oh no, you are not old, — you will do very well," some one said.

"Not old!" — Lady Mary felt a little offended in spite of herself. "Perhaps I like flattery as well as my neighbors," she said with dignity, "but then it must be reasonable. To say I am anything but a very old woman —"

Here she paused a little, perceiving for the first time with surprise that she was standing and walking without her stick or the help of any one's arm, quite freely and at her ease, and that the place in which she was had expanded into a great place like a gallery in a palace, instead of the room next her own into which she had walked a few minutes ago; but this discovery did not at all affect her mind, or occupy her except with the most passing momentary surprise.

"The fact is, I feel a great deal better and stronger," she said.

"Quite well, Mary, and stronger than ever you were before?"

"Who is it that calls me Mary? I have had nobody for a long time to call me Mary; the friends of my youth are all dead. I think that you must be right, although the doctor, I feel sure, thought me very bad last night. I should have got alarmed if I had not fallen asleep again."

"And then woke up well?"

"Quite well: it is wonderful, but quite true. You seem to know a great deal about me?"

"I know everything about you. You have had a very pleasant life, and do you think you have made the best of it? Your old age has been very pleasant."

"Ah! you acknowledge that I am old, then?" cried Lady Mary with a smile.

"You are old no longer, and you are a great lady no longer. Don't you see that something has happened to you? It is seldom that such a great change happens without being found out."

"Yes; it is true I have got better all at once. I feel an extraordinary renewal of strength. I seem to have left home without knowing it; none of my people seem near me. I feel very much as if I had just awakened from a long dream. Is it possible," she said, with a wondering look, "that I have dreamed all my life, and after all am just a girl at home?" The idea was ludicrous, and she laughed. "You see I am very much improved indeed," she said.

She was still so far from perceiving the

real situation, that some one came towards her out of the group of people about — some one whom she recognized — with the evident intention of explaining to her how it was. She started a little at the sight of him, and held out her hand, and cried: "You here! I am very glad to see you — doubly glad, since I was told a few days ago that you had — died."

There was something in this word as she herself pronounced it that troubled her a little. She had never been one of those who are afraid of death. On the contrary, she had always taken a great interest in it, and liked to hear everything that could be told her on the subject. It gave her now, however, a curious little thrill of sensation, which she did not understand: she hoped it was not superstition.

"You have guessed rightly," he said — "quite right. That is one of the words with a false meaning, which is to us a mere symbol of something we cannot understand. But you see what it means now."

It was a great shock, it need not be concealed. Otherwise she had been quite pleasantly occupied with the interest of something new, into which she had walked so easily out of her own bedchamber, without any trouble, and with the delightful new sensation of health and strength. But when it flashed upon her that she was not to go back to her bedroom again, nor have any of those cares and attentions which had seemed necessary to existence, she was very much startled and shaken. Died! Was it possible that she personally had died? She had known it was a thing that happened to everybody; but yet — And it was a solemn matter, to be prepared for, and looked forward to, whereas — "If you mean that I too —" she said, faltering a little; and then she added, "it is very surprising," with a trouble in her mind which yet was not all trouble. "If that is so, it is a thing well over. And it is very wonderful how much disturbance people give themselves about it — if this is all."

"This is not all, however," her friend said; "you have an ordeal before you which you will not find pleasant. You are going to think about your life, and all that was imperfect in it, and which might have been done better."

"We are none of us perfect," said Lady Mary, with a little of that natural resentment with which one hears one's self accused — however ready one may be to accuse one's self.

"Permit me," said he, and took her hand and led her away without further explanation. The people about were so busy with their own occupations, that they took very little notice; neither did she pay much attention to the manner in which they were engaged. Their looks were friendly when they met her eye, and she too felt friendly, with a sense of brotherhood. But she had always been a kind woman. She wanted to step aside and help, on more than one occasion, when it seemed to her that some people in her way had a task above their powers; but this her conductor would not permit. And she endeavored to put some questions to him as they went along with still less success.

"The change is very confusing," she said; "one has no standard to judge by. I should like to know something about — the kind of people — and the — manner of life."

"For a time," he said, "you will have enough to do, without troubling yourself about that."

This naturally produced an uneasy sensation in her mind. "I suppose," she said rather timidly, "that we are not in — what we have been accustomed to call heaven?"

"That is a word," he said, "which expresses rather a condition than a place."

"But there must be a place — in which that condition can exist." She had always been fond of discussions of this kind, and felt encouraged to find that they were still practicable. "It cannot be the — Inferno, that is clear at least," she added, with the sprightliness which was one of her characteristics; "perhaps — Purgatory? since you infer that I have something to endure."

"Words are interchangeable," he said: "that means one thing to one of us which to another has a totally different signification." There was something so like his old self in this, that she laughed with an irresistible sense of amusement.

"You were always fond of the oracular," she said. She was conscious that on former occasions, if he made such a speech to her, though she would have felt the same amusement, she would not have expressed it so frankly. But he did not take it at all amiss. And her thoughts went on in other directions. She felt herself saying over to herself the words of the old north-country dirge, which came to her recollection she knew not how —

If hosen and shoon thou gavest nane,
The whins shall prick thee intill the bane.

When she saw that her companion heard her, she asked, "Is that true?"

He shook his head a little. "It is too matter of fact," he said, "as I need hardly tell you. Hosen and shoon are good, but they do not always sufficiently indicate the state of the heart."

Lady Mary had a consciousness, which was pleasant to her, that so far as the hosen and shoon went, she had abundant means of preparing herself for the pricks of any road, however rough; but she had no time to indulge this pleasing reflection, for she was shortly introduced into a great building full of innumerable rooms, in one of which her companion left her.

IV.

THE door opened, and she felt herself free to come out. How long she had been there, or what passed there, is not for any one to say. She came out tingling and smarting — if such words can be used — with an intolerable recollection of the last act of her life. So intolerable was it that all that had gone before, and all the risings up of old errors and visions long dead, were forgotten in the sharp and keen prick of this, which was not over and done like the rest. No one had accused her, or brought before her judge the things that were against her. She it was who had done it all — she whose memory did not spare her one fault, who remembered everything. But when she came to that last frivolity of her old age, and saw for the first time how she had played with the future of the child whom she had brought up, and abandoned to the hardest fate — for nothing, for folly, for a jest — the horror and bitterness of the thought filled her mind to overflowing. In the first anguish of that recollection she had to go forth, receiving no word of comfort in respect to it, meeting only with a look of sadness and compassion, which went to her very heart. She came forth as if she had been driven away, but not by any outward influence, by the force of her own miserable sensations. "I will write," she said to herself, "and tell them — I will go —" And then she stopped short, remembering that she could neither go nor write — that all communication with the world she had left was closed. Was it all closed? Was there no way in which a message could reach those who remained behind? She caught the first passer-by whom she passed, and addressed him piteously. "Oh, tell me — you have been longer here than I — can-

not one send a letter, a message, if it were only a single word?"

"Where?" he said, stopping and listening; so that it began to seem possible to her that some such expedient might still be within her reach.

"It is to England," she said, thinking he meant to ask as to which quarter of the world.

"Ah," he said, shaking his head, "I fear that it is impossible."

"But it is to set something right, which out of mere inadvertence, with no ill meaning —" No, no (she repeated to herself), no ill-meaning — none! "Oh sir, for charity! tell me how I can find a way. There must — there must be some way."

He was greatly moved by the sight of her distress. "I am but a stranger here," he said; "I may be wrong. There are others who can tell you better; but" — and he shook his head sadly — "most of us would be so thankful, if we could, to send a word, if it were only a single word, to those we have left behind, that I fear, I fear —"

"Ah!" cried Lady Mary, "but that would be only for the tenderness; whereas this is for justice and for pity, and to do away with a great wrong which I did before I came here."

"I am very sorry for you," he said; but shook his head once more as he went away. She was more careful next time, and chose one who had the look of much experience and knowledge of the place. He listened to her very gravely, and answered yes, that he was one of the officers, and could tell her whatever she wanted to know; but when she told him what she wanted, he too shook his head. "I do not say it cannot be done," he said. "There are some cases in which it has been successful, but very few. It has often been attempted. There is no law against it. Those who do it do it at their own risk. They suffer much, and almost always they fail."

"No, oh no. You said there were some who succeeded. No one can be more anxious than I. I will give — anything — everything I have in the world!"

He gave her a smile, which was very grave nevertheless, and full of pity. "You forget," he said, "that you have nothing to give; and if you had that there is no one here to whom it would be of any value."

Though she was no longer old and weak, yet she was still a woman, and she began to weep, in the terrible failure and contrariety of all things; but yet she would not yield. She cried: "There must be

some one here who would do it for love. I have had people who loved me in my time. I must have some here who have not forgotten. Ah! I know what you would say. I lived so long I forgot them all, and why should they remember me?"

Here she was touched on the arm, and looking round, saw close to her the face of one whom, it was very true, she had forgotten. She remembered him but dimly, after she had looked long at him. A little group had gathered about her, with grieved looks, to see her distress. He who had touched her was the spokesman of them all.

"There is nothing I would not do," he said, "for you and for love." And then they all sighed, surrounding her, and added, "But it is impossible—impossible!"

She stood and gazed at them, recognizing by degrees faces that she knew, and seeing in all that look of grief and sympathy which makes all human souls brothers. Impossible was not a word that had been often said to be in her life; and to come out of a world in which everything could be changed, everything communicated in the twinkling of an eye, and find a dead blank before her and around her, through which not a word could go, was more terrible than can be said in words. She looked piteously upon them, with that anguish of helplessness which goes to every heart, and cried, "What is impossible? To send a word—only a word—to set right what is wrong? Oh, I understand," she said, lifting up her hands. "I understand! that to send messages of comfort must not be; that the people who love you must bear it, as we all have done in our time, and trust to God for consolation. But I have done a wrong! Oh, listen, listen to me, my friends. I have left a child, a young creature, unprovided for—without any one to help her. And must that be? Must she bear it, and I bear it, forever, and no means, no way of setting it right? Listen to me! I was there last night,—in the middle of the night I was still there,—and here this morning. So it must be easy to come—only a short way; and two words would be enough,—only two words!"

They gathered closer and closer round her, full of compassion. "It is easy to come," they said, "but not to go."

And one added, "It will not be forever; comfort yourself. When she comes here, or to a better place, that will seem to you only as a day."

"But to her," cried Lady Mary,—"to her it will be long years—it will be trouble

and sorrow; and she will think I took no thought for her; and she will be right," the penitent said with a great and bitter cry.

It was so terrible that they were all silent, and said not a word; except the man who had loved her, who put his hand upon her arm, and said, "We are here for that; this is the fire that purges us,—to see at last what we have done, and the true aspect of it, and to know the cruel wrong, yet never be able to make amends."

She remembered then that this was a man who had neglected all lawful affections, and broken the hearts of those who trusted him for her sake; and for a moment she forgot her own burden in sorrow for his.

It was now that he who had called himself one of the officers came forward again,—for the little crowd had gathered round her so closely that he had been shut out. He said, "No one can carry your message for you; that is not permitted. But there is still a possibility. You may have permission to go yourself. Such things have been done, though they have not often been successful. But if you will——"

She shivered when she heard him; and it became apparent to her why no one could be found to go,—for all her nature revolted from that step which it was evident must be the most terrible which could be thought of. She looked at him with troubled, beseeching eyes, and the rest all looked at her, pitying and trying to soothe her.

"Permission will not be refused," he said, "for a worthy cause."

Upon which the others all spoke together, entreating her. "Already," they cried, "they have forgotten you living. You are to them one who is dead. They will be afraid of you if they can see you. Oh, go not back! Be content to wait—to wait; it is only a little while. The life of man is nothing; it appears for a little time, and then it vanishes away. And when she comes here she will know—or in a better place." They sighed as they named the better place; though some smiled too, feeling perhaps more near to it.

Lady Mary listened to them all, but she kept her eyes upon the face of him who offered her this possibility. There passed through her mind a hundred stories she had heard of those who had *gone back*. But not one that spoke of them as welcome, as received with joy, as comforting those they loved. Ah no! was it not

rather a curse upon the house to which they came? The rooms were shut up, the houses abandoned, where they were supposed to appear. Those whom they had loved best feared and fled them. They were a vulgar wonder,—a thing that the poorest laughed at, yet feared. Poor, banished souls! it was because no one would listen to them that they had to linger and wait, and come and go. She shivered, and in spite of her longing and her repentance, a cold dread and horror took possession of her. She looked round upon her companions for comfort, and found none.

"Do not go," they said; "do not go. We have endured like you. We wait till all things are made clear."

And another said, "All will be made clear. It is but for a time."

She turned from one to another, and back again to the first speaker,—he who had authority.

He said, "It is very rarely successful; it retards the course of your penitence. It is an indulgence, and it may bring harm and not good; but if the meaning is generous and just, permission will be given, and you may go."

Then all the strength of her nature rose in her. She thought of the child forsaken, and of the dark world round her, where she would find so few friends; and of the home shut up in which she had lived her young and pleasant life; and of the thoughts that must rise in her heart, as though she were forsaken and abandoned of God and man. Then Lady Mary turned to the man who had authority. She said, "If he whom I saw to-day will give me his blessing, I will go——" and they all pressed round her, weeping and kissing her hands.

"He will not refuse his blessing," they said; "but the way is terrible, and you are still weak. How can you encounter all the misery of it? He commands no one to try that dark and dreadful way."

"I will try," Lady Mary said

V.

THE night which Lady Mary had been conscious of, in a momentary glimpse full of the exaggeration of fever, had not indeed been so expeditious as she believed. The doctor, it is true, had been pronouncing her death-warrant when she saw him holding her wrist and wondered what he did there in the middle of the night; but she had been very ill before this, and the conclusion of her life had been watched with many tears. Then there had risen

up a wonderful commotion in the house, of which little Mary, her godchild, was very little sensible. Had she left any will, any instructions, the slightest indication of what she wished to be done after her death? Mr. Furnival, who had been very anxious to be allowed to see her, even in the last days of her illness, said emphatically, no. She had never executed any will, never made any disposition of her affairs, he said, almost with bitterness, in the tone of one who is ready to weep with vexation and distress. The vicar took a more hopeful view. He said it was impossible that so considerate a person could have done this, and that there must, he was sure, be found somewhere, if close examination was made, a memorandum, a letter—something which should show what she wished; for she must have known very well, notwithstanding all flatteries and compliments upon her good looks, that from day to day her existence was never to be calculated upon. The doctor did not share this last opinion. He said that there was no fathoming the extraordinary views that people took of their own case; and that it was quite possible, though it seemed incredible, that Lady Mary might really be as little expectant of death, on the way to ninety, as a girl of seventeen; but still he was of opinion that she might have left a memorandum somewhere. These three gentlemen were in the foreground of affairs; because she had no relations to step in and take the management. The earl, her grandson, was abroad, and there were only his solicitors to interfere on his behalf, men to whom Lady Mary's fortune was quite unimportant, although it was against their principles to let anything slip out of their hands that could aggrandize their client; but who knew nothing about the circumstances—about little Mary, about the old lady's peculiarities, in any way. Therefore the persons who had surrounded her in her life, and Mr. Furnival, her man of business, were the persons who really had the management of everything. Their wives interfered a little too, or rather the one wife who only could do so—the wife of the vicar, who came in beneficently at once, and took poor little Mary, in her first desolation, out of the melancholy house. Mrs. Vicar did this without any hesitation, knowing very well that, in all probability, Lady Mary had made no will, and consequently that the poor girl was destitute. A great deal is said about the hardness of the world, and the small con-

sideration that is shown for a destitute dependant in such circumstances. But this is not true; and, as a matter of fact, there is never, or very rarely, such profound need in the world, without a great deal of kindness and much pity. The three gentlemen all along had been entirely in Mary's interest. They had not expected legacies from the old lady, or any advantage to themselves. It was of the girl that they had thought. And when now they examined everything and inquired into all her ways and what she had done, it was of Mary they were thinking. But Mr. Furnival was very certain of his point. He knew that Lady Mary had made no will; time after time he had pressed it upon her. He was very sure, even while he examined her writing-table, and turned out all the drawers, that nothing would be found. The little Italian cabinet had *chiffons*, in its drawers, fragments of old lace, pieces of ribbon; little nothings of all sorts. Nobody thought of the secret drawer; and if they had thought of it, where could a place have been found less likely? If she had ever made a will, she could have had no reason for concealing it. To be sure they did not reason in this way, being simply unaware of any place of concealment at all. And Mary knew nothing about this search they were making. She did not know how she was herself "left." When the first misery of grief was exhausted, she began, indeed, to have troubled thoughts in her own mind,—to expect that the vicar would speak to her, or Mr. Furnival send for her, and tell her what she was to do. But nothing was said to her. The vicar's wife had asked her to come for a long visit; and the anxious people, who were forever talking over this subject and consulting what was best for her, had come to no decision as yet, as to what must be said to the person chiefly concerned. It was too heartrending to have to put the real state of affairs before her.

The doctor had no wife; but he had an anxious mother, who, though she would not for the world have been unkind to the poor girl, yet was very anxious that she should be disposed of and out of her son's way. It is true that the doctor was forty and Mary only eighteen,—but what then? Matches of that kind were seen every day, and his heart was so soft to the child that his mother never knew from one day to another what might happen. She had naturally no doubt at all that Mary would seize the first hand held out to her, and as time went on held many an anxious

consultation with the vicar's wife on the subject. "You cannot have her with you forever," she said. "She must know one time or another how she is left, and that she must learn to do something for herself."

"Oh," said the vicar's wife, "how is she to be told? It is heartrending to look at her and to think,—nothing but luxury all her life, and now, in a moment, destitution. I am very glad to have her with me; she is a dear little thing, and so nice with the children. And if some good man would only step in —"

The doctor's mother trembled; for that a good man should step in was exactly what she feared. "That is a thing that can never be depended upon," she said; "and marriages made out of compassion are just as bad as mercenary marriages. Oh no, my dear Mrs. Bowyer, Mary has a great deal of character. You should put more confidence in her than that. No doubt she will be much cast down at first, but when she knows, she will rise to the occasion and show what is in her."

"Poor little thing! what is in a girl of eighteen, and one that has lain on the roses and fed on the lilies all her life? Oh, I could find it in my heart to say a great deal about old Lady Mary that would not be pleasant! Why did she bring her up so if she did not mean to provide for her? I think she must have been at heart a wicked old woman."

"Oh no—we must not say that. I dare say, as my son says, she always meant to do it some time —"

"Some time! how long did she expect to live, I wonder?"

"Well," said the doctor's mother, "it is wonderful how little old one feels sometimes within one's self, even when one is well up in years." She was of the faction of the old, instead of being like Mrs. Bowyer, who was not much over thirty, of the faction of the young. She could make excuses for Lady Mary; but she thought that it was unkind to bring the poor little girl here in ignorance of her real position, and in the way of men—who, though old enough to know better, were still capable of folly, as what man is not when a girl of eighteen is concerned? "I hope," she added, "that the earl will do something for her. Certainly he ought to, when he knows all that his grandmother did, and what her intentions must have been. He ought to make her a little allowance—that is the least he can do. Not, to be sure, such a provision as we all hoped Lady Mary was going to make for her,

but enough to live upon. Mr. Furnival, I believe, has written to him to that effect."

"Hush!" cried the vicar's wife; indeed she had been making signs to the other lady, who stood with her back to the door, for some moments. Mary had come in while this conversation was going on. She had not paid any attention to it; and yet her ear had been caught by the names of Lady Mary and the earl and Mr. Furnival. For whom was it that the earl should make an allowance enough to live upon? whom Lady Mary had not provided for, and whom Mr. Furnival had written about? When she sat down to the needlework in which she was helping Mrs. Vicar, it was not to be supposed that she should not ponder these words — for some time very vaguely, not perceiving the meaning of them; and then with a start she woke up to perceive that there must be something meant, some one — even some one she knew. And then the needle dropped out of the girl's hand, and the pinafore she was making fell on the floor. Some one! it must be herself they meant! Who but she could be the subject of that earnest conversation? She began to remember a great many conversations as earnest, which had been stopped when she came into the room, and the looks of pity which had been bent upon her. She had thought in her innocence that this was because she had lost her godmother, her protectress — and had been very grateful for the kindness of her friends. But now another meaning came into everything. Mrs. Bowyer had accompanied her visitor to the door, still talking, and when she returned her face was very grave. But she smiled when she met Mary's look, and said cheerfully, "How kind of you, my dear, to make all those pinafores for me! 'The little ones will not know themselves. They never were so fine before.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Bowyer," cried the girl, "I have guessed something, and I want you to tell me! Are you keeping me for charity, and is it I that am left — without any provision? and that Mr. Furnival has written —"

She could not finish her sentence; for it was very bitter to her, as may be supposed.

"I don't know what you mean, my dear," cried the vicar's wife. "Charity, — well, I suppose that is the same as love — at least it is so in the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians. You are staying with us, I hope, for love, if that is what you mean."

Upon which she took the girl in her arms and kissed her, and cried as women

must. "My dearest," she said, "as you have guessed the worst, it is better to tell you. Lady Mary — I don't know why, — oh, I don't wish to blame her, — has left no will: and, my dear, my dear, you who have been brought up in luxury, you have not a penny." Here the vicar's wife gave Mary a closer hug, and kissed her once more. "We love you all the better — if that was possible," she said.

How many thoughts will fly through a girl's mind while her head rests on some kind shoulder, and she is being consoled for the first calamity that has touched her life! She was neither ungrateful nor unresponsive; but as Mrs. Bowyer pressed her close to her kind breast and cried over her, Mary did not cry but thought, seeing in a moment a succession of scenes, and realizing in a moment so complete a new world, that all her pain was quelled by the hurry and rush in her brain as her forces rallied to sustain her. She withdrew from her kind support after a moment with eyes tearless and shining, the color mounting to her face, and not a sign of discouragement in her, nor yet of sentiment, though she grasped her kind friend's hands with a pressure which her innocent small fingers seemed incapable of giving. "One has read of such things — in books," she said, with a faint courageous smile; "and I suppose they happen — in life."

"Oh, my dear, too often in life. Though how people can be so cruel, so indifferent, so careless of the happiness of those they love —"

Here Mary pressed her friend's hands till they hurt, and cried, "Not cruel, not indifferent. I cannot bear a word —"

"Well, dear, it is like you to feel so — I knew you would; and I will not say a word. Oh, Mary, if she ever thinks of such things now —"

"I hope she will not — I hope she cannot!" cried the girl, with once more a vehement pressure of her friend's hands.

"What is that?" Mrs. Bowyer said, looking round. "It is somebody in the next room, I suppose. No, dear; I hope so too, for she would not be happy if she remembered. Mary, dry your eyes, my dear. Try not to think of this. I am sure there is some one in the next room. And you must try not to look wretched, for all our sakes —"

"Wretched!" cried Mary, springing up. "I am not wretched." And she turned with a countenance glowing and full of courage to the door. But there was no one there — no visitor lingering

in the smaller room as sometimes happened.

"I thought I heard some one come in," said the vicar's wife. "Didn't you hear something, Mary? I suppose it is because I am so agitated with all this, but I could have sworn I heard some one come in."

"There is nobody," said Mary, who, in the shock of the calamity which had so suddenly changed the world to her, was perfectly calm. She did not feel at all disposed to cry or "give way." It went to her head with a thrill of pain, which was excitement as well, like a strong stimulant suddenly applied; and she added, "I should like to go out a little, if you don't mind, just to get used to the idea."

"My dear, I will get my hat in a moment —"

"No, please. It is not unkindness; but I must think it over by myself — by myself," Mary cried. She hurried away, while Mrs. Bowyer took another survey of the outer room, and called the servant to know who had been calling. Nobody had been calling, the maid said; but her mistress still shook her head.

"It must have been some one who does not ring, who just opens the door," she said to herself. "That is the worst of the country. It might be Mrs. Blunt, or Sophia Blackburn, or the curate, or half-a-dozen people — and they have just gone away when they heard me crying. How could I help crying? But I wonder how much they heard, whoever it was."

From Temple Bar.

[LAST REMINISCENCES OF ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

SEVEN years ago, before he had been threatened with any symptom of decay, in the midst of full contentment and success, Anthony Trollope finished the last words of his "Autobiography;" so closing the record of his literary life, when it was in truth by no means finished. "The Duke's Children," "Ayala's Angel," "Frau Trohman," "The Fixed Period," the "Life of Thackeray," "Cicero," "An Eye for an Eye," and some other stories, had not been published, nor had his imagination begun to fail, or his routine been in any way altered. He wrote that year of himself: —

I observe when people of my age are spoken of, they are described as effete and moribund, just burning down the last half-inch of the candle in the socket. I feel as though I should

still like to make a "flare up" with my half-inch. In spirit I could trundle a hoop about the streets, and could fall in love with a young woman just as readily as ever; as she doesn't want me, I don't — but I could.

The time left unrecorded was of no less interest than that earlier one; it was still full of profit and pleasure, and was possibly richer in the means of judging fairly of the failures and the successes of authorship. If he expected a little less of himself, if he exacted less, he still performed certain methodical tasks. The punctual and deliberate habits of years were only slightly modified in strictness, and there was certainly no idle moment of his day.

But still the record was closed. It must be a matter of regret that it was so, and the critic who best understood him does not hesitate to express his surprise that the popular author should have chosen to cut his own written life short, and consider it rounded and completed at this particular date, but the reason is doubtless to be found in the painful affection of the hand from which he had begun to suffer, and which is called the writer's cramp, although by no means solely confined to authors.

It becomes difficult to hold a pen, and though the difficulty may, at first, be overcome by a vigorous effort, it is soon found that no amount of effort will prevail. In such cases there is no remedy but rest. The novels and most of the correspondence had to be written from dictation, although he still kept a few friends as the recipients of what he himself described as the illegible scrawl regarded by him as his own letters to his own special correspondents, "and which," he added, "they tell me afterwards they can't make out a word of."

He found in his niece, who was to him the tenderest and most devoted of daughters, an untiring and reliable secretary; but still, the record of daily personal impressions could not be carried on with the same spontaneous ease as heretofore, so it was brought to an end, and the farewell spoken, as if already from the further shore.

But still the old accustomed method of literary industry was pursued. No one ever acted up more fully to his own convictions or followed more conscientiously himself the advice he gave to others; insisting constantly that the author wants a habit of industry as well as every other workman.

"I was once told," he says, "that the surest aid to the writing of a book was a

picce of cobbler's wax on my chair." And in another paragraph :—

There are those who think that the man who works with his imagination should allow himself to wait till—inspiration moves him. When I have heard such doctrine preached I have hardly been able to repress my scorn. To me it would not be more absurd if the shoemaker were to wait for inspiration, or the tallow-chandler for the divine moment of melting. I certainly believe in the cobbler's wax much more than the inspiration.

But when such words as these are quoted they must not be made to mean more than he himself means by them, and he continues :—

It will be said perhaps that a man whose work has risen to no higher pitch than mine has attained has no right to speak of the strains and impulses to which real genius is exposed. I am ready to admit the great variations of brain power which are exhibited by the products of different men, and am not disposed to rank my own very high ; but my own experience tells me that a man can always do the work for which his brain is fitted, if he will give himself the habit of regarding his work as a normal condition of his life.

During their residence in Montagu Square some hours of writing were accomplished before the midday breakfast, leaving the rest of the day more free for other business, and for the enjoyments which were no less energetically pursued.

To this partly foreign and wholly substantial meal, any intimate friend was welcome, and those who came for counsel, or sympathy, might count on both, and solid information and assistance too, which always might be had for asking.

A not too hurried interview might be obtained in the quaint and quiet book-room, where his five thousand volumes had been carefully stored ; and after a search upon the chimneypiece amongst a whole army of spectacles for the exact pair which should enable him to read the face of his guest, he would take his own armchair : not however occupying it for long, but jumping up violently, and taking up his usual position on the hearthrug, too impetuous even for the appearance of ease. It was here, as Mr. Escott graphically describes, the identity of the man and the author was immediately perceived.

As it is with the dialogue of Anthony Trollope's literary heroes and heroines so was it with his own conversation. In each the same definiteness and directness, the same Anglo-Saxon simplicity. Mr. Trollope, as if he were riding across country, sees the exact place at

which he wants to arrive ; he makes for it, and he determines to reach it as directly as possible. There may be obstacles, but he surmounts them—sometimes they may prove, for the moment, serious impediments : perhaps they actually place him *hors de combat* like a post and rails that cannot be negotiated, or a ditch of impracticable dimensions. It does not matter. He picks himself up, pulls himself together, and presses on as before.

He used to complain that one had to apologize nowadays for all eagerness.

We are all so very smooth [he writes] in our usual intercourse that any urgency takes the guise of violence. I own I like a good contradictory conversation in which for the moment the usual subserviency of coat and trousers to bodies, skirts, and petticoats, may be—well—not forgotten—but for the moment put on one side.

The writer of these lines was once emboldened to request from him an introductory letter to the editor of the *Fortnightly*, and was asked, with look and manner well characterized by Wilkie Collins as the embodiment of a gale of wind,—

"But why the *Fortnightly* ?" The learned editor is so indefatigable, that every word you write down will be weighed to the last pronoun. Perhaps you wish to be so weighed—but you are ignorant ! ignorant ! *not of what you ought to know—but of what you ought not to know !*"

I.e. the characteristics of editors and the different requirements of magazines. This was explained with an inimitable force and facility of diction ; an enormous amount of information was hurled about, and then the storm subsided, the article in question was glanced at, and the letter written. A similar gust was raised on mention being made of a highly eulogistic article on his own personal and literary merits, from the pen of a partial writer. He was sensitively alive to anything of that kind of praise seeming to be the product rather of personal love than of inquiry or judgment, and in a letter alluding to the article, he said : "I don't like such notices, particularly when they are written by friends. I would much rather be left to the mercies of the real critics. Sydney Smith used to say, speaking of practical jokes, that it was impossible to say how much melted butter a gentleman would bear to have poured into his dress-coat pocket ; I dislike it almost as much when it is poured down my back."

This sensitiveness as to the personal details of private life was doubtless very strong in him, but like some other of his strongly expressed opinions, may be prac-

tically exaggerated. It has been so forcibly present to his relations and friends, that his true and most uncommon character has hardly been so well defined for the sake of those who shall come after him as it has every right to be, and it would be very regrettable should the delicacy of the living man be seriously allowed to rob his memory of that which is his due.

There is certainly such a thing as a misleading reticence, and in the preface to the "Autobiography" some honest tribute seems to be missing.

The book will live as the exact and faithful portrait of the man, and might well have been supplemented by a few more finished touches, telling, as his own words could not so fully do, how simple, how straightforward, how sincere he was, with what a tender heart, and what an open hand. Had this been not withheld, there would have been less room for off-hand ignorant criticism such as lately found a place in a prominent review, where an impression is produced, at least as false as it is ignorant, that Anthony Trollope's vehemence was roughness, and his manner coarse. The critic says that he went to dine with Stuart Mill, and that "the party was only a moderate success. The contrast was too violent between the modesty and courtesy of the host and the blustering fashions of Trollope. These came out worse when they figured in the same room with the gentle precision of Mill and the pleasant gravity of Cairns. It was a relief to get the bull safely away from the china shop."

As a matter of simple justice such false impressions should be balanced by a more faithful testimony. It should be told that he was a perfect gentleman in every fibre of his nature, that he was astoundingly chivalrous, and that his manner, however vehement, was never ungentle. It was very truly said of him:—

Enthusiasm—it may be impetuosity—is only one of the accidental modes of development assumed by his imagination. It has become a species of necessary condition of his thought; and just as great athletes find it desirable frequently to exercise their muscles and sinews by wielding dumb-bells, brandishing Indian clubs, and other feats of strength, so does Mr. Trollope keep his mental elasticity fresh and vigorous by tilting against windmills and by defending paradoxes.

A fear of hurting anybody's feelings was one of his strongest characteristics, and though he dearly liked a "delicious

feud," however violent his words might be, his sentiments were always soft.

In the summer of 1880 the Trollopes left London and went to live at Harting, a village on the confines of Hampshire, chosen because they found there a house to suit them, and the end of that year Anthony Trollope wrote:—

Yes, we have changed our mode of life altogether. We have got a little cottage here, just big enough (or nearly so) to hold my books, with five acres and a cow and a dog and a cock and a hen. I have got seventeen years' lease, and therefore I hope to lay my bones here. Nevertheless I am as busy as would be one thirty years younger, in cutting out dead boughs, and putting up a paling here and a little gate there. We go to church and mean to be very good, and have maids to wait on us. The reason for all this I will explain when I see you, although, as far as I see at present, there is no good reason other than that we were tired of London.

The life at Harting was very happy; the rector of his little village has described it in a few brief sentences written with the regard Trollope always won at first sight from all who were in any way brought near him.

Though he rigidly maintained his lifelong habits of industry, he was no recluse, and his genial frankness soon made him the honored friend of us all. The sick poor in particular found him a staunch benefactor. To the last he was never weary of generous deeds, generally done on the spur of the moment. A laborer of looting propensities and unable to obtain farm work, employed at Mr. Trollope's fences, was seen by the gardener to take some fallen apples. The master was informed, and the gardener suggested the policeman. Mr. Trollope, apparently in thunder, left his sanctum, and found the culprit eating his dinner under a tree, a piece of bread in one hand and an apple in the other.

"Who allowed you to take my apples?" said the thunder.

"I had nothing but bread, and it's better with an apple," quothed Ishmael.

Mr. Trollope walked indoors, cut some slices of ham and cheese from the luncheon table, took them out and threw them into the man's lap, saying:

"Eat and be better."

With characteristic tenderness of conscience he afterwards doubted if he had done rightly, or the tale of his mercy would never have been told.

But alas! the happy time at Harting had to be brought to a close.

The health which had been so strong was evidently failing, and he often spoke more seriously than in jest of his own

novelte, "The Fixed Period," then coming out in *Blackwood's Magazine*, declaring it to be his own unaffected opinion that it would be well if England were to adopt the laws of Britannula, and abolish the miseries, weakness, and *fainéant* imbecility of old age by the pre-arranged ceasing to live of those who would otherwise become old.

It was at the close of a lively morning visit that he first told one of his greatest friends that his life was in danger, saying in the most common conversational tone, "I have had a terrible verdict pronounced against me since I saw you last. They say I have got angina pectoris. I am to eat and drink, and get up and sit down at my peril, and may drop down dead at any moment." He subsequently consulted Dr. Murrell, the well-known authority on angina pectoris, who did not endorse the verdict, but found that his heart was weak, and that hard work had made an old man of him.

For more than a year he remained under the same medical care, and got comparatively well. He was enabled to resume his favorite exercise, and his usual animated life, being, however, fairly warned, and that impressively, that he must neither over-work nor over-exert himself. The injunction was perfectly vain. He was extraordinarily impatient and reckless of his own condition; would still dash out of railway-carriages before the stopping of the train, would hurry in and out of cabs, and give way in all things to his usual impetuosity. The end was grievous as it was sudden, and is briefly described in the preface:

On the evening of the 3rd of November, 1882, he was seized with paralysis of the right side, accompanied by loss of speech. His mind also had failed, though at intervals his thoughts would return to him. After the first three weeks these lucid intervals became rarer, but it was always very difficult to tell how far his mind was sound or how far astray.

He was moved from the rooms in Suffolk Street, which he had taken as soon as it was decided that he could not live at Harting, and where the doors were besieged with anxiously inquiring visitors, to a quiet house in Welbeck Street, where he died nearly five weeks from the night of his attack.

The wish he had expressed so strongly in his days of health and strength was granted. The power of work was over, and he was taken from the world in which, according to his own view, there could be no longer any joy.

From The Saturday Review.

A FLORENTINE TRADESMAN'S DIARY.

III.

THE toils of Savonarola's enemies closed gradually around him. Hostility towards him was pushed to irreverence, which made his position as a preacher untenable. On Ascension Day, 1497, says Landucci,

certain men his enemies wrought a great wickedness. By night, through despite, they made a violent entry into the church, bursting open the door on the side of the campanile, and defiled the pulpit most disgracefully with filth. In the middle of the sermon a noise was made by striking with a club on a chest. At once there rose a cry "Jesus," since the people were disturbed, expecting some scandal from the wrongdoers. There was quiet for a while, but the cry "Jesus" again was raised, because as the Frate left the pulpit some who had arms for his defence under their cloaks drew them, when they saw some of whom they were suspicious draw near. There was a great scandal.

Next day the magistrates, who were unfavorable to Savonarola, issued a general order that no friar should preach without their permission. The benches were taken away from the cathedral, and the reaction against Savonarola set in. His puritanism provoked a revolt; "every one gave himself again to sports and to enlarge his life for every evil. Frascati and the taverns were opened again." In the procession on Corpus Christi Day the "boys of Fra Girolamo" were hustled in the streets; one of the red crosses which they carried was broken and thrown into the Arno. To check the strong current of party feeling all preaching was forbidden by the magistrates. "We were deprived of the word of God," says Landucci, using the phraseology of the later puritans. The horse-races, which Savonarola had suspended, were revived by the magistrates, who said, "Let us amuse this people a little; are we all to become friars?" Then followed the papal excommunication, and a period of doubt and silence in Florence. In February, 1498, Savonarola again came forward and preached, "and the benches were put up again in Santa Maria del Fiore, and much people went there; and there was much talk of the excommunication, and many through fear of it did not go, saying, 'Whether just or unjust, it is to be feared.' I was amongst those who did not go."

The enforced silence had broken the spell of Savonarola's eloquence. His

claims to prophetic powers had been ridiculed; the papal excommunication was a serious matter; and many of his staunch adherents began to adopt an attitude of suspended judgment. Savonarola was driven to take steps to regain his fading influence. In the Carnival he organized the burning of vanities, and was still strong as a moral reformer. He said mass in San Marco and communicated with his own hand several thousands of men and women. Then he advanced into the outside pulpit, bearing the host in his hand and blessed the assembled crowd. "Many had come expecting to see signs, and the lukewarm laughed and mocked saying, 'He is excommunicated and communicates others.' And he seemed to me to be mistaken in this, though I believed in him; but I did not wish to incur risk by going to hear him, since he was excommunicated." Landucci expressed in this caution the views of many of the sober Florentines, and Savonarola strove to reassure them. On March 1 he said in a sermon "that he had written to the pope to amend his ways, otherwise he would come to a bad end and must expect a great scourge, and that quickly." It is scarcely surprising that the pope wrote angrily to the magistrates bidding them close the mouth of an excommunicated man. But Landucci had a sense of the different spheres of the temporal and spiritual power. "It seemed a wondrous thing that the pope could not make him remain quiet and hold his tongue; much more wondrous that he stood firm and did not cease to preach."

The strongest weapon of Savonarola's enemies was ridicule, which was always powerful among the Florentines. Men wandered about with bits of lighted candles, and said in explanation, "I am looking for the key which the frate has lost." Others seized the known adherents of Savonarola and forced them on to their knees before a lantern saying, "Adore the true light."

In this excited state of popular feeling came the challenge to the proof of fire. According to Landucci's account, the first who uttered it was a Dominican, a friend of Savonarola. Once started, this unlucky challenge seized the popular mind. Savonarola seemed to shrink from it, and the populace were easily turned against him. He was dragged as a felon to prison, and every tongue was turned against him. "Hell seemed to be open," was Landucci's impression. When he heard that Savonarola was put to torture, the good apoth-

ecary wept and prayed for him. But we gather from his pages how well Savonarola's enemies had laid their plans for ruining his reputation:—

On April 19 was read in the Council the process of Frate Girolamo, which he had written with his own hand. We held him for a prophet; and he confessed that he was no prophet and did not have from God the things which he preached; . . . he confessed that many things which had occurred in the course of his sermons were the contrary of what he gave us to understand. And I was present to hear the reading of the process, at which I marvelled and stood transfixed in wonder. And my soul was grieved to see such a splendid edifice fall to the ground because it was built on the sorry foundation of one only falsehood. I looked that Florence should have become a new Jerusalem whence should issue the laws and the magnificence and the example of the good life; I looked to see the renewal of the Church, the conversion of the unbelievers, and the consolation of the good; and I felt the opposite, and from the fact I took its medicine. "In thy will, O Lord, all things are placed."

We feel how keen the blow was to Landucci's mind, how bitter the disappointment of his expectations. To the last he hoped for some sign or wonder, but none was given. "Many fell from the faith," he says, in his account of Savonarola's death. But the prophet's memory was dear to a faithful few, and the day after his execution some women were found in the Piazza devoutly kneeling on the spot where he was burned. A few days afterwards there was a plague of caterpillars, which was interpreted by reference to Savonarola's death. The animals had a face like a man, with a crown which shone like gold on the head, while their tail was black, and armed with fangs which destroyed the thorn bushes. Men said this signified that Savonarola's life was golden, and after him the evil weeds must be destroyed.

The outburst of profligacy which followed Savonarola's death shocked Luca Landucci greatly, and a shade of melancholy and hopelessness comes over his pages after his hero was gone. He had looked for one who was to restore Israel, and he went all his days sadlier when his hopes were dashed. He could not explain to himself the causes of Savonarola's failure; he was not sufficient for these things. But he faithfully represents the feelings which Savonarola awakened among many minds in Florence, and the moral impulse which he gave never entirely departed

from the majority of those who had once owned his power.

The pontificate of Leo X., glorious as it was to Florence, awakened some enthusiasm in the mind of Landucci. His account of the decoration of the city for the pope's visit in 1515 gives a vivid picture of the magnificence of the Italians, and their use of art for the ordinary purposes of life. He describes the trophies which were erected in the streets, "and they were not the work of common, uncultivated men, but were all perfect figures, and well placed for their purpose by skilful men." This lavish display amazed, but did not move him. More than two thousand men, he tells us, labored for a month, and the cost was reckoned at seventy thousand florins, "all for these perishable things that passed away like a shadow, whereas they might have been spent in a beautiful temple to the honor of God and the glory of the city. Still the poor artisans were helped by this expenditure, and a little money was circulated." The stock argument for luxury and display was current in the sixteenth century, and covered a multitude of follies.

Landucci has much to tell of the artistic progress of Florence during his days. In early times he records Donatello, "who made the tomb of Messer Leonardo, of Arezzo, in Santa Croce," and Rossellino, "a very small man, but great in sculpture." He tells of Maestro Antonio, an organist who surpassed all in his day, Andrea del Castagno, Domenico of Venice, and the brothers Pollaiuolo. He lived in a time of architectural splendor, which was not altogether enjoyable in its immediate effects. "On all sides they pulled down houses, and all the streets were filled with mountains of stones, rubbish, and mules and asses laden with gravel, so that it was difficult to pass. And even shopkeepers lived in constant dread, and were annoyed by the crowds which gathered at the sight or could not pass with laden beasts." Landucci also saw the sale of Piero de' Medici's pictures; but he gives no account of the treasures which then were scattered. In 1504 he saw Michael Angelo's "David" set up in its place. He calls it "the marble giant," and tells how the wall had to be broken to admit of its passage from the studio. It is some small consolation to know that there were in Florence mischievous and destructive vagabonds, as there are in London at the present day. Stones were thrown during the night at the statue, and a guard had to be set to prevent damage.

It was moved so slowly and carefully through the streets that it took four days to set it in the Piazza. In smaller points Landucci bears witness to the artistic instincts of the Florentine people. They used a fall of snow as a means of adorning their city with snow lions and nude statues, "the work of good masters; and in Borgo S. Lorenzo was made a city, with fortresses and many galleys; and this was done throughout Florence." Moreover, Luca had an artistic scheme of his own, which was to build a church in honor of St. John the Evangelist. For this purpose he proposed to clear away the houses by the Piazza of San Lorenzo, and build a church with a stately dome. This scheme Luca imparted to Simone del Pollaiuolo, who greatly approved of it, and promised to lay it before those in authority. But Simone died without taking any further steps, whereupon Luca chose as his spokesman Giovanni Cellini, father of the more famous Benvenuto. But, in spite of the memoir which Luca drew up on the subject, his project never advanced to serious consideration. It is characteristic of Florentine life that an apothecary should be an architect in his way, and should devise a scheme for the adornment of his city.

Luca Landucci illustrates the popular belief in prodigies, which he plentifully recounts, though he does not always believe them. In 1495, he relates a "matter for laughter." The ghost of the late Duke of Milan appeared in the road, and gave a man a letter to carry to Ludovico il Moro. The man took it; and Ludovico, on reading it, bowed his head, and stood amazed. When asked for an answer, he said, "It has been given." Men regarded this as a prophecy of war and famine. In 1504 happened a thing "which ought not to be written," but as so many men affirmed it, Luca records it all the same. A phantom army appeared in a meadow near Bologna; presently another army issued from a wood and a savage battle took place; then shadowy wagons bore off the corpses of the slain and no trace was left. Many men saw this from a distance; as they came nearer they saw nothing. He tells of horses and men-of-arms seen in clouds of smoke, of rain of blood, of monstrous births, of wondrous apparitions, of bowing statues, and the like. Such like things he neither entirely believes nor disbelieves, but tells them as he heard them, sometimes with expressions of distrust. Still he saw wondrous things with his own eyes. A Spaniard, who was

selling charms, proved their potency by entering a hot oven, putting a burning torch in his mouth, and washing his hands in boiling oil. Stranger still, he saw another Spaniard who had a boy of thirteen, out of whose mouth used to issue a figure with head and legs like a human being, and capable of performing human actions.

Luca's pages abound in illustrations of the daily life of old Florence. He records its police news, its disturbances, and its coarseness, as well as its more serious moods. On Easter Eve, 1498, rough joking was carried to irreverence. A horse was turned into the cathedral during the early mass, and was beaten by sticks till it rushed wildly through the church and fell upon the steps. Ink was put sometimes into the holy water, and assafœtida was mixed with the incense. A ruined gamester revenged himself for his ill luck by pelting with horsedung an image of the Virgin, to the great scandal of the Florentines. Crimes and mishaps in those days greatly resemble those of our own time. A clumsy executioner, who made three unsuccessful strokes at the head of a condemned criminal, was promptly seized by the angry mob and stoned to death on the spot.

These are but samples of the information which Landucci's pages give of contemporary life and opinion. Few diaries present a more complete and vivid picture of the individual character of their writer. Just and upright, kindly and moderate, he had gone through life contented and submissive. He was proud of his city, and was convinced that its cause was just. To him, in some shape or other, Florence was destined to be the pioneer of human progress. In this faith he lived and died. He is a worthy example of the men who made Florence what she was; he is a representative of the class on whom a commercial civilization must ultimately rest.

As we read his pages we see the dangers that beset a commercial State. Engaged in his daily business, striving to fulfil his daily duties, Luca Landucci was content that others should manage politics for him. He was a staunch republican, but when the republic was swept away, he did not see that much was to be done. The thing that grieved him most was that the Medici restoration set to work to pull down the Sala Grande which had been built for the republican Consiglio. Forms of government might come or go, but the architectural grandeur of the city ought not to be diminished. Landucci, and men like

him, felt that they had too great a stake in the country to meddle much with politics. An adventurer by profession, an avowed partisan, staked all on the hazard of the success of his party. The peaceful citizen who wished to pursue an even tenor of life felt that he had better keep away from party strife. He saw its evils, and hoped for their remedy. His instincts were on the side of liberty; but he was powerless in action. Landucci and such as he formed the stuff of which Florence was made, but it was stuff that was easily moulded to any political form, provided that the safety and glory of Florence was maintained.

It is the fashion to represent Italian society in the sixteenth century as hopelessly corrupt. Morality and religion, we are constantly told, had alike ceased to operate as motives with men. This is not the impression which Landucci's diary leaves on the reader's mind, and we have no reason for thinking that he was an entirely exceptional character. The politics of Italy had grown so artificial that they were estranged from the morality of ordinary life; but morality existed not the less. There was a sound remnant of honest citizens who garnered all that was good in the quickened activity of Italy, yet knew themselves and the limits of their powers. The vices of the Italian Renaissance have passed into commonplace; its virtues are habitually overlooked. It produced a type of character of which Luca Landucci may be taken as a specimen, which has a charm peculiarly its own. Beneath the splendid princes, beneath the humanists and courtly poets, was a body of simple straightforward folk, who were at the same time eminently civilized and cultivated. They received the impulse of the new learning without abandoning the old virtues of commerce. It was their misfortune that their lot was cast on evil times — times in which it was not given to them long to bring down beauty into the quiet of their domestic life.

The artificial politics of Italy had passed beyond the point where the united wisdom of citizens could guide the State. The defect of Luca and his fellows was a want of strength and definiteness of purpose. Their pursuit of beauty and knowledge had led them to effeminacy, though they knew it not. Yet with their merits and defects alike such were the men who formed the foundation of the artistic life in Italy. They are the types whose grave faces and decorous mien are seen in the

frescoes of Ghirlandaio, and whose ideal worth the pencil of Leonardo delighted to explore.

From The Spectator.

CANON LIDDON ON SECULARISM.

CANON LIDDON in the fine sermon preached last Sunday in St. Paul's, on the comparative influence exerted by the seen and the unseen on the quality and energy of human conduct, maintained most justly, we believe, that spiritual faith much more than counterbalances, in the stimulus it lends to human activity, even that loss of secular energy which the time spent in religious exercises appears to entail. "It may well be," he said, "that a man who is undisturbed by any sight of the eternal future might thus get through, after his fashion, more manual or mental work having reference only to this life, than a man who believes what the Christian revelation tells him about a life after death. But this admission is counterbalanced by the moral enrichment of life which is the fruit of sincere faith in a future existence. The ground which might appear to be won for this world by saving thought and time, against the demands which the future world must make on them, would be lost by the absence of those commanding motives which belief in another life supplies. The things that are not seen — Almighty God and the eternal future — make large demands upon the head and heart; they also, or rather thereby, make the kindred duties of this life serious and noble, since all are a preparation for that which is to follow. There is a scene in the life of our Lord which is apparently related by the Fourth Evangelist with the view of impressing this upon us. St. John tells us how 'Jesus, knowing that the Father had given all things into his hands, and that he was come from God and went to God,' — with his thoughts resting on these vast subjects of contemplation, did what? — 'he riseth from supper and laid aside his garments, and took a towel and girded himself. After that he poureth water into a basin, and began to wash the disciples' feet, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded.' No duty is too humble to be inspired by the grandest conviction as its ruling motive. No faith is too sublime to consecrate any portion of a life-work that is meant for eternity. . . . Positivism may say, if it will, as it watches us Christians kneeling

before the altars of the Eternal and the Crucified, 'See how these men waste time which might be given to social, economical, sanitary, moral improvements.' But if man does not cease to exist at death, we are working on a basis of fact which Positivism ignores. Let us kneel on. Let us kneel on, for most assuredly the time is not lost; we gain more in moral power than we lose in minutes or hours. Heaven irradiates, with a meaning not otherwise to be had, the monotonous drudgery of many an earthly lot; and it is better, in the long run, for 'the things that are seen' that we should thus look mainly at the 'things that are not seen.' " Canon Liddon has hardly ever said anything with nobler and simpler eloquence than this. And though we cannot in any way emulate the power of his language, we may illustrate his teaching from one or two different points of view which it did not enter into his line of thought to include.

Although, then, a gain of faith is a gain of power for this world, no less than the other, it is not a gain of power in that sense in which it is a gain of power laboriously to pump up water which you wish to spread far and wide, to a height from which it will, by the mere pressure of its descending column, distribute itself to all the needful centres. That is not Canon Liddon's meaning, and certainly completely out of keeping with the fine illustration he gave of it. Faith is no artificial heightening of emotion in order that it may be equal to the tasks required of it. That would be the sceptic's view of faith, — a useful but manufactured fiction, not the Christian's view of it, namely, a recognition of revealed truth. Canon Liddon's lesson we take to be this, — that, as a matter of fact, whether a man believes in the Christian revelation or rejects that belief, — whether he agrees with Canon Liddon, or ranges himself with Mr. Fred-eric Harrison as an ardently religious Positivist, or scoffs at all religion with Mr. Bradlaugh, he cannot rid himself of the impression, which is ingrained deep in the facts of his inmost nature, that the manner of life which would be most appropriate to the secular view of things, — the easy-going manner of life which weighs the value of our lot by measuring its known pains against its known enjoyments, — is not the true one; that, however you may account for it, the man who trifles with life, — as life ought to be trifled with if the visible part of life were all, — is ignoring, or trying to ignore, one of the most constant and inevitable warnings to which

our nature is subjected, and only deserves to be treated as a man hiding from himself. Mr. Leslie Stephen, secularist as he is, admitted this, as we ourselves, we believe, pointed out, when reviewing his book on "The Basis of Ethics;" and as Mr. Goldwin Smith, in the very striking article published in the December *Contemporary*, has eloquently reminded us. Mr. Stephen expressly declares that secularistic ethics can say no more than this, "Be good, if you would be happy," adding, however, "in an emphatic aside, 'Be not too good.'" Yet Mr. Leslie Stephen is obviously not in the least satisfied with his secular ethics, for he does not echo on his own account the advice, "Be not too good;" indeed, he evidently despises it, though he does not in the least know where to find the intellectual leverage with which to justify the contempt he feels for those who adopt it. Well, that is a good illustration of what we mean. Even those to whom the vision of what Christ revealed is no vision at all, — nothing but the shadow of a cloud, — are often just as much pressed upon by the obligations of the eternal world as those who recognize it in full. Some of them no doubt contrive, by continually turning away their attention from the burden, to make the least of it, and get as much distraction in the world as they can; others are rendered simply restless and feverish by it, and plunge into fictitious religions with Mr. Frederic Harrison; or into ambiguous moral, social, and political movements with Mr. Bradlaugh; but all who have any sensitiveness to social obligations at all, do practically recognize that human life is not, and cannot be, made a trivial affair of; that there is an immeasurable pressure of obligation resting on it which, whatever your theory of life, you must feel, and, if you are honest, recognize; that you can only satisfy your own heart by treating life as if it were vastly more important than, on the common secular theory, it ought to be; and that the man who is willing to accept the utilitarian form of the command, "Be good, if you would be happy, but be not too good," is a person whom, whether you are bound to justify him or not in *theory*, you can only pity and despise in practice.

Nevertheless, Canon Liddon's position, that the Christian and the Christian alone, really husbands to the utmost the force derived from this supreme pressure of in-

visible things upon the heart, seems to us strictly true. The Positivist recognizes, but rationalizes it, explains it away, in fact, as due to ideals which, when we come to look at them closely, disclose nothing but an "infinite sigh of the human heart," as one of the earliest pantheists termed "God;" and no one can long continue to fulfil strenuously an obligation which he refers to nothing more potent and more permanent than a sigh of the heart, infinite or finite. The better kind of secularist recognizes it chiefly in the heat and restlessness with which he tries to sweep away injustice, seeing that injustice not swept away in the lifetime of the living, is, for them, in his belief, never swept away at all. And unfortunately, heat and restlessness of feeling are just the least favorable of all conditions for coping with and removing injustice. It is really only the theologian who is convinced in his inmost heart that justice and righteousness, though defeated temporarily, can only be defeated temporarily in order to triumph for eternity, who can bring to the war with evil at once that absolute trust, and that calmness under disappointment, which give the best guarantee of victory.

The real difference between the believer in the Christian revelation, the half-believer, and the unbeliever, is this, — that while all of them, if in any degree good men, fight boldly in the battle against evil, only the first has absolute confidence that the obligation under which he is laid to fight it, is a sure guarantee of final success. That secret pressure on the will which the others obey with hope at best, and with despondency at worst, faith obeys gladly, as the soldier obeys the call of a general by whom he has been led again and again to victory. Faith is not, however, the power itself, but the right understanding of the source whence the power comes. The sense of obligation itself descends on every will which is open to the appeal of good; but while the unbeliever is fevered by it, and made far too restless for cool and careful conflict; while the half-believer is rendered only wistfully hopeful by it, and lives on the strength of ambiguous and often feeble aspirations, — the genuine believer is steeled against all discouragement, knowing that eternity is long enough to give the true interpretation to temporary failure, and the true significance to all success.

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LAURESTINUS.

How empty seems the firelit room,
Where half in glow, and half in gloom
Her life's mute tokens lie;
An open desk, a book laid down,
A mantle dropped, of gold and brown,
The bloodhound watching by.

An easel veiled, and thereupon
Her finished work, a victory won
By months of honest toil:
The fair fulfilment of her dreams
Among her native woods and streams,
Far from the world's turmoil.

Beside the bloodhound's mighty jaw
Her flower has dropped; with tender awe
I mark the hardy spray
Of laurestinus, glossy green,
White flowers and tiny buds between
All pink as unblown may.

I dare not touch the pretty prize,
O'er-watched by those half-open eyes;
But looking on the flower,
It seems most meet that she should wear
This blossom, blown in winter air
And washed by winter's shower.

No rose for her of ruddy hue,
With thorns to pierce, as love's thorns do,
Or steep the soul in sense;
No lily trembling on its stem,
However meet such diadem
For her white innocence.

But this bright, hardy evergreen,
That holds its blossoms white and clean
Above the dark, damp mould;
That shows alike to sun and shower
Its glossy leaf, its pearly flower,
Through all the winter cold.

It asks no shelter from the storm;
She seeks no love to keep her warm,
But love of closest kin;
The crown of work, its blessed cares,
The smile of Heaven, the poor man's prayers,
Are all she strives to win.

And so she fares, alone, apart,
Life-consecrate to God, to art,
And giving both her best;
She wears, afar from worldly strife,
The blossom "of a blameless life"
Upon her quiet breast.

All The Year Round.

IZAAK WALTON.

Obiit Dec. 15, 1683.

FATHER of anglers! when, two hundred years
Agone, Death sealed thine eyes, his visage
frore
Grew touched — the legend tells — with sud-
den ruth.
He sealed thine eyes from tears and world's
despite

With icy fingers, but he spared thy heart.
"Not death, but dreams, through all the years
to come
Shall be thy portion, sweetest soul," he said —
"Dreams of accustomed fields and haunts of
yore,
Trout-dimpled pool, and babbling brook and
burn —
Dreams of old faces and familiar speech,
Of cordial geste and gossip by the way —
Dreams of immortal morn, eternal May."

So Fine-ear, bending, Izaak, o'er thy tomb,
Through chink and crevice of the mouldering
stone
Hears, as it were, a ripple and a rhyme —
Hears quaint discourse — Piscator's homily,
Venator's staid response, and, after pause,
The piping minor of the milkmaid's song,
With cadence of the nightingale and thrush,
Or distant-sounding bay of otter-hounds:
Old life, old sport of Lea-side and of Dove —
The life we cherish and the sport we love.
Athenæum. T. WESTWOOD.

NOT UNTIL NEXT TIME.

"I DREAMED that we were lovers still,
As tender as we used to be,
When I brought you the daffodil,
And you looked up, and smiled at me."

"True sweethearts were we then indeed,
When youth was budding into bloom;
But now the flowers are gone to seed,
And breezes have left no perfume."

"Because you ever, ever, will
Take such a crooked view of things,
Distorting this and that, until
Confusion ends in cavillings."

"Because you never, never, will
Perceive the force of what I say;
As if I always reasoned ill —
Enough to take one's breath away!"

"But what, if riper love replace
The vision that enchanted me,
When all you did was perfect grace,
And all you said was melody?"

"And what, if loyal heart renew
The image, never quite foregone,
Combining, as of yore, in you
A Samson and a Solomon?"

"Then to the breezes will I toss
The straws we split, with temper's loss,
And seal upon your lips anew
The peace that gentle hearts ensue."

"Oh, welcome then, ye playful ways,
And sunshine of the early days,
And banish to the clouds above
Dull reason, that bedarkens love!"
Blackwood's Magazine. R. D. BLACKMORE.

From The Nineteenth Century.

LORD MELBOURNE: A SKETCH.

THERE never probably was a time when a larger number of the community was interested in politics than now. The articles and speeches bearing upon any measure likely to be brought before Parliament become daily more numerous, and are devoured by the public with daily increasing appetite. There are few thinking men of any class who are not tolerably well versed at least in the outlines of the principal questions of the hour. The characters also and the careers of our leading statesmen are pretty generally known. It has, however, often occurred to me that there is, comparatively speaking, great ignorance of the past, particularly of those times which lie just beyond the memory of persons now living. It has struck me that at this moment some advantage might be taken of the temporary lull which seems to exist, while men on both sides are drawing breath before plunging into new struggles, to call attention to some of those who took a leading part in the earlier years of the present century. As a small contribution towards this object I have ventured to ask space in this review for a slight sketch of my relation, Lord Melbourne. His life has not long ago been admirably written by Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens, but, for the sake of clearness, and for the instruction of those who have not been able to read this work, I have cast my few remarks upon his career into the form of a biographical notice.

William, second Lord Melbourne, was born on the 15th of March, 1779. His father and mother were friends of the Prince of Wales, and lived in that brilliant Whig circle of which Fox and Sheridan were the political ornaments and the Duchess of Devonshire the Queen of Beauty.

It is difficult now to realize the spirit of that society, in which dissipation and intellectual refinement were so singularly combined. Drunkenness among the men was too frequent to be considered disgraceful, and even those who passed for being sober took their two or three bottles a day. Conversation was habitually interlarded with oaths. Gambling to such

an extent as to cripple the largest fortunes was the common amusement of both sexes; and morality, in other respects, was in a low state. But joined with this there was that high sense of personal honor, which in England, and still oftener in France, has at other times been united with similar manners. There was more than this. There was a spirit of justice and generosity—even of tenderness—and, in some cases, a delicacy of feeling which we are accustomed now to associate only with temperance and purity. There was also a very cultivated taste, derived from a far more extensive knowledge of the classics than is to be found in these days—a love of poetry and history—and, above all, an enthusiastic worship of liberty.

How came this strange worship of liberty among this exclusive and luxurious aristocracy? Originally, perhaps, as the result of faction. Excluded from power, and deprived of popularity by misfortunes and mistakes, which it would take too long to mention, the Whigs had been driven in their adversity to fall back upon their original principles. The debating instinct of their great Parliamentary leader seized upon the cry of liberty as a weapon of warfare in the House of Commons, and the cause which he advocated was so congenial to his frank and generous nature that he embraced it enthusiastically, and imparted his enthusiasm to his friends.

I will not pursue these thoughts further, but the circumstances of a man's early life have such influence in moulding his character, that even in such a slight sketch as this it may not have been out of place to call attention to the state of that society, with its vices and its redeeming qualities, in the midst of which William Lamb grew up.

He went to Eton in 1790, and to Cambridge in 1796. In 1797 he was entered at Lincoln's Inn, but without leaving Cambridge. In 1798 he won a prize by the oration* on "The Progressive Improvement of Mankind," alluded to by Fox in the House of Commons.

In 1799 he went to Glasgow to Professor Millar's, from whose house he wrote, during this and the following year, several

letters to his mother which still exist. They show the keenest interest in politics, and an enthusiastic admiration for the French, and they are not entirely free from a slight taint of that apparent want of patriotism which infected the Liberal party at that time, and which did it such irreparable damage. It is only fair to say that there is an entry written in a notebook a few years later, showing how keenly he appreciated and lamented this political error, and that, throughout the whole course of the Peninsular war, he expresses the warmest wishes for the success of the British arms, and for those of our allies in Germany.

His career at the bar was brief and uneventful, and, by the death of his elder brother, he shortly became heir-apparent to his father's title and property.

We now come to a most important event; important to all men — in his case particularly so — and attended with almost unmitigated evil.

On the 3rd of June, 1805, was solemnized the marriage of William Lamb with Lady Caroline Ponsonby. It is heartless, unnecessary, and altogether wrong to expose the dreariness, and the pain, and the ridicule of an ill-assorted marriage. Too many particulars of this unhappy union have already found their way into print. Lady Caroline was a woman of ability, and, I suppose, a certain amount of charm, but nobody who reads her works, or her letters, or the accounts of her conduct, can doubt that she was partially insane. Of her husband it is enough to say that whatever his faults may have been of over-indulgence at certain times, and perhaps an occasional outbreak of a passionate temper at others, he was on the whole singularly tender and kind and considerate. He was always honorable and gentlemanlike, and he bore his burden with a brave and manly spirit. But for twenty years his life was embittered, his ability repressed, and even his credit with the world temporarily impaired.

I have said that the evil which attended his marriage was almost unmitigated, but there was one compensation. He was driven into seclusion. Whole days were passed in his library, and it was during

these years that he acquired habits of reading which were never afterwards abandoned, and that he accumulated much of that vast store of learning, that large knowledge of all subjects ancient and modern, sacred and profane, which formed a continual subject of astonishment to those who knew him in later life.

After endless quarrels and reconciliations they were regularly separated in 1825, but he was with her at her death-bed two years later, and she expired in his arms.

Though he was a member of the House of Commons for many years, and occasionally spoke, he cannot be said to have acquired any distinction in that assembly; but his abilities had always been recognized by leading men, as may be shown by the fact that he twice refused office during that period.

His public career began in 1827, when he accepted, in Canning's administration, the post of chief secretary to the lord lieutenant of Ireland.

It is difficult to form a just opinion of him as he appeared to his contemporaries at this time. Mr. M'Cullagh Torrens has done justice to his high character, his clear intellect, and his broad, sound, and sensible views of men and things. Lord Melbourne's relations must always feel grateful to Mr. Torrens for so clearly bringing forward this side of his nature, and perhaps also for not attempting to delineate those characteristics which required to be touched with a more delicate hand. The uncontrolled flow of humor, and originality, and mischief, might easily have been perverted in the description into buffoonery or jauntiness, from which no man was ever more free. The paradoxes might have appeared as an ambitious effort to astonish and to draw attention when considered separately from the simple and spontaneous manner in which they were uttered. They were saved from this, as all good paradoxes are, not only by the manner, but by each one of them containing some portion of the truth which is generally overlooked, and which was then for the first time presented to the mind in a striking and unexpected way.

But though any attempt to describe the

charm of Lord Melbourne's society would probably lead to disastrous failure, and must not therefore be attempted, it is important to bear in mind that this extraordinary charm was the one great thing that remained impressed upon the mind of all who had communication with him.

Sparkling originality, keen insight into character, a rich store of information on every subject always at hand to strengthen and illustrate conversation, exuberant vitality, and above all, the most transparent simplicity of nature; these, from what I have heard, must have been his principal characteristics. I am bound to add that he often shocked fastidious people. He never spoke without swearing, and he was often very coarse in his remarks. There was indeed in his remarks and in his whole character not only a wayward recklessness which was natural to him, but a touch of cynical bitterness which contrasted strongly with the nobleness and generosity of the original man. The nobleness and generosity were, I say, original. The scenes which surrounded him in his early years, and still more that unhappy married life to which I have already alluded, may account for the remainder.

I must add that this charm of manner and conversation was set forth to the utmost advantage by a beautiful voice and a prepossessing personal appearance. He was tall, strong, and of vigorous constitution, brilliantly handsome, even in old age, with a play of countenance to which none of the pictures or prints of him which exist do the smallest justice.

It may easily be believed that with a people like the Irish a man like this immediately became extremely popular; and the solid abilities of a genuine statesman were speedily recognized by his colleagues.

Even at this period, with Lord Wellesley as viceroy, the principal business in Ireland was transacted by the chief secretary, though this minister was not then, as he has frequently been since, in the Cabinet. Lord Wellesley, accustomed to a far different position in India, was occasionally somewhat sore at the false relation in which he stood to his nominal

subordinate; though this was made as endurable as possible by the tact and fine feeling of William Lamb, who was constantly reminding the ministers in England of the consideration due to a veteran statesman, whom fate had placed in so disagreeable an office, and offering to send back despatches to be rewritten.

The short administrations of Canning and Goderich were uneventful in Ireland, and early in that of the Duke of Wellington Lamb resigned. He came away with an increased reputation. His extreme facility of access, and his delight in talking openly with people of all parties, had made him much liked; and even his very indiscretions seem to have told in his favor.

On the 22nd of July, 1828, he became Lord Melbourne by the death of his father.

In Lord Grey's administration of 1830 he was made home secretary. His appointment to so important an office without any public reputation as a man of business, and without any Parliamentary distinction, shows conclusively what a high opinion had been formed of his abilities by those in authority. But by the world at large he seems to have been still looked upon as an indolent man, and to have caused some surprise by the vigor and ability which he displayed in dealing with the very serious disturbances which at this time broke out in many parts of the country. This unexpected vigor, joined with the calmness and good sense which he was already known to possess, made his reign at the home office very successful, and he had an opportunity of particularly distinguishing himself by his firmness and discretion in dealing with a monster deputation from the trade unions shortly before he was called to fill a still higher position.

In 1834, on the resignation of Lord Grey, he was sent for by the king. He formed a government from his existing colleagues, and from that period, with the exception of a short interval, he remained prime minister of England for seven years.

The political history of these seven years has been written over and over

again. It was a history to which the Liberal party cannot look back with much satisfaction, and the memory of the prime minister suffers unjustly in consequence. It was one of those strange periods of reaction which are so familiar to the student of English political life, when the country was becoming daily more conservative in its views and feelings. Then, as at other similar periods, the Liberals were obstinately unwilling to believe the fact. While the bulk of the electors were ever more and more anxious for repose, ardent politicians were racking their brains for new stimulants, and seeking what reforms they could propose and what institutions they could attack in order to arouse the flagging energies of their supporters. They mistook a real wish to be left quiet for a disgust at not being led forward, and as the activity of Lord Melbourne in his cabinet was chiefly displayed in restraining the restlessness of the more impetuous of his colleagues, he became responsible in the eyes of some for the want of progress; while the nation at large accused him, in common with the rest of his government, of continually catching up without serious consideration or depth of conviction any policy which might be likely to bring a momentary popularity to the ministry.

In regard to this last accusation we must remember that Lord Melbourne was only one of the governing committee of the country, *primus inter pares*. It is only a very strong and very popular prime minister who can be more than this. His influence, as I have said, is believed to have been a restraining one. We know the mistakes to which he was a party, but we shall never know how many he may have prevented.

After all said against it, this period of seven years was neither unfruitful in wise legislation nor inglorious to the country. Without endangering peace, we maintained the high position of England in Europe, and, though many measures were prematurely introduced and hastily abandoned, a long list may be made of very useful ones which were passed.

What were Lord Melbourne's real political convictions? Some have said that he was in his heart a Conservative. He was undoubtedly less advanced in his opinions than many of his colleagues, and he sometimes exhibited a half laughing, half sorrowful disbelief in the result expected by others from constitutional changes. This, coupled with a love of mischief, and a delight in startling people,

made him appear less advanced than he was; as when he said about Catholic emancipation that all the wise men in the country had been on one side of the question and all the fools on the other, and that the fools had turned out to be right after all; when he told some ardent reformer that the men who originated the Reform Bill ought to be hanged on a gallows forty feet high; and when he remarked to Lord John Russell that he did not see that there was much use in education, illustrating his remark by reference to a popular and successful, but not highly instructed, family. These sayings, however, did not express his real convictions. His was essentially that kind of mind which sees clearly both sides of a question. His position would naturally have been very near the border line which divides the two parties, and on which it is impossible for any public man in England permanently to stand, but it would have been under any circumstances on the Liberal side of that line.

As leader of the House of Lords he was on the whole successful, certainly not the reverse. But he had the misfortune to be opposed and most bitterly attacked during a great part of his administration by the two greatest orators of the day, and he received little support from his own side. Of his speaking it has been said that if it had been a little better it would have been quite first-rate. He never prepared a speech, and he hesitated a good deal except when under the influence of excitement. But at his worst he was always plain, unpretending, and sensible, and his voice and appearance were of themselves sufficient to command attention. When roused he could be forcible and even eloquent for a few minutes, and he always gave the impression that he only wanted rousing to become so. The most powerful of his opponents never could feel sure that he might not at any moment receive a sudden knock-down blow, and both Brougham and Lyndhurst more than once experienced this.

On the accession of the queen in 1837, Lord Melbourne found himself suddenly placed in a most trying and most responsible position. This is the part of his career which is best known, and in which his conduct has been most appreciated; and I do not think there is any other instance on record of the confidential and affectionate relations subsisting between a sovereign and a minister so interesting to dwell upon. It is difficult to say to which of the two these relations were pro-

ductive of the greatest benefit. Her Majesty was indeed fortunate in finding such a counsellor. His large-minded fairness, his impartial appreciation of the motives and feelings of all parties in the State — that philosophical power of seeing both sides of a question, to which I have alluded, and which perhaps stood in his way as a party leader — were under present circumstances of unmixed advantage. His vast political and historical knowledge supplied him with ready information on every subject, which, I need hardly say, he imparted in the most agreeable manner; and his judgment, stimulated by the gravity of the situation, enabled him to give sound advice at least on all the deeper and more important matters which properly belonged to his position. To the minister himself, this new stimulant was invaluable. His life had never quite recovered from the blight cast upon it in his early manhood. He had long suffered from want of an object for which he really cared; his thoughtful temperament too much inclined him in his serious moments to realize the vanity of all things; but he now found a new interest, which animated his remaining years of activity, and which afterwards solaced him in illness and depression and intellectual decay.

Nobly also did the queen repay this chivalrous devotion, and this unselfish solicitude for her welfare. Her clear intellect readily assimilated his wisdom, and her truthful and just nature responded sympathetically to his enlightened and generous views. And there was no ingratitude or subsequent neglect to mar the harmony of the picture; for to the last hour of his existence her kindness and attention were without a break. Her Majesty has been fortunate in many of her advisers — fortunate more particularly in her illustrious husband — but such is the force of early impression, that perhaps no small part of the sagacity and the virtue which have signalized her reign may be traced to the influence of Lord Melbourne.

This little biographical notice must now be brought to a close. In 1841 his administration came to an end. In the autumn of 1842 he had a paralytic stroke. He recovered and lived till 1848, and was able to take his place in the House of Lords and to appear in society. But his sweet temper was soured and his spirits became unequal; his bright intellect was dimmed, and his peculiarities assumed an exaggerated form. He had been so famous in earlier days for the brilliancy of

his conversation, that even after his illness people remembered and repeated what he said. This has done his reputation some injury, and the stories told about him do not always convey a correct impression of his ability and his charm.

The life which I have attempted to sketch was an eventful one; and Lord Melbourne took no small share in the movements of his time. But it seems to have been the impression of all who met him that he might have done much more than he ever did, and that he was a far abler and greater man than many who have filled a larger space in history.

COWPER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

OLD LADY MARY:

A STORY OF THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

VI.

IT was winter, and snow was on the ground.

Lady Mary found herself on the road that led through her own village going home. It was like a picture of a wintry night — like one of those pictures that please the children at Christmas. A little snow sprinkled on the roofs, just enough to define them, and on the edges of the roads; every cottage window showing a ruddy glimmer in the twilight; the men coming home from their work; the children, tied up in comforters and caps, stealing in from the slides, and from the pond where they were forbidden to go; and, in the distance, the trees of the great house standing up dark, turning the twilight into night. She had a curious enjoyment in it, simple like that of a child, and a wish to talk to some one out of the fulness of her heart. She overtook, her step being far lighter and quicker than his, one of the men going home from his work, and spoke to him, telling him with a smile not to be afraid; but he never so much as raised his head, and went plodding on with his heavy step, not knowing that she had spoken to him. She was startled by this; but said to herself that the men were dull, that their perceptions were confused, and that it was getting dark — and went on, passing him quickly. His breath made a cloud in the air as he walked, and his heavy, plodding steps sounded into the frosty night. She perceived that her own were invisible and inaudible, with a curious momentary sea-

sation half of pleasure, half of pain. She felt no cold, and she saw through the twilight as clearly as if it had been day. There was no fatigue or sense of weakness in her; but she had the strange, wistful feeling of an exile returning after long years, not knowing how he may find those he had left. At one of the first houses in the village there was a woman standing at her door, looking out for her children — one who knew Lady Mary well. She stopped quite cheerfully to bid her good evening, as she had done in her vigorous days, before she grew old. It was a little experiment, too. She thought it possible that Catherine would scream out, and perhaps fly from her; but surely would be easily reassured when she heard the voice she knew, and saw by her one who was no ghost, but her own kind mistress. But Catherine took no notice when she spoke; she did not so much as turn her head. Lady Mary stood by her patiently, with more and more of that wistful desire to be recognized. She put her hand timidly upon the woman's arm, who was thinking of nothing but her boys, and calling to them, straining her eyes in the fading light. "Don't be afraid — they are coming, they are safe," she said, pressing Catherine's arm. But the woman never moved. She took no notice. She called to a neighbor who was passing to ask if she had seen the children, and the two stood and talked in the dim air, not conscious of the third who stood between them, looking from one to another, astonished, paralyzed. Lady Mary had not been prepared for this; she could not believe it even now. She repeated their names more and more anxiously, and even plucked at their sleeves to call their attention. She stood as a poor dependant sometimes stands, wistful, civil, trying to say something that will please, while they talked and took no notice; and then the neighbor passed on, and Catherine went into her house. It is hard to be left out in the cold when others go into their cheerful houses; but to be thus left outside of life, to speak and not be heard, to stand unseen, astounded, unable to secure any attention! She had thought they would be frightened, but it was not they who were frightened. A great panic seized the woman who was no more of this world. She had almost rejoiced to find herself back, walking so lightly, so strongly, finding everything easy that had been so hard; and yet but a few minutes had passed, and she knew, never more to be deceived, that she was no longer of this

world. What if she should be condemned to wander forever among familiar places that knew her no more, appealing for a look, a word, to those who could no longer see her, or hear her cry, or know of her presence? Terror seized upon her, a chill and pang of fear beyond description. She felt an impulse to fly wildly into the dark, into the night, like a lost creature; to find again somehow, she could not tell how, the door out of which she had come, and beat upon it wildly with her hands, and implore to be taken home. For a moment she stood looking round her, lost and alone in the wide universe; no one to speak to her, no one to comfort her — outside of life altogether. Other rustic figures, slow-stepping, leisurely, at their ease, went and came, one at a time; but in this place, where every stranger was an object of curiosity, no one cast a glance at her. She was as if she had never been.

Presently she found herself entering her own house.

It was all shut up and silent, — not a window lighted along the whole front of the house which used to twinkle and glitter with lights. It soothed her somewhat to see this, as if in evidence that the place had changed with her. She went in silently, and the darkness was as day to her. Her own rooms were all shut up, yet were open to her steps, which no external obstacle could limit. There was still the sound of life below stairs, and in the housekeeper's room a cheerful party gathered round the fire. It was there that she turned first with some wistful human attraction towards the warmth and light rather than to the still places in which her own life had been passed. Mrs. Prentiss, the housekeeper, had her daughter with her on a visit, and the daughter's baby lay asleep in a cradle placed upon two chairs outside the little circle of women round the table — one of whom was Jervis, Lady Mary's maid. Jervis sat and worked and cried, and mixed her words with little sobs. "I never thought as I should have had to take another place," she said. "Brown and me, we made sure of a little something to start upon. He's been here for twenty years, and so have you, Mrs. Prentiss; and me, as nobody can say I wasn't faithful night and day."

"I never had that confidence in my lady to expect anything," Prentiss said.

"Oh, mother, don't say that: many and many a day you've said, when my lady dies —"

"And we've all said it," said Jervis. "I can't think how she did it, nor why she did it; for she was a kind lady, though appearances is against her."

"She was one of them, and I've known a many, as could not abide to see a gloomy face," said the housekeeper. "She kept us all comfortable for the sake of being comfortable herself, but no more."

"Oh, you are hard upon my lady!" cried Jervis, "and I can't bear to hear a word against her, though it's been an awful disappointment to me."

"What's you or me, or any one," cried Mrs. Prentiss, "in comparison of that poor little thing that can't work for her living like we can; that is left on the charity of folks she don't belong to? I'd have forgiven my lady anything if she'd done what was right by Miss Mary. You'll get a place, and a good place; and me, they'll leave me here when the new folks come as have taken the house. But what will become of her, the darling? and not a penny, nor a friend, nor one to look to her? Oh, you selfish old woman! oh, you heart of stone! I just hope you are feeling it where you're gone," the housekeeper cried.

But as she said this, the woman did not know who was looking at her with wide, wistful eyes, holding out her hands in appeal, receiving every word as if it had been a blow. Though she knew it was useless, Lady Mary could not help it. She cried out to them, "Have pity upon me! have pity upon me! I am not cruel, as you think," with a keen anguish in her voice, which seemed to be sharp enough to pierce the very air and go up the skies. And so, perhaps, it did; but never touched the human atmosphere in which she stood a stranger. Jervis was threading her needle when her mistress uttered that cry, but her hand did not tremble, nor did the thread deflect a hair's-breadth from the straight line. The young mother alone seemed to be moved by some faint disturbance. "Hush!" she said; "is he waking?" looking towards the cradle. But as the baby made no further sound, she too returned to her sewing; and they sat bending their heads over their work round the table, and continued their talk. The room was very comfortable, bright, and warm, as Lady Mary had liked all her rooms to be. The warm firelight danced upon the walls; the women talked in cheerful tones. She stood outside their circle, and looked at them with a wistful face. Their notice would have been more sweet to her as she stood in that great

humiliation, than in other times the look of a queen.

"But what is the matter with baby?" the mother said, rising hastily.

It was with no servile intention of securing a look from that little prince of life that she who was not of this world had stepped aside forlorn, and looked at him in his cradle. Though she was not of this world, she was still a woman, and had nursed her children in her arms. She bent over the infant by the soft impulse of nature, tenderly, with no interested thought. But the child saw her; was it possible? He turned his head towards her, and flickered his baby hands, and cooed with that indescribable voice that goes to every woman's heart. Lady Mary felt such a thrill of pleasure go through her, as no incident had given her for long years. She put out her arms to him as the mother snatched him from his little bed; and he, which was more wonderful, stretched towards her in his innocence, turning away from them all.

"He wants to go to some one," cried the mother. "Oh look, look, for God's sake! who is there that the child sees?"

"There's no one there — not a soul. Now dearie, dearie, be reasonable. You can see for yourself there's not a creature," said the grandmother.

"Oh, my baby, my baby! He sees something we can't see," the young woman cried. "Something has happened to his father, or he's going to be taken from me!" she said, holding the child to her in a sudden passion. The other women rushed to her to console her — the mother with reason and Jervis with poetry. "It's the angels whispering, like the song says." Oh the pang that was in the heart of the other whom they could not hear! She stood wondering how it could be — wondering with an amazement beyond words, how all that was in her heart, the love and the pain, and the sweetness and bitterness, could all be hidden — all hidden by that air in which the women stood so clear! She held out her hands, she spoke to them, telling who she was, but no one paid any attention; only the little dog Fido, who had been basking by the fire, sprang up, looked at her, and, retreating slowly backwards till he reached the wall, sat down there and looked at her again, with now and then a little bark of inquiry. The dog saw her. This gave her a curious pang of humiliation, yet pleasure. She went away out of that little centre of human life in a great excitement and thrill of her whole being. The child had seen

her and the dog; but, oh heavens! how was she to work out her purpose by such auxiliaries as these?

She went up to her old bedchamber with unshed tears heavy about her eyes, and a pathetic smile quivering on her mouth. It touched her beyond measure that the child should have that confidence in her. "Then God is still with me," she said to herself. Her room, which had been so warm and bright, lay desolate in the stillness of the night; but she wanted no light, for the darkness was no darkness to her. She looked round her for a little, wondering to think how far away from her now was this scene of her old life, but feeling no pain in the sight of it—only a kind indulgence for the foolish simplicity which had taken so much pride in all these infantile elements of living. She went to the little Italian cabinet which stood against the wall, feeling now at least that she could do as she would,—that here there was no blank of human unconsciousness to stand in her way. But she was met by something that baffled and vexed her once more. She felt the polished surface of the wood under her hand, and saw all the pretty ornamentation, the inlaid work, the delicate carvings, which she knew so well. They swam in her eyes a little, as if they were part of some phantasmagoria about her, existing only in her vision. Yet the smooth surface resisted her touch; and when she withdrew a step from it, it stood before her solidly and square, as it had stood always, a glory to the place. She put forth her hands upon it, and could have traced the waving lines of the exquisite work, in which some artist soul had worked itself out in the old times; but though she thus saw it and felt, she could not with all her endeavors find the handle of the drawer, the richly wrought knob of ivory, the little door that opened into the secret place. How long she stood by it, attempting again and again to find what was as familiar to her as her own hand, what was before her, visible in every line, what she felt with fingers which began to tremble, she could not tell. Time did not count with her as with common men. She did not grow weary, or require refreshment or rest like those who were still of this world. But at length her head grew giddy and her heart failed. A cold despair took possession of her soul. She could do nothing then—nothing; neither by help of man, neither by use of her own faculties, which were greater and clearer than ever before. She sank down upon the floor at the foot of

that old toy, which had pleased her in the softness of her old age, to which she had trusted the fortunes of another; by which, in wantonness and folly, she had sinned, she had sinned! And she thought she saw standing round her companions in the land she had left, saying, "It is impossible, impossible!" with infinite pity in their eyes; and the face of him who had given her permission to come, yet who had said no word to her to encourage her in what was against nature. And there came into her heart a longing to fly, to get home, to be back in the land where her fellows were, and her appointed place. A child lost, how pitiful that is! without power to reason and divine how help will come; but a soul lost, outside of one method of existence, withdrawn from the other, knowing no way to retrace its steps, nor how help can come! There had been no bitterness in the passing from earth to the land where she had gone; but now there came upon her soul, in all the power of her new faculties, the bitterness of death. The place which was hers she had forsaken and left, and the place that had been hers knew her no more.

VII.

MARY, when she left her kind friend in the vicarage, went out and took a long walk. She had received a shock so great that it took all sensation from her, and threw her into the seething and surging of an excitement altogether beyond her control. She could not think until she had got familiar with the idea, which indeed had been vaguely shaping itself in her mind ever since she had emerged from the first profound gloom and prostration of the shadow of death. She had never definitely thought of her position before—never even asked herself what was to become of her when Lady Mary died. She did not see any more than Lady Mary did, why she should ever die; and girls who have never wanted anything in their lives, who have had no sharp experience to enlighten them, are slow to think upon such subjects. She had not expected anything; her mind had not formed any idea of inheritance: and it had not surprised her to hear of the earl, who was Lady Mary's natural heir; nor to feel herself separated from the house in which all her previous life had been passed. But there had been gradually dawning upon her a sense that she had come to a crisis in her life, and that she must soon be told what was to become of her. It

was not so urgent as that she should ask any questions; but it began to appear very clearly in her mind that things were not to be with her as they had been. She had heard the complaints and astonishment of the servants, to whom Lady Mary had left nothing, with resentment. Jervis who could not marry and take her lodging-house, but must wait until she had saved more money, and wept to think, after all her devotion, of having to take another place; and Mrs. Prentiss, the house-keeper, who was cynical, and expounded Lady Mary's kindness to her servants to be the issue of a refined selfishness; and Brown, who had sworn subdued oaths, and had taken the liberty of representing himself to Mary as "in the same box" with herself. Mary had been angry, very angry at all this; and she had not by word or look given any one to understand that she felt herself "in the same box." But yet she had been vaguely anxious, curious, desiring to know. And she had not even begun to think what she should do. That seemed a sort of affront to her god-mother's memory, at all events, until some one had made it clear to her. But now, in a moment, with her first consciousness of the importance of this matter in the sight of others, a consciousness of what it was to herself, came into her mind. A change of everything—a new life—a new world; and not only so, but a severance from the old world,—a giving up of everything that had been most near and pleasant to her.

These thoughts were driven through her mind like the snowflakes in a storm. The year had slid on since Lady Mary's death. Winter was beginning to yield to spring; the snow was over and the great cold. And other changes had taken place. The great house had been let, and the family who had taken it had been about a week in possession. Their coming had inflicted a wound upon Mary's heart; but everybody had urged upon her the idea that it was much better the house should be let for a time "till everything was settled." When all was settled things would be different. Mrs. Vicar did not say, "You can then do what you please," but she did convey to Mary's mind somehow a sort of inference that she would have something to do it with. And when Mary had protested, "It shall never be let again with my will," the kind woman had said tremulously, "Well, my dear!" and had changed the subject. All these things now came to Mary's mind. They had been afraid to tell her; they had

thought it would be so much to her—so important, such a crushing blow. To have nothing—to be destitute; to be written about by Mr. Furnival to the earl; to have her case represented—Mary felt herself stung by such unendurable suggestions into an energy—a determination—of which her soft young life had known nothing. No one should write about her, or ask charity for her, she said to herself. She had gone through the woods and round the park, which was not large, and now she could not leave those beloved precincts without going to look at the house. Up to this time she had not had the courage to go near the house; but to the commotion and fever of her mind every violent sensation was congenial, and she went up the avenue now almost gladly, with a little demonstration to herself of energy and courage. Why not that as well as all the rest?

It was once more twilight, and the dimness favored her design. She wanted to go there unseen, to look up at the windows with their alien lights, and to think of the time when Lady Mary sat behind the curtains, and there was nothing but tenderness and peace throughout the house. There was a light in every window along the entire front, a lavishness of firelight and lamplight which told of a household in which there were many inhabitants. Mary's mind was so deeply absorbed, and perhaps her eyes so dim with tears that she could scarcely see what was before her, when the door opened suddenly and a lady came out. "I will go myself," she said in an agitated tone to some one behind her. "Don't get yourself laughed at," said a voice from within. The sound of the voices roused the young spectator. She looked with a little curiosity, mixed with anxiety, at the lady who had come out of the house, and who started, too, with a gesture of alarm, when she saw Mary move in the dark. "Who are you?" she cried out in a trembling voice, "and what do you want here?"

Then Mary made a step or two forward and said, "I must ask your pardon if I am trespassing. I did not know there was any objection——" This stranger to make an objection! It brought something like a tremulous laugh to Mary's lips.

"Oh, there is no objection," said the lady, "only we have been a little put out. I see now: you are the young lady who—you are the young lady that—you are the one that—suffered most."

"I am Lady Mary's goddaughter," said

the girl. "I have lived here all my life."

"Oh, my dear, I have heard all about you," the lady cried. The people who had taken the house were merely rich people; they had no other characteristic; and in the vicarage, as well as in the other houses about, it was said when they were spoken of, that it was a good thing they were not people to be visited, since nobody could have had the heart to visit strangers in Lady Mary's house. And Mary could not but feel a keen resentment to think that her story, such as it was, the story which she had only now heard in her own person, should be discussed by such people. But the speaker had a look of kindness, and, so far as could be seen, of perplexity and fretted anxiety in her face, and had been in a hurry, but stopped herself in order to show her interest. "I wonder," she said impulsively, "that you can come here and look at the place again after all that has passed."

"I never thought," said Mary, "that there could be — any objection."

"Oh, how can you think I mean that? how can you pretend to think so?" cried the other impatiently. "But after you have been treated so heartlessly, so unkindly, — and left, poor thing! they tell me, without a penny, without any provision —"

"I don't know you," cried Mary, breathless with quick-rising passion. "I don't know what right you can have to meddle with my affairs."

The lady stared at her for a moment without speaking, and then she said, all at once, "That is quite true — but it is rude as well; for though I have no right to meddle with your affairs, I did it in kindness, because I took an interest in you from all I have heard."

Mary was very accessible to such a reproach and argument. Her face flushed with a sense of her own churlishness. "I beg your pardon," she said; "I am sure you mean to be kind."

"Well," said the stranger, "that is perhaps going too far on the other side, for you can't even see my face to know what I mean. But I do mean to be kind, and I am very sorry for you. And though I think you've been treated abominably, all the same I like you better for not allowing any one to say so. And now, do you know where I was going? I was going to the vicarage, — where you are living, I believe, — to see if the vicar, or his wife, or you, or all of you together, could do a thing for me."

"Oh, I am sure Mrs. Bowyer —" said Mary, with a voice much less assured than her words.

"You must not be too sure, my dear. I know she doesn't mean to call upon me, because my husband is a City man. That is just as she pleases. I am not very fond of City men myself. But there's no reason why I should stand on ceremony when I want something, is there? Now, my dear, I want to know — Don't laugh at me. I am not superstitious, so far as I am aware; but — Tell me, in your time was there ever any disturbance, any appearances you couldn't understand, any — Well, I don't like the word ghosts. It's disrespectful, if there's anything of the sort; and it's vulgar if there isn't. But you know what I mean. Was there anything — of that sort — in your time?"

In your time! Poor Mary had scarcely realized yet that her time was over. Her heart refused to allow it when it was thus so abruptly brought before her; but she obliged herself to subdue these rising rebellions, and to answer, though with some *hauteur*. "There is nothing of the kind that I ever heard of. There is no superstition or ghost in our house."

She thought it was the vulgar desire of new people to find a conventional mystery, and it seemed to Mary that this was a desecration of her home. Mrs. Turner, however (for that was her name), did not receive the intimation as the girl expected, but looked at her very gravely, and said, "That makes it a great deal more serious," as if to herself. She paused, and then added, "You see the case is this. I have a little girl who is our youngest, who is just my husband's idol. She is a sweet little thing, though perhaps I should not say it. Are you fond of children? Then I almost feel sure you would think so too. Not a moping child at all, or too clever, or anything to alarm one. Well, you know, little Connie, since ever we came in, has seen an old lady walking about the house —"

"An old lady!" said Mary, with an involuntary smile.

"Oh yes. I laughed too, the first time. I said it would be old Mrs. Prentiss, or perhaps the charwoman, or some old lady from the village that had been in the habit of coming in the former people's time. But the child got very angry. She said it was a real lady. She would not allow me to speak. Then we thought perhaps it was some one who did not know the house was let, and had walked

in to look at it; but nobody would go on coming like that with all the signs of a large family in the house. And now the doctor says the child must be low, that the place perhaps doesn't agree with her, and that we must send her away. Now, I ask you, how could I send little Connie away, the apple of her father's eye? I should have to go with her, of course, and how could the house get on without me? Naturally we are very anxious. And this afternoon she has seen her again, and sits there crying because she says the dear old lady looks so sad. I just seized my hat, and walked out, to come to you and your friends at the vicarage to see if you could help me. Mrs. Bowyer may look down upon a City person—I don't mind that; but she is a mother, and surely she would feel for a mother," cried the poor lady vehemently, putting up her hands to her wet eyes.

"Oh indeed, indeed she would! I am sure now that she will call directly. We did not know what a——" Mary stopped herself in saying, "what a nice woman you are," which she thought would be rude, though poor Mrs. Turner would have liked it. But then she shook her head and added, "What could any of us do to help you? I have never heard of any old lady. There never was anything—— I know all about the house, everything that has ever happened, and Prentiss will tell you. There is nothing of that kind——indeed, there is nothing. You must have——" But here Mary stopped again; for to suggest that a new family, a City family, should have brought an apparition of their own with them, was too ridiculous an idea to be entertained.

"Miss Vivian," said Mrs. Turner, "will you come back with me and speak to the child?"

At this Mary faltered a little. "I have never been there——since the——funeral," she said.

The good woman laid a kind hand upon her shoulder, caressing and soothing. "You were very fond of her——in spite of the way she has used you?"

"Oh, how dare you, or any one, to speak of her so? She used me as if I had been her dearest child. She was more kind to me than a mother. There is no one in the world like her!" Mary cried.

"And yet she left you without a penny. Oh, you must be a good girl to feel for her like that. She left you without——What are you going to do, my dear? I feel like a friend. I feel like a mother to

you, though you don't know me. You mustn't think it is only curiosity. You can't stay with your friends forever,——and what are you going to do?"

There are some cases in which it is more easy to speak to a stranger than to one's dearest and oldest friend. Mary had felt this when she rushed out, not knowing how to tell the vicar's wife that she must leave her, and find some independence for herself. It was, however, strange to rush into such a discussion with so little warning, and Mary's pride was very sensitive. She said, "I am not going to burden my friends," with a little indignation; but then she remembered how forlorn she was, and her voice softened. "I must do something——but I don't know what I am good for," she said, trembling, and on the verge of tears.

"My dear, I have heard a great deal about you," said the stranger; "it is not rash, though it may look so. Come back with me directly, and see Connie. She is a very interesting little thing, though I say it——it is wonderful sometimes to hear her talk. You shall be her governess, my dear. Oh, you need not teach her anything——that is not what I mean. I think, I am sure, you will be the saving of her, Miss Vivian; and such a lady as you are, it will be everything for the other-girls to live with you. Don't stop to think, but just come with me. You shall have whatever you please, and always be treated like a lady. Oh, my dear, consider my feelings as a mother, and come; oh, come to Connie! I know you will save her; it is an inspiration. Come back! Come back with me!"

It seemed to Mary too like an inspiration. What it cost her to cross that threshold and walk in, a stranger, to the house which had been all her life as her own, she never said to any one. But it was independence; it was deliverance from entreaties and remonstrances without end. It was a kind of setting right, so far as could be, of the balance which had got so terribly wrong. No writing to the earl now; no appeal to friends,——anything in all the world, much more honest service and kindness, must be better than that.

VIII.

"TELL the young lady all about it, Connie," said her mother.

But Connie was very reluctant to tell. She was very shy, and clung to her mother, and hid her face in her ample dress; and though presently she was beguiled by

Mary's voice, and in a short time came to her side, and clung to her as she had clung to Mrs. Turner, she still kept her secret to herself. They were all very kind to Mary, the elder girls standing round in a respectful circle looking at her, while their mother exhorted them to "take a pattern" by Miss Vivian. The novelty, the awe which she inspired, the real kindness about her, ended by overcoming in Mary's young mind the first miserable impression of such a return to her home. It gave her a kind of pleasure to write to Mrs. Bowyer that she had found employment, and had thought it better to accept it at once. "Don't be angry with me: and I think you will understand me," she said. And then she gave herself up to the strange new scene.

The "ways" of the large, simple-minded family, homely yet kindly, so transformed Lady Mary's graceful old rooms that they no longer looked the same place. And when Mary sat down with them at the big, heavy-laden table, surrounded with the hum of so large a party, it was impossible for her to believe that everything was not new about her. In no way could the saddening recollections of a home from which the chief figure had disappeared have been more completely broken up. Afterwards Mrs. Turner took her aside, and begged to know which was Mary's old room, "for I should like to put you there, as if nothing had happened." "Oh, do not put me there!" Mary cried, "so much has happened." But this seemed a refinement to the kind woman, which it was far better for her young guest not to "yield" to. The room Mary had occupied had been next to her godmother's, with a door between, and when it turned out that Connie, with an elder sister, was in Lady Mary's room, everything seemed perfectly arranged in Mrs. Turner's eyes. She thought it was providential, with a simple belief in Mary's powers that in other circumstances would have been amusing. But there was no amusement in Mary's mind when she took possession of the old room "as if nothing had happened." She sat by the fire for half the night, in an agony of silent recollection and thought, going over the last days of her godmother's life, calling up everything before her, and realizing, as she had never realized till now, the lonely career on which she was setting out, the subjection to the will and convenience of strangers in which henceforth her life must be passed. This was a kind woman who had opened her doors to the destitute girl;

but notwithstanding, however great the torture to Mary, there was no escaping this room, which was haunted by the saddest recollections of her life. Of such things she must no longer complain — nay, she must think of nothing but thanking the mistress of the house for her thoughtfulness, for the wish to be kind which so often exceeds the performance.

The room was warm and well lighted; the night was very calm and sweet outside. Nothing had been touched or changed of all her little decorations, the ornaments which had been so delightful to her girlhood. A large photograph of Lady Mary held the chief place over the mantelpiece, representing her in the fulness of her beauty, — a photograph which had been taken from the picture painted ages ago by a Royal Academician. It was fortunately so little like Lady Mary in her old age that, save as a thing which had always hung there, and belonged to her happier life, it did not affect the girl; but no picture was necessary to bring before her the well-remembered figure. She could not realize that the little movements she heard on the other side of the door were any other than those of her mistress, her friend, her mother, for all these names Mary lavished upon her in the fulness of her heart. The blame that was being cast upon Lady Mary from all sides made this child of her bounty but more deeply her partisan, more warm in her adoration. She would not, for all the inheritances of the world, have acknowledged even to herself that Lady Mary was in fault. Mary felt that she would rather a thousand times be poor and have to gain her daily bread, than that she who had nourished and cherished her should have been forced in her cheerful old age to think, before she chose to do so, of parting and farewell and the inevitable end.

She thought, like every young creature in strange and painful circumstances, that she would be unable to sleep, and did indeed lie awake and weep for an hour or more, thinking of all the changes that had happened; but sleep overtook her before she knew, while her mind was still full of these thoughts; and her dreams were endless, confused, full of misery and longing. She dreamed a dozen times over that she heard Lady Mary's soft call through the open door — which was not open, but shut closely and locked by the sisters who now inhabited the next room; and once she dreamed that Lady Mary came to her bedside and stood there looking at her earnestly with the tears flowing from her

eyes. Mary struggled in her sleep to tell her benefactress how she loved her, and approved of all she had done, and wanted nothing — but felt herself bound as by a nightmare, so that she could not move or speak, or even put out a hand to dry those tears which it was intolerable to her to see; and woke with the struggle, and the miserable sensation of seeing her dearest friend weep and being unable to comfort her. The moon was shining into the room, throwing part of it into a cold, full light, while blackness lay in all the corners. The impression of her dream was so strong that Mary's eyes turned instantly to the spot where in her dream her godmother had stood. To be sure there was nobody there; but as her consciousness returned, and with it the sweep of painful recollection, the sense of change, the miserable contrast between the present and the past, sleep fled from her eyes. She fell into the vividly awake condition which is the alternative of broken sleep, and gradually, as she lay, there came upon her that mysterious sense of another presence in the room, which is so subtle and indescribable. She neither saw anything nor heard anything, and yet she felt that some one was there.

She lay still for some time and held her breath, listening for a movement, even for the sound of breathing, scarcely alarmed, yet sure that she was not alone. After a while she raised herself on her pillow, and in a low voice asked, "Who is there? is any one there?" There was no reply, no sound of any description, and yet the conviction grew upon her. Her heart began to beat, and the blood to mount to her head. Her own being made so much sound, so much commotion, that it seemed to her she could not hear anything save those beatings and pulsings. Yet she was not afraid. After a time, however, the oppression became more than she could bear. She got up and lit her candle, and searched through the familiar room; but she found no trace that any one had been there. The furniture was all in its usual order. There was no hiding-place where any human thing could find refuge. When she had satisfied herself, and was about to return to bed, suppressing a sensation which must, she said to herself, be altogether fantastic, she was startled by a low knocking at the door of communication. Then she heard the voice of the elder girl. "Oh, Miss Vivian — what is it? Have you seen anything?" A new sense of anger, disdain, humiliation, swept through Mary's mind. And if she had

seen anything, she said to herself, what was that to those strangers? She replied, "No, nothing; what should I see?" in a tone which was almost haughty in spite of herself.

"I thought it might be — the ghost. Oh, please don't be angry. I thought I heard this door open, but it is locked. Oh! perhaps it is very silly, but I am so frightened, Miss Vivian."

"Go back to bed," said Mary; "there is no — ghost. I am going to sit up and write some — letters. You will see my light under the door."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl.

Mary remembered what a consolation and strength in all wakefulness had been the glimmer of the light under her godmother's door. She smiled to think that she herself, so desolate as she was, was able to afford this innocent comfort to another girl, and then sat down and wept quietly, feeling her solitude and the chill about her, and the dark and the silence. The moon had gone behind a cloud. There seemed no light but her small, miserable candle in earth and heaven. And yet that poor little speck of light kept up the heart of another — which made her smile again in the middle of her tears. And by-and-by the commotion in her head and heart calmed down, and she too fell asleep.

Next day she heard all the floating legends that were beginning to rise in the house. They all arose from Connie's questions about the old lady whom she had seen going up-stairs before her, the first evening after the new family's arrival. It was in the presence of the doctor — who had come to see the child, and whose surprise at finding Mary there was almost ludicrous — that she heard the story, though much against his will.

"There can be no need for troubling Miss Vivian about it," he said, in a tone which was almost rude. But Mrs. Turner was not sensitive.

"When Miss Vivian has just come, like a dear, to help us with Connie!" the good woman cried. "Of course she must hear it, doctor; for otherwise, how could she know what to do?"

"Is it true that you have come here — *here*? to help — Good heavens, Miss Mary, *here*?"

"Why not here?" Mary said, smiling as best she could. "I am Connie's governess, doctor."

He burst out into that suppressed roar which serves a man instead of tears, and jumped up from his seat, clenching his

fist. The clenched fist was to the intention of the dead woman whose fault this was; and if it had ever entered the doctor's mind, as his mother supposed, to marry this forlorn child, and thus bestow a home upon her whether she would or no, no doubt he would now have attempted to carry out that plan. But as no such thing had occurred to him, the doctor only showed his sense of the intolerable by look and gesture. "I must speak to the vicar. I must see Furnival. It can't be permitted," he cried.

"Do you think I shall not be kind to her, doctor?" cried Mrs. Turner. "Oh, ask her! She is one that understands. She knows far better than that. We're not fine people, doctor, but we're kind people. I can say that for myself. There is nobody in this house but will be good to her, and admire her, and take an example by her. To have a real lady with the girls, that is what I would give anything for; and as she wants taking care of, poor dear, and petting, and an 'ome —"

Mary, who would not hear any more, got up hastily, and took the hand of her new protectress, and kissed her, partly out of gratitude and kindness, partly to stop her mouth, and prevent the saying of something which it might have been still more difficult to support. "You are a real lady yourself, dear Mrs. Turner," she cried. (And this notwithstanding the one deficient letter: but many people who are much more dignified than Mrs. Turner — people who behave themselves very well in every other respect — say "'ome.")

"Oh, my dear, I don't make any pretensions," the good woman cried, but with a little shock of pleasure which brought the tears to her eyes.

And then the story was told. Connie had seen the lady walk up-stairs, and had thought no harm. The child supposed it was some one belonging to the house. She had gone into the room which was now Connie's room, but as that had a second door, there was no suspicion caused by the fact that she was not found there a little time after, when the child told her mother what she had seen. After this Connie had seen the same lady several times, and once had met her face to face. The child declared that she was not at all afraid. She was a pretty old lady, with white hair and dark eyes. She looked a little sad, but smiled when Connie stopped and stared at her — not angry at all, but rather pleased — and looked for a moment as if she would speak. That was all. Not a word about a ghost was said in

Connie's hearing. She had already told it all to the doctor, and he had pretended to consider which of the old ladies in the neighborhood this could be. In Mary's mind, occupied as it was by so many important matters, there had been up to this time no great question about Connie's apparition: now she began to listen closely, not so much from real interest as from a perception that the doctor, who was her friend, did not want her to hear. This naturally aroused her attention at once. She listened to the child's description with growing eagerness, all the more because the doctor opposed.

"Now that will do, Miss Connie," he said; "it is one of the old Miss Murchisons, who are always so fond of finding out about their neighbors. I have no doubt at all on that subject. She wants to find you out in your pet naughtiness, whatever it is, and tell me."

"I am sure it is not for that," cried Connie. "Oh, how can you be so disagreeable? I know she is not a lady who would tell. Besides, she is not thinking at all about me. She was either looking for something she had lost, or — oh, I don't know what it was! — and when she saw me she just smiled. She is not dressed like any of the people here. She had got no cloak on, or bonnet, or anything that is common, but a beautiful white shawl and a long dress, and it gives a little sweep when she walks — oh no! not like your rustling, mamma; but all soft, like water — and it looks like lace upon her head, tied here," said Connie, putting her hands to her chin, "in such a pretty, large, soft knot."

Mary had gradually risen as this description went on, starting a little at first, looking up, getting upon her feet. The color went altogether out of her face — her eyes grew to twice their natural size. The doctor put out his hand without looking at her, and laid it on her arm with a strong, emphatic pressure. "Just like some one you have seen a picture of," he said.

"Oh no. I never saw a picture that was so pretty," said the child.

"Doctor, why do you ask her any more? don't you see, don't you see, the child has seen —"

"Miss Mary, for God's sake, hold your tongue; it is folly, you know. Now, my little girl, tell me. I know this old lady is the very image of that pretty old lady with the toys for good children, who was in the last Christmas number?"

"Oh!" said Connie, pausing a little,

"Yes, I remember; it was a very pretty picture — mamma put it up in the nursery. No, she is not like that, not at all, much prettier; and then *my* lady is sorry about something — except when she smiles at me. She has her hair put up like this, and this," the child went on, twisting her own bright locks.

"Doctor! I can't bear any more."

"My dear! you are mistaken, it is all a delusion. She has seen a picture. I think now, Mrs. Turner, that my little patient had better run away and play. Take a good run through the woods, Miss Connie, with your brother, and I will send you some physic which will not be at all nasty, and we shall hear no more of your old lady. My dear Miss Vivian, if you will but hear reason! I have known such cases a hundred times. The child has seen a picture, and it has taken possession of her imagination. She is a little below par, and she has a lively imagination; and she has learned something from Prentiss, though probably she does not remember that. And there it is! a few doses of quinine, and she will see visions no more."

"Doctor," cried Mary, "how can you speak so to me? You dare not look me in the face. You know you dare not: as if you did not know as well as I do! Oh, why does that child see her, and not me?"

"There it is," he said, with a broken laugh; "could anything show better that it is a mere delusion? Why, in the name of all that is reasonable, should this stranger child see her, if it was anything, and not you?"

Mrs. Turner looked from one to another with wondering eyes. "You know what it is," she said. "Oh, you know who it is? Doctor, doctor, is it because my Connie is so delicate? is it a warning? is it —"

"Oh, for heaven's sake! you will drive me mad, you ladies. Is it this, and is it that? It is nothing, I tell you. The child is out of sorts, and she has seen some picture that has caught her fancy — and she thinks she sees — I'll send her a bottle," he cried, jumping up; "that will put an end to all that."

"Doctor, don't go away: tell me rather what I must do — if she is looking for something! Oh, doctor, think if she were unhappy, if she were kept out of her sweet rest!"

"Miss Mary! for God's sake, be reasonable. You ought never to have heard a word."

"Doctor, think! if it should be any-

thing we can do. Oh, tell me, tell me! don't go away and leave me: perhaps we can find out what it is."

"I will have nothing to do with your findings out. It is mere delusion. Put them both to bed, Mrs. Turner — put them all to bed! As if there was not trouble enough!"

"What is it?" cried Connie's mother; "is it a warning? Oh, for the love of God, tell me, is that what comes before a death?"

When they were all in this state of agitation, the vicar and his wife were suddenly shown into the room. Mrs. Bowyer's eyes flew to Mary, but she was too well-bred a woman not to pay her respects first to the lady of the house, and there were a number of politenesses exchanged, very breathlessly on Mrs. Turner's part, before the newcomers were free to show the real occasion of their visit. "Oh, Mary, what did you mean by taking such a step all in a moment? How could you come here of all places in the world? and how could you leave me without a word?" the vicar's wife said, with her lips against Mary's cheek. She had already perceived, without dwelling upon it, the excitement in which all the party were. This was said while the vicar was still making his bow to his new parishioner — who knew very well that her visitors had not intended to call; for the Turners were Dissenters, to crown all their misdemeanors, besides being City people and *nouveaux riches*.

"Don't ask me any questions just now," said Mary, clasping almost hysterically her friend's hand. "It was providential. Come and hear what the child has seen." Mrs. Turner, though she was so anxious, was too polite not to make a fuss about getting chairs for all her visitors. She postponed her own trouble to this necessity, and trembling, sought the most comfortable seat for Mrs. Bowyer, the largest and most imposing for the vicar himself. When she had established them in a little circle, and done her best to draw Mary too into a chair, she sat down quietly, her mind divided between the cares of courtesy and the alarms of an anxious mother. Mary stood at the table and waited till the commotion was over. The newcomers thought she was going to explain her conduct in leaving them; and Mrs. Bowyer, at least, who was critical in point of manners, shivered a little, wondering if perhaps (though she could not find it in her heart to blame Mary) her proceedings were in perfect taste.

"The little girl," Mary said, beginning abruptly. She had been standing by the table, her lips apart, her countenance utterly pale, her mind evidently too much absorbed to notice anything. "The little girl — has seen several times a lady going up-stairs. Once she met her and saw her face, and the lady smiled at her; but her face was sorrowful, and the child thought she was looking for something. The lady was old, with white hair done up upon her forehead, and lace upon her head. She was dressed" — here Mary's voice began to be interrupted from time to time by a brief sob — "in a long dress that made a soft sound when she walked, and a white shawl, and the lace tied under her chin in a large, soft knot —"

"Mary, Mary!" Mrs. Bowyer had risen, and stood behind the girl, in whose slender throat the climbing sorrow was almost visible, supporting her, trying to stop her. "Mary, Mary!" she cried; "oh, my darling, what are you thinking of? Francis! doctor! make her stop, make her stop —"

"Why should she stop?" said Mrs. Turner, rising, too, in her agitation. "Oh, is it a warning, is it a warning? for my child has seen it — Connie has seen it."

"Listen to me, all of you," said Mary, with an effort. "You all know — who that is. And she has seen her — the little girl —"

Now the others looked at each other, exchanging a startled look.

"My dear people," cried the doctor, "the case is not the least unusual. No, no, Mrs. Turner, it is no warning — it is nothing of the sort. Look here, Bowyer; you'll believe me. The child is very nervous and sensitive. She has evidently seen a picture somewhere of our dear old friend. She has heard the story somehow — oh, perhaps in some garbled version from Prentiss, or — of course they've all been talking of it. And the child is one of those creatures with its nerves all on the surface — and a little below par in health, in need of iron and quinine, and all that sort of thing. I've seen a hundred such cases," cried the doctor — "a thousand such; but now, of course, we'll have a fine story made of it, now that it's come into the ladies' hands."

He was much excited with this long speech; but it cannot be said that any one paid much attention to him. Mrs. Bowyer was holding Mary in her arms, uttering little cries and sobs over her, and looking anxiously at her husband. The

vicar sat down suddenly in his chair, with the air of a man who has judgment to deliver without the least idea what to say; while Mary, freeing herself unconsciously from her friend's restraining embrace, stood facing them all with a sort of trembling defiance: and Mrs. Turner kept on explaining nervously that — "no, no, her Connie was not excitable, was not oversensitive, never had known what a delusion was."

"This is very strange," the vicar said.

"Oh, Mr. Bowyer," cried Mary, "tell me what I am to do! — think if she cannot rest, if she is not happy, she that was so good to everybody, that never could bear to see any one in trouble. Oh, tell me, tell me what I am to do! It is you that have disturbed her with all you have been saying. Oh, what can I do, what can I do to give her rest?"

"My dear Mary! My dear Mary!" they all cried in different tones of consternation; and for a few minutes no one could speak. Mrs. Bowyer, as was natural, said something, being unable to endure the silence; but neither she nor any of the others knew what it was she said. When it was evident that the vicar must speak, all were silent, waiting for him; and though it had now become imperative that something in the shape of a judgment must be delivered, yet he was as far as ever from knowing what to say.

"Mary," he said, with a little tremulousness of voice, "it is quite natural that you should ask me; but, my dear, I am not at all prepared to answer. I think you know that the doctor, who ought to know best about such matters —"

"Nay, not I. I only know about the physical; the other — if there is another — that's your concern."

"Who ought to know best," repeated Mr. Bowyer; "for everybody will tell you, my dear, that the mind is so dependent upon the body. I suppose he must be right. I suppose it is just the imagination of a nervous child working upon the data which has been given — the picture; and then, as you justly remind me, all we have been saying —"

"How could the child know what we have been saying, Francis?"

"Connie has heard nothing that any one has been saying; and there is no picture."

"My dear lady, you hear what the doctor says. If there is no picture, and she has heard nothing, I suppose, then, your premises are gone, and the conclusion falls to the ground."

"What does it matter about premises?" cried the vicar's wife; "here is something dreadful that has happened. Oh, what nonsense that is about imagination; children have no imagination. A dreadful thing has happened. In heaven's name, Francis, tell this poor child what she is to do."

"My dear," said the vicar again, "you are asking me to believe in purgatory, — nothing less. You are asking me to contradict the Church's teaching. Mary, you must compose yourself. You must wait till this excitement has passed away."

"I can see by her eyes she did not sleep last night," the doctor said, relieved. "We shall have her seeing visions too, if we don't take care."

"And, my dear Mary," said the vicar, "if you will think of it, it is derogatory to the dignity of the — of our dear friends who have passed away. How can we suppose that one of the blessed would come down from heaven, and walk about her own house, which she had just left, and show herself to a — to a — little child who had never seen her before."

"Impossible," said the doctor. "I told you so — a stranger — that had no connection with her; knew nothing about her —"

"Instead of," said the vicar, with a slight tremor, "making herself known, if that was permitted, to — to me, for example; or our friend here."

"That sounds reasonable, Mary," said Mrs. Bowyer; "don't you think so, my dear? If she had come to one of us, or to yourself, my darling, I should never have wondered, after all that has happened. But to this little child —"

"Whereas there is nothing more likely — more consonant with all the teachings of science — than that the little thing should have this hallucination, of which you ought never to have heard a word. You are the very last person —"

"That is true," said the vicar, "and all the associations of the place must be overwhelming. My dear, we must take her away with us. Mrs. Turner, I am sure, is very kind, but it cannot be good for Mary to be here."

"No, no! I never thought so," said Mrs. Bowyer; "I never intended — Dear Mrs. Turner, we all appreciate your motives. I hope you will let us see much of you, and that we may become very good friends. But, Mary — it is her first grief, don't you know?" said the vicar's wife, with the tears in her eyes; "she has always been so much cared for, so

much thought of all her life, — and then all at once! You will not think that we misunderstand your kind motives; but it is more than she can bear. She made up her mind in a hurry without thinking. You must not be annoyed if we take her away."

Mrs. Turner had been looking from one to another while this dialogue went on. She said now, a little wounded, "I wished only to do what was kind; but perhaps I was thinking most of my own child. Miss Vivian must do what she thinks best."

"You are all kind — too kind," Mary cried; "but no one must say another word, please. Unless Mrs. Turner should send me away, until I know what this all means, it is my place to stay here."

IX.

It was Lady Mary who had come into the vicarage that afternoon when Mrs. Bowyer supposed some one had called. She wandered about to a great many places in these days, but always returned to the scenes in which her life had been passed, and where alone her work could be done, if it were done at all. She came in and listened while the tale of her own carelessness and heedlessness was told, and stood by while her favorite was taken to another woman's bosom for comfort, and heard everything and saw everything. She was used to it by this time; but to be nothing is hard, even when you are accustomed to it; and though she knew that they would not hear her, what could she do but cry out to them as she stood there unregarded? "Oh, have pity upon me!" Lady Mary said; and the pang in her heart was so great that the very atmosphere was stirred, and the air could scarcely contain her and the passion of her endeavor to make herself known, but thrilled like a harpstring to her cry. Mrs. Bowyer heard the jar and tingle in the inanimate world; but she thought only that it was some charitable visitor who had come in, and gone softly away again at the sound of tears.

And if Lady Mary could not make herself known to the poor cottagers who had loved her, or to the women who wept for her loss while they blamed her, how was she to reveal herself and her secret to the men who, if they had seen her, would have thought her a hallucination? Yes, she tried all, and even went a long journey over land and sea to visit the earl who was her heir, and awake in him an interest in her child. And she lingered

about all these people in the silence of the night, and tried to move them in dreams, since she could not move them waking. It is more easy for one who is no more of this world, to be seen and heard in sleep; for then those who are still in the flesh stand on the borders of the unseen, and see and hear things which, waking, they do not understand. But alas! when they woke, this poor wanderer discovered that her friends remembered no more what she had said to them in their dreams.

Presently, however, when she found Mary re-established in her old home, in her own room, there came to her a new hope. For there is nothing in the world so hard to believe, or to be convinced of, as that no effort, no device, will ever make you known and visible to those you love. Lady Mary being little altered in her character, though so much in her being, still believed that if she could but find the way, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all would be revealed and understood. She went to Mary's room with this new hope strong in her heart. When they were alone together, in that nest of comfort which she had herself made beautiful for her child, — two hearts so full of thought for each other, — what was there in earthly bonds which could prevent them from meeting? She went into the silent room, which was so familiar and dear, and waited like a mother long separated from her child, with a faint doubt trembling on the surface of her mind, yet a quaint, joyful confidence underneath in the force of nature. A few words would be enough, — a moment, and all would be right. And then she pleased herself with fancies of how, when that was done, she would whisper to her darling what has never been told to flesh and blood; and so go home proud, and satisfied, and happy in the accomplishment of all that she had hoped.

Mary came in with her candle in her hand, and closed the door between her and all external things. She looked round wistful with that strange consciousness which she had already experienced that some one was there. The other stood so close to her that the girl could not move without touching her. She held up her hands, imploring, to the child of her love. She called to her, "Mary, Mary!" putting her hands upon her, and gazed into her face with an intensity and anguish of eagerness which might have drawn the stars out of the sky. And a strange tumult was in Mary's bosom. She stood looking blankly round her, like one

who is blind with open eyes, and saw nothing; and strained her ears, like a deaf man, but heard nothing. All was silence, vacancy, an empty world about her. She sat down at her little table, with a heavy sigh. "The child can see her, but she will not come to me," Mary said, and wept.

Then Lady Mary turned away with a heart full of despair. She went quickly from the house, out into the night. The pang of her disappointment was so keen, that she could not endure it. She remembered what had been said to her in the place from whence she came, and how she had been entreated to be patient and wait. Oh, had she but waited and been patient! She sat down upon the ground, a soul forlorn, outside of life, outside of all things, lost in a world which had no place for her. The moon shone, but she made no shadow in it; the rain fell upon her, but did not hurt her; the little night breeze blew without finding any resistance in her. She said to herself, "I have failed. What am I that I should do what they all said was impossible? It was my pride, because I have had my own way all my life. But now I have no way and no place on earth, and what I have to tell them will never, never be known. Oh, my little Mary, a servant in her own house! And a word would make it right! — but never, never can she hear that word. I am wrong to say never; she will know when she is in heaven. She will not live to be old and foolish, like me. She will go up there early, and then she will know. But I, what will become of me? — for I am nothing here, and I cannot go back to my own place."

A little, moaning wind rose up suddenly in the middle of the dark night, and carried a faint wail, like the voice of some one lost, to the windows of the sleeping house. It woke the children, and Mary, who opened her eyes quickly in the dark, wondering if perhaps now the vision might come to her. But the vision had come when she could not see it, and now returned no more.

X.

ON the other side, however, visions which had nothing sacred in them began to be heard of, and Connie's ghost, as it was called in the house, had various vulgar effects. A housemaid became hysterical, and announced that she too had seen the lady, of whom she gave a description, exaggerated from Connie's, which all the household were ready to swear she had

never heard. The lady, whom Connie had only seen passing, went to Betsy's room in the middle of the night, and told her, in a hollow and terrible voice, that she could not rest, opening a series of communications by which it was evident all the secrets of the unseen world would soon be disclosed. And following upon this, there came a sort of panic in the house—noises were heard in various places, sounds of footsteps pacing, and of a long robe sweeping about the passages; and Lady Mary's costume, and the head-dress which was so peculiar, which all her friends had recognized in Connie's description, grew into something portentous under the heavier hand of the foot-boy and the kitchen-maid. Mrs. Prentiss, who had remained as a special favor to the new people, was deeply indignant and outraged by this treatment of her mistress. She appealed to Mary with mingled anger and tears.

"I would have sent the hussy away at an hour's notice, if I had the power in my hands," she cried; "but, Miss Mary, it is easily seen who is a real lady and who is not. Mrs. Turner interferes herself in everything, though she likes it to be supposed that she has a housekeeper."

"Dear Prentiss, you must not say Mrs. Turner is not a lady. She has far more delicacy of feeling than many ladies," cried Mary.

"Yes, Miss Mary, dear, I allow that she is very nice to you; but who could help that? and to hear my lady's name—that might have her faults, but who was far above anything of the sort—in every mouth, and her costooome, that they don't know how to describe, and to think that *she* would go and talk to the like of Betsy Barnes about what is on her mind! I think sometimes I shall break my heart, or else throw up my place, Miss Mary," Prentiss said, with tears.

"Oh, don't do that; oh, don't leave me, Prentiss!" Mary said, with an involuntary cry of dismay.

"Not if you mind, not if you mind, dear," the housekeeper cried. And then she drew close to the young lady with an anxious look. "You haven't seen anything?" she said. "That would be only natural, Miss Mary. I could well understand she couldn't rest in her grave—if she came and told it all to you."

"Prentiss, be silent," cried Mary; "that ends everything between you and me if you say such a word. There has been too much said already—oh, far too

much! as if I only loved her for what she was to leave me."

"I did not mean that, dear," said Prentiss; "but——"

"There is no but; and everything she did was right," the girl cried with vehemence. She shed hot and bitter tears over this wrong which all her friends did to Lady Mary's memory. "I am *glad* it was so," she said to herself when she was alone, with youthful extravagance. "I am glad it was so; for now no one can think that I loved her for anything but herself."

The household, however, was agitated by all these rumors and inventions. Alice, Connie's elder sister, declined to sleep any longer in that which began to be called the haunted room. She, too, began to think she saw something, she could not tell what, gliding out of the room as it began to get dark, and to hear sighs and moans in the corridors. The servants, who all wanted to leave, and the villagers, who avoided the grounds after nightfall, spread the rumor far and near that the house was haunted.

XJ.

IN the mean time Connie herself was silent, and said no more of the lady. Her attachment to Mary grew into one of those visionary passions which little girls so often form for young women. She followed her so-called governess wherever she went, hanging upon her arm when she could, holding her dress when no other hold was possible—following her everywhere, like her shadow. The vicarage, jealous and annoyed at first, and all the neighbors indignant too, to see Mary metamorphosed into a dependant of the City family, held out as long as possible against the good-nature of Mrs. Turner, and were revolted by the spectacle of this child claiming poor Mary's attention wherever she moved. But by-and-by all these strong sentiments softened, as was natural. The only real drawback was, that amid all these agitations Mary lost her bloom. She began to droop and grow pale under the observation of the watchful doctor, who had never been otherwise than dissatisfied with the new position of affairs, and betook himself to Mrs. Bowyer for sympathy and information. "Did you ever see a girl so fallen off?" he said. "Fallen off, doctor! I think she is prettier and prettier every day." "Oh," the poor man cried, with a strong breathing of impatience, "you ladies think of noth-

ing but prettiness! was I talking of prettiness? She must have lost a stone since she went back there. It is all very well to laugh," the doctor added, growing red with suppressed anger, "but I can tell you that is the true test. That little Connie Turner is as well as possible; she has handed over her nerves to Mary Vivian. I wonder now if she ever talks to you on that subject."

"Who? little Connie?"

"Of course I mean Miss Vivian, Mrs. Bowyer. Don't you know the village is all in a tremble about the ghost at the great house?"

"Oh yes, I know; and it is very strange. I can't help thinking, doctor——"

"We had better not discuss that subject. Of course I don't put a moment's faith in any such nonsense. But girls are full of fancies. I want you to find out for me whether she has begun to think she sees anything. She looks like it; and if something isn't done she will soon do so, if not now."

"Then you do think there is something to see," said Mrs. Bowyer, clasping her hands; "that has always been my opinion: what so natural——"

"As that Lady Mary, the greatest old aristocrat in the world, should come and make private revelations to Betsy Barnes, the under-housemaid," said the doctor, with a sardonic grin.

"I don't mean that, doctor; but if she could not rest in her grave, poor old lady——"

"You think then, my dear," said the vicar, "that Lady Mary, our old friend, who was as young in her mind as any of us, lies body and soul in that old dark hole of a vault?"

"How you talk, Francis! what can a woman say between you horrid men? I say if she couldn't rest—wherever she is—because of leaving Mary destitute, it would be only natural—and I should think the more of her for it," Mrs. Bowyer cried.

The vicar had a gentle professional laugh over the confusion of his wife's mind. But the doctor took the matter more seriously. "Lady Mary is safely buried and done with. I am not thinking of her," he said; "but I am thinking of Mary Vivian's senses, which will not stand this much longer. Try and find out from her if she sees anything; if she has come to that, whatever she says we must have her out of there."

But Mrs. Bowyer had nothing to report when this conclave of friends met again.

Mary would not allow that she had seen anything. She grew paler every day, her eyes grew larger, but she made no confession. And Connie bloomed and grew, and met no more old ladies upon the stairs.

XII.

THE days passed on, and no new event occurred in this little history. It came to be summer—balmy and green—and everything around the old house was delightful, and its beautiful rooms became more pleasant than ever in the long days and soft, brief nights. Fears of the earl's return and of the possible end of the Turners' tenancy began to disturb the household, but no one so much as Mary, who felt herself to cling as she had never done before to the old house. She had never got over the impression that a secret presence, revealed to no one else, was continually near her, though she saw no one. And her health was greatly affected by this visionary double life.

This was the state of affairs on a certain soft wet day when the family were all within doors. Connie had exhausted all her means of amusement in the morning. When the afternoon came, with its long, dull, uneventful hours, she had nothing better to do than to fling herself upon Miss Vivian, upon whom she had a special claim. She came to Mary's room, disturbing the strange quietude of that place, and amused herself looking over all the trinkets and ornaments that were to be found there, all of which were associated to Mary with her godmother. Connie tried on the bracelets and brooches which Mary in her deep mourning had not worn, and asked a hundred questions. The answer which had to be so often repeated, "That was given to me by my godmother," at last called forth the child's remark, "How fond your godmother must have been of you, Miss Vivian! she seems to have given you everything——"

"Everything!" cried Mary, with a full heart.

"And yet they all say she was not kind enough," said little Connie—"what do they mean by that? for you seem to love her very much still, though she is dead. Can one go on loving people when they are dead?"

"Oh yes, and better than ever," said Mary; "for often you do not know how you loved them, or what they were to you, till they are gone away."

Connie gave her governess a hug and said, "Why did not she leave you all her

money, Miss Vivian? everybody says she was wicked and unkind to die without —”

“My dear,” cried Mary, “do not repeat what ignorant people say, because it is not true.”

“But mamma said it, Miss Vivian.”

“She does not know, Connie — you must not say it. I will tell your mamma she must not say it; for nobody can know so well as I do — and it is not true —”

“But they say,” cried Connie, “that that is why she can’t rest in her grave. You must have heard. Poor old lady, they say she cannot rest in her grave because —”

Mary seized the child in her arms with a pressure that hurt Connie. “You must not! you must not!” she cried, with a sort of panic. Was she afraid that some one might hear? She gave Connie a hurried kiss, and turned her face away, looking out into the vacant room. “It is not true! it is not true!” she cried, with a great excitement and horror, as if to stay a wound. “She was always good, and like an angel to me. She is with the angels. She is with God. She cannot be disturbed by anything — anything! Oh let us never say, or think, or imagine —” Mary cried. Her cheeks burned, her eyes were full of tears. It seemed to her that something of wonder and anguish and dismay was in the room round her — as if some one unseen had heard a bitter reproach, an accusation undeserved, which must wound to the very heart.

Connie struggled a little in that too tight hold. “Are you frightened, Miss Vivian? what are you frightened for? No one can hear; and if you mind it so much, I will never say it again.”

“You must never, never say it again. There is nothing I mind so much,” Mary said.

“Oh!” said Connie, with mild surprise. Then as Mary’s hold relaxed, she put her arms round her beloved companion’s neck. “I will tell them all you don’t like it. I will tell them they must not — Oh!” cried Connie again, in a quick, astonished voice. She clutched Mary round the neck, returning the violence of the grasp which had hurt her, and with her other hand pointed to the door. “The lady! the lady! Oh, come and see where she is going!” Connie cried.

Mary felt as if the child in her vehemence lifted her from her seat. She had no sense that her own limbs or her own will carried her in the impetuous rush

with which Connie flew. The blood mounted to her head. She felt a heat and throbbing as if her spine were on fire. Connie, holding by her skirts, pushing her on, went along the corridor to the other door, now deserted, of Lady Mary’s room. “There, there! don’t you see her? She is going in,” the child cried, and rushed on, clinging to Mary, dragging her on, her light hair streaming, her little white dress waving.

Lady Mary’s room was unoccupied and cold — cold, though it was summer, with the chill that rests in uninhabited apartments. The blinds were drawn down over the windows; a sort of blank whiteness, greyness, was in the place, which no one ever entered. The child rushed on with eager gestures, crying “Look! look!” turning her lively head from side to side. Mary, in a still and passive expectation, seeing nothing, looking mechanically where Connie told her to look, moving like a creature in a dream against her will, followed. There was nothing to be seen. The blank, the vacancy went to her heart. She no longer thought of Connie or her vision. She felt the emptiness with a desolation such as she had never felt before. She loosed her arm with something like impatience from the child’s close clasp. For months she had not entered the room which was associated with so much of her life. Connie and her cries and warnings passed from her mind like the stir of a bird or a fly. Mary felt herself alone with her dead, alone with her life, with all that had been and that never could be again. Slowly, without knowing what she did, she sank upon her knees. She raised her face in the blank of desolation about her to the unseen heaven. Unseen! unseen! whatever we may do. God above us, and those who have gone from us, and he who has taken them, who has redeemed them, who is ours and theirs, our only hope; but all unseen, unseen, concealed as much by the blue skies as by the dull blank of that roof. Her heart ached and cried into the unknown. “O God,” she cried, “I do not know where she is, but thou art everywhere. O God, let her know that I have never blamed her, never wished it otherwise, never ceased to love her, and thank her, and bless her. God! God!” cried Mary, with a great and urgent cry, as if it were a man’s name. She knelt there for a moment before her senses failed her, her eyes shining as if they would burst from their sockets, her lips dropping apart, her countenance like marble.

XIII.

"AND *she* was standing there all the time," said Connie, crying and telling her little tale after Mary had been carried away — "standing with her hand upon that cabinet, looking and looking, oh, as if she wanted to say something and couldn't. Why couldn't she, mamma? Oh, Mr. Bowyer, why couldn't she, if she wanted so much? Why wouldn't God let her speak?"

XIV.

MARY had a long illness, and hovered on the verge of death. She said a great deal in her wanderings about some one who had looked at her. "For a moment, a moment," she would cry; "only a moment! and I had so much to say." But as she got better nothing was said to her about this face she had seen. And perhaps it was only the suggestion of some feverish dream. She was taken away, and was a long time getting up her strength; and in the mean time the Turners insisted that the drains should be thoroughly seen to, which were not at all in a perfect state. And the earl coming to see the place, took a fancy to it, and determined to keep it in his own hands. He was a friendly person, and his ideas of decoration were quite different from those of his grandmother. He gave away a great deal of her old furniture, and sold the rest.

Among the articles given away was the Italian cabinet which the vicar had always had a fancy for; and naturally it had not been in the vicarage a day before the boys insisted on finding out the way of opening the secret drawer. And there the paper was found in the most natural way, without any trouble or mystery at all.

XV.

THEY all gathered to see the wanderer coming back. She was not as she had been when she went away. Her face, which had been so easy, was worn with trouble; her eyes were deep with things unspeakable. Pity and knowledge were in the lines which time had not made. It was a great event in that place to see one come back who did not come by the common way. She was received by the great officer who had given her permission to go, and her companions who had received her at the first all came forward, wondering, to hear what she had to say: because it only occurs to those wanderers who have gone back to earth of their own will

to return when they have accomplished what they wished, or it is judged above that there is nothing possible more. Accordingly the question was on all their lips, "You have set the wrong right — you have done what you desired?"

"Oh," she said, stretching out her hands, "how well one is in one's own place! how blessed to be at home! I have seen the trouble and sorrow in the earth till my heart is sore, and sometimes I have been near to die."

"But that is impossible," said the man who had loved her.

"If it had not been impossible, I should have died," she said. "I have stood among people who loved me, and they have not seen me nor known me, nor heard my cry. I have been outcast from all life, for I belonged to none. I have longed for you all, and my heart has failed me. Oh how lonely it is in the world when you are a wanderer, and can be known of none —"

"You were warned," said he who was in authority, "that it was more bitter than death."

"What is death?" she said. And no one made any reply. Neither did any one venture to ask her again whether she had been successful in her mission. But at last, when the warmth of her appointed home had melted the ice about her heart, she smiled once more and spoke.

"The little children knew me; they were not afraid of me; they held out their arms. And God's dear and innocent creatures —" She wept a few tears, which were sweet after the ice-tears she had shed upon the earth. And then some one, more bold than the rest, asked again, "And did you accomplish what you wished?"

She had come to herself by this time, and the dark lines were melting from her face. "I am forgiven," she said, with a low cry of happiness. "She whom I wronged loves me, and blessed me; and we saw each other face to face. I know nothing more."

"There is no more," said all together. For everything is included in pardon and love.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
HISTORY IN LITTLE.

PART I.

THE thriving Piedmontese town of Biella, for all that it is called the Manches-

ter of Italy, is very little known by the English. It is out of the highway to any of the favorite passes and summer camping-grounds — and we all know with what sheep-like fidelity each traveller follows on the tracks of his predecessors; it has neither famous pictures nor ancient monuments, to attract artists and virtuosi; and the country round about is only beautiful, without being wildly exciting for savage grandeur or dreamily poetic for luscious beauty. Its mountains fall below the line of eternal snow, and are therefore not equal to those of Switzerland and the Tyrol; its vegetation has no tropical suggestions in its flush of bloom, its breadth of growth, and thus is not comparable to that of Sicily and the south. Yet for all its want of special claims — its artistic lack and architectural insignificance, as well as the more homelike quality of its scenery — Biella deserves to be better known than it is; and though its prosaic industry and unromantic manufactures form its chief claim to present consideration, its past history is as stirring as that of more celebrated places. That history indeed, is a sample in little of what went on everywhere in Italy during those dark days when the Roman civilization had died out and the Renaissance had yet to come; when the rival tyrannies of pope and emperor fought over the prostrate bodies of the people, and trampled law and freedom, together with humanity, into the dust; when the rude, rough races of the north poured over the hills to sack the cities and devastate the plains; when the crowned Church of Christ systematically violated every Christian virtue, and was but another name for rapine, murder, lust, and greed; while those who, like Arnold of Brescia, sought by independent means to bring men to holier living and higher faith were treated as criminals and burnt at the stake as heretics; when freedom of thought was the unforgiven sin, and the first dawning of scientific truth was as the red light thrown from the mouth of hell. If we read a record of life as transacted at Biella and the country round about, before society was settled or law had become strong enough to control despotism and ensure freedom, we can better realize the sufferings which men had to endure in those days, when the strong fought together and the weak were the victims whichever side might win, and when the rights of man were far less respected than are now the rights of animals.

At the head of the wide plain which

stretches away to infinity like the sea, where Milan, Turin, Vercelli, Novara are the anchored ships, and the faint outlines of the Apennines rising between Genoa and Bologna are the curves of distant waves, rises the bold range of the Italian Alps. And close under their shadow stands the town of which so few among us know the name and fewer still the merit. Yet the date of Biella is so old as to be lost in the vague obscurity of myth. For what is it but myth to say that it was originally built by Tarquin Priscus one hundred and fifty-five years only after Romulus and Remus had founded Rome? Tradition has long arms, and surely they have overreached the truth in this! This same long-armed tradition also makes St. Peter to have preached in Vercelli, and St. Eusebius to have been the first Bishop of Biella, as well as the importer of that famous statue of the black Madonna, carved by St. Luke, which for fourteen centuries and over has wrought miracles at and drawn worshippers to the Santuario of Oropa. An ancient Christian inscription however, which was found in 1872 under the foundations of the old Church of San Stefano, is placed by the learned in the second half of the sixth century. It shows that a priest named Albinus died and was buried there — proving by implication that in those early days Biella both existed and possessed a church and government of her own.

Charlemagne was said to have received here both the Persian and African ambassadors; but this again is a fond fancy of the more patriotic historians, and is denied by the exacter sort. The most ancient written document whereby begins the authentic history of Biella is one dated July 10, 826, and still preserved among the State archives of Parma. In this deed the emperors Louis le Debonnaire (called by the Italian historian Ludovico Pio) and his son Lothair give to Count Bosone a certain *manso*, or property, which they possess in the *corte* (manor?) of Biella; that is to say, a manor with a town-house and a country-house, with fields, woods, cottages, men and maid-servants, vineyards, meadows, waters and watercourses, mills, movable and immovable goods, and all the active and passive service connected therewith. This gift was in return for a like donation made to them by the count of all the rights and privileges connected with eight *mansì* belonging to a certain Villa Becchi, of which no one knows more now than the name as given in the deed. One thing

only is sure — that the men and maid-servants (*servi, ancelle*) went with the fields and the woods like the cattle in the one, and the birds in the other.

In 882, Ludwig, of Germany, who had been consecrated Bishop of Vercelli by Pope John VIII., became possessed, by papal decree, of all the fair property belonging to the Church at Biella; which assignment seems to have been the beginning of the long years of tyrannous domination established by the larger city over the smaller. This bishop lost the favor of the emperor because of certain familiarities said to have taken place between him and the empress Richilde. But he managed to prove his innocence and to be reinstated in his old place, when Berengario, Duke of Friuli, attacked him in his palace for reasons of private vengeance, and carried off a goodly spoil of ecclesiastical treasure as well as much private property belonging to unoffending citizens. In 887, the Hungarians came in force over the mountain; invaded the country; took Vercelli; slaughtered clergy and laity alike; and were altogether so ferocious as to make people believe that the end of the world was at hand, and that these fierce, bearded barbarians were the Scriptural Gog and Magog who were sent to exterminate all before them. The bishop flying with such treasure as Berengario had left and the faithful had replaced, fell into the hands of these invaders, who first took all that he had and then put him to a cruel death.

In 945, the then emperors, Ugo and Lothair, at the instance of Berengario made a donation to the Church of Vercelli of the rivers Cervo, Elva, and Sesia, from Biella to the Chapel of San Colombano; and river rights were then as important as those over the land. Whether the people through whose lands these rivers ran liked the transfer or not was out of the account. In those days men and women were bought and sold like grain or wool, and they had no more right of remonstrance than had the negroes of the Southern States. The lord of the manor was lord of all else; and absolute submission was not only the chief Christian virtue, but was also the prime political necessity for those who would live out their appointed time.

In the stirring action of the next two turbulent centuries Biella seems to have had but little share. She had nothing to say to the quarrels between Hildebrand and Henry IV.; and among the foes and friends who witnessed that disastrous

humiliation of the crown to the tiara in the snowy court at Canossa, she sent none to watch and grieve with the one, to exult in insolent triumph with the other. "Hæreticorum caput," as Henry was called in the papal bull which excommunicated him in 1102, Biella would naturally have taken the side against him; for she was a notoriously faithful adherent of the Church which opposed her — licking the hand that struck her with lamentable docility. Nor in the wars of investitures has she any record of help given either to the crown or the Church; nor, again, when every city in northern Italy had a *carroccio* after the pattern of Heribert's of Milan — a kind of political ark which was the symbol of liberty and citizenship — do we find one among the treasures of her freemen. In those days she eschewed all political action when not forced to the front by her superiors — specially by that tyrannical Vercelli under whose yoke she suffered. But it was a strange bit of contradiction that Biella, oppressed by the Church party as she was, should have been Guelf to the backbone, while Vercelli, whose supremacy was based on her ecclesiastical domination, was notably Ghibelline.

But Vercelli seems to have been one of those lucky ones who are able to make the best of two worlds at a time, and to have a safe seat on a couple of stools. Endowed by the Church, she was also protected by the crown. Frederic Barbarossa, to show his gratitude to Uguccione, Bishop of Vercelli, for having voted for him in the Diet of Frankfort, when the question was of his succession to the crown of Italy, by a deed dated October 17, 1152, confirmed to the Church of St. Eusebius in Vercelli all the possessions already held, including "Biella, with its appurtenances." What a state of things it was when each turn in the political kaleidoscope endangered present possessions and necessitated fresh settlements everywhere!

Bishop Uguccione seems to have been a good friend to this pretty and reluctant vassal. "Wishing to make the delightful site of Biella in every way more worthy, he caused houses and palaces to be built; and to the end that the inhabitants should be increased, he granted certain privileges and rights of exemption to those who built their own dwellings." Though in the tenth century the Biellese had built their own castle close to the Church of San Stefano — for a castle or stronghold was as necessary in those days, as protec-

tion against continual violence, as is now a street door against burglars — he, the bishop, built another on the Piazza. And again, eight years after, he once more invited the Biellese to build their own houses here on the Piano, the most ancient part of the town, standing at a considerable elevation; giving them possession by placing in their hands the staff he held in his own as his symbol of power and authority, provided they would swear fidelity to him as his vassals, and also swear to live here on the height. They might, however, dispose of their houses and the land annexed, on condition that their successors, by purchase or inheritance, should also live on the Piano and be faithful vassals of the bishop. Again, they were to defend not only the bishop himself in his day of need, but also his friends, and they were to make war against his enemies. In return he promised not to appoint a castellan against their consent. It was not only for the sake of Biella herself that Bishop Uguccione did so much to make her prosperous, but also for the sake of the "Sacred Mountain of Oropa, most celebrated for its miraculous image of the Most Blessed Virgin, so that she should be visited and honored by a greater concourse of people." Uguccione died in 1170, just fifteen years after one of the noblest men of Italian history, Arnold of Brescia, was burnt alive before the gate of St. Angelo in Rome, by the order of Pope Adrian IV., our own Nicholas Breakspere, the first and last Englishman who has ever worn the tiara. Before Uguccione died, he had ample cause to ask himself the question whether his vote which helped to give Barbarossa the crown had been for the good of the country or not. When Tortona was burnt, and Milan was razed to the ground, even a bishop might be supposed to have so much patriotism as would make him feel more for his own people who were slain than for the army of foreigners which slew them.

At one moment (1208) Biella seems to have broken away from Vercelli in one of those spasmodic struggles after autonomy, which were rather to have the right of oppression than to gain and give true freedom. But her chains were re-riveted, and she was the temporal as well as the ecclesiastical fief of her old padrona until 1225. Then, profiting by the absence of Frederic II. — who had just married Yolande de Lusignan, before sailing, two years later, from our old friend Otranto, to fight for the Holy Land, that he might be absolved by Pope Gregory IX., whom

he had offended by so many acts of high-handed disobedience — Biella defied the Vercellese bishop; appointed her own municipal council; consolidated her own laws; and faced her own private foes. For in this "history in little" — this Peter-Pindar-like scale *ad infinitum* — her own natural vassals had revolted against her; as, for example, that small hamlet of Salussola, against which she made a decree that it was unlawful for any Biellese to have dealings with a Salussolese.

In 1230 Frederic, by Manfredo Lancio, his vicar imperial in Lombardy, twice summoned the men of Biella, Andorno, Chiavazza, Pollone, and Pettinengo — these four last even now such mere villages! — to join his army lying before Alessandria under pain of a fine of a hundred silver marks. But Biella, papal and Guelf, as we have seen, for all that her padrona was imperialist and Ghibelline, sent neither men nor money, and put herself under the protection of the pope, who had declared himself the head of the Lega Lombardia — not for sympathy with the civil liberties of which the league contained the germ as the acorn contains the future oak, but because it was a league against the emperor. This pope, who had excommunicated Frederic as "impious and miscreant, promoter of rebellion against the Holy See, enemy of the clergy, persecutor of the mendicant orders, usurper of episcopal rights, and occupier of lands and States belonging to the Church," released the Biellese from their allegiance; upheld them in their resistance; and laid under ban every place where Frederic might find himself, and every one with whom he might have dealings. All the same, Biella had her walls and stronghold dismantled by the Imperialists, who did not much care for the papal bull, *vox et præterea nihil*, as it was when: unbacked by material force. But she chose rather to suffer this damage than to join the party which was abhorrent to her; and in any case she would have suffered. If she had joined with Frederic she would have come in for her share of those curses which the pope rolled out on Maundy Thursday, immediately after he had made an end of blessing the people — those curses which forbade any one to kiss, feed, talk to, succor, join with while living, or pray for when dead, those miserable ones against whom they were hurled. Delivered with such awful pomp and circumstance — the cardinals, archbishops, and bishops, dressed in their grandest vestments, surrounding

the pope and holding lighted tapers in their hands, which tapers they flung on the ground, stamping out the light with their feet, as the light of grace and forgiveness was quenched for those doomed souls — the bells ringing strangely, "their tolling a thing of great terror," as they pealed "inordinately and in *detestationem*" of the accused — how can we wonder if the simple and believing ignorant people shrank from that which both foreshadowed and ensured eternal doom, and chose rather temporal disaster than everlasting torments? And how could Biella, pious and ecclesiastical, take the side of one whose repute for unsoundness was so terribly strong as was Frederic's? For was he not said to have written a book, "De Tribus Impostoribus: Moses, Jesus, Mahomet"? — which book, though no one had ever seen it, was none the less an undoubted fact that no one dreamed of denying. All this, then, was reason enough why Biella should not join the party of one who, infidel and accused in his own person, governed the land by the hands of one of the most cruel, tyrannous, and bloodthirsty of men — that all too famous Ezzelino, who "knew neither pity, virtue, nor remorse." In any way it was loss; but it was better to have loss with a good conscience than with a bad one. Vercelli, on the contrary, sided with the emperor; and in 1237 Pope Gregory IX. excommunicated the commune because it had entered the territory of the bishop, had occupied the Towers of Andorno and Chiavazza, had besieged the castle of Biella, made prisoners of not a few subjects of the Church, and forced them to swear fidelity to it rather than to the bishop. Other high-handed things did the recalcitrant commune of Vercelli; as when it took possession of the vineyards, fields, woods, chestnut-groves, etc., belonging to certain citizens deceased — things with which it had nothing to do. But it was only for its defiance of the Church that it was excommunicated, not for its wrong-doing to these unconsidered citizens, the natural heirs of those deceased proprietors.

Sometimes the Church turned its thunders against itself, as when, on January 12, 1245, it excommunicated with bell, book, and candle the Torinese canons who had refused to accept as their bishop Arborio, abbot of the monastery of San Gannaro. This was done at the hands of the Biellese archdeacon Artaldo.

In 1243 the Church, thinking it wiser policy to conciliate and bribe, rather than

fight and excommunicate, the Ghibelline commune of Vercelli, and unmindful of the gratitude owing to her faithful Biellese, sold to the former all the lands and territorial rights lying between the Po, the Cervo, the Doria, and the Sesia; on condition of a goodly sum of money paid first of all as the initial plank, and the oath of fidelity as the clincher. To this sale the bishop Martino Avogadro di Quaregna, who as canon of Vercelli had approved, now as bishop opposed all his force; doing his best to prevent the assumption of civic rights by the Vercellese commune over Biella, as being so much taken from the ecclesiastical predominance. He was still more opposed, and with him the Biellese, when the commune turned back to its ancient ways, and made common cause with Frederic — to be again excommunicated. Then the commune and Biella came to open war, and the country was devastated while the two factions fought here, on the plains and in the villages, as they fought in Florence and Rome — there on a large scale, here on a small; with the family of the Avogadri for the Guelf or Neri, and that of the Tizzoni for the Ghibelline or Bianchi. But there was no story here as at Florence, when (1215) Sismondi tells us: "A Guelf noble of the upper Vale of Arno, named Buondelmonte, who had been made citizen of Florence, demanded in marriage a young person of the Ghibelline house of Amedei, and was accepted. While the nuptials were in preparation, a noble lady of the family Donati stopped Buondelmonte as he passed the door, and bringing him into the room where her women were at work, raised the veil of her daughter, whose beauty was exquisite. 'Here,' she said, 'is the wife I reserved for thee. Like thee she is Guelf; while thou takest one from the enemies of thy Church.' Buondelmonte, dazzled and enamored, instantly accepted the proffered hand. The Amedei looked upon his inconstancy as a deep affront. All the noble Ghibelline families of Florence, about twenty-four in number, met and agreed that he should atone with his life for the offence. Buondelmonte was attacked on the morning of Easter Sunday, just as he had passed the Ponte Vecchio on horseback, and killed at the foot of the statue of Mars which stood there. Forty-two families of the Guelf party met and swore to avenge him; and blood did indeed atone for blood. Every day some new murder, some new battle, alarmed Florence during the space of thirty-three years. These

two parties stood opposed to each other within the walls of the same city; and, although often reconciled, every little accident renewed their animosity, and they again flew to arms to avenge ancient wrongs."

I am afraid this anecdote has been dragged in a little too arbitrarily; but it is so graphic and dramatic, and gives such a good sketch of the state of society of the time, that I thought it worth making room for; though I could hang it on my own slender thread only by a very far-fetched kind of hook.

The Vercellese bishop Ajmone did his best to make peace between his local Guelfs and Ghibellines, taking part with neither, and seeking to be all things to all men on either side. But, thinking that discretion was sometimes the better form of valor, he suddenly took to flight, and sheltered himself in the castle of Biella, as Ottone Visconti, Archbishop of Milan, had sheltered himself not so long before. The Biellese received Ajmone, as they had received Ottone Visconti, with gratitude, joy, respect, hospitality; in return for which the Vercellese bishop imposed on them the most enormous taxes to aid the Guelf party which he was gathering in from all sides. Good Guelf as she was, Biella kicked against this very sharp and painful prick, and appealed to her old guest Ottone, the fugitive archbishop whom she had received with respect, entertained with hospitality, and kept in safety during his time of trial. And on this appeal, Ottone had gratitude enough to absolve the Biellese from their allegiance to the bishop in the matter of paying these new and heavy imports. Whereupon Ajmone removed them, and Biella breathed freely.

Meanwhile Beatrice of Anjou led thirty thousand men into Lombardy (1265, the year of Dante's birth), and the next year her husband Charles defeated Manfred at Benevento, receiving as the price of his victory the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, for which he had come. The power of the Guelfs was now established throughout Italy, and every effort was made to destroy, to the last vestige, both national independence and political freedom. A check was given to this terrible power however, when, twelve years later, the stout archbishop Ottone defeated Napoleone della Torre, that chief of the republic of Milan, who was as contemptuous of his Guelf supporters as he was of his Ghibelline adversaries; and cruelly confined him and five of his kinsmen in three

iron cages as a practical commentary on the difference there was between the Church which slew and the court who slaughtered—the Christianity of priests and the philanthropy of knights. Still more was done when brave Palermo (1282) reconquered for herself and the whole island the freedom which had been trafficked away between the high contracting authorities, by that supreme blow struck at the invader known in history as the Sicilian Vespers.

In 1304 Biella is once more mixed up with the current life of the time; for in this year Fra Dolcino appeared on the mountains above Valsesia. This arch-heretic to some, to others a second Arnold of Brescia, was a man at once to pity, to admire, to condemn. There is no doubt of his ferocities up there among the mountains, whether on the Rock of the Bare Wall of the Valnera range, or in the Ca' or Tana del Diavolo on Monte Zerbino (now Monte San Bernardo), above Mosso; but also there is as little doubt of his sincerity and zeal. He took up and continued the work of Gherardo Sagarelli, that half-witted preacher of religious liberty and practical holiness who for his logical Christianity was burnt alive in Parma in 1300, and who, they said, twice extinguished the flames by crying out: "Help, Asmodeus!" There would have been no end to the farce had not the inquisitor bethought him of bringing the "body of Jesus Christ" under his cloak; whereby, when exhibited, the demons were reduced to impotence, and Gherardo Sagarelli and his companions were burnt comfortably and without further hindrance.

Dolcino was a native of Piedmont, coming from a small village near Novara. He was educated for a priest, but he committed a small theft when a young man, and ran away from his master and teacher either in shame or in fear, or both. Afterwards he turned up as an independent reformer, preaching holiness, without that license of Church which was given to St. Francis of Assisi and St. Dominic of Spain. Being thus without license he was as one of those thieves and robbers who seek to enter the vineyard by the wall and not by the gate, and was therefore laid hold of as one to be condemned, not rewarded—repressed, not encouraged. His personal companion was the beautiful Margaret of Trent; his best and bravest adherent the nobly born Longino dei Cattenei; his disciples were the poor who suffered from the tyranny of the

Church, the earnest who sought more spiritualized food than that given by the gross anthropomorphism of Catholic Christianity, and the mystical who believed, as he taught, that he, Fra Dolcino, was their living Paraclete, and that, having already lived under the reign of the Father in Judaism, the Son in Catholicism, they were now to pass under the dominion of the Holy Spirit as represented by himself, where there would be less form and more truth, less dogmatism and more freedom.

When Fra Dolcino and his followers were encamped on the mountains above Mosso, the Bishop of Vercelli was one Rainieri di Pezzana degli Avogadri, a heretic-hunter by profession, as Matthew Hopkins was afterwards a witch-finder; and the Bishop of Novara was Ugucione de' Borromei, as cruel as bishops were in those days, when spiritual domination and territorial rights went together, and a breath of free thought endangered more than the safe holding of dogma. It is impossible to give the story of Fra Dolcino *in extenso*. Suffice it to say that, after horrible sufferings endured, and as horrible cruelties inflicted, the poor, gaunt, half-blind, half-starved apostles had to yield to superior numbers on a certain Holy Thursday (March 23, 1307), when the Church army came up to them, captured those who had not been already burnt or cut to pieces, and finally caught, hidden in a cave, Fra Dolcino himself, with Margaret of Trent and Longino dei Cattenei. These three were reserved for the full rigors of the law as made in those days of inhumanity and revenge. Anything more terrible than the executions of these wretched creatures cannot be imagined. They were amongst the most horrible of a horrible time. On the first of the beautiful June month of flowers the fires were lighted in the Arena Cervi at Vercelli and at Biella. Fra Dolcino and Margaret were to be burnt at the former; Longino at the latter. Margaret was the first to suffer; and the fire was slack and slow. The man whom she had loved, and for whom she had sacrificed her all and was now to suffer, was placed where she could see him and he her. During all her agony, his loud, clear voice exhorted her to be brave and flinch not—to look at him and to remember. And the beautiful woman of his love proved her worthiness of that love by the constancy with which she bore her sufferings and met her death. She neither winced nor cried out. She remembered as he exhorted—remembered

her faith in him and his love for her; and so passed to her doom as a heroine and a martyr.

Then Fra Dolcino was seated in a high car and paraded about Vercelli; tortured with red-hot pincers, which tore the flesh from his naked body bit by bit and member by member, till the bones were laid bare, and he was but the semblance of a man when they came back to the fire where Margaret's ashes were still burning. But he too never once flinched, never once cried out during all this time of infernal torture. The man who had taught the coming of the Holy Ghost, and who had loved Margaret of Trent, had nothing to ask of his fellow-men. Constant to the last, his spirit unbroken, his faith unshattered, he was cast contemptuously into the flames which represented to his executioners those eternal fires in which his soul was to be forever tortured. At the same time and hour Longino was burnt alive at Biella, after suffering similar tortures. In this way Holy Mother Church purged herself of inconvenient fanatics, and vindicated her claim to be considered the only recognized road to the vineyard.

In the year 1321, the year when Dante died, Holy Mother Church made herself busy over a vast conspiracy which she said she had discovered among the Jews and lepers—a strange combination, by the way—to poison all the springs and wells of the country. It did not touch the heart of the matter that the springs and wells were not poisoned, and that not a rag of evidence supported the accusation. Thousands paid the forfeit of their lives for the report; and the Esther Solomossys and Moritz Scharfs of the time were as many as there were likely pegs on which to hang an accusation and perjurers to do the hanging thereof.

The Tizzoni and Avogadri still always fighting, the Vercellese bishop, Uberto, did his best to reconcile them and force them to give the kiss of peace. He succeeded for the moment; but it was a peace that had as little honor as it had stability, and the old quarrels broke out afresh. The bishop, suffering the proverbial fate of those who put their hands between the bark and the tree, was beleaguered in his castle, taken prisoner, and shut up in one room. But one night he managed to make his guards drunk; when he passed through them safely and escaped to Biella. Faithful Biella, never weary of her devotion to the spiritual power, received the fugitive with honor and levied an army to

defend him, keeping him in safety till his death in 1328. The next bishop, Leonardo della Torre, also kept himself safe at Biella — Vercelli, his natural habitat and the see to which he belonged, being less faithful than her vassal. The Tizzoni were masters of the situation, and the Avogadri, entrenched in their castles, had enough to do to hold their own without taking on themselves the extra work of defending an obnoxious prelate. Elsewhere, however, the Ghibelline party was failing. The great captain, Castruccio, had died after the taking of Pisa and Pistoja; the still greater captain and leader, Can' Grande della Scala, the splendid master of Verona, died the next year after the conquest of Treviso; Galeazzo Visconti was also dead. So that the Ghibelline cause looked pale and wan in the larger towns, though here, in these small places under the shadow of the Alps, it was predominant. Then, encouraged by the disorganization of the party elsewhere, certain Guelf lords in the district declared war against Biella on account of the bishop, and the Vercellese joined on account of their own rights, which his absence both endangered and lessened. After fourteen years' hostilities a truce was ordained, which enabled Biella to turn her arms against little Ronco, a hamlet about three miles off — the men of Ronco having carried the castle of Zumaglia and chased away the castellan. The wonder is where all the men came from to do so much fighting, and how they escaped the fate of the Kilkenny cats.

This outbreak quelled and Ronco brought back to due submission, Biella was flattered by the cardinal who had to put things straight between her and her mistress Vercelli. The Biellese men were praised as dear sons of the Church, and for their many proofs of filial piety adjudged worthy of her parental mercy. All the same, they were sold by the bishop whom they had fostered in his time of need — as indeed what else could they expect when it was his interest to make friends with Vercelli?

There died intestate in Biella one Jacopo de Bardo, leaving three sisters, Alasia, Agnesa, Gioachina. After they had buried him decently these three sisters entered into possession of their dead brother's estate; but the vicar Papiniano put in his claim, saying that by old right and usage the bishop (of Vercelli) should inherit where one died intestate and without heirs male. The commune intervened to protect its citizens, or rather citizenesses; but Papiniano carried the case to

the Archbishop of Milan, and he ruled that the Vercellese Church, by its bishop, had the right of inheritance. The three sisters were accordingly dispossessed, and history is silent as to their after fate. This too is a striking example of what law and equity meant in those days of ecclesiastical domination, and how the omnipotent Church ignored the very foundations of civil liberties.

In 1347, the year when Cola di Rienzi held the Castle of St. Angelo in Rome from May 20 to December 15, the plague of which Boccaccio wrote broke out in Florence; and the year after it spread through all Italy, even touching the high-lying, healthy Alpine towns, where however it was far less terrible than down in the plains. But, worse than the plague, came a fearful famine. Snow was thick on the ground to the end of March, and in some places it was lying to the end of April. Crops were destroyed; flocks and herds were killed; men and women and children died from want in the highways and streets. But worse than either plague or famine was the election to the bishopric of Vercelli of Giovanni Fieschi in 1348. A bold, bad man; turbulent, vicious, lawless, tyrannical; "unable to vent his wrath against the Vercellese, because they were under the protection of the Visconti, who knew how to make themselves feared and their lands respected," Fieschi withdrew to Biella, where he surrounded himself with soldiers and worked his brutal will unchecked. He quarrelled with the commune on a matter of inheritance, and seized the property in dispute without waiting for the sentence of the court. He stopped the communal taxes so as to weaken the civil power; but this the Biellese would not stand, and rebelled so lustily that the bishop withdrew to the castles of Masserano and Zumaglia; interdicting the commune and making war against it. The Archbishop of Milan, the ultimate local authority, sided with the Biellese; but Fieschi cared as little for one as for the other. He went on in his own brutal, high-handed way, now using the fleshly weapon of his soldiers, now the spiritual of curses and excommunications, but never conquering the brave little town, which withstood at times as bravely as at others she submitted tamely. After some years of this Fieschi drew off his forces from Biella, because he had come to blows with the Marchese di Monferrato and wanted all his strength against an enemy who knew how to give more than he took. After a time a treaty of peace

was drawn up between the bishop and the Biellese, and for a few years the land had rest. But the bishop after a while broke out afresh, and encouraged the dependent townships to rebel against the little mother city; harassing Biella in all her works and ways and rights and privileges, so that, her patience being exhausted, she one night assembled her forces suddenly, and without warning seized the castle, killed the guards, and secured the person of the bishop, who, with many members of his family, was straightway locked up in the great tower. He was released by a treaty favorable to the Biellese, and was sent to the castle of Masserano; those of Zumaglia, Biella, and Andorno being forbidden. But his restless spirit was never at peace. He was forever hatching plots and concocting wars; and when he died "Bishop of Bethlehem," the world was the gainer by the loss of one whose title was the most scathing satire on his life.

Biella, tired of all the wars waged against her, now by this bishop and now by that count — wearied with the miseries brought on her by being made the shuttlecock between the two parties which fought over Italy as wolves might fight over the fair body of a woman — finding no faith in the Church, for which she had gladly suffered so much and often, and no security in the most solemn oaths of priest or pope, put herself at last into the hands of the Green Count, Amedeo VII. of Savoy (1379), swearing a thirty years' oath of fidelity and obedience, and a yearly tribute of two hundred golden florins, on condition of his protection and exemption from further tax or impost. In this treaty the commune was to be free to manage its own concerns without let or hindrance from the suzerain, always excepting the military services it was bound to render to, and the punishment of such criminals as had offended against, Savoy. These were the property of Savoy, and could be dealt with only by her own powers. The commune might choose its own *podestà* or mayor, but only from among the subjects of Savoy; and such *podestà* must swear to obey the statutes of the sovereign. All the towns and communes round about, hitherto the vassals of the Church of Vercelli, were to be subject to the Biellese civil government, concurring in its expenses and obligations, and conjointly submitting to the house of Savoy. Also the treaty stipulated that no Biellese debtor should be put in prison at the instance of a member of any other commune; that no compact nor agreement

should hurt the reserved rights of the Church nor those of the commune and people. All this was sworn to by Biella, speaking through her headman; and the little places swore to the same, like their mistress, late the recalcitrant fief of Vercelli, and now tyrant on her own account over her weaker neighbors.

Giovanni Galeazzo, however, held some lands in and about Biella, whence he fanned the flames of discord between the Biellese, who had found their account in this submission to the green count of Savoy, and some of the smaller places, which, on the contrary, found the conditions more onerous than profitable. Hence here in this narrow corner of the earth were perpetual murders, raids, reprisals, devastations, offences, and vendettas unending, till at last Amedeo and Galeazzo made a pact in Biella, and so peace was kept for a while. This was the "Gian" Galeazzo who, in 1385, got the better of his uncle Barnabas in a manner highly characteristic of the time and its morality. I will give the account as I find it in Sismondi, which is better than making a paraphrase:—

"The terror in which the house of Visconti had held Florence and the other Italian republics began somewhat to subside. Barnabas, grown old, had divided the cities of his dominion amongst his numerous children. His brother Galeazzo had died on August 4, 1378, and been replaced by his son, Gian Galeazzo, called Count de Virtus, from a county in Champagne given him by Charles V., whose sister he had married. Barnabas would willingly have deprived his nephew of his paternal inheritance, to divide it among his children. Gian Galeazzo, who had already discovered several plots directed against him, uttered no complaint, but shut himself up in his castle of Pavia, where he had fixed his residence. He doubled his guard, and took pains to display his belief that he was surrounded by assassins. He affected, at the same time, the highest devotion; he was always at prayers, a rosary in his hand, and surrounded with monks; he talked only of pilgrimages and expiatory ceremonies. His uncle regarded him as pusillanimous, and unworthy of reigning. In the beginning of May, 1385, Gian Galeazzo sent to Barnabas to say that he had made a vow to our Lady of Varese, near the Lago Maggiore, and that he should be glad to see him on his passage. Barnabas agreed to meet him at a short distance from Milan, accompanied by his two sons. Gian

Galeazzo arrived, surrounded, as was his custom, by a numerous guard. He affected to be alarmed at every sudden motion made near him. On meeting his uncle, however, on May 6, he hastily dismounted, and respectfully embraced him, but while he held him in his arms he said in German to his guards, 'Strike!' The Germans, seizing Barnabas, disarmed and dragged him, with his two sons, to some distance from his nephew. Gian Galeazzo made several vain attempts to poison his uncle in the prison into which he had thrown him; but Barnabas, suspicious of all the nourishment offered him, was on his guard, and did not sink under these repeated efforts till December 18 of the same year."

This was the ruse employed by a man "false and pitiless" against another "who had never inspired one human being with either esteem or affection."

Another of his feats was to "accuse the wife of the Lord of Mantua, daughter of Barnabas, and his own cousin and sister-in-law, of a criminal intercourse with her husband's secretary. He forged letters, by which he made her appear guilty, concealed them in her apartment, and afterwards pointed out where they were to be found to Francesco da Gonzaga, who, in a paroxysm of rage, caused her to be beheaded, and the secretary to be tortured and afterwards put to death, in 1390. It was not till after many years that he discovered the truth. When Galeazzo was lying ill of the plague (September 3, 1402) there suddenly appeared in the sky a comet, which the astrologers said predicted his death. He himself took it to mean the same sign, and said, "I render thanks to God in that he has vouchsafed to show to the eyes of all men a sign in heaven of my being called." Considering the man he was, it seems scarcely necessary for the great God of heaven and earth to put any celestial machinery in motion on the departure from the world he had so long vexed of such a double-dyed hypocrite and scoundrel!

After this worthy's death civil war again broke out in our small Piedmontese dominion. Facino Cane, a famous captain of the time—now serving the Marchese di Monferrato, now Gian Galeazzo, after him his sons, and finally captain of his own private forces—took several towns by assault and battery, and among them Vercelli. Pietro Bertodano, defending Ivrea, lost his eldest son, Lodovico; and for his courage and virtue the

Duke of Savoy nominated Count Albert as his heir. For the solid pudding of his possessions the duke gave Pietro the frothy praise of a diploma setting forth his virtues and their award. This too was a wonderful mark of the times, both for the high-handedness of power on the one side and the submission of servility on the other. By that diploma Pietro Bertodano was fully repaid all that he had suffered; and the honor of having Count Albert for his heir was compensation enough for the wrong done to his own natural inheritors.

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THE SOUDAN AND ITS FUTURE.

BY SIR SAMUEL BAKER.

"WHAT is the Soudan?" is a question that has frequently been asked since the recent calamity has diverted public attention from the usual course and concentrated all interest upon that distant region. "Is the Soudan worth keeping?" "Why not give it up?" are remarks that have not been uncommon since the overwhelming disaster which has befallen the army under the command of General Hicks.

I shall endeavor to reply to these questions, and to explain the actual condition of those provinces which are included in the general term "Soudan."

The great lake Victoria N'yanza, discovered by the late Captain Speke, is thirty-four hundred feet above the sea-level—beneath the equator. The Albert N'yanza is twenty-seven hundred feet; Gondokoro, two thousand feet; Khartum, twelve hundred feet, in latitude 15° 34'. The general altitude of the country in the equatorial regions above the two great lakes is about four thousand feet.

Accepting the Albert N'yanza as the general reservoir, from the northern extremity, latitude 2° 15', the Nile issues to commence its course from an altitude of twenty-seven hundred feet above the sea-level. We therefore discover a fall of seven hundred feet in a course of about two hundred miles, influenced by a succession of cataracts and rapids, while from Gondokoro, latitude 4° 54', in a winding channel of about fourteen hundred miles, the fall is about eight hundred feet to Khartum—or nearly seven inches per mile—a navigable river throughout, with a stream that hardly averages a speed of three miles per hour.

Before the White Nile annexation, the

Soudan was accepted in a vague and unsatisfactory definition as representing everything south of the first cataract at Assouan without any actual limitation; but the extension of Egyptian territory to the equator has increased the value of the term, and the word Soudan now embraces the whole of that vast region which comprises the deserts of Nubia, Libya, the ancient Meroe, Dongola, Kordofan, Darfur, Senaar, and the entire Nile basin, bordered on the east by Abyssinia, and elsewhere by doubtful frontiers. The Red Sea upon the east alone confines the Egyptian limit to an unquestionable line.

Wherever the rainfall is regular, the country is immensely fertile, therefore the Soudan may be divided into two portions — the great deserts which are beyond the rainy zone, and consequently arid, and the southern provinces within that zone, which are capable of great agricultural development.

As the river Nile runs from south to north from an elevation of thirty-four hundred feet until it meets the Mediterranean at the Rosetta and Damietta mouths, it flows through the rainy zone to which it owes its birth, and subsequently streams onwards through the twelve hundred miles of sand, north of the Atbara River, which is the last tributary throughout its desert course.

Including the bends of this mighty Nile, a distance is traversed of about thirty-three hundred miles from the Victoria N'yanza to the Mediterranean; the whole of this region throughout its passage is now included in the name "Soudan."

The thirty-two degrees of latitude intersected by the Nile must of necessity exhibit great changes in temperature and general meteorological conditions.

The comparatively small area of the Egyptian delta is the natural result of inundations upon the lower level, which by spreading the waters have thereby slackened the current, and allowed a sufficient interval for the deposit of the surcharged mud. That fertilizing alluvium has been brought down from the rich lands of Meroe and portions of Abyssinia by the Atbara River and its tributaries, the Salaam, Angrab, and the greater stream Settite. All those rivers cut through a large area of deep soil, through which in the course of ages they have excavated valleys of great depth, and in some places of more than two miles width. The cubic contents of these enormous cuttings have been delivered upon the low lands of Egypt at the period of inundations.

The Blue Nile, which effects a junction with the White Nile at Khartum in N. latitude $15^{\circ} 34'$, is also a mud-carrier, but not to the same extent as the Atbara. The White Nile, on the contrary, is of lacustrine origin, and conveys no mud, but the impurity of its waters is caused by an excess of vegetable matter suspended in the finest particles, and exhibiting beneath the microscope minute globules of green matter, which have the appearance of germs. When the two rivers meet at the Khartum junction, the water of the Blue Nile, which contains lime, appears to coagulate the albuminous matter in that of the White Nile, which becomes too heavy to remain in suspension; it therefore precipitates, and forms a deposit, after which the true Nile, formed by a combination of the two rivers, becomes wholesome, and remains comparatively clear until it meets the muddy Atbara, in latitude $17^{\circ} 40'$. The Sobat River in N. latitude $9^{\circ} 21'$ is a most important tributary, supposed to have its sources in the southern portion of the Galla country. All these powerful streams exhibit a uniform system of drainage from south-east to north-west. The only affluent upon the west is the Bahr Ghazal in latitude $9^{\circ} 20'$, but that river is quite unimportant as a contributor to the great volume of the Nile.

The rainy zone extends to about 15° north latitude, but the rainfall is dependent upon peculiarities of elevation, and physical conditions of localities.

Whenever the rainfall is dependable, the natural fertility of the soil is at once exhibited by enormous crops, in the neighborhood of villages, where alone a regular system of cultivation is pursued.

The gentle slope from the equator to the Mediterranean — from the Victoria N'yanza source of the Nile thirty-four hundred feet in a course of about the same number of miles — may be divided into two portions by almost halving the thirty-two degrees of latitude in a direct line. Fifteen will include the rainy zone north of the equator, and the remaining seventeen to Alexandria comprise the vast deserts which are devoid of water.

The enormous extent of burning sand which separates the fertile portion of the Soudan from lower Egypt would, in the absence of the camel, be like an ocean devoid of vessels, and the deserts would be a barrier absolutely impassable by man. Nature has arranged the various fauna according to the requirements and conditions of the earth's surface; we, therefore,

possess the camel as the only animal that can with impunity support a thirst that will enable it to traverse great distances without the necessity of water. This invaluable creature will travel during the hottest months a distance of one hundred and twenty miles with a load of four hundred pounds, without drinking upon the journey until the fourth day. It is necessary that before starting, the camel shall drink its fill. This may be in the evening of Monday. It will then travel thirty miles a day, and by Friday P.M. it will have completed four days, or one hundred and twenty miles, and will require water. A certain amount of dhurra (sorghum vulgare) must be given during a forced march, as the animal will have no time to graze upon the scanty herbage of the desert.

The desert of Korosko is three hundred and thirty miles across to Abou Hamed, and this journey is performed in seven days, the camels drinking once only upon the road at the bitter wells of Mourâhd. Horses can be taken across such deserts only through the aid of camels, which transport the water required for the less enduring animals.

Although the camel is apparently indigenous to the African and Arabian deserts, it is a curious fact that we have never heard of such an animal in a state of nature. Not even the ancient writers mention the camel as existing in a wild state in any portion of the globe. In this we find an exception to all other animals, whose original progenitors may be discovered in occupation of those wild haunts from which they must have been captured to become domesticated.

As the camel is the only means of communication between the Soudan and Lower Egypt, we at once recognize the reality of separation effected by the extent of desert, which reduces the value of those distant provinces to nil, until some more general means of transport shall be substituted.

The fertile provinces of the Soudan, irrespective of the White Nile margin, are those between the Atbara River and the Blue Nile, in addition to all those lands between Cassala and Gallabat, together with the country traversed by the rivers Rahad and Dinder, opposite Senaar. The latter province between the Blue and the White Niles is the granary of Khartum.

It is well known that the Soudan was annexed by Mehemet Ali Pacha, grandfather of the ex-khedive Ismail Pacha,

and by a stern rule the discordant elements of rival Arab tribes were reduced to order.

Khartum, at the confluence of the Blue and White Niles, became the capital, and Shendy, Berber, and Dongola represented towns of importance upon the river margin. Souakim and Massawa were ports upon the Red Sea, well adapted for commercial outlets. Cassala was fortified, and became the strategical point in Taka near the Abyssinian frontier. Gallabat, which was an Abyssinian town at the date of my visit in 1861, was subsequently added to Egyptian rule. In 1869-1875, the khedive Ismail Pacha annexed the entire Nile basin to the equator.

This enormous territory comprises a great variety of tribes. Those north of the equator to the Blue Nile are more or less of the negro type, but the deserts are peopled by Arabs of distinct origin, some of whom arrived as conquerors from the east coast of the Red Sea at a period so remote that authority is merely legendary.

The inhabitants of Dongola possess a language of their own, while all other Arab tribes, excepting the Haddendowas, speak Arabic. The deserts from Cairo to the Blue Nile comprise the following tribes: Bedouins, Bishareens, Haddendowas, Jahleens, Dabainas, Shookeereaks, Beni Amers, Kunanas, Rufars, Hamadas, Hamrans, Halhongas, and Abbadihs. The west borders of the Nile contain the Bagaras, Kabbabeesh, Dongolawas, and some others. All these people were well in hand, and subservient to the Egyptian government within my knowledge of the country from 1861 to 1874.

The White Nile tribes from Khartum to the equator, including the inhabitants of Darfur and Kordofan, are beyond enumeration.

The occupations of these various races depend mainly upon the conditions of their localities. Those lands which are well watered by a periodical rainfall, are cultivated with dhurra (sorghum), sesamé, cotton, and a variety of native produce; while the desert Arabs are mainly employed in pastoral pursuits, breeding camels, sheep, goats, and cattle, which they exchange for the necessary cereals.

It may be readily imagined that an immense area of wild desert is required for the grazing of such flocks and herds. The stunted shrubs, and the scant herbage which are found within the hollows, where the water from an occasional thun-

derstorm has concentrated, and given sustenance to a wiry vegetation, are quickly devoured by the hungry animals that rove over the barren wilderness.

The Arabs must continually move their camps in search of fresh pasturage, and the sufferings of the half-starved beasts are intensified by the distance from water which of necessity increases as they wander further from the wells. I have seen many places where the cattle drink only upon alternate days, and must then march twenty miles to the watering-place. I have always considered that the Arabs are nomadic from necessity, and not from an instinctive desire to wander, and that a supply of water for irrigation would attract them to settle permanently as cultivators of the soil. There are certain seasons when it becomes imperative to remove the cattle from rich lands into the sandy deserts, at the approach of the periodical rains, to avoid the mud, and more especially to escape from the dreaded scourge, the fly; but an exodus of the camels and stock, together with their attendants, would not affect those who remained behind to cultivate corn and cotton during the favorable time.

The fertile area of the Soudan north of the Blue Nile is almost unlimited, but there cannot be any practical development until the means of transport shall be provided. At the present moment there would be no possibility of extending the area of cultivation with a view to export, as the supply of camels would be insufficient for the demand. In 1873, Moomtaz Pacha, an energetic Circassian, was governor of the Soudan, and he insisted that every village should cultivate a certain amount of cotton in proportion to the population; this was simply experimental. The quantity produced was so extraordinary that the camel-owners seized the opportunity to strike for higher rates, as they well know the absolute necessity of crop-time. An immense amount of cotton remained ungathered, and fell upon the ground like snow, as the unfortunate cultivators had no means of conveying it to market. Moomtaz Pacha was declared to be insane, but on the contrary he had proved the great producing power of the soil and population, though at the same time he had demonstrated the utter futility of agricultural extension until railway communication should ensure the means of transport.

The Soudan must be regarded in the light of a rich country to which there is practically no access. It would be of the

greatest value if developed by modern engineering, but it will remain as a millstone upon the neck of Egypt unless such means of transport are encouraged without delay.

There is probably no other country so eminently adapted for the cultivation of cotton as the Soudan. The soil is extremely rich; the climate is perfection, as there is a perfect dryness in the atmosphere, which during the process of ripening and gathering is indispensable. The cotton can be dried, cleaned, and packed without a moment's hindrance from adverse weather; and, were railway communication established to Souakim, the crop would be shipped direct to Liverpool within three weeks by steamer.

The cultivation of flax and hemp is entirely neglected, but these valuable commodities could be produced to any extent upon the fat soil bordering the Atbara River, between Sofi and Kadarif.

In England we are so fully occupied with the affairs of every-day life, and our food supply is delivered with such unbroken regularity, that few persons consider the danger of a sudden interruption that would be caused during a time of war in which we might be ourselves engaged. We are a hungry nation, dependent upon foreign shores for our supply of wheat, and our statesmen should devote particular attention to ensure that supply under any circumstances; otherwise the democratic power which they are about to raise will be exerted in a manner that may surprise the ministers of the day, when the high price of wheat shall have doubled the cost of the quarter loaf.

There is no portion of the world that will be better guarded in time of war than the route from Egypt to Great Britain. With Cyprus, Malta, and Gibraltar in our possession, the Mediterranean will be secured from Alexandria to the Straits.

It is accordingly important to provide a food supply that would be transported through the well-protected route. The Soudan would supply England with the two great commodities required — cotton and wheat.

The development of the Soudan should be encouraged and positively undertaken by England now that events are driving us to assume a responsible control. There is no possibility of internal improvement without the employment of foreign capital; and there will be no investment of such capital until confidence in the stability of the administration shall be established. Of this there can be no hope, until Egypt

shall be in the acknowledged position of being the protected ally of England. If that should be accomplished, we should quickly see reforms in the Soudan that would within two or three years exhibit an extraordinary change both in the people and in the resources of the country. At present it is in a state of nature. Nothing has been done by the government to encourage the industry of the people; on the contrary, they have been ill-treated and oppressed. Before the rainy season, the surface of the earth, parched and denuded of all semblance of vegetation by the burning sun, is simply scratched by a small tool similar to an inferior Dutch hoe, and a few grains of dhurra are dropped into a hole, hardly one inch in depth. This is repeated at distances of about two feet. The rain commences towards the end of May, and in a few days the dhurra shoots appear above the ground. The extreme richness of the soil, aided by plenteous rains and a warm sun, induces a magical growth, which starts the hitherto barren wilderness into life. The surface of the country which in the rainless months appeared a desert incapable of producing vegetation, bursts suddenly into a brilliant green, and the formerly sun-burnt area assumes the appearance of rich velvet, as it becomes carpeted throughout with the finest grass. Dhurra that first threw up delicate shoots above the hardened and ill-tilled soil, grows with extreme rapidity to the height of nine or ten feet, and the produce can be imagined from the fact that I once counted 4,840 grains in only one head of this prolific sorghum. Cotton, and all other vegetation, grows with similar vigor immediately after the commencement of the rains.

This picture of abundance is confined to those districts which are beneath the influence of the rainy zone, but there are other lands equally rich and capable of production which must be cultivated by artificial irrigation. In the absence of any organized method such as exists in Lower Egypt by the extension of a canal system, the banks of rivers, including the Rahad, Blue Nile, and Main Nile, are alone watered by the ordinary cattle-wheels (sakeeyahs); the cultivation is accordingly restricted to a comparatively small area that is within the power of irrigation by the simple machinery of the inhabitants.

If any person will study the map of the Soudan, he will at once observe the natural facilities for a general plan of irriga-

tion that would combine the supply of water with the means of transport by canals. As the uniform drainage is from S.E. to N.W., the rivers Rahad, Dinder, Blue Nile, and Atbara, traverse the rich lands of the Soudan exactly in the same direction. These rivers are impetuous torrents, which by their extreme velocity quickly exhaust themselves after the termination of the rains in Abyssinia. A series of weirs upon the Rahad, Dinder, and Atbara, would thoroughly control the waters, that would thus be kept at higher levels, and would enable them to be conducted by canals throughout the fertile lands which at present are neglected in the absence of sufficient moisture. As those rivers are unnavigable, the weirs might be constructed in the most simple manner, as there is no traffic to require special adaptation.

A railway has been suggested from Souakim to Berber. This would be a half-measure, and a mistake, as Berber is below the last cataract of the Nile, and common sense would dictate that the river terminus should be above the most southern obstruction. Although with good pilotage a steamer can ascend the Shendy cataract without much danger, there are many reasons that would be in favor of a terminus where the river is navigable throughout the Blue and the White Niles, which would enable the produce of the interior to be transported by vessels from the equatorial regions without the slightest hindrance.

The south wind blows regularly for six months every year, and thus it would be impossible for sailing vessels, after having delivered their cargoes at Berber, to re-ascend the river to Khartum, unless by the difficult and tedious process of towing against the rapid current.

A railway from Souakim might be constructed with no great difficulty, excepting the total absence of limestone for preparing the mortar necessary for bridges. The lime would either be brought from Egypt, or it must be burnt at Souakim from the coral reefs. It might be cheaper and better if sent direct from Marseilles.

There is a perplexing necessity in bridging countless torrent beds throughout the desert route in the absence of one drop of water. Nevertheless, this precaution is absolutely necessary, as occasional storms of extreme violence would tear down and destroy any works that were not adequately protected. Another drawback to the construction of the railway would be the want of water, except at long intervals

of two days' march. The first preliminary work should be devoted to an exploration of the substrata by boring apparatus that might discover springs in places as yet unexplored. I have no doubt that water exists in very many localities beyond the search of the desert Arabs, who are ill-provided with tools, and are contented with wells at intervals of twenty-four hours' march. It is quite possible that artesian wells might be the result of boring at depths far below any that could be attained except by aid of the machine. Force-pumps should be arranged, which might be worked by camels, and the route from Souakim would probably be supplied with water without much difficulty.

If the railway should be carried from Souakim to the Nile above the last cataract, the distance would be about three hundred and forty miles. The bridge that would cross the Atbara River should combine the "barrage," which would control the stream by means of sluice-gates, and the water would be led into canals for irrigation; at the same time those channels would convey the produce of the cultivated area direct to the several stations on the railway.

If the waters of the Atbara and other rivers were thus confined, instead of being permitted to waste their volume by the impetuosity of their streams, we should be enabled to store a supply for agricultural purposes to be in readiness for the various stages of cultivation.

Nothing should be lightly undertaken, and no contracts should be entered upon for any line of railway until a competent commission shall have decided upon a general plan of agricultural development for the Soudan. The first railway will be the parent of other lines, and the harmony of the whole system will depend upon a careful plan that shall have been pre-arranged, to include irrigation and canal traffic as feeders to the main artery.

There can be little doubt that eventually the entire Nile will be controlled by a system of masonry weirs similar to the bhunds which are the great engineering works upon the rivers of India. Such a system would render the Nile navigable throughout its course from Khartum to Cairo, and would ensure irrigation at all seasons of the year, irrespective of the usual period of inundation. In the flood-time of the high Nile the surplus waters would be led into natural depressions that would form vast reservoirs, from which canals would lead the required volume to distant districts at a lower level. The

water-power at every successive dam would be enormous, and could be used for driving the machinery that is necessary for the cleaning of cotton, prior to the operation of packing for exportation.

The English who have visited the Soudan may be counted upon the fingers, and yet we hear a cry from the lips of ignorance, "Give up the Soudan, and confine the limits of Egypt to the first cataract at Assouan!"

The spirit of England appears to have undergone a lamentable change. The instant that a severe reverse startles the trembling nerves of pessimists, there is a sudden yell for retreat from the dangerous position. Candahar was abandoned. From the Transvaal there was a general skedaddle. If the unfortunate General Hicks had succeeded in Kordofan, England would loudly have proclaimed the victory under British leadership; but a serious reverse at once inverts the picture, and the roar of the British lion is thundered for retreat! Such a cry respecting the Soudan would be a proof of the most cowardly ignorance. It is the unfortunate fashion of modern times for those who know absolutely nothing of a subject to become most positive in the expression of opinion — especially upon foreign affairs. The same person who as a stranger to the locality would not presume to argue upon the neighborhood of Richmond or the river Thames, will audaciously advance his views upon the Soudan and the sources of the Nile. People who are hardly respected upon the local board of a county town, are firm in their opinions upon Tonquin and Afghanistan. Certain newspapers are equally presumptuous; and reflect the ignorance of their subscribers.

If the Soudan were abandoned, the following consequences would assuredly ensue, which would ultimately endanger the existence of the more civilized country — Lower Egypt.

The entire Soudan, which is inhabited by many and various races, would relapse into complete anarchy and savagedom. A constant civil war would be waged; cultivation would be interrupted; trade would cease. The worst elements of debased human nature (which must be seen, to be understood, in those regions) would be uncontrolled, and the whole energies of the population would be concentrated in the slave-trade. The White Nile — where General Gordon has devoted the best years of his life, and where I laid the foundation before him, in the hope

that the seeds then sown would at some future day bear fruit — would become the field for every atrocity that can be imagined. Even those naked savages believed our promises: "that England would protect them from slavery." They would be abandoned to every conceivable outrage, and the slave-hunting would recommence upon a scale invigorated by the repression of the last thirteen years, but suddenly withdrawn.

The anarchy of the Soudan would call upon the scene another power — Abyssinia. The march from Gallabat upon Khartum is the most certain movement, and could hardly be resisted, if well organized.

A portion of the Soudan would certainly be annexed by Abyssinia. Other portions after long civil conflict would have determined themselves into little kingdoms, and the whole would be hostile forces beyond the Egyptian frontier. The state of tension would entail the necessity of a military force in Egypt that would be a crushing burden upon her revenue. A sensible communication from H. H. Prince Ibrahim Hilmy Pacha to the *Times* a few days since directed public attention to the fact, that one of the great works of his Highness Ismail Pacha, the khedive, was the establishment of the Nilometer at Khartum, together with the telegraph. Every day throughout the year the height of the Nile is telegraphed to Cairo, and during the period of threatened inundation the government at lower Egypt is kept informed of the approaching flood which is hurrying towards the delta. Twenty or twenty-four days must elapse before the volume of Soudan water can reach Egypt, and thus time is allowed for the strengthening of embankments to resist an invasion which formerly arrived without warning, and devastated the most fertile provinces of the country. There cannot be a more striking example of the results of scientific development; the few minutes of time occupied by the telegraphic message through a course of fourteen hundred miles, paralyzes the attack of an enemy whose advance was formerly overwhelming.

Should the Soudan be lost to Egypt, the control of the river will have ceased. There will be no scope for future extension. The commerce of the interior will be ruined. The prestige of the country will have departed. The success of a southern insurrection will be a dangerous example for the northern provinces, and for the Arab tribes from Syria to Arabia.

No government can afford to lose a province through insurrection; it is the first wrench which precedes a general dislocation.

It has been frequently asked, for what object is this rebellion headed by the Mahdi? What is the desired aim? Why is a population that was hitherto so docile and easily governed suddenly exasperated into revolt? On March 25, 1882, when opinions differed concerning the movements of Arabi Bey, and long before the British government had framed a policy, the *Times* published a letter from myself which included the following paragraphs:

The movement of Arabi Bey resolves itself into one of two questions: It is either sanctioned by the ruling powers, the Sultan and the Khedive, or it is adverse to those powers. If it is sanctioned by those authorities, it is contrary to the spirit of the firman which granted the powers of control to Europe. If it is adverse to the rulers of Egypt, it is rebellion.

The results will be quickly visible. A period of mistrust and disturbance will be seized upon as an excuse for the non-payment of taxes. The revenue will diminish, while military expenses will increase. Abyssinia has long coveted a port upon the Red Sea, and has claimed a considerable portion of the Soudan. Should the patronage of England be withdrawn from Egypt, there may be extreme danger of an invasion from Abyssinia. *A very slight encouragement would induce a general rising of the Arab tribes of the Soudan.* Should the declaration against the slave-trade [Arabi's] be sincere, there will assuredly be difficulties with the Arab slave-traders and with the provinces of Darfur and Upper Egypt. I am no alarmist, neither am I a holder of Egyptian stocks under the control of Arabi Bey, but I foresee trouble and dislocation in the affairs of Egypt, which were prosperous and well organized until the reformer intruded himself upon the scene.

This forecast of a disastrous future has been terribly verified by events, although as usual the prophecy was unheeded at the time of utterance. It may be asked, upon what grounds were those words of warning raised at a time when England was deaf to such a cry? Look back to the frightful picture described in "Ismaïlia" — pp. 22-23 — in the first month of 1870, for a reply, and Englishmen will form their own opinion of the merits of the case. I had returned to the upper Nile, which I had left flourishing in 1864:

Khartum was not changed externally; but I had observed with dismay a frightful change in the features of the country between Berber and the capital since my last visit. The rich soil on the banks of the river, which had a few

years since been highly cultivated, had been abandoned. Now and then a tuft of neglected date-palms might be seen, but the river's banks, formerly verdant with heavy crops, had become a wilderness. Villages once crowded had entirely disappeared; the population was gone. Irrigation had ceased. The night, formerly discordant with the creaking of countless water-wheels, was now silent as death. There was not a dog to howl for a lost master. Industry had vanished; oppression had driven the inhabitants from the soil.

This terrible desolation was caused by the Governor-general of the Soudan, who although himself an honest man, trusted too much to the honesty of others, who preyed upon the inhabitants.

The population of the richest province in the Soudan fled from oppression and abandoned the country; the greater portion betook themselves to the slave-trade of the White Nile, where in their turn they could trample upon the rights of others; where, as they had been plundered, they would be able to plunder; where they could reap the harvest of another's labor; and where, free from the restrictions of a government, they might indulge in the exciting and lucrative enterprise of slave-hunting.

Thousands had forsaken their homes and commenced a life of brigandage upon the White Nile.

This was the state of the country for a distance of two hundred miles, from Berber to Khartum! and the miserable picture was an example of the general condition of the Soudan.

The exasperation of the people was subsequently intensified by the vigorous attack upon the slave-trade of the White Nile. It may be readily imagined that the suppression of that traffic, in which so many thousands were engaged, was an additional incentive to rebellion. The armed gangs of Akād attacked the troops under my command; and subsequently General Gordon was involved in conflicts of considerable duration. The crushing defeats of the slave-hunters in those several engagements quenched their spirit for the moment; but the fire still slumbered, and was ready to blaze afresh upon a favorable opportunity. The English element had been withdrawn from the Soudan on the retirement of General Gordon. His excellent lieutenant Gessi had succumbed to fever and exhaustion, consequent upon his exertions in the baneful climate of the White Nile regions. Arabi Bey commenced a revolt in Egypt proper. The power of the khedive was overthrown, and a direct movement was commenced against all authority. Egypt was in arms against herself, as there was no other foe. The Mahdi — or rather a dervish named

Mahomet Achmet — who had long been known to the khedive H.H. Ismail Pasha, who thoroughly understood the management of such fanatics, took advantage of the general confusion of affairs and gathered a small surrounding of malcontents. A series of gross acts of mismanagement on the part of the Soudan authorities increased the influence of this extraordinary character, and a succession of defeats of the government forces at the hands of badly armed Arabs produced a contempt for the Egyptian troops, of whom the population had hitherto stood in awe. It was a natural consequence that Darfur and Kordofan, already discontented owing to the operations enforced against the slave-trade, should seize the opportunity for revolt. The rich province of Senaar followed the example, and again the government forces were defeated, while the strong garrisons both in Darfur and Kordofan were invested in their fortified positions. Those distant provinces west of the White Nile were lost, and should have been abandoned to their fate.

The English invasion of Egypt had resulted in the overthrow of Arabi and the restoration of the khedive. General Hicks, with a staff of British officers, was despatched to Khartum with specified instructions from General V. Baker Pasha to operate against Senaar. That province being situated between the Blue and White Niles offered favorable conditions for attack.

Abd-el-Kader Pasha, the governor of Khartum, was to ascend the Blue Nile with a large force and give battle to the enemy, while General Hicks with six thousand men was to command the White Nile upon the west; he would patrol the river with numerous steamers, destroy all boats, and intercept the fugitives should the rebels be defeated by Abd-el-Kader; in which case they would attempt the passage of the White Nile to retreat upon Kordofan.

These operations were successfully carried out. Abd-el-Kader defeated the Mahdi's people in Senaar, and General Hicks, having disembarked his force at the appointed station, was in time to intercept the beaten rebels who were on the march to the White Nile. It does not appear that the enemy had been demoralized by their defeat in Senaar, as they assumed the offensive upon the approach of Hicks Pasha's forces, and attacked them with such determination that it was necessary to form a square. Although General Hicks was victorious, and the enemy retired with

a loss of five hundred killed, it was impossible to follow up the victory in the absence of cavalry. Such a battle could hardly have been accepted as decisive, and Senaar should have been occupied by a line of fortified posts until the power of the government should have been thoroughly re-established.

At that period the military organization of the Soudan was transferred from General V. Baker Pasha's department to that of the minister of war. Counter instructions were given to General Hicks to fall back on Khartum, and to collect an army for the invasion and conquest of Kordofan. For this purpose General Hicks was promoted to the chief command.

An advance of two hundred and thirty miles through an enemy's country, devoid of supplies and almost waterless, in a climate of intense heat, the march of necessity through sandy desert, with a force of seven thousand men and six thousand transport camels, was a most perilous undertaking, and it has terminated in frightful disaster. The unfortunate General Hicks and his entire army have been sacrificed to the usual absurd instructions that would be issued by Egyptian authorities. Kordofan and Darfur should have been abandoned, and the government should have consolidated its power throughout the entire Soudan. If the Mahdi had been left unmolested in Kordofan, he would have quickly experienced the difference between pulling down and building up.

His forces have been united by the presence of a common enemy, but in the absence of the government troops they would have gradually dissolved. Jealousies would have arisen among the chiefs, and discontent (the certain accompaniment of inaction) would have divided the ranks of his followers. In a short time they would have quarrelled among themselves, and the fascination of the Mahdi would have disappeared.

The success that he has now achieved enhances the danger of a general uprising of the Arab tribes throughout the Soudan, and the relapse of Senaar into the anarchy that had been quelled by the victories of General Hicks and Abd-el-Kader Pasha. Fortunately, the Oriental character is prone to delay, and the Mahdi has not followed up his attack on Hicks by an immediate advance on Dongola, to which there is a direct caravan route through the desert from Kordofan. Between that country and Dongola the desert is occupied by the Kabbabeesh tribe of Arabs, who are

large owners of camels well known for their size and strength.

There should be no loss of time in arranging an organization that would protect Khartum (the capital), Dongola, Berber, and Senaar. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend a plan of operations for this purpose without reference to a map, but the movements would be simple, provided that the troops can be supplied. The loss of the capital would be fatal to the government — therefore Khartum must be supported. To effect this, it will be necessary to secure Dongola by British troops sent by the Nile. These would occupy Dongola, but would go no further. The moral effect of three thousand British soldiers stationed in that position would ensure the fidelity of the Kabbabeesh Arabs, who could fall back with their herds for protection should the Mahdi's forces advance across the desert. The Kabbabeesh could be employed to fill up the wells upon the route towards Kordofan. Egyptian troops, with as many black regiments as possible, should march from Korosko across the desert two hundred and thirty miles to Abou Hamed on the Nile, and thence along the river's bank to Berber, one hundred and forty-three miles. From Dongola to Berber a line of posts would be established. The great sheik of the Korosko desert, Hussein Bey Halifa, can always be depended upon. He should be charged with the transport of the troops across the desert. He should also raise those Arab tribes that are faithful to the government — the Bishareens, Dabainas, and the Shookereeyahs from the borders of the Atbara. An Arab army should advance upon Kokreb, half-way between Berber and Souakim. This is the principal oasis, which should be defended by a redoubt. When the wells from Berber to Kokreb shall have been secured, a detachment of troops should march to occupy this central position. From that point the friendly Arabs would seize all wells eastward upon the route towards Souakim, and thus by degrees advance in that direction. A force of four thousand Indian troops occupying Souakim would, in the mean time, prepare for an advance through the mountains, now occupied by the enemy who have already inflicted three defeats upon the Egyptian forces. Communication should be established between the Arabs under Hussein Halifa marching from Kokreb and the force at Souakim, in order to advance simultaneously from east and west. The enemy would

thus be attacked in front and rear. When the route from Souakim to Berber shall have been cleared, and the wells occupied throughout, the Indian troops will have marched to Berber. Supports can then be sent forward from Souakim when required. From Berber the Nile is navigable for steamers to Khartum, two hundred miles distant. Troops can therefore be transported with ease in thirteen days from Souakim. There would be by this arrangement two bases of operation — Souakim from the Red Sea, and Cairo on the Nile. The advance by the Nile would be upon both sides simultaneously — from Korosko to Berber on the east, and to Dongola through to Berber upon the west. Troops would be converging upon Berber from three different points — Souakim, Dongola, and Korosko; and Berber would then become the base for the support of Khartum and Senaar, both of which are situated upon the navigable Blue Nile.

Under a capable administration I do not see any supreme difficulty in the reorganization of the Soudan. There has been a total want of confidence between the governing power and those who were governed, and a general and radical reform is necessary. The first consideration should be the actual requirements of the people. "What do you really want?" is the question that must be answered. The simple reply will be, "JUSTICE."

Unless under British supervision this will never be attained — the Egyptian officials are hopeless.

It is impossible to obtain good service unless those who are employed receive their due amount of salary. The sheiks of Arab tribes should be liberally and punctually remunerated if their loyalty is to be relied upon. Hussein Halifa Bey should be made a pasha if he proves faithful to the government in their necessity. A few decorations distributed among the prominent sheiks of various tribes would be highly prized, and would produce good service.

A British high commissioner should be sent to Berber to inquire into the actual demands and necessities of the people. He will be appalled at the hosts of grievances; he will also be disgusted with the shameful facts of extortion and oppression.

Although the revolt must be crushed with an iron hand to prevent a recurrence of such insurrections, I sympathize with a downtrodden people, whom, if I had been an Arab, I should have been the first to lead. Much good might be ef-

fected by an impartial judgment, and the wild inhabitants of the deserts have a keen sense of right and wrong according to the just precepts of the Koran. If force alone shall be used, the rebellion may be stunned; but the spirit of discontent will rankle in the hearts of the population. There should be a combination of force together with diplomacy, and a resolve on the part of the authorities to administer pure justice.

A rectification of frontier will be absolutely necessary before any development of internal resources can be expected. The White Nile should be the boundary of Egypt upon the west as far as the station of Fashoda. An arrangement must be entered into with Abyssinia; a well-defined boundary line must be agreed upon, and be occupied by a chain of government forts.

The encroachments of Egypt upon Abyssinia have been continual, though by slow degrees, and were only checked by the total destruction of three *corps d'armée*, which suffered the usual fate of Egyptian military enterprises. These victories have encouraged the hopes of Abyssinia, which lays claim to a considerable portion of the Soudan, and have increased the danger of an invasion during an opportunity when general disturbance has paralyzed the power of Egypt. A dog-in-the-manger policy has been pursued towards her neighbor which is adverse to the interests of both countries. Egypt should benefit by commercial relations with Abyssinia; instead of which she has destroyed all power of development by excluding that unfortunate country from the sea-border. After the succession of defeats which Egypt suffered in her invasion, it would be impossible for her to assume the initiative in proposing a rectification of frontier and a commercial treaty. Such an invitation can only be given through the medium of England. Masawa might be offered to Abyssinia as an outlet for her commerce, under certain stipulated conditions, together with the province of Boghos, which was originally Abyssinian. An excellent frontier line might be arranged from Gallabat along the Atbara to Tomat near Sofi, at the junction of the Settite River, and the Mareb or Gash in the south of Cassala. Thence along the mountains, including Boghos to Masawa.

If Abyssinia were thus generously encouraged, a most important development would be the immediate result. The highlands of that country are remarkably

healthy; coffee is a natural production, which at the present moment finds its way through Gallabat for the supply of Khartum and the entire Soudan, in exchange for cotton, and Maria Theresa dollars. If Abyssinia possessed a seaport, we should quickly experience the benefit of a new outlet both for British manufactures, and for the general productions of that country.

The important question still remains unanswered, how are the necessary changes and reforms in the Soudan to be carried out?

First of all, it has to be reconquered. After that, it must be reorganized. It must then be governed upon liberal principles. Who is to do all this?

Much as I deplore the necessity, I believe the task must be undertaken by Great Britain, if we intend to reconstruct the shattered administration of the khedive. But no half-measures will be effective. No pea-and-thimble tricks will gain the confidence of natives — no sudden disappearance of the pea of British responsibility from one thimble to the other; we must either become responsible for the whole or nothing. The Soudan and Egypt cannot be separated — they are as necessary to each other as England and Scotland. It is not indispensable that they shall be administered by the same laws: the races of the Soudan are a strong contrast to those of the lower delta, and they require a paternal government; somewhat after the model of our Indian viceroy and council. Any radical programme including a representative assembly would be utterly absurd. The Oriental mind concentrates its respect upon the individual representative of *power*, which means government. The present attitude of England in Egypt does not represent *power*, but simply *obstruction*.

The policy of withdrawal of our military force produced consternation in the minds of all those who had real experience of the country. Had this been carried out, the khedive would have been dethroned within a month. Events most calamitous have suddenly awakened our authorities to the true aspect of the situation: the Soudan in wide-spread insurrection; the provinces of Kordofan and Darfur lost; the routes of communication in the hands of the enemy; a total want of confidence in the British administration in Lower Egypt; Alexandria still in ruins, as no Europeans have the courage to rebuild, *because England intends to evacuate the country; the Egyptian army destroyed,*

excepting the small force of Sir Evelyn Wood, which apparently is not allowed to move; a deficit in the revenue of more than two millions and a half, and four millions due for indemnities at Alexandria; bankruptcy staring us in the face; the preference stock at 86, which stood at 96 a week after the battle of Tel-el-Kebir! This is the state of Egypt after the benefit of fifteen months of British interference. And this is the result of a half-hearted policy of half-measures, which means ruin alike in private affairs and in public administration. England must become the determined ally and the adviser of Egypt. This position, represented by a permanent military force, will change the scene and assure the prosperity of the country.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XIV.

TEMPTED BY OPPORTUNITY.

"Opportunity creates a sinner: at least it calls him into action, and, like the warming sun, invites the sleeping serpent from his hole." — OWEN FELTHAM.

WE left Teddy Lessingham and his sick friend on the threshold of Lady Matilda's own snug little sitting-room, the recipients of a warm and unexpected welcome.

The two great, big, unmannerly fellows stood agape at the extent of their good fortune, and it was Matilda herself who pushed round the armchair for Mr. Challoner to sit in; it was her hands which piled up the wood fire, and placed a screen in front of the invalid; while at the same time questions, condolences, and congratulations fell musically upon his ear.

Teddy's spirits rose on the instant. "This is jolly," he said; "I do hope we shall have no one else come in; Robert or anybody; I expect it is too bad for other people. Hitchin was right about your not going down-stairs, Challoner — it is much pleasanter here; even when it rains there is always something to look at from this window; and I don't know how it is, but I do like small rooms better than large ones. Now, Challoner, don't you?"

"An unfair question." It was his sister who answered. "A shabby, impertinent, home-thrusting question, and not to be repeated. Mr. Challoner being in my room, and in my *small* room, shall not be called

upon to prefer it to any other. I will not have him so ill treated. He has been wounded in our service, — oh yes, that was certainly the case, — wounded, and is now in hospital, or, as seamen say, in dock for repairs. He is to be repaired under careful supervision; he is to be tenderly dealt with; Teddy shall not —”

“I’m as good to him as ever I can be!” cried Teddy, staring.

The next point was, did Mr. Challoner feel quite warm? Did he feel any draught?

He felt no draught, he felt a delicious sense of luxury in mind and body, he felt that he was yielding to a spell which had already begun to work, and against which he could no longer struggle; and he felt that, come what might, for good or for evil, he would not now be anywhere else for the world.

He might be a fool? He would be a fool, then. He might be worse? Worse, then: so be it.

He had not of his own accord come to this enchanted spot, and stepped within the magic circle, but he had been brought thither against his will, by a fate which, so he told himself, had been too powerful for him, — so now he would have it out with fate, and see which was the winner in the game; he would not again try to escape, but he himself would dare himself, and dare the worst himself could do.

Throughout the past week he had been casting about in his mind how to evade this moment. He had never meant to see Matilda again, should he once turn his back on the grim walls of Overton Hall; he had seen once, and it had been enough; ever since the night on which she had knelt by his side, clasping her hands upon his arm, with her lovely, weary, patient face turned from him, and her ringing voice silent to him, and no smiles for him, and no eyes for him, he had never had her image far from his fancy. He told himself that he had escaped by the skin of his teeth. That had he been in Whewell’s place — the favored Whewell’s place — he had fallen a victim far, far more mortally wounded than Whewell had been. Whewell? Pah! How could he, or such as he, appreciate a Matilda?

And Matilda’s fair form night and day, sometimes beautiful and gracious, sometimes frowning and scornful, but mingled ever with that of another, had run through and through, and twisted subtly in and out of every feverish vision — Matilda, always Matilda, — and always Matilda beheld with love, distress, and shame.

If he had only gone while those feelings prevailed! If only that miserable doctor had not been suffered to interfere and bár the door with his preposterous dictums! Tempting a man who was doing what he could to escape from temptation; drawing back a man into the flames who was flying from fire!

Well, it was all over now; it was at an end now; it was of no use looking back and lamenting over what might have been. He would stand aloof no longer; the gods were against it: here he was, fast bound, losing not a note of the soft voice, a fall of the dark eyelash, a turn of the graceful head; here he was, drinking in with every sense the draught that should have been to him a deadly poison, breathing the fumes of the intoxicating cup, bending over it, clasping it in his arms, — here he was, and here he would remain; he had thrown up the contest for the nonce, overpowered.

And this was the unobserving, indiscriminating, passive, stony *Challoner: this the discreet friend; the uninteresting and uninterested man; the over-modest stranger, who now stood in such excellent contrast to the over-bold one. No, my lady, you are the very least bit out in your calculations this time. Talk away; it is all very nice and simple, isn’t it? Mr. Whewell may come now if he chooses, may he not? Whewell is the person to be thought about; Whewell has to be cold-shouldered unfortunately; and Whewell should have known better, and he is a troublesome fellow, and must be got rid of: but poor Mr. Challoner, who is so good and so cold, and who has been so very, very badly used, he shall see now that Matilda can own herself in the wrong, and is not ashamed to show it.

And she does show it, and she has never shown to greater advantage in her life.

“If only those *Endhills* will stop away now,” inwardly comments Teddy, observant and delighted. “If only this hurricane will keep up and blow them all in at their own door, should they ever attempt to come out of it! Challoner gets on first-rate with Matilda to-day; how they are talking! That chap can talk, I see, when he chooses. We shall have them quite good friends directly, and then he can stay on as long as he likes.”

Meantime his sister’s thoughts ran thus: “Well, now I see the man, he is not at all disagreeably ugly. His eyes are grey and soft; I rather like them; they do not look very clever or penetrat-

ing—but then we cannot all be clever and penetrating. They look nice, good, quiet eyes,—not suggestive, perhaps, not capable of a vast amount of damage, but very well in their way; quite up to the rest of the face in fact."

The rest of the face was nothing much to boast of: skin, dark-red and sunburnt; nose, hard and a little crooked; mouth, large, steady, and slightly drawn down at the corners; the mild and pensive expression of the whole just dashed by a certain squareness and ruggedness of the chin, which seemed out of harmony if one had time to think about it, but which was usually overlooked by the people who characterized Mr. Challoner as a quiet-looking man.

He had neither moustache, beard, nor whiskers, although his hair, which was of no particular shade of dusky color, grew so closely round the temples that it suggested these would have been easily forthcoming, and would have been good of their kind. The head was well shapen, and well set on a pair of magnificent shoulders.

All of this was for the first time manifest to Lady Matilda. Until now she had seen Challoner without seeing him; she had been conscious of a lay figure somewhere behind other people, of a dim outline tall enough and broad enough to block up half the window at Endhill, and of a somewhat coarse, and, as she had then fancied it, stolid visage, now and then coming into the focus when she had looked at random up and down the table on the occasion of her last dinner-party. Afterwards she had contemplated the face with a shudder, when her own excited imagination had run riot over the accident, and that had been all; to the real Challoner not a moment's attention had been given.

Now, however, he was to be treated differently. "See," said the hostess, pointing to a piece of needlework on an antique screen in front of her,—"see, Mr. Challoner, I must tell you the story of this. This is a fine piece of old tapestry, worked, it is said, by one of my very greatest of great-grandmothers. Good lady, she must have had little time for anything else, if all the work in this house wherewith she is accredited, really and truly was done by her. Now, look at this piece. These are Moors: here sits the Moorish king among his beauties; that one is the favorite, or has been the favorite so far, but you see he now turns from her and bestows his royal attention else-

where, on this damsel with the musical instrument in her hand, which he is pointing to as he presses her to play and sing. She is willing enough, I should say, smiling and nodding her consent; but the other, the neglected fair one, is very much put out indeed, and a fit of the sulks is to my mind inevitable. What do you think? Am I right? Is his Moorish majesty to have a bad time of it; or will the lady pocket her affront, and be content to play when she is asked in her turn, but to play—second fiddle?"

"An awkward position certainly, Lady Matilda." Challoner looked calmly in the speaker's face. "A bad business. The king should—should have managed better."

"Oh, poor man, that is being too severe! 'How happy could he be with either!' you know; but that is what a man never does know, and never will learn. A woman is different; she is less exorbitant, less exacting. One lover, that is to say, one whole lover, one lover all to herself suffices her. Of course she does not like to share him—witness this scene," nodding to the picture; "but then that is only fair. Who would have an eye or an ear of a man with two eyes and two ears?"

"You think she should have all or nothing."

"Precisely; all or nothing."

"Yet, Lady Matilda, half a loaf is better than no bread."

"Better, indeed! What a base idea, Mr. Challoner! Half such a loaf as that too," indicating the luckless Moor. "No, indeed; the fair one is not so simple as to content herself with a paltry share, and no more would any true woman."

"*You* would not, I bet," said Teddy, finding at last something to understand in all this. "I pity the poor beggar who tries it on with you."

"We are not talking of me, dear; we are talking about pictures, or rather about this trumpery imitation of one," yawned his sister, pushing back the screen. "There, Moor, retire to oblivion." But Teddy had been cogitating as she spoke.

"It's all very fine for Matilda to talk," observed he now to Challoner; "she pretends to be down on other women, but she wouldn't like it herself. She can't stand anybody interfering with her——"

"My dear boy, take your elbows out of my lap," impatiently.

"And if a fellow made up to her and to any one else at the same time," proceeded Teddy, doggedly bent on a hearing——

"Nonsense!" cried Matilda, with a frown.

"Oh, it's very well to say 'nonsense,' but the very devil's in you, — oh, I say, you are not going?"

She was, with tears in her eyes; but they brought her back, and placed her again between them, and Teddy knelt at her feet, and Challoner begged for forgiveness as though he too had offended, and the ruffled brow smoothed again, and the burning cheek cooled as the afternoon wore on, and seemed only to wear too fast away. But it was curious that the trifling episode was destined never altogether to pass from the minds of two of those present.

CHAPTER XV.

HOPING STILL.

"There are none so blind as those that will not see."

WIND and rain could not continue forever, so that although there was no abatement of the blast which still howled and moaned among the ocean cliffs, and whistled over the bare, unprotected downs above, there was on the following day a decided cessation of the torrents which had hitherto poured down as it had seemed from exhaustless fountains.

Towards afternoon, indeed, the clouds ceased to empty themselves at all, and scurried harmlessly across the sky, leaving here and there openings through which gleams of pale sunlight stole; and thus it came to pass that, after repeated tappings of the barometer, and investigations from the front door, Mr. Frank Whewell at length found himself in a position to point out that there was nothing to prevent any one — any one, at least, with thick boots and a great coat — from indulging in a good walk. A good walk would do them both good — the "both" referring to his friend Hanwell and himself, and the "good walk" being of course to Overton Hall.

As the weather had really improved, and as nothing could be brought forward on the other hand, host and hostess were graciously pleased to approve the proposal — Robert not unwilling himself to escape from four walls and Sunday magazines, and Lotta to hear what was going on at the other house.

Moreover, she affirmed that as nothing had been heard of Mr. Challoner for a whole day, and as he was still *their* guest, though detained by misfortune elsewhere, it would be only right to look after his welfare. To have gone the day before,

that frightful day, would have been foolish, — it would have been more, an unnecessary attention, since Mr. Whewell had called at Overton on the Friday, and had sat an hour in Mr. Challoner's room; but as no one had gone yesterday, and as no messenger had come over from the Hall either, she must own she thought it a good arrangement for the two gentlemen to walk thither now, inquire after the invalid, and find out when he would be able to return to Endhill. Return to Endhill he certainly must, to complete his visit.

Mr. Whewell joyfully undertook to satisfy her, both as friend and hostess. He had been in his own mind bitterly indignant with Lotta all the evening before, considering that to her more than to Robert he owed it that he had been prevented going to Lord Overton's as usual: Lotta had stood out against all his representations and entreaties, had assured him she had no anxiety for tidings, and no desire to send messages; and he had not been able even to make her see that her mother and uncles would expect him.

She had been sure that they would not expect him, and had, indeed, told her husband apart that what would be said would be this, that they were unable to amuse their own guest for a single day, and that he had been driven to Overton from sheer dearth of entertainment at home. This had touched Robert's weakest part, and he too had strenuously set himself against the going, so that a dull and sullen evening had been spent, and an equally uncongenial morning had followed, until the first lucky break in the clouds had induced the resolute barrister to make his proposition afresh. It had been met amiably, and he was at once restored to good-humor.

He was now anxious to wipe out of everybody's recollection the fact that he had previously been annoyed and had shown his annoyance; and so well did he succeed, and so entirely was peace restored, that Mrs. Hanwell sent her love twice over, and begged Mr. Whewell to remember to tell her mother that she would *not* be at home on Wednesday, and *would* be at home on Thursday, should Lady Matilda say anything about coming over.

All smooth behind: now forward; now for Overton.

"And what did you do with yourselves yesterday? How did you pass the time yesterday?" he began with animation, the first greetings past. "We had a miserable day of it," aside to Lady Matilda.

"You pitied us, I hope? Our only consolation was that you were pitying us, as we were you; we were in sympathy, at all events. But how wretched it was! Hanwell and I had had enough of each other hours before dinner-time; and I am sure Mrs. Hanwell wished us both anywhere else. Had it rested with me," lower still, "had it been left to me, I need hardly say where I should have been."

"Back in London, of course," rejoined she easily; "back in your dear Pall Mall and Piccadilly. No one blames you," as he looked denial; "no one expects anything else. London people can scarcely be supposed to enter into the delights of a really wet day in the country; I do not mean a half-and-half wet day, when it rains and clears and rains again, but a perfectly hopeless, eventless, dead-and-buried wet day, without the chance of a visitor, or the sound of the door-bell —"

"I know — I know. But," said Whewell delighted, "your doorbell would have rung once at least yesterday, if I had had my will. I protested as much as I could; I did indeed. And could I have, — I mean would Mr. and Mrs. Hanwell have allowed it, I should have been in the body where I already was in the spirit — here."

"Here? Oh no. We never" — Lady Matilda opened her eyes, and drew herself up ever so slightly — "never expected any of you. Had you come here, you would have wished yourself back again, I assure you. You like lively doings, and there was nothing going on here — nothing amusing to bring you. We did not even go into the billiard-room; we just sat round the fire and talked."

"And yawned in each other's faces."

"Yawned? Well, no; I do not think we did yawn; I have no recollection of yawning."

"You were not so ill-mannered: you only wished you could have taken the liberty, instead of taking it; you said as we did, 'When, oh, when, will it be — dinner-time?'"

"I doubt if we made the remark," said Matilda drily.

"Challoner is all right again, I see," continued her companion, after a momentary pause. "Is this — I presume this is his first appearance down-stairs?"

"Down-stairs; yes. He sat in the boudoir yesterday; the doctor thought he ought not to go down-stairs, the day was so bad."

"For fear of a chill, you know. In a large house like this there are so many

passages," responded Whewell, conversant with everything; "where you have so many passages there must be draughts, and, of course, about dinner-time all the spring-doors would be open. I — ah — I suppose Challoner only got up at dinner-time?"

"Oh no; he was up in his room all day, I believe, and he came into the boudoir about four."

"And you were all there till eight?"

"We were; we were all there till eight. And after eight, too; we returned there for the evening."

"Oh!"

"Even Overton made one of the party. You may imagine how we were flattered; at least *you* may not imagine, as you don't know Overton, but to any one else that would tell its own tale."

"Of Lord Overton's boredom?"

"Oh dear, no; of our agreeability. Overton never is bored — I mean by his own company; and therein lay the compliment. He sought us out, actually sought us out, of his own choice and for his own benefit."

"You were a merry party then, it seems?" He was not to be disconcerted.

"Very. We usually are."

"It was not Mr. Challoner's doing, then?"

Whether she heard or not he could not be sure; she was appealed to at the moment, and responded to the appeal, and let Mr. Whewell's playfulness pass; and after all, it did not signify, he considered, since whatever cause he might have to feel chagrined at the cheery aspect which Lady Matilda persisted in giving to reminiscences in which he had had no share, it would have been absurd to be jealous of Challoner. She might choose to torment him, but she would never take any notice of Challoner; and as being tormented was many degrees better than being let alone, he presently plucked up spirit to try again.

"We are not in the little room to-day," he said.

"We are too large a number to-day," replied the lady.

"Might we not make an adjournment? Some of us, at least?"

"And for that, we are again too small a number."

"It is unfortunate. We are only two more than yesterday."

"Two too many." But Lady Matilda smiled, and it was impossible to tell how much was meant.

"You are—are terribly exact, I perceive," rejoined Whewell, trying to laugh; "are you always so? Would one more, for instance, have been too many yesterday?"

"Well, you could have had no chair, you know."

"I should have been *de trop*, evidently."

"You could have been accommodated with a footstool."

"At your feet?"

Again she had to affect not to hear; she was determined not to quarrel with the man. He was going on the morrow—she had heard Robert say he was going on the morrow—and to hold on only a little longer would not be hard.

"Well, no," said Matilda pleasantly; "I think, after all, I should have yielded you my chair. I think that if there had been four gentlemen I should have been the person *de trop*; I should have had to make my exit, and leave you and the other three in possession of the field. You must own, Mr. Whewell, that four to one is too many, altogether too many; as it was —"

"Your party was complete?" He was scanning her keenly.

No, she would not go as far as that. "The room was full, quite another thing," said Matilda; "but happily there are more rooms than one in the house, and no one need pretend that he was not wanted," with a charming smile, "because he was lazy and preferred staying indoors to a tiresome, disagreeable wet walk."

"Indeed, indeed," began Whewell earnestly.

"Oh dear me, there is nothing to 'indeed' about. Why, Mr. Whewell, cannot you see that I was jesting? Pray do not look so serious; you appal me."

He began to feel appalled himself. "I am sorry to offend you, Lady Matilda."

"I grant you my pardon, Mr. Whewell." With her finest mock curtsy she laughed in his face, and he thought he had never seen any one more incomprehensible. "Come," continued she, throwing off the look the next instant—"come, let us understand each other. My son-in-law has, I perceive, been infecting you with some of his notions as to the exactions of propriety. He and you have already been beyond praise in the way you have done your duty by your sick friend—Robert's sick friend, I mean—and still your con-

sciences are not satisfied, because you failed to come over in a deluge yesterday, when no sensible person would ever have thought of setting foot outside; when none of us did" (she had forgotten Teddy, but perhaps Teddy could hardly be reckoned a sensible person), "and when we should not have thought very highly of—to be precisely truthful—of you or Robert if you had. In short, nothing would have amazed us more than to see you walk in," added she, happily oblivious at the moment of another fact—namely, that she had listened throughout most of the afternoon, and through a part of it in what was almost an agony of apprehension, for his approaching step, and that she had only dared to give him up when darkness had fairly set in.

At last she felt that she had disposed of the question, and had done so without abating a hair's breadth of her dignity and sweetness, and without, she hoped, giving more pain than was absolutely necessary. That she had given some was a matter of course—he had forced it from her; and his now saying nothing further showed that he was suffering.

"Are they to be asked to stay dinner?" presently whispered Teddy in her ear. "Eh? I can't hear. Are they?"

"As Overton likes," replied his sister indifferently.

"Are they, or are they not? What do you mean? Who is to know what Overton likes?"

"Let him ask them."

"Him? Overton?"

"Yes."

"Am I to tell him to ask them?"

"Oh dear, Teddy, yes; I tell you, yes. I think he had better. I think it would be better. Go you and tell him. But pray do not show that you come straight from me; it will make it seem at once as if it were all my doing, which is just what I do not want it to be," cried poor Matilda, under her breath. "Mr. Whewell is looking at us now."

And Mr. Whewell was; and it was all as plain as day to him—or he thought it was—when, a very few minutes afterwards, he noted Lord Overton drawn aside in Teddy's most diplomatic fashion, and charged with an invitation which was fired off on the instant. His depressed spirits rose on elastic springs once more, and all Matilda's work had to be done over again.

CHAPTER XVI.

MATILDA WOULD HAVE PROVOKED A SAINT.

"Must then your faithful swain expire,
And not one look obtain,
Which he, to soothe his fond desire,
Might pleasingly obtain?
(Phyllis, without frown or smile,
Sat and knotted all the while.)"

SEDLEY.

AS to declining, it was not to be thought of. Without hesitation every objection was disposed of as it appeared. They had dined, certainly they had dined, and dined most plentifully in the middle of the day, and one o'clock was quite the correct hour for Sunday in the country no doubt. He wished for no more dinner, assuredly for no more *dinner*; but if Lord Overton were good enough to desire their *company*, that was another thing. And then how very glad, how devoutly thankful Mrs. Hanwell would be to be rid of them for a little longer; it would be quite a charity, quite a Sunday deed, to take two such malcontents off the poor lady's hands. And as to the dark night? It was already dark, it would be no darker four hours hence; and as he spoke he fixed his bright, black, penetrating eyes keenly, and amorously, and exultingly on Lady Matilda. That look undid him; she wondered how she could ever have found Mr. Whewell agreeable, even tolerably agreeable; and in the revulsion that had now set in, was almost ready to hope that she would never set eyes upon him again.

Never, at least, would she meet his.

On his part, Whewell fancied that his present alacrity and persistency was setting to rights whatever had been wrong before, and that, supposing Lady Matilda had (as was likely enough in spite of her making believe to the contrary), been piqued by his neglect on the previous day, she should now see that neither Robert's obstinacy nor anything else should force him from her side. He would shirk no discomforts for her sake; and since she had even gone out of her way to make her brother give the invitation instead of doing it herself, she should lose nothing by her modest coyness.

He stayed alone. Robert, true to himself and Lotta, could not be persuaded, and at length, rather to his amazement and much to his discomfiture, found himself trudging back through mud and mire, companionless, both his cherished guests left behind, both deserters, both irclaimable. His suggestion that Challoner

should now renew his visit to Endhill had been scouted by Teddy, and even met by something like warmth on the part of Lord Overton. "Go? nonsense!" the latter had exclaimed. "We like your friend Challoner, and he seems to like us, and as we don't see many people, you have done us a good turn in bringing him here. He is going to stop on a bit, and as soon as his hand gets all right he can shoot. There is nothing to take him away." And with this his nephew had been obliged to be content.

He had no reason to complain; that Challoner and Whewell had each been in his way a success was doubtless gratifying: but still there was something in Challoner's looking so much at home, so calm and still and imperturbable and comfortable in the corner of the big sofa by the fire, so entirely as if he were *their* man — Matilda's, Overton's, and Teddy's — that, considering none of them had ever seen him ten days before, and that it was not to visit *them* but *him*, and to be godfather to *his* baby, that Challoner had come, there was something in all this, in the baby's having fallen so completely into the background, and in the present oblivion of all that had been so prominent before, that seemed to turn the whole affair topsy-turvy.

From the very beginning things had worked oddly, — he would not say even to himself amiss, but oddly, incongruously. First had been the hasty and ill-timed appearance of the brother and sister at Endhill, then Lady Matilda's absurd preference for Whewell over Challoner, then Challoner's unfortunate accident, and finally, Whewell's protracted stay. Now here they were both at Overton, both enthroned at Overton, able to do without him at Overton, in clover, and clover which he had not provided, at Overton; and here was he, neither sharing the welcome nor the good cheer to which he had been the stepping-stone, suffered to depart hungry and cheerless, and with the chance of being wet through, on his weary and solitary homeward way.

It was hard on Robert, but perhaps Whewell had not a very much better time of it in the Overton drawing-room.

He did not know how it was that he did not get on better: Matilda neither shunned him nor frowned on him, and yet he seemed to lose ground with her every hour. With her brother also: Lord Overton had never been jovial, but now he passed the wine with scarcely a remark, while Teddy only seemed to brighten at

all when he again volunteered the useful T-cart.

Certainly the thing — he knew what he meant — the thing was not to be done this time; he should have to come again — to come as soon as he could, and with the best face he could; and with this conviction he must give all his attention now to concealing his disappointment and keeping up appearances to the last. It was no easy task, and took all his tactics. He said to himself that Matilda would have provoked a saint, and that he was no saint, and that she ought to have known it; but it did not occur to him that she did know it, and that the winning manner, the instantaneous turning to him when he took a seat near, the hoping that he would have better sport another time — that next autumn, if he were down in the neighborhood, the birds would be more plentiful, — good heavens! next autumn, to a man who wished to come down next week! — that all of this, which was just what he did not want, and could have done without, was a woman's defensive armor donned on purpose. More and more gloomy grew his brow, and more and more sweet and gracious and queenlike grew her smile.

She saw that she was doing it nicely.

She could not have done it more nicely. He was biting his lip with vexation at the last; and yet he feared and hated the parting hour. It seemed as if, did he let her go now, he should never get near Matilda again.

It was a wild night, and scarce a star was visible in the perturbed and disordered heavens. "We shall get along famously," said Teddy. "The roads will be as soft as butter after all this rain. I can take you round by the downs if you like, only we might find a tree or two down across our way; perhaps we had better not. Are you ready, for the mare is a bad one to stand?"

Whewell was ready. That was to say, he had said his "Good-bye," and had failed in saying more; he had received no future invitation; he had elicited no regret; and he had had to feel a cheerful shake of his hand when he had meant to impart a doleful pressure. Matilda's whole aspect throughout the evening had been cruelly, uncompromisingly brisk — brisk was the only word for it. She had not cut him off from any farewell speeches, she had been pleased to acknowledge his suitable gratitude with a suitable rejoinder — she had walked with him to the anteroom, to hope this and

that and be sorry for the other, but she had not uttered one word he had cared to hear; and his last vision, as he went his way, was of Challoner — the erewhile luckless, despised Challoner — standing on the hearthrug, as it seemed in full possession of the hearthrug, with Lord Overton by his side, and with Lord Overton's hand lying on his shoulder. Do what he could, he could not shake off that remembrance.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

EARTHQUAKE WEATHER.

THE world in general and Europe in particular has been lately visited by a marked and unusual spell of tempestuous earthquake weather. During the last twelve months, the unstable crust of this respectable and usually quiet planet, commonly but most untruthfully described as *terra firma* and the solid earth, has been thrown into a state of spasmodic commotion, shaking and quaking in a tremulous manner quite unworthy of its years and experience; for, as the astronomers have often told us, planets as they grow older ought, properly speaking, to grow progressively steadier, and leave off the undignified pranks and junketings of their fast and fiery adolescence. The past year, however, has been more than ordinarily distinguished by the frequency and scale of its volcanic and seismic phenomena. Without mentioning such common, everyday occurrences as an eruption of Vesuvius, and a shake or so at Agram, which may be looked upon as normal, two great plutonic events have illustrated the history of poor old quavering 1883, the Java catastrophe and the earthquake at Ischia. But, besides these two very big things in the volcanic line, there have been lots of minor tremblings everywhere, of purely local interest, some of them apparently connected together in very strange and interesting ways. All Switzerland has been tottering about feebly from time to time; the heart of sentimental Germany has been deeply moved; and Asia Minor has been shaken, literally, to its very base. As if all this were not enough, Signor Bertelli of Florence, and other Italian investigators, have been recently taking the trouble to prove with great persistence that whenever you don't happen to feel an earthquake, you ought to be feeling one; that the fault is all in your own defective human senses; that the earth is in a per-

petual state of gentle, imperceptible tremor everywhere; and that the soil of Italy, even in districts far removed from volcanic centres like Vesuvius or Etna, goes on vibrating without any intermission all the year round and all day long. If only we were as delicately organized as a seismometer (which, thank goodness, is not usually the case), we might feel ourselves in the full enjoyment of regular earthquake weather from year's end to year's end.

Anybody who has ever lived for any length of time at a stretch in a region where earthquakes are common objects of the country and the seaside, knows perfectly well what earthquake weather in the colloquial sense is really like. You are sitting in the piazza, about afternoon tea-time let us say, and talking about nothing in particular with the usual sickly, tropical languor, when gradually a sort of faintness comes over the air, the sky begins to assume a lurid look, the street dogs leave off howling hideously in concert for half a minute, and even the grim vultures perched upon the housetops forget their obtrusive personal differences in a common sense of general uneasiness. There is an ominous hush in the air, with a corresponding lull in the conversation for a few seconds, and then somebody says with a yawn, "It feels to me very much like earthquake weather." Next minute you notice the piazza gently raised from its underpropping woodwork by some unseen power, observe the teapot quietly deposited in the hostess's lap, and are conscious of a rapid but graceful oscillating movement, as though the ship of state were pitching bodily and quickly in a long Atlantic swell. Almost before you have had time to feel surprised at the suddenness of the interruption (for the earth never stops to apologize) it is all over; and you pick up the teapot with a smile, continuing the conversation with the greatest attainable politeness, as if nothing at all unusual had happened meanwhile. With earthquakes, as with most other things and persons, familiarity breeds contempt.

It is wonderful, indeed, how very quickly and easily one gets accustomed at last to these little mundane accidents. At first, when you make your earliest acquaintance with an earthquake country, there is something unspeakably appalling and awesome in the sense of utter hopelessness which you feel before the contemplation of a good shivering earthquake. It isn't so much that the thing in itself is so very alarming — nine earthquakes out

of ten in any given place do nothing worse than bring down a bit of your plaster ceiling, or wake you up with a sound shaking in your bed at night: it is the consciousness that the one seemingly stable and immovable element in one's whole previous personal experience, the solid earth that we are accustomed to contrast so favorably with stormy seas and fitful breezes, has at last played us false, and failed visibly beneath our very feet. Then, again, there is the suddenness of the shock, which goes to increase one's general sense of painful insecurity. For all other calamities we are more or less prepared beforehand; but the earthquake comes without a moment's warning, and passes away almost before you have had time to realize the veritable extent of its devastations. Yet, for all that, a very short acquaintance with earthquakes as frequent visitors enables you to regard their occasional arrival with a tolerable imitation of equanimity. You even learn to laugh at them, when they come in moderation; though of course there are earthquakes that are no laughing matter to anybody on earth, but quite the opposite. That irreverent Mark Twain once set forth a San Francisco almanac — 'Frisco, of course, is a well-known centre of "seismic activity" — in which he ventured to predict the year's weather, after the fashion so courageously and imperturbably set by the Meteorological Office, his predictions varying from "severe shocks" in December to "mild and balmy earthquakes" in the best and warmest part of July. Indeed, there is a Western story of a fond mother who sent her two dear boys to spend a fortnight with a friend up-country, on the ground that an earthquake was shortly expected; but before the first week was well over, she received a telegram from the distracted friend, "Please take back your boys, and send along the earthquake."

The origin of earthquakes, like the cosmogony or creation of the world (in "The Vicar of Wakefield") has "puzzled the philosophers of all ages;" and it must be frankly admitted that they have "broached a medley of opinions upon it" quite equal to those so learnedly quoted by the astute possessor of the green spectacles. The theory that earthquakes are due to abortive wobbling on the part of the tortoise who supports the elephant who supports the world, is now entirely abandoned by most modern seismologists; and the hypothesis that they are produced by the writhing efforts of Antæus, Balder,

or any other suffering subterranean hero has also fallen into deserved contempt. Indeed, no single explanation seems quite sufficient to cover all known cases. The truth about the matter seems to be that there are earthquakes and earthquakes. It is now known, by an ingenious method of which I shall have more to say farther on, that earthquakes originate at very different depths — sometimes quite near the surface, and sometimes at a very considerable distance below it. The great shock which affected central Europe in 1872 had its centre or point of origin nine and a half miles down in the earth; while that at Belluno in the same year only came from a depth of four miles. Apparently no earthquake ever starts from a greater distance than thirty miles down in the bowels of the earth; which of course shows that they are, comparatively speaking, mere external surface phenomena. Science moves so fast nowadays, and the conceptions that till yesterday prevailed upon this subject even amongst scientific men were so very erroneous, that it may be worth while to take a brief glance at the present state of the question. It must needs be brief, of course, or else before we have fairly got to the end of it, science may have moved on again to a new standpoint, and our pretty little theory upon the subject be itself shaken down.

Till very lately, then, it was always taken for granted that the crust of the earth was the only solid portion of this planet, and that the whole centre was an incandescent mass of liquid fire, on which the crust gathered lightly like a thin film of floating ice on a pool of water. So long as this conception was rife, and so long as accurate facts about the depth of earthquakes were wanting, it was easy enough to suppose that they were caused by the collapse of a bit of the crust upon the imaginary liquid interior. Quite recently, however, people have begun to discover from a vast number of converging proofs that the earth is not really liquid inside; that it couldn't well remain liquid under the enormous pressure of its own heavy outer mass; that it doesn't behave at all as a mainly liquid globe ought to behave in its relations with surrounding bodies; but that on the contrary it gives every indication of being intensely solid and rigid to the very centre. At the same time, the central portion of the earth is almost certainly at such a white heat that it would be in a molten condition were it not for the enormous pressure of the immense mass that crushes it down

from outside; and so, if this pressure is anywhere removed (as it seems to be at volcanic vents) the material at such points would doubtless liquefy, and might be squeezed up through a hole to the surface as a molten outflow.

Now, it is quite certain that some earthquakes have a good deal to do with volcanic eruptions. Such eruptions are generally ushered in by a series of premonitory tremblings, just by way of warning the inhabitants, as it were, to look out for squalls in the immediate future; and there is very little doubt that earthquakes of this sort are due to essentially volcanic explosive action. In all probability, the internal heat causes some subterranean reservoir of water to flash suddenly into steam with rapid violence, much as when a kettle or a boiler bursts; and this simple outbreak would be quite sufficient to produce all the known effects of an ordinary earthquake. For earthquakes, in spite of the apparent mystery that surrounds their origin and nature, are at bottom nothing more than waves of motion, from whatever cause propagated through the solid material of the earth; and their phenomena do not differ in any way, except sometimes in magnitude, from those produced by ordinary explosions of gas in mines or of gunpowder in magazines. In all three cases a wave is set up through the rocks or clay of the earth, and this wave travels in every direction outward, with about the same absolute rate of motion, and affects the same substances in exactly the same way. For example, the waves move fastest through solid granite, and slowest through loose sand. The Java earthquake undoubtedly belonged to this originally volcanic class, and was connected with great internal disturbances, which ejected vast quantities of pumice and ashes, altered the outline of Krakatoa Island, and threw up a whole line of new small craters on a crack opened in the sea-bed between Java and Sumatra. The connection of the Ischia calamity with volcanic action is not quite so unmistakable, but the proximity of the island to Vesuvius is alone enough to suggest that obvious explanation; and Casamicciola has indeed long been known as a seething centre of volcanic activity. Nay, Professor Rossi, who with Professor Palmieri of Vesuvius takes charge of volcanoes and earthquakes in Italy, much as the *New York Herald* does of storms in England, had proposed a short time before the catastrophe to have a meteorological observatory erected at Casamic-

ciola, so as to take observations upon the temperature of the hot baths and the activity of the fumaroles or natural chimneys for letting out the smoke and steam from the subterranean fires, and thus predict the probable occurrence of tremors; but the good hotel-keepers of the gay little town objected to this natural measure of precaution, because, they said, the observatory might give an appearance of danger, and therefore frighten away the cosmopolitan visitors, after the manner of the ostrich, and also of the mayors and corporations of English watering-places, *in re* typhoid fever and drainage operations!

In some other cases, however, earthquakes undoubtedly originate in places remote from any volcanic region, and at comparatively shallow depths below the surface. In such instances we must have recourse to some other explanation than that easy *deus ex machinâ* of the popular mind—volcanic action. (There are a great many people, by the way, who think anything on earth can be explained by simply referring it to volcanic action, just as there are others who swear entirely by “electricity” as a sort of universal solvent, and just as some young ladies wisely opine, whenever they see anything they can’t understand, that “there are springs in it.”) Springs, indeed, have very likely something to do with it, too; for small local earthquakes are probably often due to mere collapses in the roofs of natural tunnels and caverns formed in the rocks by the slow action of trickling water. In bigger non-volcanic earthquakes we must look for some more deep-seated cause; and this is doubtless to be found, as Professor Geikie observes, in the sudden snapping of rocks in the interior subjected to prolonged and intense strains. It is certain that the weight of the crust, pressing upon the heated central mass, does really produce such strains, often to an extent hardly to be measured by our poor little human units of force; and a fracture so produced would undoubtedly spread on every side a wave of movement, which would become visible at the surface as an earthquake. In fact, wherever railway tunnels are driven through the heart of a mountain, among rocks much compressed by the side thrusts of surrounding masses, explosive noises, like a big gun going off, are often heard, and are the result of the relief afforded by such a snap, exactly as when an overbent bow breaks in the middle with a loud report. The rocks have been for ages in a state of strain, and the

tunnel allows them here and there to relieve themselves by a shock or sudden break. Big blocks so rent have been sometimes found in quarries. If this can happen even quite near the surface, where the strain is comparatively small, it can happen a great deal more at enormous depths, where the strain is practically incalculable.

It doesn’t much matter to the people who have been upset by an earthquake, however, what its particular origin may have been; and indeed, whatever the origin, the earthquake itself behaves in pretty much the same uproarious way under all circumstances. The one common practice of all earthquakes is that they diffuse themselves concentrically and spherically—in every direction; starting from a central point they spread out, not only sideways—like wavelets in a pond when a stone is thrown in—but also up and down and obliquely as well, exactly as light diffuses itself from a lamp or candle. The natural consequence is that, if you happen to be sitting just on top of the spot where the original explosion or snap has taken place, you feel the shock like a bump or thrust from below; in the cheerful language of the technical seismologist (who are really not so bad at long words as most other scientific people) over the centre of origin of an earthquake the movement is perceived as a vertical up-and-down motion. A ball placed on the ground at such a spot will be jerked up into the air several times over, exactly as a good player-tosses a shuttlecock. The present writer has experienced this vertical movement in his own person, and he candidly confesses that he didn’t like it. Fortunately the shock was a comparatively gentle one, and did no more damage than just snapping off the laths in the wall, which to people who really go in for earthquakes is a small matter scarcely worth mentioning. But when the shock is at all severe, it may throw up paving-stones straight into the air as if they were pebbles, turn them over topsy-turvy with a bold somersault, and bring them down again upon the ground bottom upwards. The central point of each earthquake is determined (when determined at all) by observing at what place objects have been thus flung vertically upward into the air.

As we recede in each direction, however, from this central point, the waves come to the surface more and more obliquely with each remove, and are felt as an undulatory motion, exactly like the

ground swell of the sea heaving and tossing under the beam of a small boat. If you are seated writing at a table under such circumstances (as the present narrator also once happened to be in a minor shock), the effect is that your hand is jerked three or four times over the sheet in a regular symmetrical fashion, gradually dying away as the shock subsides. "Pray excuse apparent carelessness," you add parenthetically, "we have just had our usual little fortnightly earthquake;" and then, if you are a seasoned hand, without further apology you go on as before with the general thread of your correspondence. (One can get used to anything in time. That courageous paper, the *Panama Star and Herald*, in the same volcanic region, keeps a little stereotyped heading on hand for casual emergencies, — "Our Periodical Revolution.") Well, it naturally happens that the farther you get away from the central source sideways, the more obliquely do the waves come to the surface; and you can measure the amount of obliquity by noticing the way in which buildings, walls, and so forth are shattered by the shock as it emerges. Even in a very gentle earthquake — one of the "mild and balmy" sort — where no big buildings are dislocated, the plaster on the walls of rooms usually serves as a satisfactory indication of the direction of the wave; a fact which, however agreeable to men of science, plasterers, and paperhangers, is apt to render earthquakes in the concrete a decided nuisance from the consumer's point of view. On the average of cases, the cracks or fissures, as that great authority on earthquakes Mr. Mallett has shown, run at right angles to the path of emergence. Where the shock emerges obliquely, it doesn't toss things straight up into the air, as is the case directly above the centre of disturbance, but rocks them backward and forward with a more or less violent oscillatory motion, so as to produce the characteristic undulating effect.

It is by means of observations on the lines of emergence (mostly conducted afterwards, of course; for only very practised hands, like Professor Palmieri, have *sang-froid* enough calmly to watch the direction of an earthquake while it is actually in progress) that the depth at which the disturbance originated can be approximately determined. You find out at a great many points along its course what was the angle at which the wave emerged — in other words, you observe the direction of the rents in buildings: then you

draw straight lines (in imagination only) perpendicular to these till they cut the vertical line, where the earthquake showed itself as a simple up-and-down movement; and the place at which all the lines so cut the vertical is the point of origin of the disturbance. In the Ischia disaster, the angle at which the waves emerged diminished very rapidly as one receded from the centre of the disturbance (which lay directly under the village of Casamenella); and therefore the origin or focus (as the seismologists call it) must have been at a very shallow depth indeed. For the same reason, the area affected by the wave was very small, so that the shock was hardly felt even just across the bay at Naples. On the other hand, the Herzogenrath impulse in 1873 started from a depth of something like fifteen miles; and as to distance, the tremor produced by the great Lisbon earthquake of 1755 shook a region four times as big as all Europe put together. This very respectable shake had its origin under the bed of the north Atlantic, and was felt from the north of Africa on the one hand to the coasts of Norway and Sweden on the other, besides disturbing the philosophical Puritans of distant New England at their sober and metaphysical tea-tables. Earthquakes in the Andes also stretch over enormous distances along the axis of the mountain-chain; one in 1868 extended over some two thousand miles in a straight line, without advancing very far into the surrounding districts on either side.

The noises that accompany earthquakes are not due, it would seem, to the actual earth-wave itself, but to the wave in the air which it sets up. Generally, the sound is likened to the roll of distant thunder, or to big guns as heard by persons in full retreat from the field of a battle. At the Ischian earthquake, the sound was said to be something like a loud boob — boob — boob, repeated at measured intervals. The present writer has only once experienced an earthquake which made a noise, and on that occasion he was too much preoccupied by deep and abstruse thought (concentrated chiefly on the abstract stability of his bungalow roof — regarded merely, of course, as an interesting question of practical physics) to form any personal opinion as to what it sounded like. He only now remembers that he thought it extremely disagreeable, and felt his philosophical faculty considerably freer and easier as soon as it was over. But, then, he can only pretend to be a very modest amateur seismologist.

He doesn't go out on purpose to hunt up earthquakes: he is quite satisfied with making dilettante observations upon those that happen to drop in casually upon him for an afternoon call.

Besides the air-wave, earthquakes also give rise to a sea-wave, which is often far more destructive to life and property than the earthquake itself. This was certainly the case in the Java calamity, where the effects of the enormous tidal wave were extremely disastrous. In some South American earthquakes, the wall of water raised by the first shock has reached the almost incredible height of two hundred feet; and successively smaller walls have rapidly followed to the shore in a gradual diminuendo, till at last the undulations died away to a mere ripple. Occasionally these big waves have radiated outward right across the entire face of the Pacific, to be recorded in Japan (according to Professor Milne) twenty-five hours afterwards, at a distance of nearly nine thousand miles from the original centre of disturbance—not bad time as ocean travelling goes. The Java wave not only affected the entire coasts of India, but ran up the Hooghly half-way to the ghats of Calcutta, and even made itself distinctly felt in the port of Aden. It was also noted in South Africa and at Mauritius. Curiously enough, the great earthquake of Lisbon produced no visible effect on land in England, but it jarred and shook all the rivers, lakes, and canals, so that the water in them oscillated violently for some time from no visible external reason. Loch Lomond rose and fell two and a half feet with every wave for five minutes; Coniston Water dashed itself wildly about as if it expected it was going to be made into a reservoir for the supply of still infantile Manchester; and the barges on the Godalming Canal were only prevented from supposing that a steam-launch had just passed over the course by considerations of historical propriety (highly praiseworthy in men of their profession), owing to the fact that steam-launches themselves had not yet begun their much-objugated existence. This curious effect is of course due to the greater mobility of liquids, just as a very slight jar which would not visibly affect the substance of the table will make the water in the finger-glasses rise and fall with a slight rhythmical motion. Indeed, it was similarly noticed at the time of the Lisbon catastrophe, that in distant places where no other effect was produced, chandeliers, and even rows of tallow can-

dles hung up in shops, began to swing to and fro slowly, after the fashion of a pendulum, about the time when the earthquake might be expected to have reached their neighborhood. The fact that they were hanging freely from above made them easily susceptible to the slightest tremor which would not otherwise have been perceptible. Ardent seismologists might improve this hint by practising as much as possible upon the trapeze.

Earthquakes and other similar jars travel at different rates of speed through different substances. Mr. Mallett found that the shock of gunpowder explosions moved fastest through solid granite, where it went at the rate of one thousand six hundred and forty feet a second, and slowest through sand, where it only made nine hundred and fifty-one feet in the same time. The Visp earthquake of 1855 travelled north to Strasburg with the enormous rapidity of twenty-eight hundred and sixty-one feet per second; but southwards towards Turin, influenced no doubt by the bad example of the Italian railways (or else, perhaps, by the nature of the soil), it attained less than half the speed it had shown in going northward. The nature of the materials also has a great deal to do with the amount of damage done by a shock. Port Royal, Jamaica, which was almost all destroyed by the great earthquake of 1692, is the classical example of this modifying influence of soil and underlying geological features. The town is built on a low peninsula of solid white limestone, joined to the mainland by a long and sultry isthmus of sweltering sand; and a large sandy belt has also gathered all around the central limestone patch, so that only the very core of the old town had its foundations on the solid rock. When the earthquake came, the houses on the limestone merely oscillated violently, but were left standing in the end; whereas the city that was built on the sand fell bodily to pieces at once, owing to the loose, inelastic nature of the subsoil. To this day, the terror of the tradition of that great calamity has not yet wholly died away in modern Jamaica; and the visitor who goes to church on his first Sunday in the island notices still with a certain solemn awe and apprehension the ominous addition to the deprecations in the litany, "From earthquake, hurricane, and sudden tempest, Good Lord deliver us." There is a curious monument, by the way, at a place called Green Bay, not far from Port Royal, to a French Huguenot refugee, whose name the epi-

taph anglicizes, after the custom of the time, into "Lewis Galdy, Esq." This M. Galdy was swallowed up by the first gulp of the earthquake, but disgorged again at the second shock, and cast into the sea, where he escaped by swimming to a neighboring boat. Local tradition declares that this is the only case on record of a man having been thus restored after being once swallowed. Anyhow, M. Galdy lived to the ripe old age of eighty, and survived his little adventure forty-seven years. How tired he must have got of telling the story!

We in England are fortunately all but quite out of it in the matter of earthquakes. Of course, from the very nature of the case, no district in the world is really absolutely safe against such visitations, and an earthquake may drop in even upon us any day unawares. But as the visits of angels are proverbially few and far between, so earthquakes in Great Britain are practically speaking of very rare occurrence; and when they do come, only the very wakefullest people ever notice them at all. To be sure, there is one place in Scotland, Comrie to wit, which always gets a shaking whenever there is any shaking going on about; but then Comrie is believed to stand above a line of dislocation in the rocks composing the top crust of the earth just in that neighborhood — there is a break or crack there apparently; and the reason for the shaking is not, in all probability, that there are any more earthquakes at that particular spot than elsewhere, but that the break stops the wave short, so to speak, and throws it back, much as when a wave of water (for example) beats against the edge of one's tub if one happens to tilt it or knock against it. In the earth, as a whole, earthquakes are most frequent, of course, in volcanic regions: everybody knows that they come exceptionally often in the Andes, in Java and Sumatra, in Japan, and in other familiar centres of plutonic action. The great European earthquake belt pretty nearly coincides with the basin of the Mediterranean and its subsidiary seas — the Euxine, Caspian, and Aral; and it is apparently connected with the range of scattered and now rather feeble or dormant volcanoes which begins with Pico in the Azores, runs along through Vesuvius, Stromboli, and Etna, and stretches away as far as the basaltic plateaus of India on the extreme east.

Earthquake weather in the meteorological or climatic sense seems to be mainly connected with such volcanic disturb-

ances. It indicates some change of conditions in the air, some curious upsetting of the ordinary circumstances under which we live, giving rise to very indefinable but perfectly recognizable sensations, not only in man but in the lower animals as well. A sudden feeling of awe seems to come over one for no particular assignable reason; the birds leave off singing; the dogs forget to howl; the black people drop for a moment from their perpetual high monotone of shouting and quarrelling; and in a minute the shock is upon one. Perhaps the vague sense of discomfort may be due to electrical conditions (electricity, as usual, comes in handy, and is much in demand just at present); perhaps it may be owing to mere vapors of sulphur or liberated gases in the air; perhaps it may be pure superstition; but almost everybody who has ever lived in an earthquake country is tolerably certain that he himself always feels it. It is clear at any rate that sundry premonitory signs and tokens do really usher in the advent of a volcanic earthquake. Before the Casamicciola disaster, wells dried up suddenly, subterranean thunder was heard, and slight oscillations of the earth took place as a sort of warning of the coming catastrophe. Strangest and most significant of all, as showing the presence of odd, deranging circumstances in the atmosphere, or powerful electrical disturbances, the big clock in the Sala Belliazzi stopped twenty minutes before the actual approach of the earthquake. The hot springs also underwent sudden changes of temperature, another indication of the way in which earthquake weather may be produced. Anybody who has ever lived at Bath, and whose own nerves are worth anything as sensitive meteorological instruments (a state of body by no means to be coveted), must have noticed how often in the trough of the valley by the pump-room he experienced on certain sultry summer days, or on close, muggy, winter mornings, a singular sinking depression, prompting him at once, according to temperament, either to fling himself into the Avon, to take a glass of the waters, or to turn into the club for a brandy and seltzer. That feeling is the nearest possible English equivalent to the peculiar sensation of earthquake weather.

Though earthquakes are now one of the most terrible forms in which the internal energies of the earth usually manifest themselves, it has not always been so, and it may not always be so in future. There have been geological catastrophes

in the history of our planet immeasurably more awful than any actual or possible earthquake—catastrophes compared to which even the eruption of Vesuvius that overwhelmed Herculaneum and Pompeii was but a small and unimportant episode. Professor Geikie, following many distinguished American geologists, has shown that the vast basalt plains of western America, as well as the region about the Giant's Causeway in north-eastern Ireland, have been produced by a peculiar form of volcanic action which he calls fissure-eruptions. In these cases it seems that molten sheets of lava of enormous size poured forth bodily in a vast flood from huge rents in the earth's crust, and overwhelmed many hundred square miles together with their devastating inundation. The lava spreads to a depth of some hundreds of feet, and has rolled around the feet of mountains and filled up their valleys exactly as a flood of water might have done. These terrific "massive eruptions" or direct outflows of incandescent molten matter, are probably the most frightful cataclysms that have ever visited the face of the earth. Nervous people, however, may console themselves by the consideration that the chances of their being overwhelmed in such an outflow are practically infinitesimal. In all probability, if a man were to have an infinity of lives, one after another, he would have to get killed in a railway accident eight hundred and ninety-two times over, not to mention several hundred thousand natural deaths meanwhile, before he ever once got himself caught in a fissure-eruption. The fear of it may be relegated to the same ingenious people who don't much trouble themselves about the typhoid and the scarletina germs that are forever flitting around us, but are terribly afraid every passing comet has a sinister intention of running full tilt at this one particular insignificant little planet. Curiously enough, one never hears of anybody who has abstract fears lest a comet might interfere with the domestic astronomical arrangements of Jupiter and Saturn.

however, his description stops short. Her bodily charms he had painted, for he had no other way of bringing them before his reader's eyes. But with her character he dealt in quite another way. "As there are," he writes, "no perfections of the mind which do not discover themselves in that perfect intimacy to which we intend to introduce our reader with this charming young creature, so it is needless to mention them here; nay, it is a kind of tacit affront to our reader's understanding, and may also rob him of that pleasure which he will receive in forming his own judgment of her character."

If to introduce a character with a minute description is an affront to the reader's understanding, it is one that has of late years been very commonly offered. Perhaps our modern novelists assume that their readers have no understanding; in many cases we should not be prepared to say that in this assumption they are wrong. Be that as it may, neither authors nor readers seem to know anything of that pleasure which Fielding mentions. In fact, to the reading world in general it has, we fear, lost most of its relish. We see that, as regards some of the pleasures of the body, there is on the part of many persons willingness enough to add to their enjoyment by taking a share in the preparations that they need. At no time, perhaps, has there been a greater liking for roughing it, as it is called. A great number of people every year spend their holidays in camping out, and before they eat their dinner sometimes catch it, and very often cook it. Before they can sleep they must first pitch their tent and arrange their own couch. Before they can breakfast, they must light their own fire and boil their own kettle. But with all this activity of the body, there has come an indolence of the mind even in respect of enjoyments. The reader of the present day does not wish, in Lamb's pleasant words, "to cry halves to anything that he finds." He has not indeed any wish—we still borrow the thought from *Elia*—to "find." All that he asks is that the author should "bring." He would have every writer like the "true Caledonian," who "brings his total wealth into company, and gravely unpacks it." He wants to have all trouble spared him, so that he may make his way through a book with as little effort as is made by an idle man who on a summer's day, without laying hand to oar, is carried in his boat down some stream, as quick-flowing as it is shallow. He knows nothing of that pleasure which

From The Saturday Review.

OLD WRITERS AND MODERN READERS.

FIELDING, in his "History of Tom Jones," after describing "the outside of Sophia," his charming heroine, continues: "Nor was this beautiful frame disgraced by an inhabitant unworthy of it." Here,

Fielding describes which comes to us as we form our own judgment of the character of a hero or a heroine. He asks in all things for the direction of the court. He requires that the judge should sum up before the facts have been set forth, and even before the trial has fairly begun. He would have all the characters labelled like the Greek pictures of old — and carefully labelled too. Each story must begin with a full descriptive catalogue. He must be told what he must look for and what he will find, just as if he were going to spend a day at the Fisheries Exhibition.

No doubt there have been in most ages, if not perhaps in all, readers of this indolent disposition. One of them complained to Johnson that he found Richardson very tedious. "Why, sir," Johnson answered, "if you were to read Richardson for the story, your impatience would be so much fretted that you would hang yourself. But you must read him for the sentiment, and consider the story as only giving occasion to the sentiment." He used to say of "Clarissa" that "it was the first book in the world for the knowledge it displays of the human heart." Now to enter into this sentiment, to master this knowledge, an effort, and a long effort must be made. To the author's reason the reader must bring an understanding. He must bring patience also. One of Richardson's novels is not to be swallowed down in an afternoon. The sentiment of a long story cannot be seized by one who reads and skips, nor without some trouble can the human heart be studied. There is one great advantage that is afforded by a novel that is written on Fielding's method. It supplies so many more interesting subjects of conversation. When each reader is left to form his own judgment of the hero or heroine there must always be a considerable variety of opinion. Eager discussions can be raised, and characters can be fought over with as much ardor as if they had lived either on the world's great stage or in the next parish. Thus there are many Sophias. There is Fielding's Sophia and there is Tom Jones's Sophia. "But I also have my Sophia," each reader may say; "and you, my dear sir, you also have yours. Yours is not the real Sophia; not, if I may so express myself, Sophia's Sophia; but as a study of character it is not uninteresting." Round a story told on such a plan as this rise much the same discussions as those which endlessly rise round Hamlet. Was the Prince of Denmark wholly mad?

Was he partly mad, and partly feigning to be mad? Was he wholly sane? What a loss of interest would there have been had Shakespeare in his *dramatis personæ* entered Hamlet as a mad prince, or a sane prince, or a prince sometimes sane, sometimes mad, and sometimes feigning madness! Fielding, in his "Journey from this World to the Next," pleasantly describes how he saw "Shakespeare standing between Betterton and Booth, and deciding a difference between those two great actors concerning the placing an accent in one of his lines." In reciting "Put out the light and then put out the light," where was the emphasis to be laid? Being appealed to, Shakespeare said: "Faith, gentleman, it is so long since I wrote the line, I have forgot my meaning." In much the same way we could well believe that if Fielding, not in the next world, but in this, had been asked for his own judgment of Sophia's or Jones's character, and if he had given it, and then had been pressed with some apparent contradiction in some particular incident, he might have replied: "Faith, gentlemen, it is so long since I wrote down the incident that you mention that I have forgotten it. When I did write it, it seemed to me no doubt what the lady or the gentleman would in the circumstances have done. But I leave every one free to form his own judgment. You have all the facts before you, and you are each of you quite as capable as I am of arriving at a just estimate of the characters of my hero and heroine." When we thus take the trouble to form our own judgment, we have moreover this further pleasure, that we are convinced that we are right, and that those who differ from us are wrong. Our self-esteem is pleasantly flattered. But what chance have we of being pleased with our own sagacity when nothing is left by the writer on which it can be exercised? In every work of fancy and imagination a partnership must be established between the author and the reader. But if one does all and leaves nothing for the other to do, it will, we fear, too often prove on the reader's part a kind of sleeping partnership.

In works of a very different order from novels the reader of our time shows the same indolence. As regards these he is too restless to remain contentedly in entire ignorance, and too lazy to arrive at any real knowledge. Hence we have in shoals these handbooks of literature and abridgments of great authors. A man may pass very well through life and know

nothing of Pepys, nothing of Boswell, nothing of Horace Walpole's letters, and nothing of Madame d'Arblay's diary. But if such works as these are to be known they must be read. They cannot be reduced to an essence. It may be an objection to whipped cream that it takes up so much space; but by any method of compression it would cease to be whipped cream. The common excuse is made that in so busy an age as this there is no time to read such long books. We do not know that this age is so much busier than those that have gone before it. The complaint is a very old one, and even in the present day a good deal of time seems to be rather killed than lived. Be that as it may, if there is not time to read big books, big books cannot be read. But then let us not be tricked into the belief that we can still either enjoy them or know them. A little knowledge, if not a dangerous thing, is in such cases a foolish thing. At all events it often leads its possessor into folly. It tempts him to make a display of knowledge of which he has not the reality. But if there is not time for original works that are big there is at least time for those that are small. If a man is frightened by the size of Boswell, there can be nothing to scare him in the autobiography of Gibbon. If he dare not try the nine big volumes of Walpole's "Letters," he may with good heart attempt the two small ones which contain Swift's "Letters to Stella." If in "Tom Jones" and "Sir Charles Grandison" the beginning seems separated by too great a space from the end, a summer day or a winter's evening will be long enough for accompanying either Joseph Andrews or Evelina from their birth to their marriage.

Among all the evils that follow in the train of a regular system of examinations, we know of none greater than a certain habit of indolence which it forms in the mind. It encourages a student—nay, even, in the press of competition it almost forces him—to accept his judgments ready-made. He wants to know what others say of a writer, not what the writer himself says. He has no time to take a book home, as it were, and make it part of himself. He never "travels over the mind" of a great author till he becomes as familiar with its beauties and its nooks, its heights, its levels, and its depths as a Cumberland shepherd with the mountains and valleys round about his home. He never looks upon his books as his friends. It is to his head, and not to his heart, that he wishes to take them; and he only

cares to keep them there till they have served their purpose at the next examination. How different was the way in which Macaulay and his sister read! "When they were discoursing together," says Mr. Trevelyan, "about a work of history or biography, a bystander would have supposed that they had lived in the times of which the author treated, and had a personal acquaintance with every human being who was mentioned in his pages. Pepys, Addison, Horace Walpole, Dr. Johnson, Madame de Genlis, the Duc de St. Simon [Macaulay, by the way, would have written the Duke of St. Simon], and the several societies in which those worthies moved, excited in their minds precisely the same sort of concern, and gave matter for discussions of exactly the same type, as most people bestow upon the proceedings of their own contemporaries. The past was to them as the present and the fictitious as the actual." Now, though Macaulay's power is given to few indeed, yet many—perhaps most people—have quite enough understanding and imagination from nature to enable them to live from time to time moments, it may be brief moments, both in the past and in the world of fiction and of fancy. A child in his games, as he fills "his humorous stage" with the different persons, shows how natural this is. It is not so much the growth of years that kills in him the habit as education and the scorn of his elder playfellows. The loss is indeed a great one, and the massacre of these simple feelings is a second massacre of the innocents. There is but one way to retain them. We must choose our books wisely, and when we have chosen them we must make a wise use of them. We cannot hope to live in all the ages that are past. The most that any but the most favored among us can attain is to have one century, or one half-century, in which he has, as it were, his second home, whither he can withdraw himself for a brief space from the troubles and cares of the days in which he lives. But a place of retreat like this is not raised by an idle wish. Effort must be made, and a prolonged effort too. Yet it is a labor that, even while it is being made, is fully repaid. When guides to literature and manuals are all thrown on one side, and we begin "a pleasant, loitering journey" through some tract of literature, "thought following thought, and step by step led on," the sense of joyous freedom and of eager curiosity more than supports us. One book leads us to another, and the

circle of our friends widens as widens the circle of our knowledge. Then, too, we have that pleasure of which Fielding wrote. Both in the world of men and in the world of fiction we form our own judgments. We almost feel as if we had some share — however small a one — with a favorite author in a favorite book. For, when we find in how different a light some character appears to other readers, we half suspect that he is partly of our own creation. If the author's claim to the whole were put in, we might each be tempted to say, with a slight change in the poet's line: "That but half of it was his, and one-half of it was mine."

Happily, in such a course of reading as this, we need not be greatly deterred by the cost. Works of great excellence can often be picked up at the bookstalls for less money than is asked for some hash of them that has been just served up. A shilling a volume goes a good way in stocking our shelves, if we think nothing of fashion or the run of modern thought, and only ask that in good type and a fair binding we shall have a work of sterling worth. The young reader is naturally dazzled by the brilliant prospect that rises before him as he surveys the various series of literature that are in course of publication. With great epochs and great minds he hopes to become acquainted at the cost for each of two shillings of his money and a few hours of his time. Let him remember that a few warm friends are better than a host of nodding acquaintances, and let him reflect that, whether among the living or the dead, among men or among books, a friend is only made at the cost of much trouble and of much time.

From The Economist.

THE SECRECY OF MODERN DESPOTISM.

DESPOTIC governments of to-day are inclined to make two quite needless mistakes, which heavily weight them in their struggle to retain power. One is their extreme reluctance to punish servants who have misused their trust, and who are attacked by public opinion. There is no particular reason for protecting such servants, who only bring their employers into discredit, for if they were punished, authority would not in any way suffer. The public would understand that they were held guilty for their corrupt motives, not for their acts, and would dread their honest

successors just as much as before. Policemen in England do not lose their authority because a man who takes a bribe, or who makes an unjust arrest, is punished by the magistrates, rather the police are generally more trusted and obeyed. Despotic governments, however, believe that if in such cases they conciliate opinion authority will depart from them, and that their servants will next time obey opinion and not the orders from above. So strong is this impression, that in States thus ruled the government constantly punishes its agents for misconduct against individuals which the public has not taken up, while zealously defending them for the same acts when they have by chance been publicly accused. Of course, the result is, first, to demoralize the services, by convincing them that the government regards the people as hostile; and secondly, to create the impression that the government, which nine times out of ten has no interest in the matter, and would but for a false impression be strictly impartial, cares nothing about justice. If the government would frankly acknowledge that power might be abused, would listen, and would punish on sufficient proof, its despotism would often be forgiven, men caring, as a rule, much more for their claim to justice than for their right to share in the control of affairs. They do not share in their own minds in ordinary criminal trials, yet they watch the judges with an exceeding and an acrimonious keenness.

The second error, still more common, is the prejudice in favor of secrecy. Secrecy as to things to be done may, of course, be valuable or not, according to the secret to be kept; but it is very rarely the case that secrecy as to things completed is of any value at all. In the first place, it is very seldom maintained, and in the second, it gives birth to a host of rumors, far more injurious than any true narrative of the facts could be. Nevertheless, scarcely any absolute government can ever bear to let facts be known, and most of them make of secrecy a State practice. The Russian government, for example, conceals the simplest incidents. The emperor was the other day thrown out of his sledge, and his shoulder hurt, a fact of interest to all Russians. Nevertheless, no allusion to the incident was allowed; all descriptive telegrams were suppressed, and when at last the incident was noised abroad, it was accompanied by all manner of dangerous exaggerations. The czar, to say the least of it, was in imminent danger of death, and had been success-

fully attacked by a Nihilist. The same policy has been pursued about the murder of Colonel Sudeikin, the chief of the secret police. He was, there seems no question, murdered by Nihilists, perhaps as a traitor; but the government will acknowledge nothing, and instead of attracting support, so irritates curiosity, that every day produces a new rumôr, until at last it is currently believed that most of the secret police are Nihilists, and that Colonel Sudeikin was put to death by a conspiracy among his own police agents. In other words, a general distrust is spread among the officials themselves of the fidelity of the secret police, and a powerful arm of the administration seriously weakened.

This want of frankness, and, so to speak, honesty in the administration of affairs is the more remarkable because it is new, and because it does not in any way benefit the ultimate ruler. The old despotisms, especially in the East, all made a principle of extreme rigor towards their agents, who were constantly punished for oppression in the very sight of the people. The public audiences in which the sovereign presided were mainly intended for such complaints, and the sovereign who secluded himself was hated as a master who could not be depended upon for redress against his own servants. Even in modern times the sovereign who could be relied on to punish agents has always been the popular sovereign, Frederick the Great, for instance, owing much of his popularity with the people to his rigor towards his underlings. It is by no means certain that much of the popular objection to personal government, which is supposed nowadays to be so strong, is not really an objection to government by an irresponsible, and sometimes corrupt, bureaucracy. The masses outside England and the United States are as willing to seek ultimate orders from an individual as from an assembly, and a despot who would listen, who would speak the truth, and who would compel all agents to keep strictly within the law, would in most countries be very popular. He is popular, or at least obeyed, within the army, where all business is conducted upon this very principle, and where all officers are held to their duty as rigidly as their soldiers. A sovereign who means to rule cannot speak to his people too frequently, and seclusion only throws everything into the hands of agents, who very rarely desire publicity, because, even when quite honest, they seldom have the fortitude to

endure criticism and misrepresentation. They think if the public know facts, their freedom of action will be gone, forgetting that an instructed public only looks to them for efficiency. This truth, however, is not discerned by modern rulers, and it is one of their heaviest new difficulties, that they tolerate a system which destroys the confidence of the people in their straightforwardness of intention. They are accused every day of supporting the abuses which in most cases they would willingly expose and terminate. Alexander the Third does not wish for torture in his prisons, and if he would openly punish those who inflict it, would find that his people did not object to his right of imprisonment. Instead of this, he allows advisers who believe in secrecy to hush up every charge, and to deny even that officials who have been killed were accused of such offences.

From The Spectator.

THE HAPPINESS OF SOME WOMEN.

READING the opening chapter of Mrs. Oliphant's remarkable story in *Blackwood* for this month, the sketch of "Old Lady Mary," a thought often entertained came once more very strongly into the writer's mind. Civilization has won at least one considerable success, — it has made a class of almost perfectly happy women. We are all accustomed to question in hours of depression whether civilization has made anybody happy, and to deny rather strongly that it has made women so, and the doubt has a truthful side. The denial is an exaggeration, as any one knows who understands what the lot of women, and especially of working women, was, whether in the ancient world, in the Middle Ages, or on the Continent before 1789; but it is thus far true, that the body of women in western Europe are not happy. They have periods of happiness, perhaps, when the lover comes around, and when the duty of life is done; but from twenty to forty-five they are oppressed with a double burden, too heavy for their strength. They marry far too early. They work nearly as hard as their husbands, they bear and rear the children, they do all the household labor, they have all the unpleasant responsibilities of the purse, and they are often to a most extraordinary extent deprived of freedom. The pleasure of doing as they like, without account to other wills, is wholly want-

ing to them. In every second household the woman must think of half-a-dozen tempers. They feel, too, the results of narrowness of means, want of sufficient food, clothing, rest, and fresh air, more than the men do, and are in all relations of life, to use their own phrase, much more "put upon." Even the cool-headed men who deny that East London is unhappy, and say that any encampment of workers in a climate like ours would present most of its characteristics, admit that a certain sadness and look of strain is the normal characteristic of the women of the region between twenty and fifty-five, that there is an absence of joyousness in them which must be the result of circumstances alone, and which by itself must be a vast deduction from happiness. Well-off Englishwomen are distinctly gayer than their men, but these are more depressed. All that is true and saddening, but it should not make us, as social observers, forget the appreciable though not very heavy *per contra* on the other side. The well-to-do Englishwoman, whether maid, matron, or widow, is, if in good average health, a very happily situated person, probably much happier than any other kind of person either is or has been. She is full of quiet life. She has work, either with her studies, her children, or her household, just sufficient to take away the sense of uselessness, and not sufficient to overtask either her strength or her nerves. She has no great dangers to fear, either for herself or others; no extreme changes to dread; nothing to call into existence that poisonous sense of terror which, in many countries and classes, can never have been totally extirpated. She is as safe in her drawing-room as if she were in heaven; so safe, that she has ceased to regard safety as a pressing condition of happiness, the importance of which is, indeed, unknown only to those who have lived in unsafe regions of the world, such as Mexico or Connaught. She has good food in plenty; her dress never offends her *amour-propre*, or disturbs her sense of dignity; she has as much change as she wishes; and unless her house is very remote from the haunts of men, a sufficiency of varied society, composed of men and women whom she likes and understands. Of affection, if she is not very unfortunate, she has plenty. Her husband loves her, her daughters worship her, her sons depend on her, her friends are devoted to her. The father, especially in old age, does not gain half from his children that the mother

does; nor is he half so close to them. He may be respected and cared for, but the mother is loved, and followed with a quite separate observance, arising partly from affection, and partly from a more perfect intimacy. Constantly households are seen in which the relation of the daughters to the mother, and often, though in a less degree, of the sons, is something quite beautiful, so much of genuine feeling, yet so little of the tyranny of feeling is there in it. The sheltering of women is to many men a constant preoccupation, and the work is performed with a silent care and perfectness often wanting in regard to the other duties of life. Of friends, the happy woman has enough. We will not attempt to decide whether men or women are the more capable of friendship, but we suspect that the popular opinion on this head has very little to justify it, that women are as honest in friendship as men, and sorrow for their friends as keenly, and that the only difference springs from comparative freedom. Steadfastness in friendship is only for the free, and women are the less free of the two sexes. However that may be, women certainly benefit by their friendships more than men. They see their friends oftener, enjoy more converse with them, have more time for letter-writing, and can cultivate friendship better in a full room. They take altogether more trouble about it, and find themselves constantly padded in friends when men would be comparatively alone. The widower, though it is not the custom to think so, is far more lonely than the widow.

It may be said that women thus happily placed often suffer from ennui and the want of careers, but is that at all widely true? It is true, of course, of the ambitious, or of those not infrequent women whose intellect is a little too strong for them, and wears them as teeth wear growing babies, but the truth scarcely covers a wide area. That interestingness of our modern world which so strikes M. Renan, affects women at least as much as it does men. They hear all that goes on, often with an interest quite as keen as that of the actors in the play. They read the newspapers, and the last new book, and the talked-about article in the magazines, and appreciate all, with an enjoyment which a certain absence of responsibility rather whets than destroys. They may not be as keen for politics as men, but they are much more interested in political personages; and if their criticism is not as sound, it is often livelier, and al-

ways more rapidly developed. They are more amused, too, by the lighter side of news, by gossip, and by those little dramatic stories which experience has taught men to regard with an immovable distrust that takes half the flavor out of them. Women so placed, if you will notice, are always a little nearer up to the minute with their information than men; and though they may catch up much that is erroneous, rarely miss catching the pivot fact. Certainly, they catch enough to be interested, and to give them more pleasure from conversation than men, except under favorable circumstances, ever obtain. Then they have a hundred occupations which are needless, while men have only one, — smoking, — and they all have and appreciate the art which Charles II., past-master in the arts of pleasure, called his "sultana-queen," the grand art, half lost by men, or indulged in only with the lingering sense of sin which poisons gladness, — the art of sauntering. Ennui is not for such women, nor have they, to counterbalance all advantages, much pressing mental trouble. Women think, nowadays, as men think, but their thinking does not oppress them so much. They are not so miserable often about "causes," — though there are exceptions to this, when the woman's comparative powerlessness to act seems to energize the movement of her mind, and she becomes mentally either heroine or fury, — and their mental trouble about the creeds takes a somewhat different form, having less suspense of judgment in it, and fewer of those recoils which, more, perhaps, than any other mental phenomena, pain men to the bone. To have got so far, and then to feel that the next step is impossible, that the barrier cannot be pierced, that the chasm cannot be crossed, that there is nothing for it but a weary and internally half-ashamed retrogression, — women, as we conceive, are freer of that suffering than men. And finally, to such women old age is so infinitely pleasanter than to men. They miss less the physical power they never had; they are not so restless under enforced quiet; they are so much more accustomed to find themselves limited to a room, a house, a house and garden. They feel cosseted by deference, where a man feels only that the day of battle for him is over. They are, so far as we have observed society, infinitely better treated; with less rudeness, or, indeed, none at all, and with far gentler forms of that incessantly hinted expostulation which only signifies that the young

have gained strength and are ruling the world, but which is the burden of the old. And then they suffer less. We have no statistics to give, and may be utterly mistaken; but we believe the experienced will bear us out when we say that among the old, the wearying disability of loss of sight, and the momentarily recurrent torment of deafness, and the wearing pain of rheumatic "stiffness," are in the well-to-do classes far less frequent among women than among men. Sometimes they are indeed so free from trouble that one asks, with some surprise, why Mrs. Oliphant did not put into her sketch of "Old Lady Mary" when she reached the next world, an account of her regret at quitting the quiet happiness of this. She was more worried when she got there than she had felt here for a quarter of a century. If serenity be the test of happiness, well-to-do women in England have far more than their share.

From Good Words.

HELEN'S TOWER.

HELEN'S TOWER, here I stand,
Dominant over sea and land.
Son's love built me, and I hold
Mother's love engraved in gold.
Love is in and out of time,
I am mortal stone and lime.
Would my granite girth were strong
As either love, to last as long,
I should wear my crown entire
To and thro' the Doomsday fire,
And be found of angel eyes
In earth's recurring Paradise.

A. TENNYSON.

HALF-WAY up Belfast Lough, on the high ground to the left, you may see a remarkable landmark. This is Helen's Tower, built by the present Earl of Dufferin as a tribute of filial affection to his mother, the late Countess of Gifford, and formally named after her on attaining his majority.

Looking across from the grey old walls of Carrickfergus, it may be seen crowning the highest hill on the Claudeboye estate. Clear cut against the sky, there it stands, lashed by the winds or touched by the sun, ever firm and enduring — a fitting memorial of one of the best and noblest of women.

Lady Gifford was a Sheridan, one to whom wit and beauty came as natural gifts, yet one who dipped deeply into the font of human knowledge, and by pure sympathy with all that was good and

beautiful in life, exerted a lasting influence on all those whose privilege it was to know her.

A short drive from Bangor, or, still better, a pleasant two-mile stretch across the turf from Claudeboye House, will bring you to the foot of the hill. Here, glimmering amid ferns, sedges, birches, and firs, very calm and peaceful on a golden autumn day, with Helen's Tower reflected on its face, is a quiet lake. Then a smart climb through a fir wood, and the tower — a veritable Scotch tower, with "corbie stairs" and jutting turrets all complete — is before you.

At the basement lives the old keeper with his wife; and here, after inscribing your name in the visitors' book, you follow him up the stone steps.

The sleeping-chamber first. A cosy little room, remarkable for the fine specimen of French embroidery which decorates the bedstead, with the quaint inscription on the tester —

*I. nightly . pitch . my . moving . tent
A . day's . march . nearer . home.*

From here you are taken to the top.

Looking east on a clear day the view is superb. From Claudeboye woods and lakes, Belfast Lough and the Antrim hills on the left, the eye sweeps round to Cantire and the Scotch coast, till distance is lost in the dim range of Cumberland hills.

Descending again, we enter the principal chamber — octagonal, oak-panelled, with groined pointed ceiling and stained-glass windows. On these are numerous quaint designs, intermixed with the signs of the zodiac, showing the pursuits of mankind during the progress of the seasons — from the sturdy sower of spring to the shrivelled old man warming his toes by the winter fire. Over the fireplace is a niche for a silver lamp, and flanking the west window are two poetical inscriptions — that on the left, printed in gold and hav-

ing reference to the lamp, is by Lord Dufferin's mother; and that on the right, printed in bold black type, is by the poet-laureate.

On reading Lady Gifford's graceful verses, we are pathetically reminded that she was not spared to see her son's brilliant career. I give them here, and the laureate's sonorous lines stand at the head of this paper.

TO
MY DEAR SON ON HIS 21ST BIRTHDAY.

With a Silver Lamp.

"FIAT LUX."

How shall I bless thee? Human Love
Is all too poor in passionate words!
The heart aches with a sense above
All language that the lip affords!
Therefore, a symbol shall express
My love; — a thing nor rare nor strange,
But yet — eternal — measureless —
Knowing no shadow and no change!
Light! which of all the lovely shows
To our poor world of shadows given,
The fervent Prophet-voices chose
Alone — as attribute of Heaven!

At a most solemn pause we stand!
From this day forth, forevermore,
The weak, but loving, human hand
Must cease to guide thee as of yore!
Then as through life thy footsteps stray
And earthly beacons dimly shine,
"Let there be Light" upon thy way,
And holier guidance far than mine.
"Let there be Light" in thy clear soul,
When Passion tempts, or Doubts assail,
When Grief's dark tempests o'er thee roll
"Let there be Light" that shall not fail!

So — angel-guarded — may'st thou tread
The narrow path, which few may find;
And at the end look back, nor dread
To count the vanished years behind!
And pray, that she whose hand doth trace
This heart-warm prayer, when life is past,
May see and know thy blessed face
In God's own glorious Light at last!

June 21st, 1847.

MAHOMETAN PRAYERS FOR THE QUEEN. — The morning papers state that since the conclusion of the trial of Arabi prayers have been offered on behalf of the queen in mosques in Cairo and in the provinces of Egypt, her Majesty being referred to as "the Mirror of

Justice." It is curious to observe that this title is given to the Virgin Mary in some Roman Catholic litanies, she being addressed as "Speculum Justitiæ."

FREDERICK E. SAWYER.
Brighton. Notes and Queries.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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POETRY AND THE POOR.

"THE world is very beautiful!" I said,
As yesterday, beside the brimming stream,
Glad and alone, I watched the tremulous
gleam

Slant thro' the wintry wood, green-carpeted
With moss and fern and curving bramble-
spray,

And bronze the thousand russet margin-
reeds, —

And in the sparkling holly glint and play,
And kindle all the briar's flaming seeds.

"The world is very horrible!" I sigh,
As, in my wonted ways, to-day I thread
Chill streets, deformed with dim monotony,
Hiding strange mysteries of unknown
dread, —

The reeking court, the breathless fever-den,
The haunts where things unholy throng and
brood;

Grim crime, the fierce despair of strong-armed
men,

Child-infamy, and shameless womanhood.

And men have looked upon this piteous
thing —

Blank lives unvisited by beauty's spell —
And said, "Let be: it is not meet to bring
Dreams of sweet freedom to the prison-cell.
Sing them no songs of things all bright and
fair,

Paint them no visions of the glad and free,
Lest with purged sight their miseries they
see,

And, thro' vain longings, pass to blank de-
spair."

O brother, treading ever-darkening ways,
O sister, whelmed in ever-deepening care,
Would God we might unfold before your gaze
Some vision of the pure, and true, and fair!
Better to know, tho' sadder things be known,
Better to see, tho' tears half blind the sight,
Than thraldom to the sense, and heart of
stone,

And horrible contentment with the night.

Oh! bring we then all sweet and gracious
things

To touch the lives that lie so chill and drear,
That they may dream of some diviner sphere,
Whence each soft ray of love and beauty
springs.

Each good and perfect gift is from above;
And there is healing for earth's direst woes;
God hath unsealed the springs of light and
love,

To make the desert blossom as the rose.

Spectator. W. WALSHAM BEDFORD.

A YEAR'S WOOING.

'Twas autumn when first they stood on the
bridge;

Ripe pears on the pear-tree, ripe corn on the
ridge;

The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And speeding still southward, were lost to the
view.

Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love
you?"

She said, quite demurely: "Already I do!"

'Twas winter when next they met on the
bridge;

The pear-trees were brown, and white was the
ridge;

The swallows were feathering their nests in
Algiers.

She looked in his face, and she burst into
tears!

His nose it was pinched, and his lips they
were blue.

Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he:
"Nor I you!"

'Twas spring-time when next they stood on the
bridge,

And white was the pear-tree, and green was
the ridge;

The swallows had thoughts of a speedy return;
And the midges were dancing a-down the
brown burn.

He said: "Pretty maiden, let bygones go by —
Can you love me again?" She said: "I can
try."

'Twas summer when next they stood on the
bridge;

There were pears on the pear-tree, tall corn on
the ridge;

The swallows wheeled round them, far up in
the blue,

Then swooped down and snapped up a midge-
let or two.

Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the
way,

And part us again, will you mention the day?"

She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing
rill,

Then answered demurely: "As soon as you
will!"

Chambers' Journal.

H. L. R.

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

LOUD wind, strong wind, where art thou blow-
ing?

Into the air, the viewless air,

To be lost there,

There am I blowing.

Clear wave, swift wave, where art thou flow-
ing?

Unto the sea, the boundless sea,

To be whelmed there,

There am I flowing.

Young life, swift life, where art thou going?

Down to the grave, the loathsome grave,

To moulder there,

There am I going.

MRS. KEMBLE.

From The Contemporary Review.

THE OUTDOOR POETRY OF THE MIDDLE AGES AND THE RENAISSANCE.

I.

A GREAT difference must naturally exist between what was felt and written about the country and the seasons by an ancient, by a man of the sixteenth century, and by a contemporary of our own: a difference, however, solely of mode; for we feel sure that of the three men each would find something to delight himself and wherewith to delight others among the elm-bounded English meadows, the flat corn-fields of central France, the vine and olive yards of Italy — wherever, in short, he might find himself face to face and, so to speak, hand in hand with nature. But about the man of the Middle Ages (unless, perhaps, in Italy, where the whole Middle Ages were merely an earlier Renaissance) we could have no such assurance; nay, we might be persuaded that, however great his genius, be he even a Gottfried von Strassburg, or a Walther von der Vogelweide, or the unknown Frenchman who has left us "*Aucassin et Nicolette*," he would bring back impressions only of two things, authorized and consecrated by the poetic routine of his contemporaries — of spring and of the woods.

There is nothing more characteristic of mediæval poetry than this limitation. Of autumn, of winter, of the standing corn, the ripening fruit of summer, of all these things so dear to the ancients and to all men of modern times, the Middle Ages seem to know nothing. The autumn harvests, the mists and wondrous autumnal transfiguration of the humblest tree, or bracken, or bush; the white and glittering splendor of winter, and its cosy life by hearth or stove; the drowsiness of summer, its suddenly inspired wish for shade and dew and water, all this left them stolid. To move them was required the feeling of spring, the strongest, most complete and stirring impression which, in our temperate climates, can be given by nature. The whole pleasurable of warm air, clear, moist sky, the surprise of the shimmer of pale green, the yellowing blossom on treetops, the first flicker of faint shadow where all has been uniform, colorless,

shadeless; the replacing of the long silence by the endless twitter and trill of birds, endless in its way as is the sea, twitter and trill on every side, depths and depths of it, of every degree of distance and faintness, a sea of bird song; and along with this the sense of infinite renovation to all the earth and to man's own heart. Of all nature's effects this one alone goes sparkling to the head; and it alone finds a response in mediæval poetry. Spring, spring, endless spring — for three long centuries throughout the world a dreary green monotony of spring all over France, Provence, Italy, Spain, Germany, England; spring, spring, nothing but spring, even in the mysterious countries governed by the Grail king, by the Fairy Morgana, by Queen Proserpine, by Prester John; nay, in the new Jerusalem, in the kingdom of Heaven itself, nothing but spring; till one longs for a bare twig, for a yellow leaf, for a frozen gutter, as for a draught of water in the desert. The green fields and meadows enamelled with painted flowers, how one detests them! how one would rejoice to see them well sprinkled with frost or burnt up to brown in the dry days! the birds, the birds which warble through every sonnet, canzone, sirventes, glosa, dance lay, roundelay, virelay, rondel, ballade, and whatsoever else it may be called, — how one wishes them silent forever, or their twitter, the tarantarantandei of the eternal German nightingale especially, drowned by a good howling wind! After any persistent study of mediæval poetry, one's feeling towards spring is just similar to that of the morbid creature in Schubert's "*Müllerin*," who would not stir from home for the dreadful, dreadful greenness, which he would fain bleach with tears, all around.

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus, hinaus
in die weite Welt,

Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär da
draussen in Wald und Feld.

Moreover, this mediæval spring is the spring neither of the shepherd, nor of the farmer, nor of any man to whom spring brings work and anxiety and hope of gain; it is a mere vague spring of gentle-folk, or at all events of well-to-do burgesses, taking their pleasure on the lawns of castle

parks, or the green holiday places close to the city, much as we see them in the first part of "Faust;" a sweet, but monotonous charm of grass beneath green lime-tree, or in the south the elm or plane, under which are seated the poet and the fiddler, playing and singing for the young women, their hair woven with chaplets of fresh flowers, dancing upon the sword. And poet after poet, Provençal, Italian, and German, Bernard and Armand, Nithart and Ulrich, and even the austere singer of the Holy Grail, Wolfram, pouring out verse after verse of the songs in praise of spring which they make even as girls wind their garlands: songs of quaint and graceful ever-changing rhythm, now slowly circling, now bounding along, now stamping out the measure like the feet of the dancers, now winding and twining as wind and twine their arms in the long-linked mazes; while the few and ever-repeated ideas, the old, stale platitudes of praise of woman, love pains, joys of dancing, pleasures of spring (spring, always spring, eternal, everlasting spring), seem languidly to follow the life and movement of the mere metre. Poets, these German, Provençal, and French, essentially (if we venture to speak heresy) not of ideas or emotions, but of metre, of rhythm and rhyme; with just the minimum of necessary thought, perpetually presented afresh just as the words, often and often repeated and broken up and new combined, of a piece of music — poetry which is in truth a sort of music, dance or dirge, or hymn music as the case may be, more than anything else.

As it is in mediæval poetry with the seasons, so it is likewise with the country and its occupations: as there is only spring, so there is only the forest. Of the forest, mediæval poetry has indeed much to say; more perhaps, and more familiar with its pleasures, than antiquity. There is the memorable forest where the heroes of the Niebelungen go to hunt, followed by their wagons of provisions and wine; where Siegfried overpowers the bear, and returns to his laughing comrades with the huge thing chained to his saddle: where, in that clear space which

we see so distinctly, a lawn on to which the blue-black firs are encroaching, Siegfried stoops to drink of the spring beneath the lime-tree, and Hagen drives his boarspear straight through the Nieblung's back. There is the thick wood, all a golden haze through the young green, and with an atmosphere of birds' song, where King Mark discovers Tristram and Yseult in the cave, the deceitful sword between them, as Gottfried von Strassburg relates with wonderful luscious charm. The forest, also, more bleak and austere, where the four outlawed sons of Aymon live upon roots and wild animals, where they build their castle by the Meuse.

Further, and most lovely of all, the forest in which Nicolette makes herself a hut of branches, bracken, and flowers, through which the stars peep down on her whiteness as she dreams of her lord Aucassin. The forest where Huon meets Oberon; and Guy de Lusignan, the good snake-lady; and Parzival finds on the snow the feathers and the drops of blood which throw him into his long day-dream; and Owen discovers the tomb of Merlin; the forest, in short, which extends its interminable glades and serried masses of trunks and arches of green from one end to the other of mediæval poetry. It is very beautiful, this forest of the Middle Ages; but it is monotonous, melancholy, and has a terrible eeriness in its endlessness. For there is nothing else. There are no meadows where the cows lie lazily, no fields where the red and purple kerchiefs of the reapers overtop the high corn; no orchards, no hayfields; nothing like those hill slopes where the wild herbs encroach upon the vines and the goats of Corydon and Damoetas require to be kept from mischief; where, a little lower down, the Athenian shopkeeper of Aristophanes goes daily to look whether yesterday's hard figs may not have ripened, or the vine wreaths pruned last week grown too lushly. Nor anything of the sort of those Umbrian meadows, where Virgil himself will stop and watch the white bullocks splashing slowly into the shallow, sedgy Clitumnus; still less like those hamlets in the cornfields through which Propertius would stroll, following the jolting osier wagon,

or the procession with garlands and lights to Pales or to the ochre-stained garden god. Nothing of all this: there are no cultivated spots in mediæval poetry; the city only, and the castle, and the endless, all-encompassing forest. Had they no eyes, then, these poets of the Middle Ages, that they could see, among all the things of nature, only those few which had been seen by their predecessors? At first one feels tempted to think so, till the recollection of many vivid touches in spring and forest description persuades one that, enormous as was the sway of tradition among these men, they were not all of them, nor always, repeating mere conventional platitudes. This singular limitation in the mediæval perceptions of nature — a limitation so important as almost to make it appear as if the Middle Ages had not perceived nature at all — is most frequently attributed to the prevalence of asceticism, which, according to some critics, made all mediæval men into so many repetitions of Bernard of Clairvaux, of whom it is written that, being asked his opinion of Lake Lemane, he answered with surprise that, during his journey from Geneva to the Rhone valley, he had remarked no lake whatever, so absorbed had he been in spiritual meditations. But the predominance of asceticism has been grossly exaggerated. It was a state of moral tension which could not exist uninterruptedly, and could exist only in the classes for whom poetry was not written. The mischief done by asceticism was the warping of the moral nature of men, not of their æsthetic feelings; it had no influence upon the vast numbers, the men and women who relished the profane and obscene fleshliness and buffoonery of stage plays and fabliaux, and those who savored the delicate and exquisite immoralities of courtly poetry. Indeed, the presence of whole classes of writings, of which such things as Boccaccio's tales, "The Wife of Bath," and Villon's "Ballades," on the one hand, and the songs of the troubadours, the poem of Gottfried, and the romance or rather novel of "Flamenca," are respectively but the most conspicuous examples, ought to prove only too clearly that the Middle Ages, for

all their asceticism, were both as gross and as æsthetic in sensualism as antiquity had been before them. We must, therefore, seek elsewhere than in asceticism, necessarily limited, and excluding the poetry-reading public, for an explanation of this peculiarity of mediæval poetry. And we shall find it, I think, in that which during the Middle Ages could, because it was an all-regulating social condition, really create universal habits of thought and feeling, namely, feudalism. A moral condition like asceticism can leave unbiassed all such minds as are incapable of feeling it; but a social institution like feudalism walls in the life of every individual, and forces his intellectual movements into given paths; nor is there any escape, excepting in places where, as in Italy and in the free towns of the north, the feudal conditions are wholly or partially unknown. To feudalism, therefore, would I ascribe this, which appears at first so purely æsthetic, as opposed to social, a characteristic of the Middle Ages. Ever since Schiller, in his "Gods of Greece," spoke for the first time of undivinated nature (*die entgötterte Natur*), it has been the fashion among certain critics to fall foul of Christianity for having robbed the fields and woods of their gods, and reduced to mere manured clods the things which had been held sacred by antiquity. Desecrated in those long mediæval centuries nature may truly have been, but not by the holy water of Christian priests. Desecrated because out of the fields and meadows was driven a divinity greater than Pales or Vertumnus or mighty Pan, the divinity called *Man*. For in the terrible times when civilization was at its lowest, the things of the world had been newly allotted; and by this new allotment, man — the man who thinks and loves and hopes and strives, man who fights and sings — was shut out from the fields and meadows, forbidden the labor, nay, almost the sight, of the earth; and to the tending of kine, and sowing of crops, to all those occupations which antiquity had associated with piety and righteousness, had deemed worthy of the gods themselves, was assigned, or rather condemned, a creature whom every advancing

year untaught to think or love, or hope, or fight, or strive; but taught most utterly to suffer and to despair. For a man it is difficult to call him, this mediæval serf, this lump of earth detached from the field and wrought into a semblance of manhood, merely that the soil of which it is part should be delved and sown, and then manured with its carcass or its blood; nor as a man did the Middle Ages conceive it. The serf was not even allowed human progenitors; his foul breed had originated in an obscene miracle; his stupidity and ferocity were as those of the beasts; his cunning was demonic; he was born under God's curse; no words could paint his wickedness, no persecutions could exceed his deserts; the whole world turned pale at his crime, for he it was, he and not any human creature, who had nailed Christ upon the cross. Like the hunger and sores of a fox or a wolf, his hunger and his sores are forgotten, never noticed. Were it not that legal and ecclesiastical narratives of trials (not of feudal lords for crushing and contaminating their peasants, but of peasants for spitting out and trampling on the consecrated wafer) give us a large amount of pedantically stated detail; tell us how misery begat vice, and filth and starvation united families in complicated meshes of incest, taught them depopulation as a virtue and a necessity; and how the despair of any joy in nature, of any mercy from God, hounded men and women into the unspeakable orgies, the obscene parodies, of devil-worship; were it not for these horrible shreds of judicial evidence (as of tatters of clothes or blood-clotted hairs on the shoes of a murderer) we should know little or nothing of the life of the men and women who, in mediæval France and Germany, did the work which had been taught by Hesiod and Virgil. About all these tragedies the literature of the Middle Ages, ready to show us town vice and town horror, dens of prostitution and creaking, overweighted gibbets, as in Villon's poems, utters not a word. All that we can hear is the many-throated yell of mediæval poets, noble and plebeian, French, Provençal, and German, against the brutishness, the cunning, the cruelty, the hideousness, the heresy of the serf, whose name becomes synonymous with every baseness, which, in mock grammatical style, is declined into every epithet of wickedness; whose punishment is prayed for from the God whom he outrages by his very existence; a hideous clamor of indecent jibe, of brutal vituperation, of sense-

less accusation, of every form of words which furious hatred can assume, whose echoes reached even countries like Tuscany, where serfdom was well-nigh unknown, and have reached even to us in the scraps of epigram still bandied about by the townsfolk against the peasants, nay, by the peasants against themselves.* A monstrous rag doll, dressed up in shreds of many-colored villany, without a recognizable human feature, dragged in the mud, pilloried with unspeakable ordure, paraded in mock triumph like a king of fools and burnt in the market-place like Antichrist, such is the image which mediæval poetry has left us of the creature who was once the pious rustic, the innocent, god-beloved husbandman, on whose threshold justice stopped awhile when she fled from the towns of antiquity.

II.

BUT meanwhile, during those centuries which lie between the Dark Ages and modern times, the Middle Ages (inasmuch as they mean not a mere chronological period, but a definite social and mental condition) fortunately did not exist everywhere. Had they existed, it is almost impossible to understand how they would ever throughout Europe have come to an end; for as the favorite proverb of Catharine of Siena has it, one dead man cannot bury another dead man; and the Middle Ages, after this tedious dying of the fifteenth century, required to be show-

* The reader may oppose to my views the existence of the class of poems, French, Latin, and German, of which the Provençal *Pastourela* is the original type, and which represent the courting, by the poet, who is, of course, a knight, of a beautiful country girl, shown us while feeding her sheep or spinning with her distaff. But these poems are, to the best of my knowledge, all of a single pattern, and extremely insincere and artificial in tone, so that I feel inclined to class them with the pastorals — Dresden-china idylls by men who had never looked a live peasant in the face — of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, as distant descendants from the pastoral poetry of antiquity, of which the chivalric poets may have got some indirect notions as they did of the antique epics. It is moreover extremely likely that these love poems, in which, successfully or unsuccessfully, the poet usually offers a bribe to the woman of low degree, conceal beneath the conventional pastoral trappings the intrigues of minnesingers and troubadours with women of the small artisan or village proprietor class. The real peasant woman — the female of the villain — could scarcely have been above the notice of the noblemen's servants, and, in countries where the seignorial rights were in vigor, would scarcely have been offered presents or fine words. As regards the innumerable poems against the peasantry, I may refer the reader to an extremely curious publication of "*Carmina Medii Ævi*," recently made by Sig. Francesco Novati, and which contains, besides a selection of specimens, a list of references on the subject of poems "*De Natura Rusticorum*." The accusation of heresy and of crucifying Christ is evidently due to the devil-worship prevalent among the serfs.

eled into the tomb, nay, rather, given the final stroke, by the Renaissance. This that we foolishly call — giving a quite incorrect notion of sudden and miraculous birth — the Renaissance, and limit to the time of the revival of Greek humanities, really existed, as I have repeatedly suggested, wherever, during the mediæval centuries, the civilization with which the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were big was not, by the pressure of feudalism and monasticism, made to be abortive or still-born. Low as was Italy at the very close of the Dark Ages, and much as she borrowed for a long while from the more precocious northern nations, especially France and Provence, Italy had, nevertheless, an enormous advantage in the fact that her populations were not divided into victor and vanquished, and that the old Latin institutions of town and country were never replaced, except in certain northern and southern districts, by feudal arrangements. The very first thing which strikes us in the obscure Italian commonwealths of early times, is that in these resuscitated relics of Roman or Etruscan towns there is no feeling of feudal superiority and inferiority; that there is no lord, and consequently no serf. Nor is this the case merely within the city walls. The never sufficiently appreciated difference between the Italian free burghs and those of Germany, Flanders, and Provence, is that the citizens depend only in the remotest and most purely fictitious way upon any kind of suzerain; and moreover that the country, instead of belonging to feudal nobles, belongs every day more and more completely to the burghers. The peasant is not a serf, but one of three things: a hired laborer, a possessor of property, or a farmer, liable to no taxes, paying no rent, and only sharing with the proprietor the produce of the land. By this latter system, existing, then as now, throughout Tuscany, the peasantry was an independent and well-to-do class. The land owned by one man (who, in the commonwealths, was usually a shopkeeper, or manufacturer in the town) was divided into farms small enough to be cultivated — vines, olives, corn, and fruit — by one family of peasants, helped perhaps by a paid laborer. The thrifter and less scrupulous peasants could, in good seasons, put by sufficient profit from their share of the produce to suffice after some years, and with the addition of what the women might make by washing, spinning, weaving, plaiting straw hats (an accomplishment greatly insisted upon by Lorenzo

dei Medici), and so forth, to purchase some small strip of land of their own. Hence, a class of farmers at once living on another man's land and sharing its produce with him, and cultivating and paying taxes upon land belonging to themselves.

Of these Tuscan peasants we get occasional glimpses in the mediæval Italian novelists — a well-to-do set of people, in constant communication with the town where they sell their corn, oil, vegetables, and wine, and easily getting confused with the lower class of artisans, with whom they doubtless largely intermarried. These peasants, whom we see in tidy kilted tunics and leathern gaiters, driving their barrel-laden bullock-carts, or riding their mules up to the red city gates in many a Florentine and Siennese painting of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, were in many respects better off than the small artisans of the city, heaped up in squalid houses, and oppressed by the greater and smaller guilds. Agnolo Pandolfini, teaching thrift to his sons in Alberti's charming treatise on "The Government of the Family," frequently groans over the insolence, the astuteness, of the peasantry; and indeed seems to consider that it is impossible to cope with them — a conclusion which would have greatly astounded the bailiffs of the feudal proprietors in the two Sicilies and beyond the Alps.

The upper classes, on the other hand, differed quite as much from the upper classes of feudal countries. They were, be it remembered, men of business, constantly in contact with the working classes; Albizis, Strozis, Pandolfinis, Guinigis, Tolomeis, no matter what their name, these men who built palaces and churches which outdid the magnificence of northern princes, and who might, at any moment, be sent ambassadors from Florence, Lucca, or Siena, to the French or English kings, to the emperor or the pope, spent a large portion of their days at their office desk, among the bales of their warehouses, behind the counter of their shops; they wore the same dress, had the same habits, spoke the same dialect, as the weavers and dyers, the carriers and porters whom they employed, and whose sons might, by talent and industry, amass a fortune, build palaces, and go ambassadors to kings in their turn. When, therefore, these merchant nobles turned to the country for rest and relief from their cares, it was not to the country as it existed for the feudal noble of the

north. Boar and stag hunts had no attraction for quiet men of business; forests stocked with wild beasts where vineyard and cornfield might have extended would have seemed to them the very height of wastefulness, discomfort, and ugliness. Pacific and businesslike, they merely transferred to the country the habits of thought and of life which had arisen in the city. Not for them any imitation of the feudal castle, turreted and moated, cut up into dark, irregular rooms and yards, filled with noisy retainers and stinking hounds. On some gentle hillside a well-planned palace, its rooms spacious and lofty, and sparsely windowed for coolness in summer, with a neat cloistered court in the centre, ventilating the whole house, and affording a cool place, full of scent of flowers and sound of fountains for the burning afternoons; a belvedere tower also, on which to seek a breeze on stifling nights, when the very stars seem faint for heat, and the dim plummy heads of cypress and poplar are motionless against the misty blue sky. In front a broad terrace, whence to look down towards the beloved city, a vague fog of roofs in the distance; on the side and behind elaborate garden walks walled with high walls of box and oak and laurel, in which stand statues in green niches; gardens with little channels to bring water, even during droughts, to the myrtles, the roses, the stocks and clove pinks, over which bend with blossoms brilliant against the pale blue sky the rose-flowered oleander, the scarlet-flowered pomegranate; also aviaries and cages full of odd and harmless creatures, ferrets, guinea-pigs, porcupines, squirrels, and monkeys; arbors where wife, daughters, and daughters-in-law may sew and make music; and neat lawns where the young men may play at quoits, football, or swordsticks and bucklers; and then, sweeping all round the house and gardens and terraces an undulating expanse of field and orchard, smoke-tinted with olive, bright green in spring with budding crops, yellow in autumn with sere vines; and from which, in the burning noon, rises the incessant sawing noise of the cicalas, and ever and anon the high, nasal, melancholy chant of the peasant, lying in the shade of barn-door or fig-tree till the sun shall sink and he can return to his labor. If the house in town, with its spacious storerooms, its carved chapel, and painted banqueting-hall, large enough to hold sons' children and brothers' wives and grandchildren, and a whole host of poor relatives, whom the wise father

(as Pandolfini teaches) employs rather than strangers for his clerks and overseers, — if this town house was the pride of the Italian burgess, the villa, with its farms and orchards, was the real joy, the holiday paradise of the overworked man. To read in the cool house, with cicala's buzz and fountain plash all round, the Greek and Latin authors; to discuss them with learned men; to watch the games of the youths and the children, this was the reward for years of labor and intelligence; but sweeter than all this (how we feel it in Agnolo Pandolfini's speeches!) were those occupations which the city could not give: the buying and selling of plants, grain, and kine, the meddling with new-grafted trees, the mending of spaliers, the straightening of fences, the going round (with the self-importance and impatience of a cockney) to see what flowers had opened, what fruit had ripened overnight; to walk through the oliveyards, among the vines; to pry into stable, pig-stye, and roosting-place, taking up handfuls of drying grain, breaking twigs of olives, to see how things were doing; and to have long conversations with the peasants, shrewd enough to affect earnest attention when the master was pleased to vent his town-acquired knowledge of agriculture and gardening. Sweet also, doubtless, for younger folk, or such perhaps as were fonder of teaching new lute tunes to the girls than of examining into cabbages, and who read Dante and Boccaccio more frequently than Cicero or Sallust, (though sweet perhaps only as a vague concomitant of their lazy pleasures,) to listen to those songs of the peasantry rising from the fields below, while lying perhaps on one's back in the shaded grass, watching the pigeons whirring about the belvedere tower. Vaguely pleasant this also, doubtless; but for a long while only vaguely. For, during more than two centuries, the burgesses of Italy were held enthralled by the courtly poets of other countries; listening to, and reading, at first, only Provençals and Sicilians, or Italians, like Sordello, pretending to be of Provence or Sicily; and even later, enduring in their own poets, their own Guittones, Cavalcantis, Ciro, Guinicellis, nay, even in Dante and Petrarch's lyrics only the repetition (however vivified by genius) of the old commonplaces of artificial spring, of the poetry of feudal nations. But the time came when not only Provençal and Sicilian, but even Tuscan, poetry was neglected, when the revival of Greek and

Latin letters made it impossible to re-write the threadbare mediæval prettinesses; or even to write in earnest in the modern tongue, so stiff and thin (as it seemed) and like some grotesque painted saint, when compared with the splendidly fleshed antique languages, turning and twining in graceful or solemn involutions, as of a Pyrrhic or a maidens' dance. And it was during this period, from Petrarch to Politian, that, as philologists have now proved beyond dispute, the once fashionable chivalric romance, and the poetry of the Provençal and Sicilian school, cast off by the upper classes, was gradually picked up by the lower and especially by the rural classes. Vagabond ballad-singers and story-tellers — creatures who wander from house to house, mending broken pottery, collecting rags or selling small pedlar's wares — were the old clothesmen who carried about these bits of tarnished poetic finery. The people of the town, constantly in presence of the upper classes, and therefore sooner or later aware of what was or was not in fashion, did not care long for the sentimental daintiness of mediæval poetry; besides, satire and scurrility are as inevitable in a town as are dogs in gutters and cats on roofs; and the townsfolk soon set their own buffoonish or satirical ideas to whatever remained of the music of mediæval poetry: already early in the fifteenth century the sonnet had become for the Florentine artisans a mere scurrilous epigram. It was different in the country. The peasant, at least the Tuscan peasant, is eminently idealistic and romantic in his literary tastes; it may be that he has not the intellectual life required for any utterances or forms of his own, and that he consequently accepts poetry as a ready-made ornament, something pretty and exotic which is valued in proportion to its prettiness and rarity. Be the reason whatever it may, certain it is that nothing can be too artificial or high-flown to please the Italian peasantry: its tales are all of kings, princesses, fairies, knights, winged horses, marvellous jewels, and so forth; its songs are almost without exception about love, constancy, moon, stars, flowers. Such things have not been degraded by familiarity and parody as in the town; they retain for the country folk the vague charm (like that of music, automatic and independent of thorough comprehension) of belonging to a sphere of the marvellous; hence they are repeated and re-repeated with almost religious servility, as any one may observe who will listen to the stories and verses told and

sung even nowadays in the Tuscan country; or who will glance over the splendid collections of folklore made in the last twenty years. Such things must suffer alteration from people who can neither read nor write, and who cannot be expected to remember very clearly details which, in many cases, must have for them only the vaguest meaning. The stories split in process of telling and re-telling, and are completed with bits of other stories; details are forgotten and have to be replaced; the same happens with poetry; songs easily get jumbled together, their meaning is partially obliterated, and has to be restored; or, again, an attempt is made by bold men to adapt some seemingly adaptable old song to a new occasion; an old love ditty seems fit to sing to a new sweetheart — names, circumstances, and details require arranging for this purpose; and hence more alterations. Now, however much a peasant may enjoy the confused splendors of court life and of courtly love, he cannot, with the best will in the world, restore their details or coloring if they happen to become obliterated. If he chance to forget that when the princess first met the wizard she was riding forth on a snow-white jennet with a falcon on her glove, there is nothing to prevent his describing her as walking through the meadow in charge of a flock of geese; and similarly, should he happen to forget that the courtly lover compares the skin of his mistress to ivory and her eyes to Cupid's torches, he is quite capable of filling up the gap by saying that the girl is as white as a turnip and as bright-eyed as a ferret. As with details of description and metaphors, so also with the emotional and social parts of the business. The peasant has not been brought up in the idea that the way to gain a woman's affection is to stick her glove on a helmet and perform deeds of prowess closely resembling those of Don Quixote in the Sierra Morena; so he attempts to ingratiate himself by offering her presents of strawberries, figs, buttons, hooks-and-eyes, and similar desirable things. Again, were the peasant to pay attentions to a married woman, he would merely get (what noble husbands were too well-bred to dream of) a sound horsewhipping, or perhaps even a sharp knife thrust in his stomach; so that he takes good care to address his love songs only to marriageable young women. In this way, without any deliberate attempt at originality, the old courtly poetry becomes, when once removed to the country, thoroughly

patched and seamed with rustic ideas, feelings, and images, while never ceasing to be, in its general stuff and shape, of a kind such as only professional poets of the upper classes can produce. The Sicilian lyrics collected by Signor Pitre, still more the Tuscan poems of Tigri's charming volume, are, therefore, a curious mixture of highflown sentiment, dainty imagery and most artistic arrangements of metre and diction (especially in the *rispetto*, where metrical involution is accompanied by logical involution of the most refined mediæval sort) with hopes and complaints such as only a farmer could frame, with similes and descriptions such as only the business of the field, vineyard, and dairy could suggest. A mixture, but not a jumble. For as in this slow process of assimilation and alteration only that was remembered by the peasant which the peasant could understand and sympathize with, and only that was welded into the once courtly poetry which was sufficiently refined to please the people who delighted in the exotic refinement, — as in short everything came about perfectly simple and unconsciously, there resulted what in good sooth may be considered as a perfectly substantive and independent form of art, with beauties and refinements of its own. And, indeed, it appears to me that one might say, without too much paradox, that in these peasant songs only does the poetry of minnesingers and troubadours become thoroughly enjoyable; that only when the conventionality of feeling and imagery is corrected by the freshness, the straightforwardness, nay, even the grotesqueness of rural likings, dislikings, and comparisons, can the dainty beauty of mediæval courtly poetry ever really satisfy our wishes. Comparing together Tigri's collection of Tuscan folk-poetry with any similar anthology that might be made of middle high German and Provençal, and early French lyrics, I feel that the adoption of courtly mediæval poetry by the Italian peasantry of the Renaissance can be compared more significantly than at first seemed with the adoption of a once fashionable garb by country folk. The peasant pulled about this courtly lyricism, oppressively tight in its conventional fit, and starched with elaborate rhetorical embroideries, turned it inside out, twisted a bit here, a bit there, ripped open seam after seam, patched and repatched with stuffs and stitches of its own; and then wore the whole thing as it had never been intended to be worn; until this cast-off

poetic apparel, stretched on the freer moral limbs of natural folk, faded and stained by weather and earth into new and richer tints, had lost all its original fashionable stiffness, and crudeness of color, and niminy-piminy fit, and had acquired instead I know not what grace of unexpectedness, picturesqueness, and ease.

Well; for many a year did the song of the peasants rise up from the fields and oliveyards unnoticed by the good town-folk taking their holiday at the Tuscan villa; but one day, somewhere in the third quarter of the fifteenth century, the long-drawn chant of the *rispetto*, telling perhaps how the singer's sweetheart was beautiful as the star Diana, so beautiful as a baby that the pope christened her with his own hands; the quavering nasal cadence of the *stornello*, saying perchance, —

Flower of the Palm, etc.,

did at last waken the attention of one lettered man, a man of curious and somewhat misshapen body and mind, of features satyr-like in ugliness, yet moody and mystical in their very earthiness; a man essentially of the senses, yet imperfect in them, without taste or smell, and, over and above, with a marvellously supple intellect; weak and coarse and idealistic; and at once feebly the slave of his times, and so boldly, spontaneously innovating as to be quite unconscious of innovation: the mixed nature, or rather the nature in many heterogeneous bits, of the man of letters who is artistic almost to the extent of being an actor, natural in every style because morally connected with no style at all. The man was Lorenzo di Piero dei Medici, for whom posterity has exclusively reserved the civic title of all his family and similar town despots, calling him the Magnificent. It is the fashion at present to give Lorenzo only the leavings, as it were, of our admiration for the weaker, less original, nay, considerably enervate, humanistic exquisite Politian; and this absurd injustice appears to me to show that the very essence and excellence of Lorenzo is not nowadays perceived. The Renaissance produced several versatile and charming poets; and, in the midst of classic imitation, one or two, of whom one is certainly Boiardo, of real freshness and raciness. But of this new element in the Renaissance, this element which is neither imitation of antiquity nor revival of anything mediæval, which is original, vital, fruitful, in short, modern, Lorenzo

is the most versatile example. He is new, Renaissance, modern; not merely in this or that quality; he is so all round. And this in the first place because he is so completely the man of impressions, the man not uttering wonderful things, nor elaborating exquisite ones, but artistically embodying with marvellous versatility whatever strikes his fancy and feeling — fancy and feeling which are as new as the untouched sculptor's clay. And upon this *newness* of faculty depends the whole value of the "Nencia da Barberino."

This poem, of some fifty octaves, is the result of those Tuscan peasant songs, of which I have told you the curious courtly descent, at last having struck the fancy of a real poet. It is, what Lorenzo's masterpiece necessarily must be, in the highest degree a modern performance, as modern as a picture by Bastien Lepage; as an opera, founded upon local music, by Bizet. For it is not by any manner of means a pastoral, a piece of conventional poetic decoration, with just a little realistic detail, more of the mere conventional or more of the realistic dominating according as it is a pastoral by Theocritus, or a pastoral by Quinault or Metastasio. It is the very reverse of this: it is the attempt to obtain a large and complete, detailed and balanced impression by the cunning arrangement of a number of small effects which the artist has watched in reality; it is the making into a kind of little idyl, something half narrative, half drama, with distinct figures and accessories and background, of a whole lot of little fragments imitated from the peasant poetry, and set in thin, delicate framework of imitation no longer of the peasant's songs, but of the peasant's thoughts and speech; a perfect piece of impressionist art, marred only in rare places by an attempt (inevitable in those days) to force the drawing and color into caricature. The construction, which appears to be nowhere, is in reality a masterpiece; for, without knowing it, you are shown the actors, the background, the ups and downs of temper, the variation of the seasons; above all you are shown the heroine through the medium of the praises, the complaints, the narratives of the past, the imaginings of the future, of the hero, whose incoherent rhapsodizing constitutes the whole poem. He, Valléra, is a well-to-do young farmer; she, Nencia, is the daughter of peasant folk of the castellated village of Barberino in the Mugello; he is madly in love, but shy, and (to all appearance) awkward, so that we feel convinced that of all these

speeches in praise of his Nenciozza, in blame of her indifference, highly poetic and most practical adjurations to see all the advantages of a good match, the young woman hears few or none; Valléra is talking not to her, but at her, or rather, he is rehearsing to himself all the things which he cannot squeeze out in her presence. It is the long day-dream, poetic, prosaic, practical, and imaginative, of a love-sick Italian peasant lad, to whom his sweetheart is at once an ideal thing of beauty, a goddess at whose shrine songs must be sung and wreaths twined, and a very substantial lass, who cannot be indifferent to sixpenny presents, and whom he cannot conceive as not ultimately becoming the sharer of his cottage, the cooker of his soup, the mender of his linen, the mother of his brats — a dream in which image is effaced by image, and one thought is expelled, unfinished, by another. She is to him like the Fairy Morgana, the fairy who kept so much of chivalry in her enchanted island; she is like the evening star when above his cottage it slowly pierces the soft blue sky with its white brilliancy; she is purer than the water in the well, and sweeter than the malmsey wine, and whiter than the miller's flour; but her heart is as hard as a pebble, and she loves driving to distraction a whole lot of youths who dangle behind her, captives of those heart-thievish eyes of hers. But she is also a most excellent housewife, can stand any amount of hard field labor, and makes lots of money by weaving beautiful woollen stuff. To see her going to church of a morning, she is a little pearl; her bodice is of damask, and her petticoat of bright color, and she kneels down carefully where she may be seen, being so smart. And then, when she dances! — a born dancer, bouncing like a little goat, and twirling more than a mill-wheel; and when she has finished she makes you such a curtsey: no citizen's wife in Firenze can curtsey as she does. It was in April that he first fell in love. She was picking salad in the garden; he begged her for a little, and she sent him about his business. Alas, alas! ever since then his peace has been gone; he cannot sleep, he can only think of her, and follow her about; he has become quite good-for-nothing as to his field work, — yet he hears all the people around laughing and saying, "Of course Valléra will get her." Only *she* will pay no heed to him. She is finer to look at than the pope, whiter than whitest wood-core: she is more delectable than are the

young figs to the earwigs, more beautiful than the turnip-flower, sweeter than honey. He is more in love with her than the moth is in love with the lamp; she loves to see him perishing for her. If he could cut himself in two without too much pain, he would, just to let her see that he carries her in his heart. No; he would cut out his heart, and when she touched it with that slender hand of hers, it would cry out, "Nencia, Nencia bella." But, after all, he is not to be despised: he is an excellent laborer, most learned in buying and selling pigs, he can play the bagpipe beautifully, he is rich, is willing to go to any expense to please her, nay, even to pay the barber double that his hair may be nice and frizzy from the crimping-irons; and if only he were to get himself tight hose and a silk jerkin, he would be as good as any Florentine burgess. But she will not listen; or, rather, she listens and laughs. Yes, she sits up in bed at night and laughs herself to death at the mere thought of him, that is all he gets. But he knows what it is! There is a fellow who will keep sneaking about her; if Valléra only catch him near his cottage, won't he give him a taste of his long knife! nay, rip him up and throw his entrails, like those of a pig, to dry on a roof! He is sorry — perhaps he bores her — God bless you, Nencia! — he had better go and look after his sheep. All this is not the poetry of the Renaissance peasant; it is the poem made out of his reality; the songs which Valléra sang in the fields about his Nencia we must seek in the volume of Tigri, those *rispetti* and *stornelli* of to-day are the *rispetti* and *stornelli* of four centuries ago; they are much more beautiful and poetic than any of Lorenzo's work, but Lorenzo has given us not merely a peasant's love-song, he has given us a peasant's thoughts, actions, hopes, fears; he has given us the peasant himself, his house, his fields, and his sweetheart as they exist even now.

Yet we may strain possibilities to the point of supposing (which, however, I cannot for a moment suppose) that this "Nencia" is a kind of fluke; that by an accident a beautiful and seemingly appreciative poem has resulted where the author, a mediæval realist of a superior Villon sort, had intended only a piece of utter grotesqueness. But important as is the "Nencia," Lorenzo has left behind him another poem, greatly inferior in completeness, but which settles beyond power of doubt that in him the Renaissance was not merely no longer mediæval, but most

intensely modern. This poem is the "Ambra." It is simply an allegorical narrative of the inundation, by the river Ombrone, of a portion, called Ambra, of the great Medician villa of Poggio a Caiano. Lorenzo's object was evidently to write a semi-Ovidian poem, of a kind common in his day, and common almost up to our own: a river-god, beard, crown of reeds, urn, general dampness and uproariousness of temper, all quite correct; and a nymph, whom he pursues, who prays to the virgin huntress to save her from his love, and who, just in the nick of time, is metamorphosed into a mossy stone, dimly showing her former woman's shape; the style of thing, charming, graceful, insipid, of which every one can remember a dozen instances, and which immediately brings up to the mind a vision of grand ducal gardens, where, among the clipped ilexes and the cypress trunks, great lumbering water-gods and long-limbed nymphs splash, petrified and covered with melancholy ooze and yellow lichen, among the stagnant grotto waters. In some respects, therefore, there is in the "Ambra" somewhat more artificial, more *barrocco* than that early Renaissance of Politian and Pontano would warrant; there are also several bits, half graceful, half awkward, pedantic, constrained, childish, delightful, like the sedge-crowned rivers telling each other anecdotes of the ways and customs of their respective countries, and especially the charming dance of Zephyrus with the flowers on the lawns of Cyprus, which must immediately suggest pictures by Piero di Cosimo and by Botticelli. So far, therefore, there is plenty to enjoy, but nothing to astonish, in the "Ambra." But the magnificent Lorenzo has had the extraordinary whim of beginning his allegory with a description, twenty-one stanzas long, of the season of floods. A description, full of infinitely delicate minute detail, of the plants which have kept their foliage while the others are bare — the prickly juniper, the myrtle and bay; of the flocks of cranes printing the sky with their queer shapes, of the fish under the ice, and the eagle circling slowly round the ponds — little things which affect us, mixed up as they are with all manner of stiff classic allusions, very much as do the carefully painted daisies and clover among the embossed and gilded unrealities of certain old pictures. From these rather finnikin details, Lorenzo passes, however, to details which are a good deal more than details, things little noticed until almost

recently: the varying effect of the olives on the hillside—a grey green mass, a silver ripple, according as the wind stirs them; the golden appearance of the serene summer air, and so forth: details no longer, in short, but essentially, however minute, effects. And then, suddenly leaving such things behind, he rushes into the midst of a real picture, a picture which you might call almost impressionistic, of the growth of rivers, and the floods. The floods are a grand sight; more than a sight—a grand performance, a drama; sometimes, God knows, a tragedy. Last night, under a warm, hazy sky, through whose buff-tinted clouds the big moon crept in and out, the mountain stream was vaguely visible—a dark ribbon and in its wide, shingly bed, when the moon was hidden; a narrow, shallow, broken stream, sheets of brilliant metallic sheen, and showers of sparkling facets, when the moon was out; a mere drowsy murmur mixing with the creaking and rustling of dry reeds in the warm, wet wind. Thus in the evening. Look down from your window next morning: a tremendous rushing mass of waters, thick, turbid, reddish, with ominous steel-like lustre where its coppery surface reflects the moist blue sky, now fills the whole bed, shaking its short fringe of foam, tossing the spray as it swirls round each still projecting stone, angrily tugging at the reeds and alders which flop their draggled green upon its surface; eddying faster and faster, encircling each higher rock or sand-bank, covering it at last with its foaming red mass. Meanwhile, the sky is covered in with vaporous grey clouds, which enshroud the hills; the clear runnels dash over the green banks, spurt through the walls, break their way across the roads; the little mountain torrents, dry all summer, descend, raging rivers, red with the hill soil; and with every gust of warm wind the river rises higher and rushes along tremendously impetuous. Down in the plain it eats angrily at the soft banks, and breaks its muddy waters, fringed on the surface with a sort of ominous grime of broken wood and earth, higher and higher against the pierheads of the bridges, shaking them to split their masonry; and crowds of men and women look on, staring at the rising water, at the planks, tables, beams, cottages thatches; nay, whole trees, which it hurls at the bridge piers. And then, perhaps, the terrible, soft, balmy flood-wind persisting, there comes suddenly the catastrophe—the embankment, shaken by

the resistless current, cracks, fissures, gives way, and the river rushes into the city, as it has already rushed into the fields, to spread in constantly rising, melancholy livid pools throughout the streets and squares.

This Lorenzo saw, and, wonderful to say, in this soiled and seething river, in these torn and crumbling banks, in all the dreadfulness of these things, he saw a beauty and a grandeur. But he saw not merely the struggle of the waters and of the land; he, heartless man, who laid his hand even upon the saved-up money of orphan girls in order to keep up the splendor of his house and of his bank—he saw the misery of the peasantry: the mill, the cottage by the riverside, invaded by the flood; the doors burst open by the tremendous rushing stream, the stables and garners filled with the thick and oozy waters; the poor creatures, yesterday prosperous, clinging to the roof, watching their sheep and cows, their hay, and straw, and flour, the hemp bleached in the summer, the linen spun and woven in the long winter, their furniture and chattels, their labor and their hope whirled along by the foaming river.

Thus by this versatile Lorenzo dei Medici, this flippant, egotistic artist and despot, has at last been broken the long spell of the Middle Ages. The Renaissance has sung no longer of knights and of spring, but of peasants and of autumn; an immoral and humanistic time, an immoral and humanistic man, have had at length a heart for the simpler, ruder, less favored classes of mankind; an eye for the bolder, grander, more solemn sights of nature. Modern times have begun, modern sympathies, modern art are in full swing.

VERNON LEE.

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THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE rest of this day passed over Walter like a dream in a fever. Through a kind of hot mist full of strange reflections, all painful, terrible, lurid with confusion and suffering, he saw the people and things about him—his mother questioning him with anxious words, with still more anxious eyes; his servants looking at him wondering, compassionate; and now and then something would be said, which caught his ear and thereafter continued to return to him from time to time,

like a straw cast into a whirlpool and boiling up as the bubbles went and came — something about seeing a doctor, something about sending for Mr. Cameron, with occasionally an imploring entreaty, "Oh, my boy! what ails you? what is the matter?" from Mrs. Methven. These were the words that came back to his ears in a kind of refrain. He answered, too, somehow, he was aware, that there was nothing the matter with him, that he wanted no doctor, no counsellor, in a voice which seemed to come from any point of the compass rather than from his own lips. It was not because of the breach which had so rapidly followed the transport of his complete union with Oona. That, too, had become secondary, a detail scarcely important in the presence of the vague tempest which was raging within him, and which he felt must come to some outburst more terrible than anything he had yet known when he was left to himself. He had come to shore, under the guidance of Hamish, distracted, yet scarcely unhappy, feeling that at the end, whatever misunderstanding there might be, he was assured of Oona, her companionship, her help, and, what was greatest of all, her love. She had not hesitated to let him see that he had that; and with that must not all obstacles, however miserable, disappear at the last?

But when he landed, the misery that fell upon him was very different from this. He became conscious at once that it was the beginning of the last struggle, a conflict which might end in — he knew not what: death, downfall, flight, even shame, for aught he knew. The impulse was strong upon him to speed away to the hillside and deliver himself over to the chances of this battle, which had a fierce attraction for him on one hand, while on the other it filled him with a mad terror which reason could not subdue. So strong was this impulse that he hurried past the gate of Auchnasheen and took the path that led up to the moors, with a sense of flying from, yet flying to, his spiritual enemies. He was met there by the game-keeper, who began to talk to him about the game, and the expediency of inviting "two-three" gentlemen to shoot the coverts down by Linnheden, an interruption which seemed to his preoccupied soul too trivial, too miserable to be borne with. He turned from the astonished speaker in the midst of his explanations, and rushed back with the impatience which was part of his character, exaggerated into a sort of mad intolerance of any

interruption. Not there, not there: he began to remember the wild and mad contest which last year had gone on upon those hills, and with an instantaneous change of plan retraced his steps to the house, and burst into his mother's presence, so pale, so wild, with eyes almost mad in their fire, looking out from the curves of his eyelids like those of a maniac. Her terror was great. She came up to him and laid her hands upon him, and cried out, What was it? what was it? And then it was that the active frenzy that had possessed him seemed to sink into the maze of that feverish confusion which was less violent, less terrible, more like the operations of nature. He was not aware that he looked at her piteously, and said, "I want to stay with you, mother" — childlike words which penetrated with a misery that was almost sweet to Mrs. Methven's very heart. She put her arms round him, drawing down his head upon her bosom, kissing his forehead with trembling lips, holding him fast, as when he was a child and came to her for consolation. He was scarcely aware of all this, and yet it soothed him. The excitement of his brain was calmed. That uneasy haze of fever which confuses everything, the half-delirium of the senses through which the mind looks as through a mist, uneasy, yet with visions that are not all miserable, was a sort of paradise in comparison with the frenzy of a conflict in which every expedient of torture was exercised upon him. He was grateful for the relief. That he did not know what he said or what she said, but heard the answering voices far off, like something unreal, was nothing. There was a kind of safety in that society: the enemy could not show himself there: he had to stand off baffled and wait — ah, wait! that was certain. He had not flown — not Oona, not the mother, could save the victim altogether. They protected him for the moment, they held the foe at arm's length: but that could not be always. Sooner or later the last struggle must come.

Walter remained within doors all day. It was contrary to his habits, and this of itself added to the alarm of all about him; but it was not inconsistent with the capricious, impatient constitution of his mind, always ready to turn upon itself at a moment's notice, and do that which no one expected. During every hour of this long day he had to resist the strong impulse which was upon him — more than an impulse, a tearing and rending of his spirit, sometimes rising into sudden en-

ergy almost inconceivable, to go out and meet his enemy. But he held his ground so far with a dumb obstinacy which also was part of his character, and which was strengthened by the sensation of comparative exemption so long as he had the protection of others around him, and specially of his mother's presence. It was with reluctance that he saw her go out of the room even for a moment; and his eager look of inquiry when she left him, his attempts to retain her, his strained gaze towards the door till she returned, gave Mrs. Methven a sort of anguish of pleasure, if those contradictory words can be put together. To feel that she was something, much to him, could not but warm her heart; but great also was the misery of knowing that something must indeed be very far wrong with Walter to make him thus, after so many years of independence, cling to his mother.

"It is like a fever coming on," she said to Symington, with whom alone she could take any council. "He is ill, very ill, I am sure of it. The doctor must be sent for. Have you ever seen him like this before?"

"My lady," said old Symington, "them that have the Methvens to deal with have need of much gumption. Have I seen him like that before? Oh, yes, I have seen him like that before. It is just their hour and the power o' darkness. Let him be for two-three days —"

"But in two or three days the fever may have taken sure hold of him. It may be losing precious time: it may get — fatal force —"

"There is no fears of his life," said old Symington; "there is enough fear of other things."

"Of what? Oh, for God's sake! tell me; don't leave me in ignorance!" the mother cried.

"But that's just what I cannot do," Symington said. "By the same token that I ken nothing myself."

While this conversation was going on, Walter, through his fever, saw them conspiring, plotting, talking about him as he would have divined and resented in other moods, but knew vaguely now in his mist of being that they meant him no harm, but good.

And thus the day went on. He prolonged it as long as he could, keeping his mother with him till long after the hour when the household was usually at rest. But, however late, the moment came at last when he could detain her no longer. She, terrified, ignorant, fearing a danger-

ous illness, was still more reluctant to leave him, if possible, than he was to let her go, and would have sat up all night watching him had she ventured to make such a proposal. But at last Walter summoned up all his courage with a desperate effort, an effort of despair which restored him to himself and made a clear spot amid all the mist and confusion of the day.

"Mother," he said, as he lighted her candle, "you have been very good to me to-day! Oh, I know you have always been good — and I always ungrateful; but I am not ungrateful now."

"Oh, Walter! what does that word mean between you and me? If I could but do anything! It breaks my heart to see you like this."

"Yes, mother," he said; "and it may break my heart. I don't know what may come of it — if I can stand, or if I must fall. Go and pray for me, mother."

"Yes, my dearest — yes, my own boy! as I have done every day, almost every hour, since ever you were born."

"And so will Oona," he said. He made no response of affection to this brief record of a life devoted to him, which Mrs. Methven uttered with eyes full of tears and every line of her countenance quivering with emotion. He was abstracted into a world beyond all such expressions and responses, on the verge of an ordeal too terrible for him, more terrible than any he had yet sustained — like a man about to face fearful odds, and counting up what aids he could depend upon. "And so will Oona," he repeated to himself, aloud but unawares. Then he looked up at his mother with a sad glimmer of a smile and kissed her, and said, "That should help me:" and without waiting for her to go first, walked out of the room, like a blind man, feeling with his hand before him, and not seeing where he went.

For already there had begun within him that clanging of the pulses, that mounting of every faculty of the nerves and blood to his head, the seat of thought, which throbbed as though it would burst, and to his heart, which thundered and labored and filled his ears with billows of sound. All his forces, half quiescent in the feverish pause of the day, were suddenly roused to action, ranging themselves to meet the last, the decisive, the most terrible assault of all. He went into his room and closed the door upon all mortal succor. The room was large and heavily furnished in the clumsy fashion of the last generation — heavy curtains, huge articles

of furniture looming dark in the partial light, a gloomy expanse of space, dim mirrors glimmering here and there, the windows closely shut up and shrouded, every communication of the blessed air without, or such succor of light as might linger in the heavens, excluded. The old castle, with its ruined battlements, seemed a more fit scene for spiritual conflict than the dull comfort of this gloomy chamber, shut in from all human communication. But Walter made no attempt to throw open the closed windows. No help from without could avail him, and he had no thought or time to spare for any exertion. He put his candle on the table, and sat down to await what should befall.

The night passed like other nights to most men, even to the greater number of the inhabitants in this house. Mrs. Methven after a while, worn out, and capable of nothing that could help him, dozed and slept, half dressed, murmuring familiar prayers in her sleep, ready to start up at the faintest call. But there came no call. Two or three times in the night there was a faint stir, and once old Symington, who was also on the alert, and whose room was near that of his master, saw Lord Erradeen come out of his chamber with a candle in his hand, the light of which showed his countenance all ghastly and furrowed as with the action of years, and go down-stairs. The old man, watching from the gallery above, saw his master go to the door, which he opened, admitting a blast of night wind which seemed to bring in the darkness as well as cold. Symington waited trembling to hear it clang behind the unfortunate young man. Where was he going to in the middle of the night? But after a few minutes the door, instead of clanging, closed softly, and Walter came back. It might be that this happened more than once while the slow hours crept on, for the watcher, hearing more than there was to hear, thought that there were steps about the house, and vague sounds of voices. But this was all vanity and superstition. No one came in, with none, save with his own thoughts, did Walter speak. Had his enemy entered boldly, and even with maddening words maintained a personal conflict, the sufferer would have been less harshly treated. Once, as Symington had seen, he was so broken down by the conflict that he was on the eve of a shameful flight, which would have been ruin. When he came down-stairs with his candle in the dead of the night and opened the great hall door he had all but thrown down his

arms and consented that nothing remained for him but to escape while he could, as long as he could, to break all ties and abandon all succor, and only flee, flee from the intolerable moment. He had said to himself that he could bear it no longer, that he must escape anyhow, at any cost, leaving love and honor, and duty and every higher thought: for what could help him? — nothing — nothing — in earth or heaven!

That which touched him to the quick was not any menace, it was not the horror of the struggles through which he had already passed; it was the maddening derision with which his impulses were represented to him as the last expedients of a refined selfishness. When his tormentor in the morning had bidden him with a smile, "Be good!" as the height of policy, it had seemed to Walter that the point of the intolerable was reached, and that life itself under such an interpretation became insupportable, a miserable jest, a mockery hateful to God and man; but there was yet a lower depth, a more hateful derision still. Love! what was his love? a way of securing help, a means of obtaining, under pretences of the finest sentiment, some one who would supremely help him, stand by him always, protect him with the presence of a nature purer than his own. Nothing was said to the unhappy young man. It was in the course of his own thoughts that this suggestion arose, like a light of hell illuminating all the dark corners of his being. Had he ever said to Oona that he loved her? Did he love her? Was it for any motive but his own safety that he sought her? Katie he had sought for her wealth, for the increase of importance she could bring, for the relief from torture she could secure to him. And Oona, Oona whom he loved! Was it for love he fled to her? Oh, no, but for safety! All was miserable, all was self, all was for his own interest, to save *him*, to emancipate him, to make life possible for him. He had started to his feet when this intolerable consciousness (for was it not true?) took possession of him. It was true. She was sweet and fair, and good and lovely, a creature like the angels; but he, miserable, had thought that only in her company was safety — that she could deliver him. He sent forth a cry of anguish which at the same time sounded like the laughter of despair, and seemed to shake the house; and took up his candle, and opened his door and hurried forth — to escape, where he did not know, how he

did not know, nor care — to escape from the ridicule of his life, the horror of this travestie and parody of everything good and fair. Heaven and earth! to seek goodness because it was the most profitable of all things; to seek love because it was safety; to profane everything dear and sacred to his own advantage! Can a man know this, and recognize it, with all the masks and pretences torn off, and yet consent to live, and better himself by the last desecration of all! He went down with hurried steps through the silence of his house, that silence through which was rising the prayers of the mother in whose love too he had taken refuge when in despair, whom he had bidden to go and pray, for his advantage, solely for him, that he might steal from God a help he did not deserve, by means of her cries and tears. "And so will Oona," he had said. Oh, mockery of everything sacred! — all for him, for his self-interest, who deserved nothing, who made use of all.

He opened the door, and stood bare-headed, solitary, on the edge of the quiet, lonely night: behind him life and hope, and torture and misery — before him the void, the blank into which the wretched may escape and lose — not themselves, that inalienable heritage of woe — yet their power to harm those who love them. He loved nobody, it seemed, but for himself — prized nothing but for himself; held love, honor, goodness, purity, only as safeguards for his miserable life. Let it go then, that wretched contemner of all good — disappear into the blackness of darkness, where God nor man should be disturbed by its exactions more!

The night was wild with a raving wind that dashed the treetops against the sky, and swept the clouds before it in flying masses; no moon, no light, gloom impenetrable below, a pale glimpse of heaven above, swept by black billows of tumultuous cloud; somewhere in the great gloom the loch, all invisible, waited for the steps that might stumble upon its margin, the profound world of darkness closed over every secret that might be cast into it. He stood on the threshold in a momentary pause, forlorn, alone, loosing his hold of all that he had clung to, to save him. Why should he be saved who was unworthy? Why trouble earth or heaven? The passion and the struggle died out of Walter's soul; a profound sadness took possession of him; he felt his heart turn trembling within him, now that even the instinct of self-preservation which had driven him to her feet failed him — to

Oona whom he loved. God Bless her! not for him would be that sweet companionship: and yet of all things the world contained, was not that the best? Two that should be one. All that was external died away. He forgot for the first time since it had been revealed to him, that he had an enemy, a tyrant waiting for his submission. His heart turned to the love which he had thought he dishonored, without even recollecting that cursed suggestion. It seemed to him now, that he was giving it up for Oona's sake, and that only now all its beauty, its sweetness, was clear to him. Oh, the pity of it! to see all this, so lovely, so fair, and yet have to resign it! What was everything else in comparison with that? But for her sake, for her dear sake!

How dark it was, impenetrable, closing like a door upon the mortal eyes which had in themselves no power to penetrate that gloom. He stepped across the threshold of life, and stood outside, in the dark. He turned his eyes — for once more, for the last time, in the great calm of renunciation, his heart in a hush of supreme anguish, without conflict or struggle — to where she was, separated from him only by silent space and atmosphere, soon to be separated by more perfect barriers; hoping nothing, asking nothing, save only to turn his head that way — not even to see where she was, hidden in the night: so small a satisfaction, so little consolation! yet something before the reign of nothingness began.

All dark; but no — half-way between heaven and earth, what was that, shining steady through the gloom! Not a star; it was too warm, too large, too near; the light in Oona's window shining in the middle of the night when all was asleep around. Then she was not asleep, though everything else was, but watching — and if watching, then for him. The little light, which was but a candle in a window, suddenly, brilliantly lighted up the whole heavens and earth to Walter. Watching, and for him; praying for him, not because of any appeal of his, but out of her own heart, and because she so willed it — out of the prodigality, the generous, unmeasured love which it was her choice to give him — not forced, but freely, because she so pleased. He stood for a moment with awe in his heart, arrested, not able to make another step, pale with the revolution, the revelation, the change of all things. His own dark thoughts died away; he stood astonished, perceiving for the first time what it was. To have be-

come part of him had brought no joy to Oona, but it was done, and never could be undone; and to be part of her, what was that to Walter? He had said it without knowing what it meant, without any real sense of the great thing he said. Now it fell upon him in a great wonder, full of awe. He was hers, he was *her*, not himself henceforward, but a portion of another: and that other portion of him standing for him at the gates of heaven. His whole being fell into silence, overawed. He stepped back out of the night and closed softly the great door, and returned to his room, in which everything was stilled by a spell before which all evil things fly — the apprehension of that love which is unmerited, unextorted, unalterable. When he reached his room, and had closed the door, Walter with trembling hands undid the window, and flung it open to the night, which was no more night or darkness, but part of the everlasting day, so tempered that feeble eyes might perceive those lights which hide themselves in the sunshine. What was it he saw? Up in the heavens, where the clouds swept over them, stars shining, undisturbed, though hidden by moments as the masses of earthly vapor rolled across the sky; near him stealing out of his mother's window a slender ray of light that never wavered; further off, held up as in the very hand of love, the little lamp of Oona. The young man was silent in a great awe; his heart stirring softly in him, hushed, like the heart of a child. For him! unworthy! for him who had never sought the love of God, who had profaned the love of women: down, down on his knees — down to the dust hiding his face in gratitude unutterable. He ceased to think of what it was he had been struggling and contending for; he forgot his enemy, his danger, himself altogether, and overawed, sank at the feet of love, which alone can save.

CHAPTER XLIV.

LORD ERRADEEN was found next morning lying on his bed full dressed sleeping like a child. A man in his evening dress in the clear air of morning is at all times a curious spectacle, and suggestive of many uncomfortable thoughts: but there was about Walter as he lay there fast asleep an extreme youthfulness not characteristic of his appearance on ordinary occasions, which made the curious and anxious spectator who bent over him, think instinctively of a child who had cried itself to sleep, and a convalescent

recovering from a long illness. Symington did not know which his young master resembled the most. The old man stood and looked at him, with great and almost tender compassion. One of the windows stood wide open admitting the air and sunshine. But it had evidently been open all night, and must have chilled the sleeper through and through. Symington had come with all his usual paraphernalia to wake Lord Erradeen. But as he looked at him the water came into his eyes. Instead of calling him he covered him carefully with a warm covering, softly closed the window, and left all his usual morning preparations untouched. This done, he went down-stairs to the breakfast-room where Mrs. Methven, too anxious to rest, was already waiting for her son. Symington closed the door behind him, and came up to the table which was spread for breakfast.

"My lady," he said, "my lord will no be veeisible for some time. I found him sleeping like a bairn, and I had not the heart to disturb him. No doubt he's had a bad night: but if I'm any judge of the human countenance he will wake another man."

"Oh, my poor boy! You did well to let him rest, Symington. I will go up and sit by him —"

"If ye will take my advice, my lady, ye will just take a little breakfast; a good cup of tea, and one of our fine fresh eggs, or a bit of trout from the loch; or I could find ye a bonnie bit of the breast of a bird."

"I can eat nothing," she said, "when my son is in trouble."

"Oh, canny, canny, my lady. I am but a servant, but I am one that takes a great interest. He's in no trouble at this present moment; he's just sleeping like a baby, maybe a wee bit worn out, but not a line o' care in his face; just sleepin' — sleepin' like a little bairn. It will do you mair harm than him if I may mak' so bold as to speak. A cup of tea, my lady, just a cup of this fine tea, if nothing else — it will do ye good. And I'll answer for him," said Symington. "I'm well acquainted with all the ways of them," the old servant added, "if I might venture, madam, to offer a word of advice, it would be this, just to let him bee."

A year ago Mrs. Methven would have considered this an extraordinary liberty for a servant to take, and perhaps would have resented the advice: but at that time she did not know Symington, nor was she involved in the mysterious circum-

stances of this strange life. She received it with a meekness which was not characteristic, and took the cup of tea which he poured out for her, with a lump of sugar too much, by way of consolation, and a liberal supply of cream, almost with humility. "If he is not better when he comes down-stairs, I think I must send for the doctor, Symington."

"I would not, my lady, if I were you. I would just watch over him, but let him be. I would wait for two-three days and just put up with everything. The Methvens are no just a race like other folk. Ye require great judgment to deal with the Methvens. Ye have not been brought up to it, my lady, like me."

All this Mrs. Methven received very meekly, and only gratified herself with a cup of tea which was palatable to her, after Symington, having done everything he could for her comfort, had withdrawn. She was very much subdued by the new circumstances in which she found herself, and felt very lonely and cast away, as in a strange land where everything was unknown. She sat for a long time by herself, trying to calm her thoughts by what Symington had said. She consented that he knew a great deal more than she did, even of her son in his new position, and had come to put a sort of implicit faith in him as in an oracle. But how hard it was to sit still, or to content herself with looking out upon that unfamiliar prospect, when her heart was longing to be by her son's bedside! Better to "let him be"! — alas, she knew very well and had known for long that it was better to "let him be." But what was there so hard to do as that was? The shrubberies that surrounded the window allowed a glimpse at one side of the loch, cold, but gleaming in the morning sunshine. It made her shiver, yet it was beautiful; and as with the landscape, so it was with her position here. To be with Walter, ready to be of use to him, whatever happened, that was well; but all was cold, and solitary, and unknown. Poor mother! She had loved, and cherished, and cared for him all the days of his life, and a year since he had scarcely seen Oona; yet it was Oona's love, and not his mother's, which had made him understand what love was. Strange injustice! yet the injustice of nature, against which it is vain to rebel. This however, Mrs. Methven did not know.

When Walter left his betrothed, between whom and himself so strange and sudden a breach had come in the solitude

of the isle, Oona's heart was rent by many bitter thoughts, which, however, she dared not give herself time either to examine or indulge. The day which had passed so miserably to Walter went over her in that self-repression which is one of the powers of women, in her mother's cheerful society, and amid all the little occupations of her ordinary life. Unless she had been prepared, as she was not, to open everything to Mrs. Forrester, this was her only alternative. She smiled, and talked, even ate against her will, that her mother might not take fright and search into the cause: so that it was not till she had retired into the refuge of her own room that she was at liberty to throw herself down in all the abandon of solitude and weep out the tears which made her brow heavy, and think out the thoughts with which her mind was charged almost to bursting. Her candle had burned almost all the night long — long after the moment in which the sight of it had held Walter back, and saved him from the flight which would have ended only in death.

The conflict in Oona's mind was longer, if not so violent. There are some people in whose hands it is safe to leave one's case, however appearances may be against one — and Oona was one of these. With an effort she was able to dismiss herself from the consideration, and with that entire sympathy which may mistake the facts but never the intention, to enter into the mind of her lover. There was much that she could not understand, and did not attempt to fathom, and the process was not one of those that bring happiness, as when a woman, half-adoring, follows in her own exalted imagination the high career of the hero whom she loves. Walter was no hero, and Oona no simple worshipper to be beguiled into that deification. She had to account to herself for the wanderings, the contradictions, the downfalls, of a man of whom she could not think, as had been the first impulse of pain, that any woman would satisfy him, that Katie or Oona, it did not matter which: but who it was yet true had offered himself to Katie first, had given himself to vice (which made her shudder) first of all, and had been roaming wildly through life without purpose or hope. In all the absolutism of youth to know this, and yet to recognize that the soul within may not be corrupt, and that there may be still an agony of longing for the true even in the midst of the false, is difficult indeed. She achieved it, but it was not a happy effort. Bit by bit it became clearer to her; had

she known the character of the interview with Katie which gave her grievous pain even when she reasoned it out and said to herself that she understood it, the task would have been a little less hard: but it was hard and very bitter, by moments almost more than she could bear. As she sat by the dying fire, with her light shining so steadily, like a little Pharos of love and steadfastness, her mind went through many faintings and moments of darkness. To have to perceive and acknowledge that you have given your heart and joined your life to that of a man who is no hero, one in whom you cannot always trust that his impulses will be right, is a discovery which is often made in after life, but by degrees, and so gently, so imperceptibly, that love suffers but little shock. But to make this discovery at the very outset is far more terrible than any other obstacle that can stand in the way. Oona was compelled to face it from the first moment almost of a union which she felt in herself no possibility of breaking. She had given herself, and she could not withdraw the gift, any more than she could withdraw from him the love which, long before, she had been betrayed, she knew not how, into bestowing upon him unasked, undesired, to her own pain and shame.

As she sat all through the night and felt the cold steal through her, into her very heart, and the desolation of the darkness gain upon her while she pondered, she was aware that this love was stronger than death, and that to abandon him was no more possible to her than if she had been his wife for years. The girl had come suddenly, without warning, without any fault of hers, out of her innocence and lightheartedness, into the midst of the most terrible problem of life. To love yet not approve, to know that the being who is part of you is not like you, has tendencies which are hateful to you, and a hundred inclinations which the subtlest casuistry of love cannot justify — what terrible fate is this, that a woman should fall into it unawares and be unable to free herself? Oona did not think of freeing herself at all. It did not occur to her as a possibility. How she was to bear his burden which was hers, how she was to reconcile herself to his being as it was, and help the good in him to development, and struggle with him against the evil, that was her problem. Love is often tested in song and story by the ordeal of a horrible accusation brought against the innocent, whom those who love him,

knowing his nature, stand by through all disgrace, certain that he cannot be guilty, and maintaining his cause in the face of all-seeming proof. How light, how easy, what an elementary lesson of affection! But to have no such confidence, to take up the defence of the sinner who offends no one so much as yourself, to know that the accusations are true — that is the ordeal by fire, which the foolish believe to be abolished in our mild and easy days. Oona saw it before her, realized it, and made up her mind to it solemnly during that night of awe and pain. This was her portion in the world: not simple life and happiness, chequered only with shadows pure, if terrible, death and misfortune such as may befall the righteous — but miseries far other, far different, to which misfortune and death are but easy experiments in the way of suffering. This was to be her lot.

And yet love is so sweet! She slept towards morning, as Walter did, and when she woke, woke to a sense of happiness so exquisite and tender that her soul was astonished and asked why, in an outburst of gratitude and praise to God. And it was not till afterwards that the burden and all the darkness came back to her. But that moment perhaps was worth the pain of the other — one of those compensations, invisible to men, with which God still comforts his saints. She rose from her bed and came back to life with a face full of new gravity and thoughtfulness, yet lit up with smiles. Even Mrs. Forrester, who had seen nothing and suspected nothing on the previous night except that Oona had perhaps taken a chill, felt, though she scarcely understood, a something in her face which was beyond the ordinary level of life. She remarked to Mysie, after breakfast, that she was much relieved to see that Miss Oona's cold was to have no bad result. "For I think she is looking just bonnier than usual this morning — if it is not my partiality: like a spring morning," Mrs. Forrester said.

"Eh mem, and mair than that," said Mysie. "God bless her! She is looking as I have seen her look the Sabbath of the Sacrament; for she's no like the like of us, just hardened baith to good and evil, but a' in a tremble for sorrow and joy, when the occasion comes round."

"I hope we are not hardened," said Mrs. Forrester; "but I know what you mean, Mysie, though you cannot perhaps express it like an educated person; and I was afraid that she was taking one of her

bad colds, and that we should be obliged to put off our visit to Mrs. Methven—which would have been a great pity, for I had promised to Lord Erradeen.”

“Do ye not think, mem,” said Mysie, “that yon young lord he is very much taken up with—the isle and those that are on it?”

“Hoots,” said Mrs. Forrester, with a smile, “with you and me, Mysie, do you think? But that might be after all, for I would not wonder but he felt more at home with the like of us, that have had so much to do with boys and young men, and all the ways of them. And you know I have always said he was like Mr. Rob, which has warmed my heart to him from the very first day.”

Perhaps the mother was, no more than Mysie, inclined to think that she and her old maid won the young lord’s attention to the isle: but a woman who is a girl’s mother, however simple she may be, has certain innocent wiles in this particular. Lord Erradeen would be a great match for any other young lady on the loch, no doubt: but for Oona what prince was good enough? They both thought so, yet not without a little flutter of their hearts at the new idea which began to dawn.

It was once more a perfectly serene and beautiful day, a day that was like Oona’s face, adapted to that “Sabbath of the Sacrament” which is so great a festival in rural Scotland, and brings all the distant dwellers out of the glens and villages. About noon, when the sun was at its height, and the last leaves on the trees seemed to reflect in their red and yellow, and return a dazzling response to his shining, Hamish, busy about his fishing tackle on the beach, perceived a boat with a solitary rower, slowly rounding the leafy corners, making a circuit of the isle. Hamish was in no doubt as to who it was. His brow, which for the last twenty-four hours had been full of furrows, gradually began to melt out of those deep-drawn lines, his shaggy eyebrows smoothed out, his mouth began to soften at the corners. There was much that was mysterious in the whole matter, and Hamish had not been able to account to himself for the change in the young pair who had stepped out of his boat on to the isle in an ecstasy of happiness, and had returned sombre, under the shadow of some sudden estrangement which he could not understand. Neither could he understand why it was that the young lord hovered about without attempting to land at the isle.

This was so unlike the usual custom of lovers, that Hamish could not but feel there was something “out of the ordinary” in the proceeding. But his perplexity on this subject did not diminish his satisfaction in perceiving that the young lord was perfectly capable of managing his boat, and that no trace of the excitement of the previous day was visible in its regular motion, impelled now and then by a single stroke, floating on the sunny surface of the water within sight of the red roofs and white windows of the house, and kept in its course out of the way of all rocks and projecting corners by a skill which could not, Hamish felt sure, be possessed by a disordered brain. This solaced him beyond telling, for though he had not said a word to any one, not even to Mysie, it had lain heavily upon his heart that Miss Oona might be about to link her life to that of a daft man. She that was good enough for any king! and what were the Erradeens to make so muckle work about, but just a mad race that nobody could understand. The late lord had been one that could not hold an oar to save his life, nor yet yon Underwood-man that was his chosen crony. But this lad was different! Oh! there was no doubt that there was a great difference; just one easy touch and he was clear of the stanes yonder, that made so little show under the water—and then there was that shallow where he would get aground if he didna mind; but again a touch and that difficulty too was cleared. It was so well done that the heart of Hamish melted altogether into softness, and then he began to take pity upon this modest lover. He put his hands to his mouth and gave forth a mild roar which was not more than a whisper in kind intention.

“The leddies are at home, and will ye no land, my lord?” Hamish cried.

Lord Erradeen shook his head, and sent his boat soft gliding into a little bay under the overhanging trees.

“Hamish,” he said, “you can tell me. Are they coming to-day to Auchna-sheen?”

“At half past two, my lord,” breathed Hamish through his curved hands, “they’ll be taking the water; and it’s just Miss Oona herself that has given me my orders: and as I was saying they could not have a bonnier day.”

It seemed to Hamish that the young lord said “Thank God!” which was perhaps too much for the occasion, and just a thocht profane in the circumstances;

but a lord that is in love, no doubt there will be much forgiven to him so long as he has a true heart. The sunshine caught Hamish as he stood watching the boat which floated along the shining surface of the water like something beatified, an emblem of divine ease, and pleasure, and calm—and made his face shine too like the loch, and his red shirt glow. His good heart glowed too with humble and generous joy; they were going to be happy then, the two—no that he was good enough for Miss Oona; but who was good enough for Miss Oona? The faithful fellow drew his rough hand across his eyes. He who had rowed her about the loch since she was a child, and attended every coming and going—he knew it would be a sair loss, a loss never to be made up. But then so long as she was pleased!

At half past two they started, punctual as Mrs. Forrester always was. Every event of this day was so important that it was remembered after how exact they were to the minute, and in what a glory of sunshine Loch Houran lay as they pushed out, Mysie standing on the beach to watch them, and lending a hand herself to launch the boat. Mrs. Forrester was well wrapped in her fur cloak with a white "cloud" about her head and shoulders, which she declared was not at all necessary in the sunshine. "It is just a June day come astray," she said, nodding and smiling to Mysie on the beach: who thought once more of the Sacrament-day with its subdued glory and awe, and all the pacifying influences that dwelt in it. And Oona turned back to make a little friendly sign with hand and head to Mysie, as the first stroke of the oars carried the boat away.

How sweet her face was; how tender her smile and bright! More sorrowful than mirthful, like one who has been thinking of life and death—but full of celestial and tender cheer, and a subdued happiness. Mysie stood long looking after them, and listening to their voices which came soft and musical over the water. She could not have told why the tears came to her eyes. Something was about to happen, which would be joyful yet would be sad. "None of us will stand in her way," said Mysie to herself, unconscious of any possibility that she, the faithful servant of the house, might be supposed to have no say in the matter; "oh, not one of us! but what will the isle be with Miss Oona away!"

From Temple Bar.

THE ETON DAYS OF SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE.

It has happened more than once that the prime minister and the leader of the opposition have both been Etonians: * no theory can therefore be established as to the influence of Eton in moulding political opinions. Ten prime ministers have been educated at the school, and of these, six have belonged to the Whig or Liberal party, and four to the Tories. Lesser ministers have been contributed by Eton to either party in about equal numbers, and it might be said of them all that the old school trained them well for public life without giving their minds any bias. Some Etonians have appeared to regret this, complaining that the conditions of Eton were over-Conservative. "Traditions," however, is a word which is too often allowed to pass current without scrutiny. A school of Liberal traditions, assuming such a place to be the exact opposite of what Eton was, and is, would not necessarily produce Liberals. It would not do so even if men habitually held to the opinions inculcated on them as boys, which is by no means the case. Boys strongly imbued with certain ideas called Liberal to-day might find themselves mere *doctrinaires* twenty years later, and be accounted unpractical reasoners. Liberalism is not an adherence to theories which schoolmasters can reach; but a habit of mind engendered by knowledge of the world and respect for the opinions and even the prejudices of others. You cannot make a boy Liberal by instilling maxims about freedom and forbearance into his mind, but you can put him in the way of learning early for himself that patience, tolerance, and fair play are good agents of progress. In so far as it did this by allowing boys more liberty than is enjoyed at any other place of education in the world, Eton might be described as the most Liberal of schools; and the Conservatives who have been trained there are much steadier friends of liberty than many men, who, calling themselves Radicals, in our time, are advocates of coercion and restriction in all forms rather than of emancipation.

A French writer, reviewing an article which appeared in this magazine on Mr. Gladstone's schooldays,† remarked how

* The prime ministers who were educated at Eton were: Sir Robert Walpole, the Earl of Chatham, Lord North, Lord Grenville, C. J. Fox, George Canning, Earl Grey, Viscount Melbourne, the Earl of Derby, and Mr. Gladstone.

† LIVING AGE, No. 2020.

well fitted was Eton life to rear strong men, and he pointed out how different to Eton would be any Continental school under aristocratical patronage. "Hearing that the masters of Eton were mostly clergymen," he said, "and that the pupils belonged with few exceptions to the upper classes, we should have been disposed to imagine from experience of what occurs in our own clerical schools, that Etonians would be brought up in rigid Conservatism. We could well fancy the ecclesiastical teachers trying to harden the minds of their scholars against all new ideas, allowing only orthodox books to come under their eyes, forbidding them to read newspapers, and jealously watching to see that the boys, who, by their talents or high rank, were likely to become powerful in the State, should not be contaminated by association with other boys of irreverent or mocking character. We can only marvel and admire when we learn that under the terrible Dr. Keate it was a worse crime in a boy to write bad Latin verses than to hold Liberal opinions. We could no more conceive of a French Eton than the English could imagine or endure such a college as that in the Rue des Postes."*

It seems a matter of course to us that our public schoolboys should be trusted with liberties which astonish foreigners; but perhaps we hardly realize why we have come to think this natural. There was a beginning to the present system, and the masters who first understood how much they might safely teach and how much they might leave their pupils to learn unaided, were valuable educational reformers, although they may not have been aware of the fact. In the article on Mr. Gladstone's schooldays, it was shown that the Eton of Dr. Keate's time lay open to censure on many points, because the masters were unable from one cause and another to do even the little which they undertook to perform. They set their faces against educational crotchets, saying that it was quite enough for a boy to learn Latin and Greek; but they did not teach Latin and Greek. Gladstone learnt no divinity or mathematics. His tutor, though a good scholar, was not fitted by character to give him either example or precepts of conduct: all the benefits therefore which he derived from Eton came to him from the liberties of the place. Keate, if a martinet, did not

attempt to exercise spiritual tyranny over his boys, as is the custom of head masters of the clerical schools on the Continent, and as the head masters of certain new English schools have done with no good results. A Tory himself, Keate did not endeavor to propagate Conservatism, and though a clergyman he thought it no part of his duty to preach attachment to the Church of England, or even religious earnestness. Had he done otherwise Eton could never have maintained its rank as the most popular of schools. A Conservative Arnold at Eton would have made Whigs reluctant to send their sons to the school; he might have converted the place into a Tory seminary but it would not then have been the Eton we know, and it may be doubted whether the pupils trained there would have succeeded in public life as those have done who grew up under a system which left them free more or less to choose their own associates, pursuits, and opinions.*

Mr. Gladstone, who owed so much to the liberties of Eton—though little we must confess to its direct teaching—seems to have forgotten the debt when speaking to the boys of Marlborough School, in 1877, he said, "The ancient foundation of Eton is unable to compete with you in the ordinary standard of attainments." There is no period at which this could be truly said of Eton. In every decade, in every year, it has produced boys who were destined to rush to the front of every profession. Nor was Mr. Gladstone more happy in his judgment of his old school when he added:—

There is a difficulty and a temptation in those great connections which draw the sons of the great to take shelter and seek education in her walls; and Eton has subtler temptations than these; and that is the constant influx of the wealthy, and the tendency of wealth and large money indulgences among boys, just as well as among men, to corrupt and lower the tone of the school.

Mr. Gladstone was in opposition when he said this, and all ancient institutions had temporarily lost favor in his sight. He contradicted some of his own words, however, by adding in the same speech: "No boy is estimated the more or the less because he has much or little money to spend." This is true, but how could it

* The Jesuits' College, where many boys of Royalist families are trained.

* A master once reported to Dr. Keate that he was anxious about a pupil who was addicting himself to excessive religiousness. "I'll flog him," said Keate. "It's all conceit. That boy, if he is a bigot now, will sicken of religion and become an infidel when he leaves school."

he said then that the presence of rich boys at Eton corrupted and lowered the tone of the school? As to the other complaint that there was a danger to ordinary boys at Eton from their connection with the sons of the great, this was surely one of the most unreflective outbursts ever inspired by a fault-finding mood. What might not Mr. Gladstone have said about Eton, had none but the sons of the great and the rich "found refuge in her walls"? How easy it would have been then to denounce the school as a nursery of obscurantism, caste-pride, and purse-pride! It has been of inestimable advantage to the sons of the great and wealthy that they have mixed at Eton with ordinary boys, and have had to hold their own against them in all school contests on equal terms. It has been an advantage to the duke's son to be the fag of the parson's boy, but these advantages have been reciprocal, and the harmonies of political life in this country have certainly been promoted to a very large extent by the fact that the sons of professional men, of merchants, of clergymen, have made friends at Eton with the sons of peers and great landowners, and have learnt to know and to like them. In short, one has only to take any period in the history of Eton, and the roll of eminent men to be collected from the names of boys in the school list will testify amply to the good influences of the school. Since the public were interested in hearing about Mr. Gladstone's schooldays and his schoolfellows, we may in this paper take a glance at the Eton of a later period when Mr. Gladstone's chief political opponent, Sir Stafford Northcote, was there.

Stafford Northcote's time was from Easter, 1831, to Easter, 1836. Born in 1818, Northcote was thirteen years old when he entered the school as an oppidan, and he was placed in the remove* — the highest place to which an oppidan new boy could pretend. His tutor was the Rev. Edward Coleridge, and he boarded in that gentleman's house. Mr. Coleridge died only a few months ago at an advanced age, a fellow of Eton and rector of Mapledurham. He was one of the ablest, kindest, most popular, and one may add most conscientious among the

Eton masters whom living generations have known, and Northcote in having such a man for his tutor was more fortunate than Gladstone had been in Mr. Knapp. It will be remembered that Gladstone had left Eton in July, 1827, so that less than four years had elapsed since his departure and Northcote's arrival. The school had not much changed in that time. The courtly and gentle, but routine-loving Dr. Goodall, was still provost; Dr. Keate was still head master; Mr. Knapp had become lower master; and the staff of assistant masters, ten in all, was as inadequate as ever to cope with the requirements of six hundred and seventy boys.* Nevertheless three new assistants had been appointed since 1827, although the number of boys had not much increased in the mean while, and several of these assistants were quietly doing their best to improve the tone of the school, and to give proper help to the boys who were really desirous of working. In saying that the tone of the school wanted improvement, one must not be understood to imply that it was worse than that of other large schools of the period. The tone of society itself was bad throughout the reign of George IV., nor was it being much ameliorated under the auspices of William IV., and Eton was but a miniature of the world outside. Hard-drinking, gambling, low and cruel sports, and prize-fighting, were recreations patronized by the aristocracy of the day, and Dr. Keate had made it his practice to wink at much which he felt himself unable to cure. Two or three of the new assistant masters, however, were much less tolerant. Among the older masters Mr. E. C. Hawtreys, who succeeded Keate in the head-mastership, and was afterwards provost, had set the example of caring for the manners and morals of his pupils, and Mr. James Chapman, Mr. John Wilder,† and Mr. Coleridge followed in his wake.

Mr. Coleridge was not at all the sort of man to take pet pupils up to the theatre in London, and get into brawls with watchmen in their company, as Mr. Knapp used to do. He was a handsome, curly-headed man of the sunniest disposition, whose high animal spirits had often got him into scrapes during his own days as a school-boy and as an undergraduate at Oxford; but he was essentially a high-minded man.

* Sir Stafford Northcote is the son of the late Henry S. Northcote, Esq., of the Pynes, Exeter (who was the eldest son of the seventh baronet, and died in 1850). He succeeded his grandfather in 1851. The first baronet in the family was Sir John Northcote, sheriff of Devon in 1626, and long time M.P. for that county. He has left a curious "Note Book" of proceedings in the Long Parliament, which was reprinted in 1877.

* There are now forty assistant masters at Eton for 980 boys.

† Mr. Chapman afterwards became Bishop of Colombo, and Mr. John Wilder is now senior fellow of Eton.

Low dissipation disgusted him, and he would not shut his eyes to its evil effects. To say that he would get a boy punished for merely smelling of drink may seem like giving him that negative praise which is awarded to a strict naval officer in the "Bab Ballads:"—

E'en he who smote his officer
For punishment was booked,
And mutinies upon the seas
He rarely overlooked.

But many Etonians who have not yet reached middle age can remember the time when there was a wide difference of opinion among masters as to whether notice ought to be taken of offences which were not flagrant. For instance, if a boy were caught in the very act of drinking or smoking, or if he were manifestly intoxicated at any time when he was obliged to appear before a master, that boy would be punished; but most tutors held that it was inexpedient, if not unfair, to try and spy out a boy's misdeeds, or to convict him on circumstantial evidence. There were tutors during Mr. Coleridge's time and long afterwards, who, having reason to suspect that a boy had gone to bed the worse for drink, would avoid entering his room, and who moreover took care never to detect their pupils in card-playing. It cannot be said that these gentlemen were indifferent as to the growth of bad habits, but they had a horror of inquisitorial systems as un-English, and calculated to destroy the confidence which should exist between a boy and his tutor. Their favorite method of checking any abuse which they suspected was by sending for the captain of the house and appealing to him privately to arrest the evil. Mr. Coleridge himself, before he left the school in 1857, had become somewhat a partisan of this system, which unquestionably worked very well sometimes by making boys in authority feel their responsibilities, but when he first became a house-master, the doctrine of *laissez faire* did not seem to him a good one.* He tried to establish himself as the playmate and friendly mentor of his elder pupils, and as the friendly guardian of his younger ones. He was fond of going the round of the boys' rooms of an evening to talk with them about their concerns, to encourage them

in their work or in the pursuit of lawful amusements, and to offer private remonstrances if he saw them going wrong. In all this he did much good because he was personally a great charmer. His genial face, hearty laugh, and straightforward character gave him advantages which a master less happily endowed by nature, though having intentions quite as good, would not have possessed. It is not every man who can win the confidence of boys, even by striving most honestly to do so.

Mr. Coleridge also quickly won a great reputation as tutor, by engaging an assistant at his own expense to act as a "coach" in his house. Such a thing had never been done before, and the innovation was not much relished by the other masters. The assistant in question was Mr. T. W. Allies, the first winner of the Newcastle scholarship, founded in 1829;† and we believe the first to benefit by his instruction was W. A. Cotton, who won the Newcastle scholarship in 1832, and was a relative of Henry Cotton, now lord justice, also a pupil of Mr. Coleridge, who became Newcastle scholar in 1838. It may be added here that the present lord chief justice was also a pupil of his relation and namesake Mr. Coleridge; and that among the other boys in the house were the Marquis of Granby, now Duke of Rutland, his brother, Lord John Manners, and Thomas Farrer (Sir T.), whose sister Sir S. Northcote afterwards married. J. D. Coleridge, J. Manners, and T. Farrer were all lower boys at the same time as Northcote, but below him in the school. Hobhouse (Sir Arthur), who married another of the Misses Farrer, and who was Northcote's principal friend at Eton, was for a long time in the same division as his future brother-in-law, rose with him to the sixth form, accompanied him to Balliol, and like him eventually won a first-class in classics.‡

Northcote did not long remain a lower boy. He passed into the fifth form at Christmas, 1831, so that his experiences of fagging were very brief, comprising in fact but one full school-half. His contemporaries describe him as having been a clever boy, gentle, studious, very neat in appearance, and never in scrapes:—

* The Rev. E. Coleridge was appointed assistant master in 1825, lower master 1850, fellow, 1857. He married Dr. Keate's daughter, and after Dr. Keate's retirement took his house at the lower end of what is now called Keate's Lane. Mr. A. C. Ainger now has this house.

† He became fellow of Wadham, Oxford, took orders and afterwards joined the Church of Rome.

‡ Sir S. Northcote was in the first class at Michaelmas term, 1839. In the same list figured Benjamin Jowett, now master of Balliol. Arthur Hobhouse got his first-class in 1840. He now holds the appointment of steward of the courts, and legal adviser to Eton College.

The blossom of all manly virtues made
His boyhood beautiful.

He was not a "sap" — that is, an ostentatious grinder at books: he did all things quietly and methodically, being one of those admirably constituted young fellows who do not intrude their occupations upon others, but find time in plenty for play as well as work. Shortness of sight prevented him from taking to cricket as the quieter boys used to do in those days, when wet-bobbing was the pastime of the faster set. In the summer half of 1832, Northcote began to scull pretty regularly on the river, and was soon noticed for the neatness of his oarsmanship. As he was small and of light build, an offer was made him to steer one of the long boats, which he declined; but it was predicted of him very early that he would become one of the best oars in the school, and this came to pass. In 1834, he entered the boats and was placed at once in the "third upper," now called "Prince of Wales," but then "Adelaide" after the queen consort; in 1835 he rowed in the school eight, and going to Oxford, he pulled in the Balliol boat.

For a boy to get into "stick-ups" before he was fourteen, was formerly considered a great achievement. The word "stick-ups" came from the fact that there used to be three varieties of Etonian costume, instead of two as now. At present boys dress according to their statures, either in jackets with black ties knotted sailor fashion, or in cutaway coats with white ties; but fifty years ago a boy discarded the black tie on getting into the fifth form, and if he was too small for "tails," he wore a jacket with a stand-up collar and a white tie, not by-the-bye the slim piece of cambric of these latter days, but a substantial roll of cravat, which went twice round the neck, and terminated in a bow about a foot long. Such was the costume of Northcote when he entered the fifth form in 1832, and found himself nearly the smallest member of that honorable company.

That year, 1832, was notable in the school annals for an attempt which was made to revive the *Eton Miscellany* which Gladstone had edited five years before. The new venture was called the *Eton College Magazine*, but it was started on the same lines as the *Miscellany*, and was equally good. The three conductors, all in doctor's division, were highly accomplished boys, who were to become distinguished men. The editor was John Wickens, who afterwards took a double-

first at Oxford, went to the bar, and became a vice-chancellor. His two assistants were Thomas Phinn, a collegier, and the Hon. G. W. Lyttelton (the late Lord Lyttelton). Phinn took a first-class in classics at Oxford in 1835; became a barrister, a Q.C., secretary to the Admiralty, and was for some time M.P. for Bath. Lyttelton was bracketed senior classic at Cambridge in 1838 with Vaughan, now Dean of Llandaff and master of the Temple.

It was natural that boys of such sound scholarship as these should write good English; but Eton has had fine scholars in recent times, and yet none of the school periodicals of the last quarter of a century are to be compared with those of fifty years ago. And the most recent of Eton publications — those that have appeared since the school-work has been much increased and varied — have been the worst of all. Explain this as we will,* John Wickens and his contributors wrote with a force and elegance which we hardly expect to find in the compositions of boys. There was nothing labored in their pleasantries; they avoided slang, and their canons of taste were correct without pedantry. The "Autobiography of an Etonian," contributed as a serial by Lyttelton, was a very entertaining production, and gives as good an account of a boy's life at Eton as any that has been published. We can collect evidences in it of many changes that have come over the manners of Etonians, though, as John Moultrie wrote, Eton seems to change so little: —

The spirit of past days unchanged is there,
While all things else are changed and changing everywhere.

Thus we gather from the "Autobiography" that the boys were accustomed to yell while being flogged, but they pretended it was "only for fun," not from the pain. The floggings were public.† Sometimes only two or three spectators (all Etonians, of course), attended an execution; but if some eminent culprit — say a fellow in the eleven or the eight — was going to be flogged, a crowd of over one hundred boys would throng the staircase leading to the head master's room, and

* It was explained in "Mr. Gladstone's School-days" by the reason that the best scholars in the school have now no time for journalistic pursuits, so that the Eton periodicals of these latter times have generally been conducted by boys of third-rate ability, not diligent in school-work, and untrained to write by sound knowledge of the classics.

† This continued to be the case in the upper school until Dr. Goodford's time, in the lower till the end of Mr. Durnford's rule in 1878.

indulge in noises like a mob at a Newgate execution. The howling of the victim was intended to make this large audience laugh, and little Dr. Keate look ridiculous. A boy who in his halloosings could imitate the braying of a donkey, the squeaking of a pig, or the yelping of a puppy, would almost be applauded like a comic actor; and sometimes it would happen that the irascible little doctor would turn round to catch by the cuff some wight who was enjoying the fun too loudly, and would order him to follow the victim on the block. This custom of shrieking under the rod ceased when Dr. Hawtrey became head master in 1834; but its continuance throughout Keate's rule serves almost to justify the remark of an old Etonian* that Eton was not to be regarded "as a school for serious business, but rather as a *crèche* where big children were sent by their parents to be kept out of harm's way, and to amuse themselves." It is pretty obvious that Keate's boys did not take him *au sérieux*. He was not much more venerable or terrible in their eyes than a village dominie.

In some things, however, the Eton of those days was not amusing. The fagging by Lyttelton's account seems to have been often hard; the treatment of small boys in all games, but especially at football and hockey, wantonly rough. Hockey has long been given up at Eton, but it flourished in the days of the *Magazine*, and that journal mentions D. W. P. Labalmondière† as having been the best player in the school. As the fashion of wearing "change" clothes in games was not yet tolerated by the authorities, lower boys used to play at football with their tall beaver hats on, and the condition of these headdresses after a hot game was curious. Little lords, the sons of millionaires, are described as going about in hats "all brown with mud, and battered like the felts of the Irish peasantry."

The *Magazine* published verses, but none so good as those given to the *Miscellany*: The following little jest, which the editor described as "unpolished," may be taken as a specimen of what was best in comic rhyming:—

Says Dick, "I'm sure we can't die."
 "I wish you could prove it," says Ned.
 "Why, we don't die so long as we live,
 And I'm sure we can't do it when dead!"

Etonians who were at the school in

1832 would be interested in looking over the volume of the *Magazine* which is in the library at the British Museum, for some unknown annotator has been at pains to pencil in the margin the names of all the boys who are alluded to in the periodical either by pseudonyms or blanks. Thanks to him we get acquainted with all the young politicians introduced in a lively report which Lyttelton gave of a debate which took place in the Eton Society in 1832. The proceedings of "Pop" seem to have been conducted in those days after a desultory fashion, for we are told that the members, having assembled, knew not on what subject they should debate. They sat about eating ices and drinking cherry brandy till at length it was resolved to dispute about Charles I. A little time before this Dr. Keate, hearing that the Literati—as they called themselves—had taken to discussing the politics of the day, sent for their president, Wilkinson,* and offered some objections to their doing this. It was then arranged that the society should only debate on political events which had occurred at least fifty years before; but practically this rule in no wise limited the liberty of the speakers, since they could touch on the men and things of the day by indirect allusions. Dr. Keate had the sense to see this, and never more meddled with the society except to give it encouragement. The lead in the debate on Charles I. seems to have been taken by George Mellish (afterwards lord justice), who is set down as "an ultra-Tory of inordinate assurance." John Wickens is mentioned as the only Radical in the house; and he must have been an amiable editor, for he allows it to be said in his own magazine that his delivery was bad. W. A. Carter† is rated for his readiness to interrupt the debates by crying "No," very loud, and for invariably declining to stand up and speak when called upon to do so; while Robert Keate‡ is depicted standing up "red as fire, and so excited that he had to sit down and collect himself, after which he rose and made a very poor speech." It is to be noted that Lyttelton sets down almost all the members as poor speakers and nervous. Out of fourteen whose sayings he reports he admits only Mellish as a first-rate speaker,

* Charles Allix Wilkinson. He was a collegier and captain of the eleven in 1832. He afterwards became chaplain to the late king of Hanover.

† Lower master from 1857 to 1864, and now a fellow.

‡ Nephew of the head master, afterwards governor of Trinidad.

* Mr. John Delaware Lewis.

† One of the commissioners of police.

and on the whole he rather sneers at "Pop" as an institution of not much utility. He is not alone in his opinion, for by mismanagement the society fell away, so that in 1835-36 a committee sat to revise its rules. Northcote was one of its members, and some of the best suggestions for the regulation of the debates, and the silencing of members who made irrelevant remarks, emanated from him.*

There is not much to say about Stafford Northcote's work whilst he was in the fifth form, and this for the reason that in those days when a boy had passed into the fifth form he was troubled with no more examinations so long as he remained at the school. The sixth form was reached in good time by seniority, and generally speaking it required three or four years to attain doctor's division. In the mean while no amount of talent or industry could earn a boy either honor or advancement. What was worse, the school curriculum provided a studious lad with no opportunities of progressing in his studies, for it was verily what its name implied: a going over the same course again and again. The books read in the fifth form were Homer's Iliad, Virgil's Æneid, Horace, Ovid's Metamorphoses, Scriptores Romani, a book of short extracts from Latin authors, and Poetae Graeci, a delectus of similar excerpts from Homer's Odyssey, Callimachus, and Theocritus. These books had to be read through in a year, and at the end of the year they were begun afresh. Between 1832 and 1836, Northcote must have read them through three times. This, with the doing of a Latin theme, and a copy of verses once a week, was the classical education to be got at Eton in Keate's

days. The fifth form boy knew nothing of Plautus, Terence, Lucretius, Persius, Juvenal, Livy, Tacitus, Cicero, or Demosthenes. He knew nothing of Aristophanes, Pindar, Herodotus, or Thucydides. As already said, he knew nothing of mathematics, although boys going up to Cambridge were required to pass in mathematics before they could try for classical honors. He knew nothing of divinity, although this branch of study was indispensable at all Oxford examinations. The time which a fifth-form boy spent in school on days that were not holidays or half-holidays varied between an hour and a half and two hours and a quarter. The longest class-time never exceeded forty minutes. But then there were three regular half-holidays a week, besides which every saint's day was a whole holiday, and the eve thereof a half-holiday; so that if it befell that there were two saints' days in the same week it might chance that there would be but one "whole school-day" in that week.

Of course in the case of ambitious boys these evils tended in a measure to correct themselves. Being taught so little by their masters, these boys labored privately to instruct themselves, and this is what Northcote did with much assistance and encouragement from his tutor. No tutor was backward in helping pupils who wished to move onwards, but all of them were not competent to assist very clever boys. It was the rule to appoint as assistant masters none but ex-collegers who had been at King's; and if a first-rate Kingsman were not available, an inferior man had to be chosen. Thus there were some very good masters, and some very poor ones. What has been said about Mr. Coleridge will have served to show that Northcote was lucky in getting just the right kind of man to direct him.

As to moral discipline, a boy who was well trained at home was likely to associate at Eton with others similarly blessed. The school always had its good sets. There were some splendid young fellows among Gladstone's contemporaries, but they did not surpass those of Northcote's time. If we take the school list of election, 1835, in which Northcote's name figures among the sixth-form boys, we find that sixth form made up almost entirely of boys conspicuous for ability, highmindedness, and steadiness of character. Had it been recruited by a system of selection carefully designed to promote boys who should be an example to all

* The president was to have power to move that a speaker who was wasting time should not be heard, but nothing in the shape of *clôture* was to be allowed; and it is indeed remarkable how wisely jealous this society of schoolboys was from the very first as to its liberties. It showed this in the very year of its foundation (1811), and at the expense of its founder, Charles Fox Townshend. Having got the society, which then consisted of twenty-one members, to vote that there should be an addition of nine to their number, Townshend proposed nine of his friends, who were rejected—one black ball to three white ones being enough to exclude. Furious at this, Townshend, who had a numerical majority of supporters, tried to prevail upon them to vote three resolutions—the first censuring the black-ballers, the second admitting the nine rejected candidates by a simple poll, and the third altering the statutes of the society. To their great credit, Townshend's supporters refused to back him in this attempt on the rights of the minority. They voted that his resolutions constituted a breach of privilege, and that he must be called to account for them; in fact, they held a sort of court-martial over him. Townshend apologized, and was acquitted; but he had been within an ace of getting turned out of the society which he had founded.

others in the school, it could not have shown a finer set. Yet it must be borne in mind that these boys were simply products of an unsatisfactory seniority system.

There were twenty of them, and eleven of the number became clergymen. Two of these, the Rev. F. E. Durnford and the Rev. J. E. Yonge, were to be for many years Eton masters. Rowland Williams came to be vice-president of St. David's, Lampeter, and is the well-known writer in the "Essays and Reviews." The captain of the oppidans was John Walter, of Bearwood, and among the other boys in the division were George Smythe, afterwards Viscount Strangford, author of "Historic Fancies," etc.; Reginald and Arthur Hobhouse; John Thomas Sutton, afterwards Lord Manners; and George Barlow, who has been for many years the much respected rector of Stanmer-at-Falmer, near Lewes. Among the boys, who, not actually in the sixth form, were in the head master's division with Northcote, were Edward Balston, now Archdeacon of Derby; John Hawtrey, for many years one of the most popular and successful of masters at Eton; Herbert, afterwards the Earl of Powis, who became lord steward of Cambridge University; and Henry Mildred Birch, now canon. In fact, taking the next thirty boys after the twenty in the sixth, we see that no less than eighteen of them went into the Church, while of the remainder two died at an early age, two became distinguished officers, one a judge, two hard-working barristers, and the rest settled down on their estates as country gentlemen. Of the whole fifty there is not one who can be said to have failed in life, or to have fallen short of that general standard of attainments which entitles a man to be called a credit to his school.

It has further to be pointed out that these boys of steady character—these future statesmen, clergymen, soldiers, and lawyers whom the hazards of seniority brought to be Northcote's companions in doctor's division—were boys of muscle as well as of mind. Eight of the sixth-form boys in 1835 were in the cricket eleven, and two of them, Northcote and Alfred Shadwell, in the eight; moreover these cricketers and oarsmen took with but one exception high honors at the university. Since reforms have been introduced into the school so that the sixth form is now reached through an avenue of examinations, such a brilliant "all

round" sixth form as that of 1835 could not be selected from any midsummer list. We do not deduce any theory from this fact, but mention it in order to demonstrate that old systems did not always work so badly as might be inferred from a superficial glance at them. This doubtless explains why many of them were of so long life.*

It has been stated that Northcote was put into the "Adelaide" or "third upper," when he entered the "boats," in 1834. This was no small honor, for a boy almost always began by pulling in one of the lower boats. The non-Etonian reader may be reminded that the lower boats were not reserved for lower boys. The "boats" was the term applied to a rowing club formed by the crews of one ten-oar and seven eight-oars, all of whom were required to be upper boys. A "wet-bob" had to be pretty expert with his oar before he could get into the "boats" at all, but it was very seldom that a boy was consigned at once to either of the three upper boats.† In 1835 Northcote was captain of the "Adelaide" and "bow" of the eight. There was no race against Westminster that year, and Northcote only pulled in one important school race (upper sixes), which he lost.‡ One of his old companions in the eight writes of him:—

Northcote pulled in the perfection of Eton style, with grace and neatness. He sat up well, always got a good grip of the water, with a strong clean cut, and feathered neither too high nor too low. The best of him was his sweet temper. He worked as much as the heaviest man in the boat, but never grumbled or looked tired, or took anything amiss. I remember once we were run into by a large "tub" full of cockneys near Lower Hope. I am afraid we all used some rather ornate language, except Northcote, who, without a word, set himself to stop up a hole in the "bows" by stuffing part of his coat into it. When we got back to Rafts it turned out that Northcote

* It is a curious coincidence that all the captains of the cricket eleven in Northcote's time were sixth-form boys who took university honors and became clergymen. They were C. A. Wilkinson 1832, G. Vance 1833, John C. Ryle 1834, F. E. Long 1835, Robert W. Essington 1836. In Essington's eleven there were, as in Long's, eight sixth-form boys, which shows that 1835 was not an exceptional year. Walter and Balston were among the players of Essington's eleven.

† The captain of the "Adelaide" in 1834 was T. Broughton Charlton, of Chilwell, Notts, afterwards D.C.L. He married Miss Walter, sister of Mr. Walter of Bearwood.

‡ The captain of the boats in 1835 was Edmund C. Stanley, afterwards of Jesus College, Cambridge, and the coxswain of the eight was Charles Hammersley, subsequently one of the partners in Cox & Co., the army agents.

was the only one of the crew who had got hurt, for the bow of the cockney boat had bumped his shoulder rather badly. He was just as philosophical in the debates at "Pop," taking chaff and contradiction very coolly, but waiting for you round a corner, as it were, and confronting you with some unanswerable argument when you had ceased to expect it. His placidity made you often think that he had no strong opinions, but the truth is he never cared to join in the first fray of a debate, when everybody was anxious to speak and when "words raged hotter than reasons." He used to listen to what others said, and was clever at reviving a debate which flagged. He was not reckoned one of our best speakers, for he only stood up when he had something to say and sat down when he had said it, adding nothing by way of rhetorical ornament. He was never President of the Society. Balston held that office in 1835, with A. H. Shadwell as chairman. Arthur Hobhouse was President in 1836, with Goulburn as Chairman. Northcote, however, became President of the Oxford Union, like Gladstone and like a number of other eminent Etonians after him—Lord Dufferin, Sir G. Bowen, Mr. Ward Hunt, Lord Salisbury, etc.

To end these notes on Sir Stafford Northcote's school life it may be added that he took part as one of the "salt bearers" in the Montem of 1835—the first which the queen, then Princess Victoria, witnessed. King William IV. and Queen Adelaide were also present, and the captain of the school, whose name was Money, got a purse of £960. The king contributed £50, the queen £20, and the Princess Victoria £50.* Montem was always held on Whit-Tuesday; at election in that same "half" the king, the queen, and Princess Victoria again visited Eton and heard the sixth form deliver speeches in the upper school, after which the head master, Dr. Hawtrej, was requested to grant the boys an extra week's holiday. Dr. Hawtrej had succeeded Keate in 1834; but his accession brought no immediate changes to the school, for Dr. Goodall was still provost. It was not until 1840, when Dr. Hodgeson succeeded to the provostship, that Dr. Hawtrej was enabled to introduce sundry innovations which had become necessary.†

* G. Williams, the captain of Montem in 1832, cleared £893, and R. L. Brown in 1829 £885. But these amounts were much diminished before they reached the pockets of the boys for whom they were collected. The Montem captain was expected to give a dinner to about one hundred boys at the Windmill, Salt-hill, and bear many other expenses connected with the pageant.

† We have not mentioned, among the other contemporaries of Sir S. Northcote at Eton, J. F. Mackarness, now Bishop of Oxford, Mr. Charles Newdegate, and the late Duke of Marlborough.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XVI.

(continued.)

A WEEK went by, and Challoner was still at Overton; a fortnight, and Challoner was still at Overton.

"And no word of his going," said Robert Hanwell to his wife. "Of course we cannot have him now: it is out of the question, with all the workmen about, and this visit to my father's pending besides. But they will not hear of his leaving the Hall. 'Pon my word, it looks so peculiar, considering the circumstances, that I—I——" He hardly knew how to take it, in short. He half liked it, and half not. It was such an odd thing to do, as he had said before,—so odd and unconventional and unlike other people, and like, oh so like Lotta's people,—that it could not be quite right, and yet it was not easy to see wherein it was wrong.

Every time he met Teddy, to his "Challoner still with you?" Teddy would be quite surprised.

With them? Of course he was with them. What should he go away for?

Lady Matilda, more communicative, would comment on her brothers' predilection for the stranger, and on their absolute refusal to let his stay come to an end.

"He will be like the good divine—I forget who it was—who went to his friends for a night and remained with them for thirty years," she cried. "Thirty years hence will see Mr. Challoner still at Overton, still longing to go, and still unable to give any reason for going. That is what goes on now. Teddy will not be satisfied without the reason, and Mr. Challoner can find none. Now that he has left the army, he has nothing to do, so then Teddy will have it out, 'Why?' and as there is no 'why' forthcoming, stay he must. Overton says it is the sharpest thing our Teddy ever did."

"And do you like it?" queried Lotta. She would not have liked it herself; but then, as she reflected, mamma never had taken any part in the housekeeping, so possibly she did not mind that shilly-shallying hanging on from day to day which would have been a great trouble to most housekeepers. To be sure, housekeeping at Overton was not the same as at End-hill. All the same, Mamma was not fond of visitors staying in the house for any length of time, Uncle Edward being so

peculiar, and Uncle Overton such a recluse.

Lady Matilda, however, protested that she did not in this instance object. Mr. Challoner was a good guest, and her brothers liked him, — and then she talked rather quickly of other things.

By degrees she said less and less of Mr. Challoner. She was not much at the cottage at this time. She had a cold, a headache, engagements, one thing and the other to prevent her; and in particular, she had taken to walking instead of riding.

"I met Lady Matilda walking with Mr. Challoner along the downs to-day," announced Robert once.

Lady Matilda had turned out of her way to stop him, and had called to him gaily, and greeted him affectionately; inquiries had been made after her daughter, and kisses sent to her grandson; and she had further been careful to explain how her poor horse had hurt his foot, and so her poor Teddy had had to ride alone, and she and Mr. Challoner had been forced to come out for a walk.

Her poor Teddy had had to ride alone for some days, and Mr. Challoner and Matilda had been out walking on each of these; but this did not transpire on the occasion of meeting Robert. "It was so dull and disconsolate in the house," she had added demurely.

She had not looked particularly dull and disconsolate: the sea-wind, or something else, had brought a rich, warm color to her cheek, and her eyes had looked full and soft, and her warm plaid shawl had been snugly wrapped round her shoulders, and her dark hat had become her, and altogether she had had a bright and rosy and pleasant appearance; and had she not taken pains to be pleasant to *him*, Robert might have disapproved all this, and felt that it was even more to be deprecated and regretted than usual. But Matilda had smiled on him that smile that no mortal man could resist — and he so seldom had it, poor fellow! — and she had slipped her hand so confidently within his arm, and stepped along so willingly by his side, and had made him altogether so entirely one of the party, that he had quite apologized when he had had to leave them, and had felt almost rude in letting them turn to walk back to Overton alone.

But then it had been getting on to five o'clock, and Lady Matilda having Mr. Challoner to take care of her, with such an escort could not really have needed any other. He had not been required —

but he had been hushed and stroked down — and the result was that to Lotta's "Mamma and Mr. Challoner!" he replied with an explanation that was almost more than an apology; it amounted to an eulogium.

"I must own I was surprised," he said; "it was really too kind of Lady Matilda. To be taken out by Lady Matilda herself is a compliment Challoner must certainly feel; and after the coolness with which, I am bound to confess, she treated him at the first, he will appreciate it the more. Challoner is not a man upon whom any attention is thrown away; and to do your mother justice, Lotta, — excuse my speaking frankly, my dear; but really your mother is so very peculiar and unreliable — one never knows what she will do, in short, — I own I had hardly expected such an open display of her change of mind."

"Oh, mamma flies round like a weath-ercock," replied Lotta somewhat tartly. "You need never be surprised at anything mamma does; and she will say one thing one minute and another the next. For instance yesterday, — what do you think she said about cook yesterday? I told her that we had begun to suspect now that cook had had a hand in Sarah's leaving, and she stopped me at once, before I had even begun to explain what made us think so, with 'Well, my dear, dismiss her,' — you know that quick way mamma has, — 'Well, my dear, dismiss her,' she said, as if it were nothing to dismiss a woman like cook. I would not on any account dismiss her unless I had good grounds, really good grounds for doing so; so when I tried to explain this to mamma, — I was trying to show that we had no direct *proofs*, and could not be absolutely *certain* at present, when she cried out, 'Well, my dear, don't dismiss her,' — all in a minute, after she had said 'Dismiss her' two seconds before! And she would not let me utter another word," continued Lotta, whom no one else than Lady Matilda ever contrived to stop. "She actually put her fingers in her ears and laughed at me; then she began playing cup and ball by herself till Mr. Challoner came in."

"Oh, Challoner was here at the same time she was yesterday?"

"Why, of course he was, Robert — I told you so; but he would not sit down. He came in on his way from the woods; he had been shooting, and called here on his way back. It was scarcely on his way either, but he had evidently wished to call

—and you know he did owe us a call; but then, when he found mamma here, he was obliged to cut his stay short, as it was getting late, and mamma could not walk home at his pace, he said: otherwise he would have waited to see you; for I told him that you had only gone out to the workmen, and would be in again directly. However, he would not let me send, as he was afraid it would be dark before they got home, if he did. It was a pity that mamma was here."

"Certainly — yes. Still, I am glad Lady Matilda had the opportunity of seeing for herself the sort of person Challoner is; probably she had never before had him alone," (how little Robert knew!) "and no doubt it was their meeting here yesterday that induced her to show him the cliffs to day. He had never seen the high cliff before, and your mother had undertaken to show it him. It was extremely polite of Lady Matilda; and she took great pains to signal to me to join them, I assure you. She was waving and calling to me for some time before I discovered who it was. I saw two figures, but never dreamed of its being your mother and Challoner; and they might have passed me quite well had they wished to do so, but they were determined to make me go along with them. They would not let me off. Really I had not been going their way, but I could not refuse when your mother set upon me; and though it may have partly been that she was tired of Challoner, still I don't know; they seemed on excellent terms, and there was nothing rude to him in what Lady Matilda said; she walked between us and took my arm. Well, of course it was natural that she should have more to say to me than to one who is not a member of the family; and I must say this — I always have said it — that no one can make herself more agreeable than Lady Matilda when she chooses — she really could not have been pleasanter than she was this afternoon."

"Oh, mamma can be pleasant enough" — but before the young lady could get her tongue in, he was proceeding in his own ponderous periods — "We had a most sociable walk; and though Challoner did not take much part in the conversation — he is a silent fellow at the best of times — he and Lady Matilda seemed quite to understand each other: he carried her shawl, for she had brought a shawl to spread on the rocks where she sits down."

"Sits down! What a foolish thing to do!"

"Certainly, quite so; very foolish, no doubt. I would not sit out on a day like this myself; but your mother is very strong, and not apt to take cold, I fancy. I recommended them to the best place. They would be quite sheltered in the spot I selected; and after walking from the Hall to the high cliff, Lady Matilda would really require a rest. She owned to being a little tired, which she seldom does. That was why they stopped at the cliff, and did not come on here; and besides, the roads are in such a shameful state, as Lady Matilda said — quite unfit for ladies."

"Mamma never minds that."

"Quite so; I thought she never did. I was glad to hear her allow as much, for Lady Matilda is far too venturesome as a rule."

"She should never have been out to-day."

"Oh, indeed it was a far better day than you have the least idea of, my love. Sitting indoors listening to the wind gave you no notion of what a fine soft air it really was. A turn in the garden, with a wrap round your head, would have done you all the good in the world. I assure you I quite regretted that I had not suggested it to you. It really seemed quite selfish to have all the enjoyment myself, for it certainly was extremely enjoyable: as Lady Matilda said, the sea in itself was a sight worth braving the chance of a ducking for. Well, I did not altogether agree to that; but no doubt when we got up to the furze common, and saw round the east point where the rocks jut out, it was very fine, uncommonly fine. As Lady Matilda said, we have had nothing as fine this year; Lady Matilda has undoubtedly an eye for the picturesque in nature, and Challoner —"

"Well, I must say," burst forth Lotta, finding at length something on which an indefinite gathering annoyance could wreak itself — "I must say that I do wonder at you, Robert: you seem to be quite pleased that mamma and Mr. Challoner should be wandering about the country all alone by themselves. You who are so very particular about these things, how would you have liked *me* to be seen miles from home, all by myself, with a young man? What would you have said if I had set off with Mr. Whewell, or — or any one else, to visit the high cliff, and walk along those lonely downs, where you may walk for hours and never come across a living soul? I would not have done such a thing for the world. If I had ever

wished to do it — and I never should have wished, I am sure — you would have been the very *last* person to have encouraged me; you would have been quite shocked. You —”

“My dear!” gasped he.

“And yet, just because you were taking part in it yourself —”

“My dear Lotta” — but Robert was for perhaps the first time in his life fairly at a loss. It was quite true that it *was* because he had been taking part in it himself — that because he had been freshened by a pleasant walk in pleasant company, and had been unwittingly cajoled into benevolence, he was thus lenient and amiable; and could he deny it? “I — I — really,” he exclaimed. “Really,” beginning to recover himself, “you take a very incorrect, and, I must add, prejudiced view of the case.”

“Prejudiced! Well, I don’t see how that can be,” rejoined the young lady, pursuing her advantage. “Considering that it is only your own account I have to go by, if I am prejudiced, it is likely to be on your side,” which had a distinct element of truth in it, and scored indubitably a point for Charlotte. “Your own version of what took place is the only one I have heard; so if I do not look upon it in the same light as you do, I cannot see how it is that I can be prejudiced on the other side. All I say is, how would you like people to see me going about like that? Should you approve if I were to do as mamma does?”

“Certainly not,” replied Robert promptly; “but, my dear, you mistake the case. Your mother is — is placed in a peculiar position, living as she does with your uncles, and they being — at least your uncle Overton being so solitary in his habits —”

“There is always Uncle Edward.”

“Your uncle Edward was otherwise engaged to-day. Lady Matilda took particular pains to explain this to me. I fancy she thought I might feel a passing surprise at meeting her and Mr. Challoner out by themselves, but I did not at all — not in the slightest. I saw at once how it was; Challoner could hardly have been sent out alone —”

“Why not?”

“Impossible, my love; it would have been most impolite — discourteous, I should say.”

“Then he could have ridden with Uncle Edward.”

“You may take my word for it that there was a sufficient reason for his not

doing so. I forget what it was, but of this I am confident, that Lady Matilda explained it entirely to my satisfaction; and as for there being anything improper in Lady Matilda’s escorting Challoner herself, if *that* is what you insinuate, my dear” (Richard was now himself, every inch himself again, and could have felled to the earth a dozen Lottas with his fiats, had they lifted up their voices against his), “really, ahem! I am amazed that so extremely absurd and unsuitable an idea should have entered your head. I confess I should never have anticipated such an objection. As if any lady of your mother’s age and standing could not be trusted to walk alone with a gentleman without remarks being made! Remember this, my love, that it is not in the thing itself; it is in its being a cause for remark that the real objection lies. I could trust you with any one, Lotta, of course; but it would be highly indiscreet in either of us to run the risk of people gossiping; but,” raising his voice, “but — I know perfectly what you would say, my dear — one moment — allow me,” with his hand in the air, “you and your mother are two very different people: you are eighteen, and Lady Matilda is thirty-seven. Thirty-seven: ahem! If that is not answer enough for you, it is for me. I have my own ideas; and I must say — you must permit me to say it, my love — that I never before had my ideas on the matter of impropriety called in question.”

So saying, he closed the debate, and stalked from the room master of the field.

CHAPTER XVII.

MOONLIT WAVES.

“The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of sea-birds
Flash the white caps of the sea.”

LONGFELLOW.

“WHO is coming to see the waves to-night?” inquired Teddy that evening at dinner. “They were breaking over the lifeboat-house forty feet high last night, Spiers tells me, and half the town was out watching them. I wish we had been there; we ought to have been there; I felt such a fool not even to have known anything about it. How did we not know, Matilda? Somebody should have told us.”

“We did not see anybody to tell us, and we did not think of it for ourselves,” replied she; “besides —” and she glanced at her elder brother.

“Well, I’m going to-night anyhow,”

said Teddy, in his "I've made up my mind" tone; "I don't care who stays behind. Spiers says the tide will be full between ten and eleven, and they say it is going to be splendid. Spiers says the shopkeepers and people have been barricading their windows all day, for a lot of windows got smashed last night, and even right up the back streets the water poured into the cellars. Spiers says everybody was there; it seemed so stupid for us not to be there."

"How is the sea so high?" inquired Challoner. "Though there has been some wind, it has hardly amounted to anything of a gale."

"It's the time of year for it," said Teddy lucidly. "I don't know why, but always about this time of year the sea goes mad; and we ought to have known it," looking reproachfully at Matilda. "Why didn't the Applebys or some one tell us? They were there, I'll be bound."

"It is quite a sight then," said Challoner, and then he too looked at Lady Matilda, and she knew perfectly what his look as well as her brother's meant.

"If Overton likes," she murmured hesitatingly.

Now why should Matilda have hesitated; why did she not, as she would once have done, respond eagerly and joyously to the implied desire? A week ago and she would have been herself the one to propose just such an expedition; and yet now—now when the idea sends a thrill through her veins and a throb through her heart—she sits with downcast eyes and scarcely finds words for a response. Can it be that something has already passed between her and Challoner on the subject? Is he, perchance, not so absolutely ignorant on the subject as one would suppose? Teddy, at least, sees nothing of this, and is impatient and alarmed; he has already been done out of the sport—been absent when every one else was present the previous evening—and he is ready to protest and explode, indeed to defy authority altogether, if a voice is raised in opposition now. There is not in reality the slightest chance of any such voice being raised; even Overton himself is rather disposed for the thing than not—it is a kind of adventure he can enjoy. Nobody puts him forward, or makes him of consequence, or worries him, or pesters him on this sort of occasion; and accordingly—

"I'll go if you like," he said quite good-humoredly; "the night is fine enough—"

"Fine enough! I should just say so,

rather;" cried his brother, his excitement rising to a height. "Now, Matilda, you give in; just you say no more, but get your things on and come along too; when even Overton is going——"

"Oh, of course," assented his sister very gently; "of course if you are—are all inclined for it, I—I should like it very much. It will be a beautiful sight, and there will be plenty of others to keep us in countenance; and with such a moon we shan't come to grief among the hedges on our way to the town, and——"

"That's right; that's a good girl; I knew she would knock under in the long run," nodded Teddy patronizingly. "Now do be quick over dinner, and let us get off by nine. I'll order the phaeton at nine. Now, Matilda, you won't keep us waiting; and, Challoner, mind it will be cold by the sea, and we may get a drenching as likely as not,—do take my topcoat; now *do*," very earnestly. "I have dozens of coats, and——"

"Not one that Challoner could get into," observed his brother, with his slow occasional smile. "You must have it let out half a yard or so first, Ted: Challoner has an uncommonly nice topcoat of his own too. If you get us all off by nine and don't forget your topcoat for yourself, my boy," continued he, "that will be two feats in one night. Have you ordered the phaeton yet?"

He had already forgotten to ring the bell, and the bustle attendant on this, and on giving the order, kept him happily engaged throughout the remainder of the meal.

Fain would he have had them all go in the T-cart; but as that was impossible, he could at least himself drive the phaeton, with Matilda beside him, and Overton and Challoner behind,—and so he announced that the four were to be arranged. It was his expedition, and he was allowed to do with them as he chose; and though he fancied that Challoner was stupid about something, and did not understand how cleverly they would all fit in when thus disposed of, he fancied that it was an inclination on Challoner's part to handle the reins himself which made him so unresponsive; and much as he liked Challoner, this was too much: he must always drive, whatever nasty things Matilda might insinuate about the hedges. As, however, nothing was said, all went well, and luckily his peace of mind was undisturbed by overhearing an aside in the hall, when his sister was having her furs fastened.

"Are you at all nervous?" said Challoner softly.

"Not to-night; I have told William what horse to give us, and we shall only have one. I think there is no fear."

"You would not like Lord Overton to drive, or — or me?"

"He would not like it." There was a very slight emphasis on the "he," but it was caught and understood. "It would put him out sadly: don't, please, don't say anything."

Nor did he further, but he sat well forward in the back seat, gazing on ahead with anxious, careful, protecting eyes, on along the narrow zigzag lanes whose treacherous windings might produce anything at any moment; and somehow Matilda, as she sat just before him, was dimly conscious that there was an arm behind which would have been thrown around her at the first approach of danger.

The air was mild, and the vehemence of its fitful blasts had completely died away ere the party set out. Now there remained only a pleasant freshness, a clear, bespangled sky overhead, and such soft wet roads as were delightful to traverse, when the mud only splashed the wheels of the phaeton and the glossy coat of the quiet old gig-horse. The very road-pools and ditches by the wayside were bright with moonlight, and reflected the chaise as it passed. All were comfortably tucked in, and the cigars of the gentlemen behind yielded only the faintest of fragrance to those before — "Just what she likes," Overton answered for his sister, as he passed the match on to his companion.

Now and then it was of course absolutely necessary to ask if she did like it, to find out if she were warm and snug, to ascertain that she was not missing such and such a point in the landscape, and to this end Challoner must occasionally lean forward, and oblige her to turn her head and listen to his deep voice sunk to an undertone; but for the most part of the way the phaeton rolled on amidst a cheerful, contented silence — just such a silence as Lord Overton liked — and in little more than half an hour from the time of starting they entered the outskirts of Seaburgh.

Having for the latter portion of the way been obliged to make a considerable curve, and strike inland for a mile or so before approaching the coast again, it was not until phaeton and horse had been disposed of, and our party had hurried through some very shabby and dim back

streets — not over-savory back streets — streets that were redolent of tar, nets, stale fish, and all the concomitants of a small seaport, — it was not until these had been perforce threaded, that they began to experience some reward, or at least some apparent reward — some reward that could be taken hold of, for the exertions of the evening.

"Just you wait — just you wait," had been a frequent exhortation in the mouth of the self-constituted leader, as Teddy, with all the importance of a general, conducted his forces round corner after corner; and truly it seemed worth the waiting for, when the great, rolling, booming breakers, which had been heard and felt and known to be near, and yet remained tantalizingly unseen for so long, at length fell at their feet.

As the authority Spiers had promised, all the world of Seaburgh was abroad to see the sight, some hurrying in one direction, some in another; and the sea-walk being for the nonce impassable, the usually unpopular and shabby short cuts and back entrances were now in the ascendant. Everybody was glad of a shelter from the flying spray, which seemed to search out the deepest hollows so long as they faced the sea, and nobody could afford to despise the poorest and narrowest back alleys which enabled them to reach their destination.

It was from a long dark by-way that our party at length emerged, to plunge no more into such, but to join the groups already assembled wherever an angle of the breakwater afforded a dry footing, or even one partially so, whence they could enjoy the weird and beauteous spectacle. Even these prudent folks were not, however, destined altogether to escape the effects of their discreet temerity: every now and then there would be a cry and a run from venturesome boys making the most of the frolic; while the more sober-minded, who had no desire for an encounter, and would not have willingly run any risk, would provoke risibility in their neighbors by the early reluctance and the final haste of their ignominious retreat, — they would scarce hasten a step to begin with, and would scud like the wind in the end. The careful, sedate, reasoning man, in particular, would be a source of exultation to the thoughtless: he would calculate to a nicety the time likely to be taken in making his way across a dangerous spot, and would so calculate as to take his time jauntily; he would wait until the moment after a heavy sea had swamped the

pebbly road and retreated, at which happy moment was to be exhibited to the lookers-on the excellence of his forethought, by advancing before another of any size could approach; and he would have but gone a step or two when, lo! he was bespattered from head to foot, the victim of a pitiless shower, and all his wisdom would be seen to have been thrown away. There was no calculating upon the monsters; none could say how or when they would come.

All of this was, of course, fun to be rapturously appreciated by foolish Teddy Lessingham, who laughed till his sides were sore, and could not comprehend how it was that Matilda did not as usual respond to and share his ecstasies. Matilda hardly seemed to see what was going on; she was very quiet — curiously quiet; he could not get her to budge from a place she had chosen, whence nothing could be seen but the ocean itself — a little obscure nook, where she and Challoner stood together, and which even Overton objected to; and though with infinite pains he secured to her, and signed and beckoned her to come forward and take possession of, a more favored standing-place close to the railing, and almost overhanging the water, she demurred so long that the opportunity was lost. The crowds jostled together and filled up the gap; he had to retire and give up what it had cost him so much cunning and cleverness to obtain, while even then the ungrateful creature had hardly the grace to say "Thank you."

No wonder he was indignant; had it not been for the best joke in the world coming off at that moment, in the shape of the whole front row of spectators getting soused at once by a slyly advancing wave, which, looking as innocent as a babe, took them all by surprise, before they knew where they were — had it not been for this, causing him to stamp his feet and shout with the glee of the vilest little urchin present, he would have given Matilda a piece of his mind. But by the time he got back to her, he had forgotten everything but mirth, and as she took his arm kindly and listened amiably, all was right between them. He could not, however, long be content to remain in the stupid place she had selected, and at length prevailed so far as to make her allow that there was yet more to be seen, and that perhaps it would be as well to see it. The "more" referred in especial

to a bit of breakwater a few streets to the right, where the principal attraction appeared to be, to judge by the people who flocked towards the point; and as Teddy must always go where others went, and see what they saw, he was soon restless to follow to the lifeboat-house. It was against the lifeboat-house that the fullest force of the waters fell.

Hard to move as Matilda had proved, she had to own on arriving at this spot that her troublesome brother had been right: nothing they had yet seen could equal what they now beheld.

It was indeed a spectacle never to be forgotten.

White in the brilliant moonlight, the raging sea could be seen to its horizon; high into the cloudless heavens flew the fountains of foam. With a sweep and power resistless, yet with a grace ineffable and ease indescribable, with a rhythm mysterious yet precision accurate, wave after wave came on, the first exquisite burst succeeded by a backswing and curve, and then a falling away to gather up once more, and break, and break, and break again — hither, thither, this way, that way — across, athwart, afar, at hand — twining, circling, winding, wreathing — in and out, up and down, until drunk into one another at last — no beginning, no end — none alone, each a part of the other.

As the tide rose, even the highest point of the lifeboat-tower was from time to time obscured, and the little knot of watchers who had pressed forward to the front had more than once to change their ground, as the circling froth covered the space whereon they had at first stood.

Lord Overton and his party sought the shadow of a projecting gable, and still watched in silence, even admiration and exclamations died away — none cared to speak. At length, "I never saw anything like this before," said Challoner's voice behind Matilda — close, close behind her.

She did not bid him "hush," as she might have done Whewell; she did not answer, nor turn, nor move away; she stood still, feeling that he was there, and that he had been there all the time, — that he had never yielded his place, and never meant to yield it, and that as they looked, so they felt — together.

Going home, he asked her to sit behind with him.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
CAMP LIFE ON THE PRAIRIES.

ON a summer's evening a few years ago, in the wild country known to Americans as the "frontier," a youth of seventeen was wearily wending his way homeward after a long day of herding sheep on the prairies. He presented a decidedly forlorn appearance. Two years before, when at home in England, he was accustomed to call himself a "gentleman." But now we see only a sunburnt face very much begrimed with dust and perspiration, and a lean, bent figure, clad in a faded blue flannel shirt, coarse brown canvas trousers — so stained and discolored by grease and dirt as to be almost black — clumsy, ill-fitting shoes, much the worse for wear, and an old felt hat that only by great exercise of imagination could one fancy had ever been white. Stretching out in front of him is the flock — some fifteen hundred in number — of all sizes and ages; from the long-legged wethers at the head, to the aggravating little two-months-old lambs loitering behind, which give endless trouble to the inexperienced, by their absurd practice of pretending to be too tired to move another step, until in desperation the herder leaves them to the tender mercies of wolf and mountain lion (puma), upon which, after one or two pettish "baas," they rejoin the flock. Our friend, however, is much too old a hand to take the least notice of these small members of his flock. He strolls languidly along, tired and thirsty, after his fifteen hours' tramp under a burning sun, with nothing to eat since breakfast — at 4.30 A.M. — and nothing to drink since two in the afternoon, and it is now nearly eight. Not that he thinks of complaining of that — it is the custom of the country; and as the same thing has occurred every day for the last two months he is used to it by this time — or ought to be. Something does nevertheless trouble his mind, and as this lonely life begets the curious habit of audible soliloquy we can gather the substance of his grievance from the following ejaculations: —

"Well, I guess the dug-out (herder's hut) ought to be finished to-day; if so, I shall be sent into camp to-morrow. What a blessing that will be! it does one good to think of it. No more chores — when you come in at night dead beat — cutting wood, drawing water, and washing up the dishes, till your back nearly breaks, and it is half past ten o'clock before you can go to bed. And then, if the sheep are not

out before sun-up the next morning — that is to say, half past four — isn't there a pretty row?"

"In camp — ah! let's see — to begin with, I shan't have a single chore worth mentioning, for the water is close to the cabin, plenty of driftwood handy — only to be picked up — and not a soul to cook or do for but myself. Won't it be fine? You bet your life it will!"

With these comforting reflections and hopes for future happiness our herder whistles briskly to the sheep, and goes home to his supper and inevitable "chores" with a lighter heart than he had done for many a long day.

As this is simply a sketch of the life in camp anticipated with so much glee, we will pass over the events of the next twenty-four hours, merely saying that our friend's hopes were fulfilled; and we will rejoin him the following day as he is escorting his sheep homeward again — this time to "camp." Before, however, his experiences therein are related, perhaps it will give my readers a better idea of the life if I describe first of all his surroundings.

To begin with, the camp is utterly isolated from the rest of mankind. The "home ranche," three miles to the eastward, is the only habitation within reach. North, south, and west stretch the rolling prairies, broken only by the mesas — *i.e.* tablelands — the rocky sides of which give shelter to the wolves, bears, and pumas that are still to be found in the wilder parts of the Western territories.

The camp itself is what is called a "dug-out" — that is a small hut partly built above ground with logs chinked with mud, and partly dug out of a hill — hence its name — which was from fifty to one hundred feet in height, supposed by the settlers to have been raised by Indians or Mexicans to indicate the presence of water. This "dug-out" is six feet square in size with a flat board roof covered with earth, piled thickly in the centre, and thinned down towards the edges to allow the water to run off. At one corner of the roof a hole had been made, through which an old stove-pipe was pushed, and called by courtesy a chimney. Underneath this contrivance was an open fireplace; there was no pretence of a grate of any sort; the draught must be kept up by a scientific arrangement of the fuel, the learning to contrive which is more productive of profanity than anything else I know, but is absolutely necessary in camp.

The furniture of this mansion consists

of a three-legged stool—originally intended for milking purposes—and two blankets. The first a large double one, standing for bedstead, mattress, and sheets—and the second a single one, which answers for the counterpane. The pillow is composed of the sleeper's coat, waistcoat, and—if the night is very warm and the sheep are quiet—trousers. Peeping from under the pillow is a large revolver, the herder's companion, philosopher, and friend—never far from his hand by day or night. In what sorry plight would the Western man be without his beloved six-shooter! In that lonely life, you may strip him of everything, may take even his horse, but leave him his revolver.

Next in order come the utensils. These are nine in number. 1. A shallow round tin dish, about eighteen inches in diameter, used at different times for washing clothes, face, hands, and dishes; also for kneading and making up the bread. 2. A three-legged iron pot, called also—like the chimney, by courtesy—a “bake-oven;” therein the bread is baked, coffee roasted, and meat boiled. 3. A long-handled tin spoon. 4. A frying-pan. 5. A coffee-pot. 6. A tin plate. 7. Ditto cup. 8. A fork, which, by the by, has a detestable habit of eloping with the spoon, and never being at hand when wanted, its duties being performed by 9—the all-useful, indispensable “butcher-knife,” which completes our list.

The provisions are as follows. A side of bacon, *salted, not cured*, a sack of flour, ditto of green coffee, a bag of black Mexican beans, a tin of soda (to be used instead of yeast), a barrel of mutton soaked in brine (to vary the monotony of the bacon), and a few onions.

These, reader, are the conditions under which the romantic “camp life,” so often sighed after by English youth, is begun. Let us go on and see what delights, or otherwise, await our enterprising friend—delights that life in the comfortable home left in dear old England (which even yet is scarcely spoken of without a tender lowering of the voice, as if it were something sacred), and the rough but social times at the home ranche are alike unable to afford him.

Arrived at camp with the sheep, our herder—whom I will call Jack Halliday—proceeds to prepare and demolish his supper, which strangely enough seems to want a relish that the one eaten only twenty-four hours before certainly possessed. It is a curious thing, for the food is certainly the same, and he is quite

as hungry. But there the feeling is. There is some consolation, though, in the exceedingly small amount of trouble required to wash his solitary plate, cup, etc., with water drawn from a pool close by, and heated in the “bake-oven.” After that is over he sits down outside his dwelling, leisurely puffing his pipe, and enjoying the peace and quietness of his isolated home. Gradually, imperceptibly, this feeling changes. The silence becomes oppressive; and finally giving himself a sort of shake Jack jumps up and walks quickly towards the sheep, quietly feeding some two hundred yards away. He gently and carefully urges them on to the side of the hill out of which the house is cut, and making a circuit to leave them undisturbed he returns to the hut. After moving restlessly about for a little while, one by one the sheep lie down, one by one the lambs, baaing for their mothers, subside, and at last, beyond an occasional sneeze or grunt, a dead silence reigns over the surrounding creation.

The bedding of the sheep accomplished, Jack makes up his own bed, and, lying down, thinks, as a matter of course, that he will at once drop off to sleep, as he has always done before. But the expected slumber will not come. The uneasy, uncomfortable, miserable feeling that, unconsciously to himself, has been steadily increasing ever since he arrived at camp, begins to get almost unbearable.

Suddenly his shepherd dog, “Skip,” lying at the door of the cabin, leaps up and flies out into the night barking loudly. Halliday seizes his loaded revolver, and going outside listens intently. The barking gets fainter and fainter. Skip is evidently chasing away some intruder, probably a coyote.

A wolf! Strange that that word makes his heart beat, and his fingers mechanically tighten round the lock of the pistol; for he knows these prairie wolves are arrant cowards, and will attack nothing more formidable than a sheep. What causes this nervous dread even of a coyote? It is because, for the first time, a night must be spent alone, away on the prairies, far from any human being. All sorts of fears that had been smiled at before take full possession of him now. He finds himself trembling all over at—what? There's nothing to be afraid of.

“Ah, what's that? That black thing standing about twenty yards off—is it a bear? What can it be? Perhaps a mountain lion (puma) that knows I am alone.” Jack raises his pistol to fire, when

there is a rush of soft feet, a loud, ringing bark from the returning dog, and the apparition—a great black Texan cow—gallops off as fast as its legs can carry it, kicking up much dust in the operation, and protesting loudly all the way.

After a hearty laugh at himself and an affectionate caressing of the faithful dog, Jack again lies down, this time determined to sleep come what may. But it is not to be. Just as he is dozing off the dog barks a second time, but does not, as before, rush boldly out. There is another sound too that comes nearer and nearer, until it is directly overhead—the dull, thunderous tramp of affrighted sheep. The young herder leaps out of bed in a twinkling, and issues forth, pistol in hand as before. The night is pitch-dark, and he can distinguish nothing; but the sheep-bells are ringing furiously, proving that the animals are rushing wildly from some unseen enemy. The dog, curiously enough, after a few undecided, nervous howls, subsides into silence. From these signs Jack knows at once that there must be a “mountain lion” about; an animal which, if left alone, will do terrible havoc among the flock; one puma having been known to cut the throats of thirty sheep in a night.

Jack instantly fires his pistol into the air, the report of which will probably scare the animal for a time. But it has spoiled his night's rest, and will do so for many a night to come. This is, in fact, one of the greatest provocations that he has to endure. On every dark night this puma will be prowling around; and nothing but the greatest vigilance can keep him from inflicting fatal damage on the unfortunate sheep.

These animals never come except on the dark nights, when you cannot see a yard before you, and of course are quite noiseless in their movements. Moreover, it is a very dangerous business to attack them unless you are certain of killing at the first shot, because, if wounded, they have no hesitation in flying at a man; and, in consequence of their activity and tenacity of life, they are considered very nearly as formidable antagonists as the grizzly bear.

However, this continual disturbance, night after night, makes Jack desperate; and a desperate man, especially when young, will risk much. After trying many ways he at length hits upon one that seems to promise almost certain success. It involves the loss of a sheep, to be sure. But what will that matter, if he can only destroy the mountain lion?

The next day he shoots a young wether, and, dragging it to the door of the hut, he skins and dresses it. He then scoops out a little hollow, just in front of the door of the hut, which he manages to fill with the blood of the defunct sheep. The carcass he hangs inside, and as soon as it becomes dark he extinguishes his fire, unmuzzles and ties up the dog, and beds the sheep very close to camp. He then places himself at the door, with one hand on the lock, ready to jump out and fire the moment he hears the puma outside lapping up the blood placed ready for it.

Slowly and wearily the time drags on. At first visions of a life and death struggle with a wounded puma keep the young herder in a painful state of anxiety. Every time a sheep sneezes he holds his breath in suspense, thinking the animal is coming. But hour after hour goes by, and still the sheep remain quiet, still the dog sleeps on. Finally Jack finds himself getting drowsier and drowsier. Once, twice, his head drops, and he brings himself up with a jerk, the second time nearly letting go his revolver. Just as he is going off for the third time he is roused by the ominous, unmistakable rush of terrified sheep, and the dog starts up with a smothered growl. Now comes a fresh anxiety. Will the lion prefer a live sheep, even with the trouble of catching it, to a problematical dead one? Jack gets horribly anxious, and curses his own thoughtlessness in an emphatic and earnest manner. But he cannot bear to give up this chance until the last moment. He listens intently; the stamping of the scared sheep gets fainter, and the tinkling of the bells sounds terribly far away.

Jack is just about to throw open the door and rush after them, when his attention is drawn to the behavior of his dog. Her smothered growl has changed to a long-drawn whine that expresses helpless terror, if any sound from a dog ever did so. He hesitates, with his hand on the lock of the door. Possibly the puma *has* scented the dead sheep and is close around, after all.

“Hist! What is that? Something brushing past the door? Yes, there it is again! No mistake about it, it must be the lion.” Trembling with excitement, he slowly and cautiously turns the handle. Lap, lap—it is licking up the blood. Now for it! Throwing the door wide open with one hand, he fires in the direction of the enemy with the other. There is a hiss like that of a gigantic cat, and—dead silence.

With a quick impulse of self-preservation Jack shuts himself into the hut again, though with small chance of warding off the danger in that way, for the creature could batter the slight framework of wood in with a blow of its paw. When will it come? Could he have killed it at the first shot? He must have hit it, the distance was so short. For a minute or two Jack remains quiet, listening; but soon the suspense becomes intolerable. He looses and unmuzzles the dog, which, to his surprise, trots quite comfortably up to the door, wishing to be let out again. Jack throws it open, standing ready for the onslaught of the wounded animal. But none comes. Skip walks out, snuffing about uneasily, it is true, but otherwise showing no particular agitation. Jack begins now to have a dim suspicion that he has made a fool of himself; that the mountain lion has a charmed life, and that "his last chance" has failed.

There is nothing to be done but to comfort himself with the idea, however, that the animal has been thoroughly scared and perhaps wounded; anyhow will not pester him again. At any rate it will cause no more annoyance to-night; so, after hunting up the sheep, who have composed themselves to rest some three hundred yards off, and looking for the carcass of a dead or dying puma all the way, our herder at last turns in.

His calculations do not, however, turn out correct. With a pertinacity truly diabolical this puma still prowls about on every dark night, and drives poor Jack into a state between callousness and despair. But all things come to an end in time, and after three weeks of this work he has his revenge. All day, before the night in question, the air has been fearfully oppressive, and by sundown heavy thunder-clouds begin to gather, and by the time supper is over and the sheep are bedded down it is pretty evident that there is going to be a terrible storm.

Everything is perfectly still; the darkness can be almost felt. Suddenly the sky is lit up by a brilliant flash of lightning that lasts for nearly half a minute. Casting his eye in the direction of the sheep, Jack sees something that makes him dive into the house and buckle on his pistol, in spite of the great drops of rain that are beginning to fall. Only fifty yards from the sheep is the veritable mountain lion, seen now for the first time. If only a flash as bright as the last will come before the rain pours down! The sheep have also seen their enemy and

come crowding up towards camp, baaing as if for protection, collecting, in their terror, about the man and dog, and even taking refuge in the dug-out. Another minute goes by; with his pistol held in both hands, to insure a certain aim, the young herder waits for the second flash of lightning. It comes. Twenty yards away now, standing erect and looking — Jack afterwards declared — "as big as a hippopotamus," is the puma.

"Crack" went the revolver, and simultaneously with the report down comes the rain in torrents, and all further sound is drowned by the terrific peal of thunder following the lightning. Jack leaps back into the hut, and kicking out the intruding sheep locks himself in, waiting until the storm subsides and feeling instinctively that this time he has not missed his mark.

The rain, however, comes down in a steady pour that promises to continue all night, so Jack rolls himself in his blankets and leaves all further research till morning.

At daylight he turns out, expecting to find that the sheep had taken their departure to happier lands, as they usually do when they are left to their own devices and it is particularly necessary for them to remain at home. This time, however, his fears are not realized — they having merely adjourned to the lee side of the hill.

Next he investigates the place where he fondly hopes he had slain his troublesome enemy the night before. There is no puma, that is quite certain; but on approaching the spot there are unmistakable signs of an animal having struggled in great agony. The grass is torn up by the roots in many places, and in three little hollows there are three little pools of blood. Evidently the puma had been hard hit; but how it contrived to take itself off and creep away to its den — probably at least a mile away — are problems not destined to be solved. For weeks afterwards Jack hunts in every possible and impossible direction for the body, but never discovers it. However, the game is played out. From that time forth he is not again annoyed by mountain lions.

For a week or two after the adventures just described, Jack Halliday lived a peaceful, though lonely and dreary life. The irrational blind sort of terror experienced the first night in camp soon died away, but in its place came a dull, callous recklessness, bred by the unvarying mo-

notony and utter loneliness of the life. Oh for some human companion! How gladly would he do any drudgery, any overwork, if he could but live with his fellow-creatures again! But there was no help for it. Some one must take the sheep into camp, and why not he? All those who called themselves "Western men" had done it before him. Once a week his employer rode down, bringing provisions and any letter or papers from home. These, together with his Bible, hymn-book, and Randall's "Sheep Husbandry" were all the literature with which to pass the weary time. Novels were not allowed, nor, in fact, continued reading of any kind, as it might take his attention off the sheep.

So day after day went by, and this hard indifference grew steadily upon him; he had become more and more careless of exposing himself to an attack from the mountain lion, and had he seen it would have fired instantly, though, even if it were mortally wounded, there would be small chance of his escaping with his life.

Even the rough, careless observation of his employer — rough and careless because he had lived this life for months at a time, and had forgotten the effect of his first few weeks in camp — noticed a change; a grim compression of the lips and sullen lowering of the eyebrows not seen before. But these were satisfactory signs to the experienced ranchman, who knew what qualities most required fostering in the embryo "Western man." "The boy's getting considerable toned down," he soliloquized as he rode home. "Not much left of the tender-foot now; he has a lot more 'get-up' to him than he had before he went into camp. There's jest one more thing he's got to know about, which I'd half a mind to tell him of, only they can't be around yet. And if he stands that all right, why he'll *dew*."

The "one more thing" that was to complete Jack's education occurred about a month after his first arrival in camp.

The sun had just set, and the young herder had kindled his fire and put the coffee-pot on to boil. According to custom, when he reached this stage in his cooking he went outside and climbed to the brow of the hill behind to see how the sheep — left about half a mile off — were getting on; whether they were dutifully turning their heads towards camp, or perversely going another way. This evening he had hardly made sure that they were coming in the right direction when, sweeping the horizon carelessly with his

eye, he saw two men on horseback riding at full gallop and striking straight for camp.

Jack instantly descended to the house, and buckling on his loaded revolver, and placing the coffee-pot at a safe distance from the fire, he strolled out to meet the new comers, now rapidly approaching.

The strangers, to judge from their personal appearance, were "cow-boys," *i.e.*, men employed to drive and handle the wild Texan and half-bred cattle that roam the Western prairies. They wore the usual dress of their profession — broad-brimmed grey hats, blue flannel shirts, buckskin riding-trousers, with a fringe running down the sides — Indian fashion — and long boots.

Two peculiarities were noticeable about these men — firstly, their horses were without saddles; and secondly, they were continually looking behind them as if expecting pursuit of some kind. They did not speak a word until they had pulled up close to Jack, when one, apparently the elder of the two — with a red face set in lines of iron, especially about the mouth, but somewhat redeemed by a kindly pair of blue eyes — rolled off his horse, and after shaking Halliday's hand for a moment or two in silence, to get breath after his hard gallop, said, —

"Say, stranger, can you put us up to-night at yer camp? We're both dead-beat, and I don't b'lieve our horses can git another step."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "if you don't mind bacon and beans. But what's the matter, boys? you look kind of wild, your ponies' bare backs too, and —"

"You bet we've not been skinning along at this rate for nothing, cap'n. But wait till we've put the horses out, and had a bit of supper, and I'll tell yer all about it. The brutes won't be 'round for the next hour or two, Jim, will they?" he added, addressing his companion, a quiet, taciturn-looking lad of nineteen, who, replying with a shake of the head, and a curt "I guess not," moved towards the hut.

The two strangers then, without further ceremony, borrowing a picket rope from Jack, put their horses out to feed, and followed him into the cabin. The younger man, Jim, flung himself on the ground without a word, but the other man, taking hold of the frying-pan, began to help Jack to prepare the supper.

No further conversation passed between the young herder and his strange guests, except a question or two concerning the whereabouts of the food or utensils. Soon

a substantial meal was prepared, and the three sat down to devour it with butcher-knives and fingers. After he had demolished the best part of a panful of beans, several slices of bread and bacon, and drunk some deep draughts of coffee, the elder stranger, who was addressed by his companion as "Luke," raised his head, and, without further preface, began his story in these words, —

"You would like to know, cap'n, what me and Jim here were loping along in such a cussed hurry for, eh? Well, young man, don't get more scared than you can help, but I guess by the time the moon rises, at ten o'clock to-night, there may be something like one hundred Indians around this 'ere dug-out."

"Indians!" exclaimed Jack. "Good God! what do you mean?"

"What I say, I *guess*," replied Luke, drily, helping himself to the last slice of bacon. "The facts is these. Me and two other boys, Jim here, and another, Tom Lakin, were hunting up some beef steers, supposed to be in this locality somewhere, belonging to our boss, old man Williams — I don't know whether you're acquainted with him. Well, we had been foolin' round all day, and were watering our horses at the Chicareeka River, about ten miles from here, when all of a sudden we heard a yell, and before we could pull out our six-shooters, much less use 'em, we were surrounded by about fifty Ute and Apache Indians, and roped like so many calves. Well, it was a cheerful look-out, I tell *you*. The devils had their war-paint on, and yew know how much mercy cow-boys have to expect from Indians then. However, we were the first whites they had got hold of, and they were in such an almighty hurry to begin the torturing, that they stripped and tied up poor Tom Lakin at once, and left Jim and me pretty much to our own devices, crowdin' round Tom, enjoying his agony, like — like the devils that they are. Devils, did I say? By the Lord! a thoroughbred devil would be ashamed to do the things that a Ute Indian delights in.

"However, as I was saying, the skunks left Jim and me to ourselves, and pretty soon I wriggled one hand loose and got at my knife, which they had not even stripped me of in their cussed hurry for the fun to begin; and in about two minutes we had found our ponies and *left*. We struck direct east towards the settlements, and your camp's the first place we came across."

"Do you think they will follow you?" said Jack anxiously.

"Follow us?" replied Luke, with a scornful laugh. "Didn't I tell you they'd be all around this camp by ten o'clock to-night? Why, they are scooting along on our tracks this minute, I expect."

This was an extremely pleasant prospect. Three men with one revolver between them and three knives, against a band of Indians, armed — as they always are nowadays — with repeating rifles. The terrible significance of this fact prevented Jack from speaking for a moment. His visitor saw his alarm, and said, reassuringly, —

"If we keep a look-out and fire the six-shooter in their direction when we hear them getting too close, I guess we shall be all right. Remember, Indians ain't going to take chances any more than anybody else; and, for all they know, we may have a dozen rifles here instead of a solitary pistol; and unless they are put to it, they never attack a ranche that has an armed man in it, *on the alert*. Why, boy, don't you know that they come around this country pretty near every fall; but only once in every five years or so is there a raid, and you have too many old Indian fighters about here for them to be at all likely to try that little game in this locality. Still, they'll soon find that you're by yourself, and you must keep a lively look-out, nights, or you'll be waking up some fine morning with your scalp missing. You never can tell when they will come or when they won't. Take it for certain that they are allers around, and you're pretty safe — barrin' accidents! Now, you jest turn in with Jim there; I'll keep watch and wake you when I hear them coming."

With these rough but kindly meant words, garnished with a plentiful supply of oaths, which I do not, for obvious reasons, introduce, the cow-boy lit his pipe with a cinder, and, folding his arms, tilted his head back in a good position for listening, sitting as stolid and motionless as an Egyptian mummy. Jack, not feeling much inclined for repose after this piece of good tidings, tried to get some more conversation out of him, but in vain; the only reply was a grunt and the gruff advice that he (Jack) had better sleep while he could, for he would not be likely to get much for the next week or two; which advice the boy, not being able to gainsay, at last followed; soothed, in spite of himself, by the cool and easy indifference of the grim Western man.

Luke sat in the same position for two hours, occasionally yawning and stretching his limbs, but his eyes never relaxing from the fixed, vacant stare, that a man unacquainted with Western ways would have taken to express hopeless imbecility, but which, in reality, meant that all his faculties were concentrated in intent listening.

Suddenly he bent forward, the vacant stare giving way to a keen, watchful look as he nodded his head as if satisfied, and muttered some inaudible words to himself, a sarcastic smile gathering over his face, which grew until it found vent in a low chuckle of complacency. After waiting a minute or two he touched the leg of his companion, Jim, who noiselessly rolled over and sat up. Another minute passed, then Luke raised his finger in a meaning manner, and Jim bent his head forward in the same listening attitude. He nodded silently in acquiescence, and then said laconically, pointing to Jack, —

"Wake him?"

"No, not for a spell," replied Luke. "They're some way off yet."

Ten minutes more passed by, the two cow-boys sitting like statues. Then Luke shook Jack's shoulder gently, to rouse him. Jack gave a violent start, felt for his pistol, and didn't find it, and jumped hastily up.

"Gently, man, gently," growled Luke in a low voice.

"Have they come?" whispered Jack.

"Listen," was the reply.

Jack did so. At first he heard nothing. Then from afar off on the prairie came the weird howl of a coyote.

"Did you hear it?" said Luke.

"Hear what?"

"The call of the Indian scout?"

"No; I heard a coyote howl."

"A *coyote*, eh?" said Luke sarcastically. "I guess you'd think the animal that made that noise a queer sort of coyote. Coyote be hanged, man! Listen again."

The boy did so, and again heard the cry of a wolf, or so well imitated that his unpractised ear could not tell the difference. But he noticed that the second bark came from an almost opposite direction to the first, and sounded as if it were a little nearer. Then followed another long silence, more trying to Jack Halliday's nerves than anything he had gone through before in his life; he attempted to speak to Luke once, but the cow-boy stopped him with an impatient gesture. Just as it was getting insupportable, and Jack was

about to break it at all costs, the melancholy "woo-oo" of the night-owl was heard, not more than a few hundred yards off, exactly in front of the cabin door. As the sound died away Jack heard another — a very different one — the sharp "click" of a pistol being cocked, and, turning quickly round, he saw Luke carefully examining his (Jack's) missing revolver; another minute or two passed, when with a startling distinctness, that sent a thrill of horror through the boy's frame, came the answering signal "woo-oo-ooo."

He kept his eyes fixed upon the two cow-boys, who, in spite of the nearness of the danger, preserved a calm, deadly sort of coolness, seen in men, the circumstances of whose every-day existence in this world are so precarious and so little worth having, that they look with indifference — not to say complacency — at the chance of being transported to another. Luke, noticing the young herder's agitated look of inquiry, said quietly, —

"We'll let 'em get a bit closer first. I might put a hole through one of the brutes then."

Another period of silence passed, and Luke crept out of the cabin, panther-like, on hands and knees.

A second more, and the loud report of the pistol rang out on the still night. Another and another followed. The other two men crouched near the door, knife in hand, listening for an answer from the Indians. But Luke reappeared immediately and reloaded the revolver, cursing his ill luck at having hit no one. He then stepped outside again and listened intently, with his ear close to the ground. Apparently satisfying himself that the Indians had abandoned the attack, he quieted the startled sheep, and, coming briskly back into the cabin, said, with a sigh of relief, —

"Well, boys, I guess that foolery's over for to-night. There won't be any more of 'em scootin' round for the next twenty-four hours anyhow, so we can jest natterly turn in, and sleep like overworked niggers. Let's have a share of that Californy blanket, will you, cap'n?" turning to Jack. "I'm not goin' to keep awake any longer for all the Indians from here to the Gulf of Mexico. Good-night."

So saying, the young man spread Jack's blanket so as to make room for them both, and in two minutes was sound asleep. Needless to say that Jack found it impossible to follow this good example. He tossed and turned, grew hot and cold al-

ternately, and fancied every minute that he could hear again the ominous signals of the Indian scouts. At last the night came to an end and the bright morning sun seemed to carry away the weight of apprehension that had oppressed our herder so heavily only a few hours before. The three men rolled out of bed, Jack to prepare breakfast, and the other two to see after their horses — staked out close to camp the night before. Luke soon returned, and at once took charge of the cooking department, frying slices of bacon and baking bread with the dexterity of an old hand. Jim, meanwhile, herded the sheep until the preparations were concluded, when he was recalled to camp by a stentorian "Texan yell" from his comrade.

Breakfast over, Jack's visitors brought up their horses and prepared to depart. Jim, the man of few words, merely gave Jack's hand a hard grip, and mounting his pony, with a simple "Adios" struck off at a brisk walk towards the nearest frontier town. Luke, however, stepped up, and laying his hand on Jack's shoulder gave him this parting advice.

"Well, lad, I am afraid you'll have a tough time of it; those red devils will come to have a peep at you mor'n once; on moonlight nights you will never be certain that they ain't around. You keep that six-shooter of yours handy, and pop off when coyotes and owls begins to git troublesome. But mind this, Jack," he said in conclusion, fixing his eyes upon the boy's face and speaking with that slow, distinct, drawling delivery used by the Western man when he wishes particularly to press something upon your attention, "mind this, I say, if those 'ere Ute Indians should crowd you some fine night, through you, by bad luck, oversleeping yourself, mind you are not taken alive. Do you hear? *Mind you're not taken alive.* Have your butcher-knife in bed with you *always*. Keep it close, with the pint in this *dir-rection*" — pointing to his breast — "and when the first redskin sticks his nose inside that door, drive it straight in, up to the hilt, that's all. It will come to the same thing in the end, and probably save you a three-hours' wriggle over a slow fire. Well, take care of yourself; see you again some day. Adios!"

With these cheering farewell words the cow-boy threw himself on his horse, and giving the bridle a shake, galloped after his retreating companion. Jack turned after the flock, his newly recovered spirits

considerably damped by Luke Remington's warning. But being of a buoyant disposition his fears soon vanished, and, as he traversed the familiar paths, the terrors of the past night seemed like a dream. However, evening came again, and by sundown the memory of the Indians began to recur vividly, and made him correspondingly uncomfortable. Supper was over, the ashes of the nocturnal pipe knocked out, and the darkness and silence were again supreme.

As yet, however, he felt nothing worse than a rather unpleasant twinge of the dumb sort of misery experienced on the first night in camp. Luke had assured him that there was nothing to fear from the Indians until the moon rose. That would not be for at least three hours, so Jack rolled himself in his blankets and tried to compose himself to sleep. He did not expect to be able to do so, for those ominous words, "never be taken alive," kept eternally ringing in his ears, as if spoken only a few minutes before. But the loss of sleep the night before had its effect. And, notwithstanding his fears, a great drowsiness crept upon him, and he was soon as fast asleep as a dormouse. Some three or four hours passed, the silence only broken by the heavy breathing of the sleeper. Suddenly Jack gave a violent start, and in a moment was wide awake. Why was it? He was unconscious of any cause for this agitation. He could see nothing, hear nothing. "Stay — what is that? Woo-oo-ooo. The prairie-owl signal! O God! the Indians have come. But wait a minute; after all it may be really the bird." With a cold perspiration of terror breaking out all over him Jack held his breath, listening for the answering call.

An hour seemed to pass — in reality a few seconds — and the young herder was just drawing a deep breath of relief, when cruelly distinct and clear, from an opposite direction, a reply came. For the first and last time in his life the boy realized what the expression "nearly dying with fright" meant. He could not move hand or foot; he seemed to hear his merciless foes creeping steadily from every direction towards the hut; he gasped convulsively for the breath that would not come. Every detail of the horrible tortures practised by the Indians upon their unfortunate captives — summarized roughly by Luke as "a three hours' wriggle over a slow fire" — came back with terrible vividness to his memory. If he could only have strength to kill himself! Where was

the knife? He contrived to move his right hand feebly about, endeavoring to lay hold of it. At last the back of his hand struck against something hard and smooth. The knife? No; the handle of his revolver. His fingers mechanically closed round it, and with the touch of the familiar weapon returned the sense of life and power — numbed for the time by the terror caused by the proximity of a deadly yet unseen enemy.

With a defiant, desperate cry he leaped from his bed, and rushing outside fired his pistol right and left. Every shot seemed to add to his excitement. He emptied the pistol, reloaded it, and fired in every direction. By this time the reaction, after the paralyzing fright, was so strong that he might well have been taken by any one for a madman. He stamped, foamed at the mouth, and shrieked defiance at the Indians, who, discovering again that the garrison was dangerously on the watch, were probably creeping away as silently as they had come. But to Jack's overwrought fancy they were still crouching around, just waiting until he was off his guard to steal in, scalp, and torture him to death.

However, getting no answer to his challenge, and his fevered blood beginning to cool a little, Jack at last returned to his cabin. But he never closed his eyes again that night. Hour after hour he sat watching, with clenched teeth and distended eyes, starting at every sound, and half expecting, against his cooler judgment, that the Indians would come after all.

Morning at last appeared, and, to his great surprise, he found himself alive and unscalped. But — though after a good breakfast and a stretching five-mile race after the sheep his courage returned — he did not feel, this time, that the ugly experience of the preceding nine hours was a dream. What was most surprising, however, was that he had lost all fear of the Indians' coming again. When he thought of the darkness and silence, the weird, ghostly signals drawing nearer and nearer, instead of the shiver of apprehension experienced before, there came a hard, callous feeling that seemed to say, "Let them do their worst, I don't care."

As day after day went by, and every night, when he lay down to sleep, he was never sure of waking alive the next morning, youthful enthusiasm and the pleasure in life, for its own sake, died away. He was never molested by Indians, it was true, nor did he ever see them, but time

after time he had to face the idea that alone and helpless he was surrounded by treacherous foes. Let him once oversleep himself, and there would be nothing for it but suicide, or torture and a lingering death.

After a few months of camp life he returned again to the ranche, and, rough as it was, it seemed almost heavenly after camp. Jack Halliday was, in fact, never alone for any length of time in camp again, and the chances of life brought him back to England in two years from that time. But though he is now settled in the "old country," with small chance of ever trying Western life again, the impression stamped on his character by the experiences I have here described is too deep ever to be quite effaced.

ARTHUR H. PATERSON.

From The Nineteenth Century.

STATUES AND MONUMENTS OF LONDON.

LONDON, the metropolis of wealth and fashion, has also from the earliest times been the centre to which the ablest men of the country have come. It has offered an irresistible attraction to them. Here alone could those conscious of possessing exceptional gifts and capacities be certain of finding their equals, and of securing the recognition due to them. Omitting those whose pursuits necessarily brought them to the centre of affairs and of business, such as statesmen, lawyers, merchants, artists, and actors, we find that literary men, poets, historians, and humorists, men of such varied intellects as Chaucer and Milton, Dr. Johnson and Goldsmith, Dickens and Thackeray, Carlyle and Macaulay, made London their home, and identified their names with it.

It may be worth while to consider in what manner London has done honor to its greatest citizens. To some, statues have been erected in its public places; to others, burial in Westminster Abbey or in St. Paul's, with or without a monument, has been accorded; and to some, again, who have been buried elsewhere, cenotaphs or busts have been erected in one or other of these great fanes.

Of statues, in proportion to the vast extent of London, we have, perhaps fortunately, but few. It is only within the present century that they have been erected in the open air to others than our sovereigns. The earliest statue was that of Charles the First. From his time to

the present each successive occupant of the throne has been honored in the same manner. Few of these statues, however, have come up to the level of the first. As is well known, the statue of Charles the First was the work, in 1633, of Hubert le Sueur, a pupil of John of Bologna, executed at the cost of Lord Arundel, the collector of antique marbles. It was probably one of the first which cast aside armor or classical costume, and represented its subject in the dress he ordinarily wore, and the horse with its usual caparison, minus only its saddle-girths. During the Commonwealth this statue was sold, with the express condition that it should be broken up. Its purchaser, a brazier, hid the statue against better times, and meanwhile made a profit by selling supposed relics of it; on the Restoration the statue again appeared, and was mounted on a pedestal, designed by the celebrated Grinling Gibbons, on the site where General Harrison and four other regicides were hanged. The statue has great merit; it is worthy of its position and subject, reminding one not a little, from some points of view, of Vandyke's portraits of the king.

We are indebted for statues of Charles the Second and James the Second to Tobias Rustat, a page of the back stairs of the royal palace, whom Evelyn mentions as "a very simple, ignorant, but honest and loyal creature." He accumulated wealth through various patent offices, and showed his gratitude to his royal masters by lending money for erection of their statues (without expectation of repayment). Of two statues of Charles the Second, one, said to be by Grinling Gibbons, is in front of Chelsea Hospital, the other at Windsor; that of James the Second, certainly executed by Gibbons, one of the very best statues in London, stands in the quiet place at the back of Whitehall Chapel, near to the spot where his father was executed. The figure is in classical armor, with flowing robes. Gibbons received 500*l.* for it—a large sum in those days. William the Third remained without monument of any kind, even in the Abbey, where he was buried, till more than a century after his death, when an equestrian statue of him was erected in St. James's Square by J. Bacon (1808). Of Queen Anne there are three existing statues, viz., in front of St. Paul's and in the centre of the two squares called after her. The best is in Queen's Square West. George the First stands on the campanile of Bloomsbury Church. Of

George the Second we had till lately a statue in Leicester Square: it was sunk into a pit, while the square was occupied by Mr. Wyld's "Globe," and reappeared so mutilated that it was removed and made away with. Few people would suppose that George the Third would be a good subject for a statue; but when a young man his figure was slight and graceful. There are two statues of him, the one in the courtyard of Somerset House by J. Bacon, representing him in his early years, in a classical style with bare arms and legs—one of the most effective works in London. In front of it there is a semi-recumbent figure representing the Thames, of great power. He was still more happy in his second statue, an equestrian figure by Matthew Wyatt, in Pall Mall East; one of very great merit, full of spirit, and with a certain charm of simplicity combined with action.

The statue of George the Fourth by Chantrey, an equestrian figure of much nobility, was intended to surmount the Marble Arch, when in front of Buckingham Palace, but has found a place on one of the pedestals in front of the National Gallery, and so far no fitting companion has been found for the corresponding pedestal. The statues of William the Fourth in Cannon Street and of Queen Victoria in the Royal Exchange require no comments. Of other royal personages we have the Duke of York, by Westmacott in 1836, on the top of the hideous column in Pall Mall, far removed from his creditors, as the wits of the day said; the Duke of Cumberland, an equestrian statue of the worst style, in Cavendish Square, by Cheere; the Duke of Kent, by Gaghan, in Portland Place; an equestrian statue of the late prince consort, by Bacon in 1873, on the Holborn Viaduct, and the gilded statue of the same prince under the gorgeous canopy opposite to the Albert Hall. It is the fashion in some quarters to depreciate this memorial, but there is unquestionably much work of the greatest merit about it. The frieze round the base with figures in high relief, and the groups of statuary representing the four continents, and especially that of Asia by Foley, are very good. The prince's figure, also by Foley, is not one of that sculptor's most successful works, and unfortunately an avenue has been laid out leading to the back of the statue, which is its least favorable aspect. There is certainly no monument of modern times which excites more interest, or which gives so much pleasure to the public.

Of statesmen, the first to receive the honor of a statue in the open air in London was William Pitt. His likeness by Chantrey is a striking one and not wanting in dignity, but too ponderous. Since his time four other prime ministers have been honored in the same manner, and Parliament Square has been devoted specially to this purpose. Statues of Canning by Westmacott, of Peel by Behnes, of Palmerston and Lord Derby, and, lastly and very lately, of Lord Beaconsfield by Raggi, have been erected there. There remain places for two more on this sacred spot; one of these must necessarily be reserved for the only living man who was the contemporary and equal of those already there. It is to be regretted that a statue of Lord Russell has not been also erected here in place of the marble statue in the Central Hall of Westminster. It would complete the group of statesmen of the era. Of the statues, those of Derby and Palmerston are inferior and vulgar; by far the best is the most recent, that of Lord Beaconsfield; it is a statue of the greatest merit, a striking likeness, and with that expression inscrutable and slightly cynical, so well known to those who sat opposite to him in the House of Commons. It is with satisfaction that I look back to having selected this site for it, after consultation with Sir Stafford Northcote, and that it fell to my duty to take over the statue on the part of the commissioners of works at the ceremony of its unveiling. Looking down on the vast assembly on that occasion, with its expression of lofty unconcern, the statue seemed to invite as an inscription the well-known lines:—

Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ.*

There is also another statue of Peel by Behnes in Cheapside, and within the last month a statue has been erected to Mr. Gladstone by Joy, in Walbrook. It should also be mentioned that there are statues by Westmacott of Charles Fox (1814) in Bloomsbury Square—a figure most inappropriately represented in Roman costume, with bare arms and seated, and in other respects without a redeeming quality—of a Duke of Bedford in Russell Square, and of Lord William Bentinck, by Campbell, in Cavendish Square.

Of military heroes whom London has

delighted to honor, there are two statues of the Duke of Wellington, the one in front of the Royal Exchange by Chantrey, fully up to the usual level of dignity of this sculptor, and the other by Wyatt, a monstrous colossus, lately on the top of Decimus Burton's arch at Hyde Park Corner. On the recent removal of this arch, the members of the Royal Academy unanimously petitioned that this statue should not be replaced over the archway, where its position, they said, was utterly opposed to every canon of art, and in accordance with this the government decided that the statue was not to be re-erected on the arch. Its descent, however, has rather aggravated than reduced the difficulties connected with the statue; bad as it was when far removed from the eye, it is still worse when brought within nearer range of vision; its details are even worse than its composition as a whole; its colossal size makes it most difficult to find an appropriate place for it. On a pedestal in its present position at Hyde Park Corner it would overtop and dwarf everything else, and make it impossible to decorate further this place. A committee composed of the most eminent advisers on such a subject that could be named, and including the present Duke of Wellington, have recommended that the statue should be recast, and that another statue should be made of the great duke, of the ordinary heroic size, better adapted to the place where, above all others, it is fitting that it should be erected.

Lord Nelson at the summit of the well-known column in Charing Cross, around which Landseer's very sketchy lions watch; the very commonplace statues of Havelock by Behnes, and of Napier by Adams; those of Lord Clyde by Marochetti, and Sir John Burgoyne by Boehm, in the garden of Carlton Terrace, and Sir James Outram on the Thames Embankment; the military trophy, in commemoration of the Crimean war, of three guardsmen surmounted by a gigantic Victory holding out wreaths in both hands, well satirized by *Punch* at the time as the "quoit-thrower," a most gloomy erection by John Bell, and the graceful column by Gilbert Scott in front of Dean's Yard and the Abbey in honor of the Westminster School contribution to the roll of honor in the same war; the so-called Achilles in Hyde Park, a copy of a statue at Rome, palmed off upon the ladies of England, and erected by them as a tribute to the Duke of Wellington, complete the list of military monuments.

* Hor. Od. iii. 2, 17.

The Thames Embankment appears to have given a great incentive to the statuary art. John Stuart Mill, an interesting likeness by Woolner, almost too realistic, and which reminds one especially of his customary attitude in the House of Commons, has been placed there. Statues of Raikes the founder of Sunday schools, and of Brunel the engineer, and perhaps the worst example of modern statues, have also been erected in these gardens; while in the gardens at the back of Carlton Terrace leading to Pall Mall are Sir John Franklin, a statue than which few are regarded with greater interest by the public, and Lord Lawrence, a by no means satisfactory figure, in an attitude singularly at variance with his dignified and modest demeanor.

Elsewhere in London are Dr. Jenner in Kensington Gardens; Stephenson, the engineer, in Euston Square; George Peabody in the City; Cobden in Camden Town; Lord Byron, a statue quite unworthy of its site in Hamilton Gardens; Lord Herbert of Lea, one of the few productions we have in London of Foley, a most poetic conception, refined, graceful, and full of thought; and the more recent statue of Thomas Carlyle, by Boehm, erected in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, near to the house in which he lived so long, and one of the most interesting statues of the day, a model in design, likeness, and place, of what a memorial to such a man should be. There is also a statue in marble of Shakespeare, a copy of that in Westminster Abbey, erected at the cost of Mr. Albert Grant in Leicester Square, surrounded by busts of Newton, Reynolds, Hogarth, and Hunter, who lived in the Square. There is again the imaginative and chivalrous work of Richard the First in Old Palace Yard by Marochetti, but not well placed there.

It will be seen, then, that the total number of statues is about fifty, of which eighteen are of royal personages, and of the remainder all have been erected within the present century, and by far the larger proportion in the last twenty years. There are no statues of the greatest of English warriors, of Edward the Third, or Henry the Fifth, or Blake, or Marlborough. There is none of Cromwell. Chatham is equally without tribute of this kind. Milton, in spite of his association with London, has no recognition except that of a bust in the Abbey. To Dr. Johnson a statue has been erected at Lichfield, the place of his birth, but none in London, where nearly the whole of his life was

passed and where he died. The statues by Foley of two celebrated Irishmen, Burke and Goldsmith, erected in front of Trinity College, Dublin, are among the very best works of art of modern times, but in London, where their lives were spent, there are no statues of them in the open air. It was at least to be expected that the benchers of the Temple Inns would have done something in honor of one who was so long connected with the Temple, and who was buried in their church. A statue of Charles Dickens in some one of the many parts of London identified with his works would be appropriate. Compared with these it may well be doubted whether many of those to whom statues have been erected in the last twenty years are worthy of the honor. It is a question whether any statue should be erected until ten years or more have elapsed since the death of the subject. This would avoid many which are decided upon in the excitement of grief and regret immediately after death. What is still more to be deprecated is the erection of a statue during the life of its subject, except perhaps in the case of the most eminent.

In any case it is not desirable that statues should be multiplied unduly. In the view of many people, London, by reason of its climate, is unsuitable for statues in the open air, at least without canopies. It may be replied to this that the suitability of a statue depends wholly upon the work itself. Really good works of art like the best of those which have been named are certainly not out of place even in London; they rise superior to the conditions of the atmosphere and to their environment. A bad statue, however, is intolerable; there is no escape from it; it adds to the gloom of its neighborhood, it intensifies all other bad conditions, and is a public misfortune. A statue once erected in a public place can be removed only under most exceptional circumstances. Too great care, then, cannot be taken by the authorities in consenting to the erection of a statue. There is nothing of which it is more difficult to judge the effect in advance. The small model of a statue may please, the full-sized cast in the studio may look well, but when the final result in bronze or marble is put on its pedestal in the place of destination, the result may be eminently unsatisfactory, and perhaps to none more so than to the artist himself. It may be a question whether, before giving final permission for the erection of a statue, it ought not to be required that a model in plaster,

colored to represent bronze, should be placed on the intended site, and whether a committee of taste should not be the final arbiters in a matter so delicate and difficult.

Passing from the statues in the open air to monuments in churches or public buildings, we enter upon a much wider range. Great, however, as is the number of men whom London has honored, the places where their memorials are to be found are few. Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, and the Houses of Parliament almost exhaust the list. There are a few monuments erected by the Corporation of London in the Guildhall. Some of the older churches which have survived the great fire of London contain monuments of interest; of these, St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street; St. Olave's, Hart Street, where Pepys was buried; the Rolls Chapel in Lincoln's Inn, the Temple Church, Chelsea Old Church, and St. Margaret's, Westminster, nearly exhaust the list, although here and there a church may contain an individual monument worthy of a visit, such as Battersea Church, where there is a monument to Bolingbroke by Roubiliac; St. Saviour's, Southwark, where we find the interesting tomb of Gower, the poet; and St. Catherine's Cree, where Holbein was buried, and which contains a beautiful recumbent effigy in armor of Sir N. Throgmorton (1570). All these together, including St. Paul's, pale into nothing as compared with Westminster Abbey. It may seem to be a work almost of presumption on my part to refer to its monuments, after the singularly interesting and full treatment which they have received from one who loved the Abbey so well, and whose name will ever be associated with it, Dean Stanley. His work, however, is mainly historical, and on this side leaves nothing to be desired. On the technical side, and from the point of view of the progress of monumental sculpture, there is much still to be said, far more than I can do in the few pages of an article. If I venture to say anything on this subject, it is that for many years of my life I lived under the shade of the Abbey or in its immediate vicinity, and few people, except those connected with its services, have been more familiar with it. During the last three years I have had to deal officially with many questions in connection with the Abbey. The last time I saw Dean Stanley, I spent some time with him in inspecting the statues of the north transept, with the object of determining a site

for the monument voted by Parliament to Lord Beaconsfield. Speaking then with a long experience, I can express my conviction that there is nothing comparable with Westminster Abbey, having regard to its combination of architectural, historic, and artistic interest.

There is nowhere else in the world so long a range of monuments, from the shrine of the Confessor, the tombs of the Plantagenets, to the monuments of poets and the more recent statues of statesmen, without any break, and all set in a framework so beautiful and so full of grandeur that, much as one may take exception to many of these works of monumental sculpture, they sink into insignificance in the building, and do little or nothing to diminish the beauty of the whole, while they add to its interest. If any one doubts this, let him enter the Abbey by the door of the north transept, and, stepping across the graves of Chatham, Pitt, and Fox, pass between the avenue of statues of Chatham, of the two Cannings, of Palmerston, of Peel; or let him enter by the Poets' Corner, and treading the tombstones of Samuel Johnson, Garrick, Macaulay, and Dickens, find himself among the monuments and records of Chaucer, Milton, Dryden, and a host of others, the boast of English literature; or let him stand in the choir, behind the altar, with the noble range of tombs of our early kings on either side; or let him be present on an occasion when one of the great men of England is laid in his last resting-place, amid a crowd of all that is most eminent, and with a pomp so solemn, so touching, that no other ceremony compares to it. It may be asked with confidence whether any other building can produce the same impressions of grandeur, dignity, and beauty combined with those of historic and national interest.

The monuments may be studied best under the following groups:—

1. The monuments and tombs of our kings and their families, beginning with the shrine of the Confessor and ending with the monuments of Elizabeth and Mary.

The older of these monuments are ranged on either side of the choir at the back of the altar; the tomb of Henry the Fifth, with a chantry of its own, is at the east end of the Chapel of the Confessor. These monuments cover a space of time from 1272, the date of the translation of the Confessor to his present tomb, to the reburial of Mary Queen of Scots, in 1606, a period, therefore, of three hundred and

thirty-four years. Nothing can better show the growth of art than the difference between the simplicity and grandeur of the earlier monuments, and especially those of Henry the Third and Richard the Second, and the lavish wealth of decorations upon those of Henry the Seventh, Elizabeth, and her sister Mary, and that of Mary Queen of Scots. It will be observed to what extent foreign artists were called in for the purpose. The figures of Henry the Third, and of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward the First, are by competent authorities said to be by an Italian sculptor; that of Philippa, wife of Edward the Third, by a Hainault artist; the monument of Anne of Cleves by an artist brought over from Cleves for the purpose; that of Henry the Seventh and his wife, and that of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, by Torregiano, the rival of Michael Angelo; that of Elizabeth and her sister Mary by Maximilian Poultraine and John de Critz; and that of Mary Stuart by Cornelius Cure. Not the least value of the earlier monuments is that the recumbent statues are evidently likenesses, and tally with the personal descriptions we have of these monarchs. The figure of Henry the Third is represented as small and delicate, two long curls of hair fall from under his coronet, there is a beard and moustachios; there is a great charm in the simple pose of the statue and its flowing drapery. The material is bronze, and is said to be the first specimen of metal-casting in England. The figure of Richard the Second is also in bronze, it is habited in a religious costume; his queen is represented with a pleasing countenance; their hands were originally clasped, but the arms have unfortunately been broken off. In the effigy of Edward the Third (1377) the face is long, and there is a remarkable fall of the lower lip. The hair is long and slightly curling, and the beard is an amply flowing one. The drapery is treated conventionally. The effigy of Henry the Fifth is now but a rude wooden form on which were fastened plates of silver gilded, long since stolen from the monument. How splendid these tombs must have been, and indeed the whole of this part of the Abbey, when in the time of Henry the Seventh they retained all their magnificence, and when the profusion of minor statues and decorations about them was still unbroken!

The most beautiful, and indeed the finest, monument in England, is that of Henry the Seventh. Lord Bacon speaks

of it as "one of the stateliest and daintiest in Europe." Torregiano was engaged on this work for nearly six years, and the result was a masterpiece. During this time he also produced the beautiful tomb of the Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry the Seventh, and the recumbent statue of Dr. Young, master of the rolls, in the Rolls Chapel, which is also of great beauty and simplicity of style.

He also designed a tomb of extraordinary magnificence in the early years of Henry the Eighth for that sovereign and his queen. It would have been the most splendid monument ever conceived. The particulars of it are to be found in Speed's "History of England." It would have been adorned by one hundred and thirty-three statues, forty-three bas-reliefs in gilt bronze, and by twenty columns of porphyry and alabaster. Like Inigo Jones's splendid design for the palace of Whitehall, this design for the tomb of the great Tudor king was never executed.

It is singular that although the royal burials were continued from James the First to George the Second, inclusive, with the exception of Charles the First, James the Second, and George the First, yet no monuments were erected to them in the Abbey, but, as already shown, statues in the public places appear to have taken the place of monumental tombs.

2. The second group which may be studied together consists of the tombs of the early feudal chiefs, some of them closely related to the sovereigns, and the purely Gothic monuments of a somewhat later period.

The best examples of these in the Abbey are the tombs of Edward Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster, 1273, an exceedingly noble and dignified effigy, and of Aylmer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, 1323, nephew of Henry the Third. Flaxman says of them: "They are specimens of the magnificence of such works of the age; the loftiness of the work, the number of arches and pinnacles, the lightness of the spires, the richness and profusion of the foliage, the solemn repose of the principal figures representing the deceased in their last prayers for mercy, the delicacy of thought in the group of angels, and the tender sentiment of concern variously expressed in the relatives ranged in order around their basements, forcibly direct the attention and convey the thoughts, not only to other ages, but to other states of existence."* Of others

* Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture, p. 20.

of the same date are the tombs of William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, half-brother of Henry the Third, with an effigy of wood covered with gilt copper, and with beautiful specimens of enamelled metal on the shield, belt, and cushion; of John de Eltham, Duke of Cornwall, 1334, a noble figure with legs crossed; and of Simon de Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1376, a beautiful alabaster figure, in excellent preservation, on an altar-tomb in the chapel of St. Benedict.

Besides these, in somewhat later times, there are the purely Gothic tombs of Sir Barnard Brocas, 1409, in the chapel of St. Edmund; of Ludovick Robsart, 1432; of Philippa, Duchess of York, 1480; and lastly, the well-known monument of Sir Francis Vere, 1600, where above a recumbent figure of Vere himself, four knights kneeling support the arms of the dead man — a monument in imitation of that to Engelbert, Count of Nassau, at Breda. This monument is one of the most beautiful in the Abbey. It is of this that the story is told of Koubiliac, that in reply to a question thrice repeated by one who found him standing with his eyes riveted on the fourth knight, he said, "Hush! hush! he will speak presently." The monument is somewhat of a survival, for most of the monuments dating between 1500 and 1600 have more or less of the Renaissance about them.

The purely Gothic monuments in London, elsewhere than in the Abbey, are few and far between. There are the effigies of the Knights Templars in the Temple Church, and there is the canopied tomb of Gower in St. Saviour's, Southwark.

3. The third group consists of monuments with recumbent statues, mostly canopied, with more or less of architectural adornment in the Renaissance style, erected for the most part between 1500 and 1650. Of these there are many noble and interesting specimens in the Abbey well worthy of attention.

Perhaps the most interesting of all the monuments of this group is that of Sir H. Norris (1600), whom Queen Elizabeth so loved, not merely for his own sake, but because of his father, who alone of those who died on the scaffold with her mother, Anne Boleyn, denied her guilt. Norris and his wife are represented under a canopy; on either side are three kneeling figures, life-sized and armored, the six sons, four of whom died in battle and one alone survived the father. The monument is of great size, and the artist, whose name is unknown, has been most happy

in depicting the parents reposing in death, while their sons are praying around them.

There is also the monument of Sir Charles Daubeney and his wife, 1507, a recumbent statue on an altar-tomb, the four corners to which are purely classic, showing the influence of the Renaissance; this is in the Chapel of St. Paul, where also are the monuments of the Countess of Sussex, 1589; Dudley Carleton, 1631, half-recumbent; and other monuments to many noble ladies of that period; the Marchioness of Winchester, 1586; Frances, Countess of Hertford, 1598; the Burleigh monument, 1588; Sir John Pickering, 1596; Sir R. Picherall, 1571; Countess of Suffolk, 1563; Lord John Russell, 1584; the Earl and Countess of Exeter, 1608. It is unnecessary to name more; the Abbey is very rich in them. In most of them the figures are recumbent, on altar-tombs, with canopies, or architectural structures against the walls of the church, often reaching to a great height, and always showing more or less of classical detail about them, while on the other hand the Gothic treatment of many of their parts is not abandoned. The most sumptuous monument of this period is that of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, 1628, in the central aisle of Henry the Seventh's Chapel; and one of the most beautiful is that of Lord Middlesex and his wife, 1645, in the Chapel of St. Benedict. It is also one of the last of its type, for already, under the influence of new ideas and of a fresh generation of sculptors, the fashion of recumbent statues and altar-tombs was going out of date. We have many fine specimens of this style in other parts of London, such as the monuments of Lord and Lady Dacre in old Chelsea Church; of Jane Dudley, Duchess of Northumberland, mother-in-law of Lady Jane Grey, in the same church; of Sir Walter Mildmay at St. Bartholomew's the Great; and of many City magnates in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate Street. It is to be noticed how many of these monuments are erected in honor of noble ladies, and that in almost all cases the wife is lying on the altar-tomb beside her husband. In the next generation ladies are treated very differently, and very few of them are represented on the monuments to their husbands. In the last half-century only two ladies have been buried in the Abbey.* It is also to be observed that we know the names of but very few of the sculptors or architects of those splendid tombs.

* Lady Palmerston and Lady Augusta Stanley.

4. The next group of monuments dates from the first known of British sculptors, Nicholas Stone. Sir Francis Vere and Sir George Holles were kinsmen and comrades in arms, and they died nearly at the same time. The tomb of Vere, 1606, is of pure Gothic style, the figure recumbent. That of his friend, within a few feet, is in a totally new style; the statue is erect, it is depicted in the costume of a Roman general, it surmounts a monument with allegorical figures. It is a singularly pleasing monument, but unfortunately badly placed in the Abbey and nearly hidden by the Vere monument. It is the first statue in the Abbey which stands erect, and therefore marks a new era. It was erected by Nicholas Stone in 1626 for Lord Clare, who paid 100*l.* for it. For another of the Holles family, Francis, son of the Earl of Clare, 1626, a figure also erect, which Horace Walpole describes as "of most antique simplicity and beauty," Stone received 50*l.* only; twenty years earlier Stone had erected the beautiful monument with recumbent statues of Sir George Villiers and his wife, 1605, for which he received 560*l.*, and five years after the Holles statue he erected the splendid Renaissance monument of Dudley Carleton, 1631, in the earlier style, for which he received 200*l.* These and the tablet to Casaubon, 1614, are the representatives of Stone's work in the Abbey, and excellent all of them are in their different styles and well worthy of study, as indicating the change that was coming about. There are no more purely classical statues in the Abbey than those of the two Holleses. Elsewhere we have of Nicholas Stone, the statue of Sir Julius Cæsar in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and the curious figure of Dr. Donne in his winding-sheet in St. Paul's which survived the destruction of the older church.

Nicholas Stone, born 1586, died 1647, was the father of modern English sculpture; after him came Cibber, 1630 to 1700; Bird, 1667 to 1731; Grinling Gibbons, 1683 to 1721; Roubiliac, 1698 to 1762; Rysbrack, 1693 to 1770; Scheemaker, 1680 to 1769; Joseph Wilton, 1722 to 1803; Nollekens, 1737 to 1823; Banks, 1735 to 1805; J. Bacon, 1740 to 1799; Flaxman, 1755 to 1826; Chantrey, 1782 to 1842; Westmacott, 1775 to 1855; Gibson, 1790 to 1866; and Foley, 1818 to 1879; all of whom are represented by their works in the Abbey, many of them by numerous works. The one exception to this is Cibber, of whom there is nothing in the Abbey, and of whose work in

sculpture the only examples we have in London are the statues of Melancholy and Madness in the entrance hall of Bethlem Hospital, so famous for their realism — statues referred to in the well-known lines of Pope when speaking of Cibber's son, —

Where o'er the gates by his famed father's
hand
Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers stand.

From the above list of sculptors it is evident at a glance how much we owed to foreign art, and especially to the school of sculpture in Flanders.

The next in the list to Cibber is Bird, to whom the Abbey owes the great architectural monument in the composition of which he was assisted by the architect Kent, and where the half-recumbent statue of Holles, Duke of Newcastle, is rising from a kind of altar-tomb, while Justice and Prudence are standing by. It is the first of a series of works in which allegorical figures occupy the most prominent position. Indeed, the era from 1650 to 1820 represents in monumental sculpture one in which classical and allegorical figures abound and often overshadow or supplant the subject of the monument. It would be amusing to count the number of Britannias, Neptunes, Victories, Fames, figures of Justice, Mercy, Eloquence, etc., which are to be found in the Abbey and St. Paul's on monuments during this period. The craze for allegory was carried much further by Bird's successors. It reached its climax in the great monument by Nollekens to the three captains who were killed in Rodney's victory, Bayne, Blair, and Manners, 1782, where a gigantic figure of Neptune is pointing out to Britannia three small medallions, on which the heads of the captains are given in low relief, while Victory from above is holding over them a crown. The subjects of the monument have here disappeared almost wholly, and the immense space is devoted to allegorical figures without interest and with little of beauty. Many other examples of this kind are to be found in the Abbey.

To return to Bird, we have from him the semi-recumbent figure of Dr. Busby, and the semi-recumbent figure of Sir Cloudesley Shovel, 1717, depicted in Roman costume and a wig, a singular mixture, lying in the midst of an architectural structure, and as remote from one's conception of the gallant old admiral as could possibly be.

Of Grinling Gibbons we have but one

monument in the Abbey — Mrs. Beaufoy, a charming half-figure supported by two allegorical figures; beyond this we have nothing in London of Gibbons's sculpture, except in the two statues already alluded to. The exquisite wood-carving in the choir of St. Paul's was, however, from his chisel.

Of Roubiliac the Abbey has seven monuments, some of wide-world renown. That which appears to me the most pleasing is the monument to Sir Peter Warren, where Hercules has just placed the bust of the admiral on its pedestal, while Navigation, an allegorical personage, is ready to crown it with laurel. The bust of the admiral is excellent, and the female representing Navigation is a charming figure; the monument reminds one of the work of Bernini. The well-known monument to the Duke of Argyll and Greenwich, where Fame is engaged in inscribing the name of the hero, and Eloquence is addressing the audience, scarcely needs description; it is a marvellous production of art, however little appropriate to a church. The figure of Eloquence has excited the greatest admiration of artists. Canova said of it that it was the noblest statue he had seen in England. The Nightingale monument is equally well known, and its terrible realism and splendid execution have made it famous. His statue of Handel in Poets' Corner is not worthy of either sculptor or subject.

Unquestionably the best work we have of Roubiliac is the statue of Sir Isaac Newton in Trinity College, Cambridge. His statue of Shakespeare in the British Museum is also a fine work, but of greatly inferior interest to that of Newton, as a statue of one who has been dead a hundred years must always draw upon the imagination, while in the statue of Newton we feel that we have before us the man himself. At the mature age of fifty Roubiliac visited Rome, and on his return is reported to have said on seeing again his own work in the abbey, "By God, my own work looks to me as meagre and starved as if made of nothing but tobacco pipes."

Of his successor in popular favor, Rysbrack, the Abbey has at least twelve works, possibly more. Of these the two principal are those in the places of honor on either side of the entrance to the choir, Sir Isaac Newton and Earl Stanhope, two fine compositions where the principal figures are not lost in their allegorical surroundings. There is also the monument to Milton, a charming bust, deficient

only in interest from having been modelled seventy years after the death of the poet, a very tardy recognition of so great a man; the monument to Matthew Prior (1721), of which the beautiful bust by Coysevox was given by Louis the Fourteenth; and the monument to Admiral Vernon (1751), of the typical kind, a bust surrounded by allegorical figures.

His contemporary and successor, Scheemaker, is represented in the Abbey by an equal number of works. Most of them are of the allegorical type already alluded to. His Admiral Wager (1743) is the exact pendant to that of Admiral Vernon by Rysbrack, two allegorical figures bending over a bust. The two are placed on either side of the entrance to the north transept. The monuments to Lord Aubrey Beauclerk (1740), who was killed at Carthage, under Vernon; Admiral Watson (1757); and Mr. H. Chamberlin (1728), the eminent accoucheur of his day are of the same type — in all the busts are excellent. In the monument to Sir John Balchen (1744) the bust is wanting; the allegorical figures alone are there, and there is a bas-relief depicting an incident in the life of the hero.

The monument to Monk, Duke of Albemarle, 1720, erected fifty years after his death, under the will of his son Christopher, is a more ambitious performance, and of its kind is a striking work. The figure of Monk himself is fine. That of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, and his wife, 1721, is of the older type of recumbent figures on an altar-tomb with a sumptuous canopy. The duke is in Roman armor, his wife in the ladies' dress of the period. The statue of Shakespeare is an imaginative work executed a hundred years after the death of the poet, and not equal to those of Roubiliac already referred to. The bust of Dryden, died 1700, on a monument long delayed, and erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, is one of the greatest gems of Poets' Corner. Generally the busts of this sculptor are of the first quality, and there are very few of the numerous busts which have been placed in the Abbey during the last twenty years which could compare favorably with those of Scheemaker.

In Joseph Wilton we find a sculptor of the same school. His principal work is the immense monumental piece in honor of General Wolfe, 1759, in which the wounded general is depicted lying without clothes (in order that the artist, it is said, might show his anatomical knowledge) in

the arms of a fully equipped sergeant, and receiving a wreath from Victory. The bronze bas-relief beneath the figures is by Capitsoldi, and is an excellent representation of the landing of the British troops and the ascent of the Heights of Abraham. The monument is interesting as showing the struggle between the classical and allegorical school and the more natural school that was soon to supersede it. Nothing can be more real than the figure of the sergeant; on the other hand, the figure of Wolfe in semi-nudity, though real in one sense, is untrue, and the Victory is a survival from the allegorical school. The monument may be compared with West's well-known picture of the same event, in which the figures are given in their soldier's uniform, and where the artist was almost universally blamed at the time for not representing them in Roman costume. In the monument to Admiral Holmes, 1761, the hero is represented as a Roman general with the usual allegorical attendants.

Of Nollekens, considering his great vogue and his long life, during which he amassed a large fortune by his chisel, and executed an enormous multitude of statues and busts, there are comparatively few works in the Abbey. The immense monumental piece to the three captains killed in Rodney's action, already alluded to, where the allegorical devices have reached their climax, and have extinguished the subject-matter of the monument, and the medallion of Oliver Goldsmith, 1744, are among these few. He is handed down to memory by Dr. Johnson, who, upon hearing a discussion as to the merits of various sculptors, said, "Well, I think, sir, my friend Nollekens can chop out a head with any one of them." Mr. Pitt declined to sit for his bust to him, but after the death of the statesman the sculptor avenged himself by getting a cast of his face, out of which he realized 15,000*l.* He obtained an order from Trinity College, Cambridge, for a statue at the price of 4,000*l.*; he sold seventy-four busts, for which he received a hundred and twenty guineas each, and which were executed for him by some inferior artist for twenty-four guineas each, and he also sold six hundred casts at six pounds apiece.*

Probably the worst of all the sculptors of this school and era whose works have found a place in the Abbey was Read, a pupil of Roubiliac, the author of the atro-

cious monument to Admiral Tyrell, 1766, a prodigious mass of rocks, clouds, sea, and ships, where the admiral, who died peacefully on shore, but was buried at sea, is represented as rising to heaven out of the sea. Roubiliac is reported to have said of this monument, "That figure of Read's of Admiral Tyrell going to heaven out of the sea, looks for all the world as if he were hanging from a gallows with a rope round his neck." This monument confirmed the prophecy which the same great artist is said to have made of his pupil when the latter boasted that some day, when out of his articles, the world would see what he could do, "Ven you do de monument," said Roubiliac, "den de varld vill see vot von d—ding you vill make."*

Another contemporary of Nollekens, and of whose works there are many examples in the Abbey and St. Paul's, was John Bacon (1740–1799). No sculptor has ever had a greater number of subjects of the first importance committed to him. The monument to Chatham in the Abbey, that to the same statesman in the Guildhall, Howard the philanthropist, Warren Hastings, Dr. Johnson, what subjects for a sculptor!

The monument to Chatham in the Abbey is excellent work of its kind. The figure of Chatham itself is good, but it is placed too high, and in subordination too much to the gigantic allegorical figures below, which would appear to be the main object of the composition. There is the same fault in the great monument in the Guildhall. The author appears to have outwitted his rivals in obtaining an order for the Chatham monument in the Abbey, for, while the members of the Royal Academy were considering the terms of a competition, he went direct to the king, who said to him, "Bacon, Bacon, you shall make Chatham's monument and no one else." The monument was much approved at the time, and is referred to by Cowper in the lines:—

Bacon there
Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips,
Nor does the chisel occupy alone
The powers of eloquence, but the styles as
much.

There is a story that when Bacon was retouching the statue in the Abbey, a clerical gentleman, who was a stranger to him, tapped him on the shoulder and said, in allusion to the story of Zeuxis,

* Life of Nollekens, vol. ii., p. 43.

* Ibid. vol. ii., p. 95.

"Take care what you are doing, you work for eternity." The reverend gentleman then mounted the pulpit, and began to preach. When the sermon was over, Bacon touched his arm and said, "Take care what you do, you work for eternity."*

Most people in the present day will prefer Bacon's statues of single figures standing alone without the allegorical accompaniments considered so necessary in these days, such as Howard the philanthropist and Dr. Johnson, both at St. Paul's, and very fine examples of his work.

It should here be stated that about this time St. Paul's began to vie with the Abbey for the bodies of the great and their monuments. The first admitted to St. Paul's was Howard, next Sir Joshua Reynolds, and thirdly Sir William Jones. Dr. Johnson was buried at the Abbey, but his monument was erected in St. Paul's.

Another contemporary both of Nollekens and Bacon was Banks, of whom men of his own generation formed the highest opinion. Flaxman said of him that "his works had eclipsed the most if not all of his Continental contemporaries." Of his work, we have in the Abbey the monument of Sir Eyre Coote, one of the least attractive of the allegorical monuments in the building; and at St. Paul's there are the monuments of Captain Burgess, killed in the naval battle off Camperdown, and of Captain Westcott, killed at Aboukir; both have the same idea and the same faults. In the former Victory is presenting a sword to the hero, who is represented without clothes. In the latter Victory is supporting the dying hero, who is dressed in a Roman toga. They are unpleasing works, and alone would in no way account for the reputation of this artist among his contemporaries.

Following the three last-named sculptors at a distance of twenty years, but surviving Nollekens only by three years, was Flaxman (1755-1826), one of the most gifted artists this country has produced; a man possessed of high imaginative qualities and the purest taste, regulated and cultivated by a long study of Greek art. There are several of his works in the Abbey and St. Paul's; the best is the monument to Lord Mansfield, which he produced immediately on his return from Rome, where he had spent seven years. It raised him at once to the highest posi-

tion among sculptors. Banks said of it, "This little man will cut us all out." The figure of Lord Mansfield is a noble one, simple in its attitude and severe in its look. The two allegorical figures, Wisdom and Justice, do not eclipse the main figure, and are properly subordinated to it. There is also a monument of his in the Abbey to Captain Montagu, and an interesting bust of Paoli. His works in St. Paul's are of inferior order. He seems to have been carried away by the fashion for allegory. In the monument to Nelson, Britannia directs the attention of two young seamen to the figure of the admiral; in that to Lord Howe, history writes in letters of gold the names of the battles in which he had fought, while Britannia and her lions are at his feet. The figure of Nelson is powerful. The statue of Sir Joshua Reynolds is also excellent, and shows the sculptor at his best.

Sir R. Westmacott was the sculptor most in favor after those just named; born in 1775, he lived till 1855 and contributed a number of works to the Abbey and St. Paul's. In the Abbey are his monuments of Pitt and Fox, near to one another, as are their graves in another part of the Abbey; of Addison, Spencer Perceval, and Tierney; and of the Duc de Montpensier; while in St. Paul's are those of Lord Collingwood, Lord Duncan, Sir R. Abercrombie, and others. His three statues of Canning, Duke of Bedford, and C. J. Fox have already been alluded to. It cannot be said that in any of these he reached a high level. His monumental works have all the defects of the dying school of abstract personification and allegorical groups, while his single statues are ponderous and without expression. The monument of Fox in the Abbey is specially ill-conceived. Fox is represented half-recumbent and half-naked. The monument to Spencer Perceval is one of the most awkward and unpleasing in the Abbey. With Westmacott we reach the close of the allegorical group; whether the public was surfeited of them, or whether the artists felt unable to invent any fresh combination of them, or whether the growth of better taste rejected such designs, we find that they came to a timely end.

5. The last group consists of single statues and busts. Chantrey, 1782-1842, was the first to abandon altogether the allegorical compositions, and to content himself with single figures. I have already alluded to his statues in the open air. In the Abbey we have numerous

* Allan Cunningham's *Lives of British Sculptors*, p. 243.

examples of his work—the statues of George Canning, of Sir John Malcolm, of James Watt the engineer, of Horner, and others. There is always merit about them, there is never anything to offend. The likenesses are good, there is dignity and good taste; but, on the other hand, there is an absence of the highest qualities, and a certain commonplace air amounting to insipidity. Compare his George Canning, one of his best, with the statue of Canning's great son Earl Canning by Foley, standing next to it in the north transept; both are evidently likenesses, both have dignity, but there is a something in Foley's which makes all the difference between a work of genius and the work of a highly cultivated artist without the sacred fire.

After Chantrey come Gibson, Foley, and Stevens. The only statue by Gibson in the Abbey is that of Sir Robert Peel, represented in a Roman costume, very inappropriate to the subject. The statue is anything but a success. It is said that Gibson refused to undertake the work unless he was permitted to represent the statesman in a toga. There is also the beautiful statue of the queen by Gibson, with the figures of Justice and Mercy, in the robing-room behind the throne in the House of Lords.

Of Foley we have but a single work in the Abbey, the statue of Lord Canning already alluded to. In St. Stephen's Hall, the gallery leading to the central hall of the Houses of Parliament, there are the statues of Selden and Hampden by this artist, works of great merit. His best works, however, are at Dublin and Calcutta, and it is greatly to be regretted that Foley was not more in request for statues in London, for his work was of the highest order, uniting the rare quality of imagination with delicacy of treatment and purity of style. Of Stevens we have also a single work at St. Paul's, the magnificent monument of the Duke of Wellington, a recumbent figure with a lofty canopy, adorned with groups of allegorical figures. It is in the purest Italian style, and there has been nothing equal to it in this country since Torregiano. This closes the list of sculptors it is necessary to refer to without dealing with the works of living artists. It is not pretended that this short summary is either exhaustive or complete. There are many excellent works which have not been alluded to—there is, for instance, a noble bust of Sir T. Richardson, 1635, the jeering chief justice of Charles the First, by Hubert Le Sueur;

there is the statue of Lady Walpole by Valori, 1737, suggested by the well-known figure of Modesty at Rome; there is the monument of Townsend by Eckstein, 1757, representing a sarcophagus borne on the backs of two Indians—a work of great beauty; there is the monument to the unfortunate Major André; an excellent statue of Wilberforce by Joseph; and many others could be mentioned. It has not been intended, however, to do more than suggest the succession of works which are to be found in the Abbey and St. Paul's.

Of the monuments thus referred to in the Abbey, many are little seen, or are seen to great disadvantage owing to its crowded state. The most pleasing monument in the building, that of Vere, is hidden behind the gigantic monument of Wolfe, in the aisle of the north transept, whose entrance from the aisle of the choir it completely blocks up; and the Vere monument itself shuts out from view to a great extent the monument to Sir George Holles, which is also one of the most interesting in the building. It would be the greatest improvement if the monument to Wolfe could be moved so as to open up the aisle and enable the Vere monument to be brought forward. This would at once improve the architectural effect of that part of the Abbey and bring into view both the Vere and Holles monuments. That of Wolfe is valuable from its associations, and should on no account be removed from the Abbey. Again, the intrusion of the gigantic monument to Watt in the Chapel of St. Paul's, among so many monuments of the Elizabethan era, and where it is so incongruous, is an outrage on good taste. The monument to Craggs, an extremely interesting one, is hidden away in a dark corner at the end of the nave, behind the colossal monument of Cornwallis. Many illustrations of the same kind could be given, where by judicious removals other monuments of great interest could be brought into the prominence they deserve. The fact is, that the available space in the Abbey is too small for what already exists there; and it is certain that in the future, monuments must either be reduced to the smallest busts, to be stuck up wherever a vacant corner can be found, and irrespective of their surroundings, as is now too often the case, or the demand for this national recognition must be refused altogether.

On the other hand, it would be a most serious misfortune that a break should be made in the continuity of this splendid

roll of monuments to the great and illustrious men of the empire, or in the gallery of monumental sculpture, in which so far all that are eminent in that line of art have hitherto been represented. The subject is one which has long occupied the attention of those most interested in the Abbey. It was one in which Dean Stanley felt the deepest concern. He felt, as all have done who are cognizant of the facts, and who appreciate the Abbey in its various functions, that an effort must be made to extend its limits and to give greater space for monuments, if not for burials, in the future. Of the burials in the Abbey much might here be said. If it be advisable to continue them at all at Westminster, it is certainly most desirable that they should no longer be carried out within the Abbey proper, and that another and more fitting place should be found for them.

It is in this view that a proposal made by Sir Gilbert Scott found favor. The proposal of Scott was to build a cloister, or rather a monumental chapel, to the north-east of the Abbey, along the line of the houses in Old Palace Yard and Abingdon Street, and communicating by a covered passage passing under the buttresses of the Chapter House. The proposal would involve the demolition of all the houses in Old Palace Yard and in Abingdon Street as far as Great College Street, and the purchase of this property would cost about 200,000*l.*, a very large sum to expend in demolition.

For my own part I think that Scott's plan is open to some objection; the frontage of the chapel or cloister which he proposes would extend eastward beyond the extreme end of the Chapel of Henry the Seventh, and the interesting old Jewel Tower, at the back of Old Palace Yard, would again be hidden behind it. I incline to think that any addition to the Abbey in this quarter should not extend beyond the east end of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. This would bring it into a line with the Jewel Tower. A monumental chapel might be constructed in conformity with this view on the site of the houses on the east side of the little cloisters, and united to the Abbey in the manner proposed by Scott. This would involve the demolition of the houses in Old Palace Yard only, at a cost of about 80,000*l.*

Supposing the chapel to cost about 50,000*l.* the total sum required would be 130,000*l.* Of this the main portion, it seems to me, should be subscribed by the

public, if some wealthy benefactor could not be found to undertake it; and upon this condition, and speaking unofficially, I cannot but think there would be a strong claim for assistance to so great a cause, national, metropolitan, and ecclesiastical, upon the three bodies who represent these interests, Parliament, the Metropolitan Board, or whatever body may represent the whole metropolis, and the Ecclesiastical Commission, in which body the estates of the Chapter of Westminster, now producing an immense revenue, are vested. It is then in a joint operation between the public, in its capacity of subscribers to a great and necessary and beautiful work, and the three bodies I have named, that the ultimate solution of this difficulty may be looked for.

Lastly, it is to be observed that such a plan, involving as it would the clearing away of the houses in Old Palace Yard and Poets' Corner, would be one of the most splendid improvements that could be carried out in this part of London. It would open out the south side of the Abbey, and disclose to view the beautiful Chapter House, now almost completely hidden. It is not many years since the north front of the Abbey, or a great part of it, was similarly hidden from view; old prints show that there was a row of buildings on either side of St. Margaret's Church, opposite to the old Law Courts, from Bridge Street to the Abbey. In fact the greater part of Parliament Square was covered with houses. These have all been demolished, and the Square has been completely cleared within the last thirty years. The Abbey now stands out in all its beauty on this side. The removal of the old Law Courts, and the opening to view of Westminster Hall, effected during the past year, has been another improvement of the same kind.

It is not too much to say that the panorama of buildings now seen from a point at the end of Great George Street, near to the statue of Peel, is one of the finest in Europe. On the extreme right stand the towers of the Abbey, then the whole range of its nave, transept, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel, against which St. Margaret's Church stands, not without advantage in breaking this long line, in supplying another tower, and in giving the means of appreciating the size of the Abbey. The Victoria Tower is then seen in full, down to its base, which was formerly scarcely visible from any point; then comes Westminster Hall, with its ancient buttresses, the contrast of whose

simplicity and grandeur with the ornate frontage of the new palace, and with Henry the Seventh's Chapel, is very striking, and not ungrateful to the eye. The picture ends on the extreme left with the graceful Clock Tower. What can be more beautiful or more full of interest than this range of buildings!

Parliament Square will be further improved when the street leading to it is widened uniformly with Whitehall, as is now proposed, and when a handsome block of buildings is erected along the new line with a frontage to the Square.

Little will then remain to be done in this quarter, except to open out the view of the Abbey on its south side. The proposed monumental chapel, the Chapter House, and the Abbey will then stand opposite to Barry's beautiful front of the House of Lords, and the Victoria Tower, and the "place" on this side of the Abbey will be not less striking than that on the other side.

When the wealthy people of London rise to a conception of the dignity and beauty of the great city in which they live, and from whence many of them derive their great incomes, and of their duties as citizens, so far better understood and acted upon in other great cities, it is certain that this improvement will be one of the first which will be accomplished. The Abbey, with its wealth of monuments, the Hall, and the Parliament House of Westminster will then form a group worthy of this, the *μεσόμφαλος* of the British Empire.

G. SHAW LEFEVRE.

From The Month.

BRITISH GUIANA.*

THE continent of South America offers a vast and novel field for the explorer. The few travellers who have as yet penetrated any distance into the interior, report it to be a land of marvellous beauty, whose magnificent scenery alone would more than compensate for the labor of making a path over untried ways, for the hardships and dangers which must inevitably be encountered in seeking out untrodden ground. British Guiana is the only English part of this continent, and those who would acquaint themselves with the great but undeveloped capabili-

ties of this colony, must leave the coast-land, which is at present inhabited and cultivated to a considerable extent, traverse the timber-tract, sparsely inhabited by a few woodcutters, and, passing up the wide rivers, with their sun-lit waters and roaring cataracts, plunge into the gigantic tropical forests, magnificent in their solitary grandeur and immense extent, and, quitting their deep shadows and broken lights, come out upon the wide and undulating savannahs, intersected by rugged mountain ridges stretching far away to a limitless horizon. There a rich reward will be in store for the traveller who has the proper equipment of love of adventure and a keen sense of the beauty of nature; who is skilled in natural science and an acute anthropological observer. The vegetation of these remote regions is extraordinarily rich and interesting to the naturalist, and to the ethnologist it will also be most attractive, for the Indians who inhabit it are in a very unusually primitive condition. Mr. Everard Im Thurn has, during a residence of several years amongst the Indians of Guiana, made more than one expedition into the interior, collected a mass of information valuable to the trained scientist and interesting to the general reader, which he now presents to us in a pleasing and well-written volume, most heartily to be recommended to all readers. The book is somewhat bulky, it is true, but there is not anything in it which one could wish omitted, and several excellent illustrations add greatly to its attractiveness.

The excursions Mr. Im Thurn made from Georgetown into the interior were undertaken with no other object than that of pleasure and of acquainting himself with the most interesting natural features of Guiana. Of these the Kaieteur Falls on the Potaro River, the existence of which was unknown until 1871, seems to be the chief; in height, volume, and in the beauty of the surrounding scenery it ranks among the finest falls in the world. To this some years ago a path was made under government direction, in the hope of attracting strangers, but not being easy enough for the ordinary traveller, it was not used, and is now already obliterated by the rapid growth of tropical vegetation. Mr. Im Thurn visited the falls twice, once in the dry and again in the rainy season, and was both times greatly impressed by its exceeding grandeur.

* *Among the Indians of Guiana.* By Everard F. Im Thurn, M.A. London: C. Kegan Paul and Co., 1883.

Crossing the Savannah, we soon reached the Kaieteur cliff. Lying at full length on the

ground, head over the edge of the cliff, I gazed down.

Then and then only the splendid, and in the most solemn sense of the word, awful beauty of the Kaieteur burst on me. Seven hundred and fifty feet below, encircled by black boulders, lay a great pool, into which the column of white water, graceful as a ceaseless flight of innumerable rockets, thundered from by my side. Behind the fall, through the thinnest parts of the veil of foam and mist, the great black cavern made the white of the water look yet more white.

My first sensations were of a terrible and undefinable fear. . . . Gradually, however, these painful feelings gave way to others of intense, wondering delight; and the whole scene, the gigantic weird fall, the dark and slippery places below, the grass-covered rocks at the gate of the amphitheatre, and beyond that the bright, thickly wooded valley of the river, visible for many miles, were revealed, never to be forgotten (p. 68).

Of his second visit he writes : —

The fall, when the river was almost dry, had seemed as grand and beautiful a thing as it was possible to imagine; but now it was so infinitely more grand, so infinitely more beautiful, that it is painfully hopeless to try and express in words anything of its beauty and grandeur. Now an indescribably, almost inconceivably vast curtain of water, some four hundred feet in width, rolled over the top of the cliff, retaining its full width until it crashed into the boiling water of the pool which filled the space below; and of the surface of this pool itself, only the outer edge was visible, for the greater part was ceaselessly tossed and hurled up in a great and high mass of surf and foam and spray. . . . One seemed carried into a new, hardly-formed universe (p. 75).

The descriptions of the general appearance of the land are generally given not from the part described as the timber-tract, which, being nearer to the coast, has suffered modifications from the hand of man, but from the virgin forest, with its dark, impenetrable roof of leaves, from which hang down tangled masses of innumerable creepers, and above which, on the tree-tops, exposed to the full blaze of the sun, many of the finest orchids grow; or from the river bank, where the forest forms a background to more ephemeral vegetation, ferns and lily-leaved aroids sloping down to the bright, dark red, wine-colored water, in which each leaf is repeated in the most perfect of faithful reflections. Or the wide savannahs are pictured, where the scene is bounded on one side by distant chains of mountains, on the face of which bare cliffs alternate with wooded slopes, and on the other the plain — not unlike the wider parts of the

English downs — rolls away to meet the horizon; long belts of palms and other tropical trees rising in the hollows between the ridges of sand.

With regard to tropical vegetation, Mr. Im Thurn thinks there is great misconception. Men in temperate regions, he says, are apt to think that tropical plant life blazes with gorgeous color and is composed exclusively of quaint forms. This idea, it must be confessed, is common, but we are now told it is fallacious: the more gorgeous plants which, selected from a far greater number of less brilliant hue, are grouped in our hot-houses, giving rise to the mistake. It must be remembered that in the tropics trees and plants are all on a gigantic scale; that, owing to the greater intensity of light, the colors are more brilliant; and that many of the forms are of a striking and novel nature. But the whole amount of color afforded by flowers is said not to be very different in tropical and temperate climes. The coloring of the forest is due more to the leafage than the flowers, and the peculiarity of it consists in that, without any special season for the bursting out or fall of leaves, it has trees putting forth new leaves of delicate green or pink tints side by side with others from which are dropping leaves of brilliant red, yellow, or bronze color, burned deeply into them by the blazing sun. Never is there a growing and glowing carpet of flowers to be seen, such as in England is formed by primroses and bluebells, by marsh marigolds and crocuses, by purple heather and golden gorse. In Guiana sweet and strong scent is a more marked feature than brilliancy of color; many trees bearing inconspicuous flowers load the air with a perfume almost too powerful.

It will naturally be imagined that in a tropical country so varied as regards physical features as British Guiana, and so sparingly inhabited by man, animal life, both in its beautiful and baneful forms, will be very abundant. This, we are told, is not the case; the animal world is not obtrusive or troublesome, except as regards insect ravages; and Mr. Im Thurn appears to think the statements of travellers with regard to the fauna as well as the flora to be exaggerated. In Guiana, he says — and it may be taken as typical of the South American continent — the animals are of retiring habits, and the traveller, until he learns their ways and knows how to find them, may go for many days without seeing a single individual of any kind. The most dangerous appear to

be jaguars and what are called tiger-cats, which hunt in packs sometimes of one hundred at a time. The most prominent of the mammals are the bats, the numerous species of which have never been determined, and offer a field for some future zoological specialist. Mr. Im Thurn thinks the reputation for harmfulness and repulsiveness these creatures have acquired to be undeserved; nevertheless he cannot deny the blood-sucking propensities of one species.

Whilst sleeping in a house at Paripie several of our party were sucked by bats. I never could succeed in inducing a bat to taste my blood, though men close to me have been attacked. These animals are a serious trouble to some travellers, for they seem to have a special liking for some people, an abhorrence of others. An Indian boy who served me for a short time was nearly bled to death by their nightly attacks; no amount of care seemed to prevail against them. To keep a light burning, which is often said to prevent their attacks, proved useless in his case. His parents used to sit up night after night to watch, and while they watched the bats never made an attack; but as soon as they fell asleep the bats bit, and blood began to flow. The bite seems to cause not the slightest pain; and the danger lies, not so much in the amount of blood sucked by the animals, as in that which afterwards flows from the unnoticed wound (p. 17).

In birds no country probably is richer than Guiana. The scarlet ibis, parrots, macaws, humming-birds, all of whose plumage is dyed in the most various and intensely brilliant colors, are seen flashing in the sun. Vultures and hawks seem to be the only birds of prey found there; the former frequent in immense numbers the clearings made by fire in the forest, where they present a curious spectacle in the early morning, standing motionless with outstretched wings — it being their habit to stretch out their wings to dry the feathers from the dew, or after a shower — staring at the invader of their solitudes. The sandbanks of the broader rivers have an *avi-fauna* of their own, and in some of the smaller creeks the prettiest scenes of bird-life are to be witnessed. The almost entire absence of sweet bird-notes strikes the traveller whose ear is accustomed to listen to the warbling songsters of temperate lands; tropical birds utter peculiarly shrill and discordant notes, which echo and re-echo through the forest day and night.

Mr. Im Thurn states confidently that the aboriginal American population forms "one great race, distinct from the people

of the whole of the rest of the world." This theory is based upon the community of structure of the language, which is polysynthetic (varying, that is, in vocabulary, but uniform in structure), and is in fact a strong, though not absolutely certain, indication of community of race. In Guiana four branches of the American race are found; they are subdivided into various small tribes or groups, the physical differences of which are scarcely sufficient to distinguish them; nor are the differences of habit very great. These vary in degree of civilization according as they have or have not come into contact with Europeans, as the following account will show.

Among our crew was a Macusi boy, returning to his home on the Savannah, after having spent two years in the service of a gentleman in Georgetown, where he had learned to speak English and wear clothes. It was strange how quickly he now fell back into his old Indian habits. Even on the first day he threw off his clothes and resumed the ordinary Indian lap, a narrow strip of cloth passed between the legs, and suspended in front and at the back on a string tied round the waist. As he moved about among other Indians, it was very evident that the clothes which he had worn for two years had made his skin become much fairer in tint. Strangely enough, he alone of all the Indians looked naked, and it was some months before the lighter tint of his skin, with the consequent effect of nakedness, disappeared. In other respects, also, he differed from the other Indians. He was even from the first lively and talkative, whereas they were for some time reserved and shy. He had learned some ugly tricks in town, such as swearing, though he did not know the meaning of the bad language he used. Once, when I was teasing him, he calmly and with a pretty smile recommended me to "go to Hell, Baas" (p. 11).

When they had overcome their reserve, the natives were sufficiently communicative, civil, and pleasant, and sometimes almost too hospitable, offering a calabash of a slightly alcoholic drink, which etiquette demanded that the visitor should swallow to the dregs, after which he was allowed to walk about the houses, and ask any number of questions. On one occasion the Indians noticed Mr. Im Thurn's sponge, and expressed much wonder about it, guessing first that it was a hat, then a bird's nest, then a shoe. When its use was practically illustrated, the whole company laughed heartily.

According to the English standard, the Indians are short, and rather thickly built; the color of their skin, which varies in

darkness in different tribes, may be described as copper color, or dark red. With the exception of the Warraus, the Lapps of Guiana, a people despised by the other tribes, and holding apparently but a poor opinion of themselves, they are cleanly in their habits, and fond of bathing. In an unsophisticated state, their clothing is purely decorative, excepting the simple garment, a narrow strip of cloth in the case of men, a tiny apron, called a *queya*, in the case of women, suspended by a string round the waist. Men, women, and children, paint themselves, and ornament their persons with feathers, filets of cotton, beads, seeds, strings of teeth, etc. The feather head-ornaments worn on festive occasions are really very pretty; they are mostly used by the stronger sex. They pierce holes in their lips, from which a painted stick, or bell-shaped ornament is suspended; they also hang in their noses a half-moon of greater or less size; it is needless to say that kissing is unknown amongst them. The features of most Indians strongly resemble the Chinese type; as a rule, the faces of neither men nor women appear to the European handsome or beautiful. Physically and constitutionally they are weak, and though capable of great labor for a short period, prolonged exertion soon breaks down their forces, and none of them attain to a great age. This may be attributed to the quantity of cassava bread which they eat, as it has a tendency to produce corpulency, and distend the stomach, without giving any real stamina to the constitution.

Indians eat not at regular times, but whenever and as often as they feel inclined. Fortunately for the women—on whom the cooking devolves—no variety of food is demanded. Except on rare occasions, when a very large store of meal has been obtained, pepper-pot and cassava bread invariably form the meal. All the meat or fish obtained is put, with cassareep and peppers, into a pot and boiled to a thick soup. This pot is never emptied, but more meat is added whenever necessary. This mess is boiled again and again, and is ready for use at a moment's notice. Whenever the men feel hungry, the women bring the pepper-pot, with some cassava on one of the fans which are used for blowing the fire, to the side of the hammock. The men often do not trouble themselves to get out of their hammocks, but simply lean over the sides to eat; at other times they get up and sit on one of the low wooden stools, or on one of the turtle-shells which lie about the floor; or they squat before their food, with their knees drawn up almost to their heads, in the invariable sitting

posture of an Indian. The bread having been dipped into the mess in the pot, the sodden piece is bitten off. The women never eat with the men; indeed, as often as not, the former take their food out of the pot while cooking (p. 256).

The distribution of labor between the sexes is very unequal.

The life of the Indian man is made up of alternate fits of energy and comparative inactivity; during the former he hunts and prepares a plot of ground for the women to cultivate, while during the latter he lolls for days together in his hammock, occupied only in smoking cigarettes of home-grown tobacco (the Indians are all smokers), and in most leisurely manner fashioning weapons or ornaments. However, the Indian exerts himself to obtain all that he needs—food, a very moderate amount of clothing, a good deal of ornament, a shelter of no very elaborate kind from the weather (the houses consisting mostly of four posts supporting a roof of palm-leaves), and weapons for defence or for hunting (p. 269).

The daily hard work falls on the women. Having been accustomed to labor all their lives for an unknown number of generations, they are probably little if any weaker than the men, and they do their share of work willingly. Besides what may be called household work, all the agricultural operations are carried on by them, and when any of the men travel, the women convey whatever baggage is necessary. The making of cassava bread is one of their chief occupations; Mr. Im Thurn tells us that this last labor—no easy one—seemed almost incessant; rarely did he enter an Indian house without seeing some, if not all of the women, engaged in making bread. Often this formed a pleasing scene; “the rich red of their skin, made yet more red by paint, the red waistcloths which formed their only dress, the red-dyed cotton bands which were fastened round the legs below the knee and above the ankle, the vast quantities of red beads wound round their necks and waists, and the many red-stained cotton hammocks slung in the houses near, made up a striking picture—a harmony in red and brown.” One very singular custom found among the Indians, as among some other uncivilized peoples, is the *couvade*, viz., that on the birth of a child the father takes to his hammock, abstains from work and to a great extent from food, and is nursed and cared for by the women of the place, whilst the mother resumes her ordinary work almost at once.

Tribal intermarriage is forbidden, but the lines of family descent have not been well kept; each family is named after some animal or plant, and descent is solely and rigidly in the female line. An Indian, when he marries, transports his possessions to the house of his father-in-law, where he lives and works. Boat-building is much practised, a great portion of the Indian's life being spent on the water, and their canoes are wonderfully buoyant, rarely upsetting. Mr. Im Thurn had good opportunities of testing the strength of the craft, and the ability of the natives as boatmen, when he made his way up the rivers, through narrow winding creeks, down which the water rushed with tremendous force, threatening to dash the canoe in pieces; "shooting falls," or running down rapids, which during heavy rains were very difficult to pass, requiring marvellous skill in steering. And in the dry season, when the rocks were exposed, and the water-channels narrow and shallow, the canoes had to be dragged over the rocky floor by main force; in every case the Indians worked wonderfully well. Each tribe has some manufacture, such as pottery, basket-making, hammock-weaving, which is its own speciality, and, in consequence, a system of barter exists between them.

The law of retaliation is carried out with relentless force; the smallest injury done by one to another, even if unintentional, must be atoned for by suffering a similar injury. In dealing with white men, the Indian cannot shake himself free from the ideas generated by this system of tit-for-tat, as the following instance shows.

An Arawah named Robert undertook to accompany a young fellow from New Amsterdam on a hunting excursion. Some monkeys being seen at the top of a tree, the white man fired and apparently killed one, which, however, as is often the case, remained clinging to the bough. Robert climbed for it, and when near enough, shook the branch to make the animal fall. The man below, hearing the rustle, and thinking that the monkey had revived and was escaping, fired his second barrel straight into the tree. Unfortunately that part of Robert's body which, as the man told of in "Tom Cringle's Log" said, "is nearest the chair," being directly overhead, received the charge. Down came the Indian, furious, and vowing that if the white man did not stand to receive an exact equivalent shot, he would shoot and hit him in a more vital part. It was long before the culprit could persuade him to forego his just retaliation (p. 214).

The blood feud is all the justice they know, and the *kenaima*, or slayer, is the one who is compelled to execute vengeance. Every death, every illness, is regarded not as the result of a natural law, but as the work of a *kenaima*, who may make use of violence, poison, or magic. To counteract his baleful influence is the duty of the *peaiman*, the established doctor and magician, who is regarded with great respect and awe. The religion of the Indians is pure animism in its simplest form. Not only every human being, but every object perceptible to the senses is believed by them to consist of a body and a spirit; after death the spirits continue to live for an indefinite period upon earth; some are malignant and active, others quiescent. They do not recognize the existence of a Supreme Spirit, nor do they make prayer to any being whatsoever. Although the present missionary efforts in Guiana are hardly more than a generation old, yet other efforts of the same kind have been made before, and in the folk-lore and traditionary tales of fictitious persons and animals, fanciful explanations of the origin of things and of the natural phenomena, traces may be found of the preaching of earlier explorers and settlers, which have impressed themselves on the mind of the people, and been incorporated in their legendary lore.

The principal antiquities of British Guiana consist in (1) rock-pictures or designs, some comprehensible, some utterly incomprehensible, either sculptured with some sharp instrument, or painted with red pigments on the face of the rocks. To these Mr. Im Thurn seems to attach considerable ethnographical importance, but to judge from the representations given of these rude "petroglyphs," one must rather incline to the theory that they are the work of idle hands, and prompted by the same vulgar instinct which leads the modern tourist to deface places of beauty and interest by leaving there his mark. (2) Shell-mounds, similar in structure and contents to the kitchen-middens of Scandinavia, but of much more recent date; (3) stone implements of rude form, now no longer used except as cooking-slabs, in some remoter parts of the country; (4) slanting stones and the sites of ancient villages, an examination of which might result in discoveries of great ethnological and archaeological value.

From The Lancet.

TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF HAGAR'S WELL AT MECCA.

WHEN Hagar and the infant Ishmael were abandoned by Abraham for domestic reasons which every family man must approve, they wandered into the valley of Mecca, or rather where Mecca was afterwards founded, and Hagar, oppressed by the heat, began to search for water to relieve the thirst from which she and the child were suffering. She ran backwards and forwards between the hills of Safa and Marwa, seeking in vain; but, returning to the spot where she had left the infant, found that Ishmael had himself discovered the spring they both needed by a simple expedient, familiar to babies of all nations and periods. Kicking out against the ground, his infantile efforts had laid bare one of those springs which in Arabia are frequently concealed by a light layer of sand. This spring which saved the life of the ancestor of the Arabs is the well Zemzem, so called (by obvious onomatopœia) from the murmuring sound of its waters. Such at least is the Arab tradition of the origin of the well that now forms one of the most sacred objects within the precincts of the Kaaba, or holy temple of Mecca. The Kaaba itself—a cubical building covered outside with hangings of rich black damask, and famous for the sacred stone in one of its corners, which is said (and not improbably, as it seems to be an aerolite) to have fallen from heaven, and which has therefore been kissed black by centuries of adoring pilgrims—was, according to the same authority, built by Abraham after the pattern of a temple which Adam had seen in Paradise, and of which he had transmitted the design to his descendants. Without professing absolute faith in this interesting history, it is certain that the Kaaba and the well Zemzem are among the most ancient of the antiquities of Arabia. They both were connected with the oldest rites of the pagan Arabs, and existed in very much their present form, and were applied to very much their present uses before the time of Mahomet. It was the prophet's grandfather who reopened the well, of the position of which he had been warned in a dream, whilst he was trying to devise some convenient means of fulfilling his special duty and privilege of supplying water to the tribes who flocked annually to worship at the Kaaba. Digging in the appointed spot, he found two golden gazelles, and some

swords and suits of armor which had been buried there three centuries before, and further excavation revealed the remains of an ancient piece of masonry enclosing a copious and never-failing spring, which was at once accepted as the traditional well of Hagar. It is probable at least that the masonry dated from the old days of the mercantile prosperity of Mecca, perhaps even from pre-Christian times. Ever since this rediscovery of the well, Zemzem has held a prominent place among the holy things of the Arabian temple. The millions of pilgrims who have followed the steps of Hagar and run naked from Safa to Marwa, and have performed the circuit of the Kaaba seven times, as their pagan ancestors did before Mahomet made the Meccan pilgrimage a part of his religion, do not leave the "Haram esh-Sherif" without washing in, or at least tasting, the water of the well Zemzem, and most of them carry away a flask of the holy water. No more valuable present can be offered by a returned hajjy to his friends than a bottle of this miraculous, though admittedly brackish, fluid. Its properties are quite unique in the eyes of the faithful. It can cure diseases; sprinkled on grave-clothes it produces the most salutary results in the future state of the deceased; while a single sip is the best cordial that a host can offer to his most distinguished guest. One famous traditionist, whose memory was proverbial, ascribed his retentive powers entirely to the copious draughts he had taken of the water of Zemzem, which Sale gravely remarks appears to be really as efficacious in its own province as the spring of Helicon has proved to the inspiration of poets. Professor Heaton's analysis of this miraculous water will cause a severe shock to all true believers who read the *Lancet*, though from what one knows of the sanitary methods of the East there is nothing surprising in the discovery that the well of Zemzem is as foul as a good many other saintly springs. The water in the fountains of mosques never strikes the eye or nose with any very pleasing impression, and Zemzem is in the midst of a thickly-built city, where drainage is of a peculiarly primitive description, and the well is almost necessarily affected by the drainings from the countless carcasses of beasts which are annually sacrificed by the pilgrims in the neighboring valley of Mina. It is, however, some satisfaction to remember that muddiness in a source of inspiration has never been held a bar

to miraculous effects, and that the impious Wotton, if we are to believe the "Battle of the Books," found slime even beneath the limpid waters of Helicon.

Zemzem will doubtless work wonders in spite of the "completion of the putrefactive process."

AMERICAN STREETS.—American cities for the most part are constructed on mathematical principles. Washington, for instance, is laid out after the fashion of a wheel, with the Capitol for the centre, and broad avenues for the spokes. The newer parts of New York, next to London, perhaps, the busiest city in the world, are formed of straight lines and right angles. Chicago, the real wonder of America, has been treated in much the same way. And all are as unlike our own cities as one city can be unlike another. Boston alone, of all the places I visited, from the irregularity of its streets and the habits and manners of its people, reminded me of England. Beacon Street, which looks on to the famous Common, as Charles Sumner was in the habit of pointing out to English visitors, might pass for another Piccadilly, which looks on to the Green Park. Elsewhere the straight lines of the principal streets, coupled with the square and lofty character of the buildings on each side of them, have sometimes a bewildering effect on the stranger. Broadway, New York, as most people are aware, is a thoroughfare of immense length. It is, I believe, from end to end somewhere about six miles long. Yet few but a native would be able to tell on striking it whether he was on the upper end or the lower, except from the numbers on the houses and shops. The same difficulty besets the stranger in Chicago. When in the centre of that surprising city, I was never able to tell whether I was on Dearborn Street or Clark Street, Monroe Avenue or Washington Avenue, till I could distinguish the name of the thoroughfare on the public lamps at the corner. The practice of numbering instead of naming the streets, common in America, has its advantages, though numbers are less easy to remember than names. If you are told your friend lives at 115, 155th Street, you certainly stand a chance of feeling perplexed. But if, having made yourself acquainted with the order of progression, you come to 52nd Street, and want to get to 71st Street, you know precisely how many blocks (the range of buildings between any two streets is called a block) you have to walk before you get to your destination. The taste for numbering is so great that it has even in New England been extended to the designation of religious communities. Emerson, it may be remembered, was the minister of the Second Congregation, and Theodore Parker of the Twenty-Eighth. Besides the numeral arrangements of streets there is in some cities, as in Washington, an alphabetical arrangement also. Here the thoroughfares on one side of a main avenue

are called 1st Street, 2nd Street, etc., while those on the other are called A Street, B Street, etc. It was still more curious to notice that fractions were occasionally used, as $4\frac{1}{2}$ Street. Sometimes the system is complicated by the introduction of geographical additions, as East 15th Street, West C Street, etc. A sort of compromise of the alphabetical plan has been adopted in Boston, where certain streets are named Arlington, Berkeley, Clarendon, Dartmouth, Exeter, Fairfax, and so on.

Our American Cousins.

A DESERTED CITY.—It is not often that an American town is doomed to decimation, but Virginia City, Nevada, affords one instance at least. Eight years ago Virginia City and Gold Hill, adjoining each other, and practically one town, had thirty-five thousand population. It was the largest community between Denver and San Francisco. There were merchants doing business with a million capital. There were private houses that cost one hundred thousand dollars to build and furnish. There were stamp mills and mining structures that cost five hundred thousand dollars each. There were also three daily newspapers, and a hotel that cost three hundred thousand dollars. It was a teeming, busy, and money-making population, and among the people were a score or more men worth from three hundred thousand to thirty million dollars. Mackay and Fair both lived there. There were three banks, a gas company, a water company, a splendid theatre, and a costly court-house. Eight years have passed, and the town is a wreck. The thirty-five thousand people have dwindled down to five thousand. The banks have retired from business. The merchants have closed up and left; the hotel is abandoned; the gas company is bankrupt, and scores of costly residences have either been taken to pieces and moved away or given over to bats. Real estate cannot be given away for taxes. Nothing can be sold that will not cost its worth to move away. The rich men have all gone. Those who remain are the miners, the superintendents, and the saloon men and gamblers. The latter are usually the first to come to a mining town and the last to leave. The cause of this decadence, which has swallowed up millions of capital and wrecked the worldly ambition of thousands of persons is the failure of the Comstock mines to turn out additional wealth.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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THE GOLDEN YEAR.

WE sleep and wake and sleep ; but all things
move :

The sun flies forward to his brother sun ;
The dark earth follows, wheeled in her eclipse ;
And human things, returning on themselves,
Move onward, leading up the Golden Year.

Ah, though the times when some new thought
can bud

Are but as poet's seasons when they flower ;
Yet seas that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march ;
And slow and sure comes up the Golden Year.

When wealth no more shall rest in moulded
heaps,

But, smit with freer light, shall slowly melt
In many streams, to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man,
Through all the seasons of the Golden Year.

Shall eagles not be eagles ? wrens be wrens ?
If all the world were falcons, what of that ?
The wonder of the eagle were the less,
But he not less the eagle. Happy days,
Roll onward, leading up the Golden Year !

Fly, happy, happy, sails, and bear the press —
Fly, happy with the mission of the Cross ;
Knit land to land, and, blowing heavenward,
With silks, and fruits, and spices, clear of toil,
Enrich the markets of the Golden Year.

But we grow old. Ah ! when shall all men's
good

Be each man's rule, and universal peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the Golden Year ?

TENNYSON.

THOUGHTS AT SUNRISE.

THE summer night is waning, and the morn
Breaks over steaming streams and silent fields,
With dim, far voices of the early dawn.

God and his world are now at peace ; this
calm,

Even now, might deepen to eternity.
Oh, break it not ! oh, stain it not ! O God,
Stay thou that rising sun, nor let him rise
Once more upon the weary sin and strife,
And cries that curse him thro' the burning
blue !

Come hither, O ye sons of men ! and kneel, —
Pray to a God ye never prayed to yet,
Who in his wide and wistful tenderness
Maketh each day the self-same dawn that
broke

On Eden, — that, remembering what ye were,
The Dawn's sweet innocence might call ye
back, —

An awful, mute appeal to turn again.

Nay, but he suffers in that Heaven of heavens.
About him are the deeps, Space, with her
sounds,

The Heaven, with all her dreams of star and
sun,

The singing of a thousand worlds ; to him,
Serene, immortal beings bow them low.

All these are perfect, yet he hears afar,
In that dim, little planet that he loves,

Man jarring ever on his harmonies.

Aye, yearning in his cold and perfect worlds
For man who might have sympathy with him,
Move with conceptions vast and burning
thoughts

From beauty unto beauty, peopling worlds,
He grieves, though not the less a God for
grief.

Man is all out of tune with his design,
Who might have shared in that first splendid
thought,

Conception striving with an utter space,
Sound with eternal still that knew her not,
And light with the vague dark, till at the last
He struck his vast conception into bounds.

Still makes he for mankind the innocent dawn,
Noon, twilight, and the night, that makes the
heart

Break into singing at her shining stars.
Yet is man but a trembling worshipper,

Who heeds not that world-cry from Calvary —
A God appealing to the love of man,

Laying aside all terror and all power —
That should have echoed in him, made the
world

One fearless Heaven, without a thought of
Hell, —

Man, who can learn not through defeat and
death

Sorrow's last gift, a sympathy with God.

Spectator.

SCHUBERT'S SYMPHONY IN B MINOR.

I SHUDDER at the awful airs that flow

Across my soul ; I hear crushed hopes that
wail

And flutter their brief wings and sudden
fail —

Wild tender cries that sing and dance and go
In wonderful sweet troops. I cannot know

What rends within my soul what unseen
veil,

And tells anew what strangely well-known
tale

Of infinite gladness and of infinite woe.

Was I long since thrust forth from Heaven's
door,

Where in that music I had borne my part ?
Or had this symphony its birth before

The pulse of nature turned to laws of art ?

O what familiar voice, from what far shore,
Calls to a voice that answers in my heart !

Academy.

H. HAVELOCK ELLIS.

From The Nineteenth Century.

DAILY LIFE IN A MEDIÆVAL MONASTERY.

IT may be assumed as a fact which scarcely requires to be more than stated that there are few subjects which the great mass of Englishmen are so curiously ignorant of as the history of monasticism, of the constitution of the various orders, of the fortunes of any single religious house, or the discipline to which its members were, in theory at least, compelled to submit. The assumption being granted, it may naturally be asked, How is such ignorance to be accounted for? It is due to more causes than one, but chiefly and primarily to the vastness of the subject itself.

When the monasteries were suppressed by Henry VIII. there was an utter obliteration of an order of things which had existed in our island certainly for more than a thousand years, and how much longer it is impossible to say. The names of religious houses which are known to have existed before the Norman Conquest count by hundreds; the names of men and women who presided over such houses during the centuries preceding that event count by thousands. Some of these religious orders had passed through the strangest vicissitudes; they had been pillaged again and again; they had been burnt by Danish marauders; their inmates driven out into the wilderness or ruthlessly put to the sword; their lands given over to the spoiler or gone out of cultivation; their very existence in some cases almost forgotten; yet they had revived again and again from their ashes. When William the Conqueror came among us, and that awful rule of his began, there was scarcely a county in England and Wales in which one or more religious houses were not to be found, and during his reign of twenty-one years about thirty new monasteries of one sort or another were added to those already existing.

To begin with, the very word monastery is a misnomer: the word is a Greek word, and means the dwelling-place of a solitary person, living in seclusion. But, misnomer though it be, the employment of

the word in a sense so widely different from that which it first bore, until it got to designate the dwelling-place of a corporate body, among whom no solitude was allowed and privacy was almost impossible, is, of itself very significant as indicating the stages through which the original idea of monasticism passed.

It was natural enough, when society was in a condition of profound disorganization, and sensuality and violence were in the ascendant, that men and women of gentle nature should become convinced that the higher life could only be lived in lonely retirement, far from the sound of human voices and the contact of human creatures, whose very nearness almost implies sin. But what a vast step from this to that other conviction which the developed form of monasticism expresses, when experience has convinced the devout searcher after God that no great work can be done in improving the world, or raising the tone of society, or in battling with our own weaknesses and vices, except by earnest, resolute, and disciplined co-operation! It is when we draw together that we are strong, and strongest when we are laboring shoulder to shoulder for some common object, and that no mean and sordid one; it is then that we best find deliverance from our self-deception and most inveterate delusions, whilst living in the light of others' eyes, and subjected to the influence and control of a healthy and well-instructed public opinion.

In the thirteenth century (and I shall as much as possible confine myself to the limits of that period), a monastery meant what we now understand it to mean — viz. the abode of a society of men or women who lived together in common — who were supposed to partake of common meals; to sleep together in the common dormitory; to attend certain services together in the common church; to transact certain business or pursue certain employments in the sight and hearing of each other in the common cloister; and, when the end came, to be laid side by side in the common graveyard, where in theory none but members of the order could find a resting-place for their bones. When I

say "societies of men and women" I am again reminded that the other term, "convent," has somehow got to be used commonly in a mistaken sense. People use the word as if it signified a religious house tenanted exclusively by women. The truth is that a convent is nothing more than a Latin name for an association of *persons* who have *come together* with a view to live for a common object and to submit to certain rules in the conduct of their daily lives. The monastery was the common dwelling-place: the convent was the society of persons inhabiting it; and the ordinary formula used when a body of monks or nuns execute any corporate act — such as buying or selling land — by any legal instrument is, "The Prior and Convent of the Monastery of the Holy Trinity at Norwich;" "the Abbot and Convent of the Monastery of St. Peter's, Westminster;" "the Abbess and Convent of the Monastery of St. Mary and St. Bernard at Lacock," and so on.

Bearing in mind, then, that the term convent has to do with a corporation of men or women united into an organized society, and that the term monastery can strictly be applied only to the buildings — the *domus* — in which that society had its home, it will be well at starting that we should endeavor to gain some notion of the general plan of these buildings first, and when we have done that, that we should proceed to deal with the constitution of the society itself and the daily routine of conventual life.

A monastery in theory, then, was, as it was called, a religious house. It was supposed to be the home of people whose lives were passed in the worship of God, and in taking care of their own souls, and making themselves fit for a better world than this hereafter. As for this world, it was lying in wickedness; if men remained in this wicked world they would most certainly become contaminated by all its pollutions; the only chance of ever attaining to holiness lay in a man's turning his back upon the world and running away from it. It was no part of a monk's duty to reform the world; all he had to do was to look after himself, and to save himself from the wrath to come. It is

hardly overstating the case if I say that a monastery was not intended to be a benevolent institution; and if a great religious house became, as it almost inevitably did become, the centre of civilization and refinement, from which radiated light and warmth and incalculable blessings far and wide, these results flowed naturally from that growth and development which the original founders had never looked forward to or could have foreseen, but it was never contemplated as an end to be aimed at in the beginning. Being a home for religious men, whose main business was to spend their days and nights in worshipping God, the first requisite, the first and foremost, the *sine quâ non* was, that there should be a church.

On the church of a monastery, as a rule, no amount of money spent, no amount of lavish ornament or splendor of decoration, was grudged. Sculpture and painting, jewels and gold, gorgeous hangings, and stained-glass that the moderns vainly attempt to imitate, the purple and fine linen of the priestly vestments, embroidery that to this hour remains unapproachable in its delicacy of finish and in the perfect harmony of colors — all these were to be found in almost incredible profusion in our monastic churches. You hear some people work themselves into a frenzy against the idolatrous worship of our forefathers; but to a monk of a great monastery his church was his one idol — to possess a church that should surpass all others in magnificence, and which could boast of some special unique glory — that seemed to a monk something worth living for. The holy rood at Bromholm, the holy thorn at Glastonbury, were possessions that brought world-wide renown to the monasteries in which they were found, and gave a lustre to the churches in which they were deposited; and the intense *esprit de corps*, the passionate loyalty, of a monk to his monastery is a sentiment which we in our time find it so extremely difficult to understand that we can hardly bring ourselves to believe that it could exist and did exist without some subtle intermixture of crafty selfishness as its ruling force and motive.

The church of a monastery was the

heart of the place. It was not that the church was built for the monastery, but the monastery existed for the church; there were hundreds and thousands of churches without monasteries, but there could be no monastery without a church. The monks were always at work on the church, always spending money upon it, always adding to it, always "restoring" it; it was always needing repair. We are in the habit of saying, "Those old monks knew how to build; look at their work — see how it stands!" But we are very much mistaken if we suppose that in the twelfth or the thirteenth or the fourteenth century there was no bad building. On the contrary, nothing is more common in the monastic annals than the notices of how this and that tower fell down, and how this and that choir was falling into ruins, and how this or that abbot got into debt by his mania for building. There was an everlasting tinkering going on at the church; and the surest token that a monastery was in a bad way was if its church was in a shabby condition.

The church was, almost invariably, built in the form of a cross, facing east and west, the long limb of the cross being called the nave, the cross limbs being called the transepts, and the shorter limb, or head of the cross, being called the choir. The choir, as a rule, was occupied exclusively by the monks or nuns of the monastery. The servants, workpeople, and casual visitors who came to worship were not admitted into the choir; *they* were supposed to be present only on sufferance. The church was built for the use of the monks; it was *their* private place of worship.

Almost as essential to the idea of a monastery as the church was the cloister or great quadrangle, inclosed on all sides by the high walls of the monastic buildings. Its usual position was on the south of the church, to gain as much of the sun's rays as possible, and to insure protection from the northerly and easterly winds in the bitter season. All round this quadrangle ran a covered arcade, whose roof, leaning against the high walls, was supported on the inner side by an open trellis work in stone — often exhibit-

ing great beauty of design and workmanship — through which light and air was admitted into the arcade.* The open space not roofed in was called the *garth*, and was sometimes a plain grass-plat and sometimes was planted with shrubs, a fountain of running water being often found in the centre, which afforded a pleasant object for the eye to rest on. The cloister was really the living-place of the monks. Here they pursued their daily avocations, here they taught their school, they transacted their business, they spent their time and pursued their studies, always in society, co-operating and consulting, and, as a rule, knowing no privacy. "But a monk always lived in a cell!" I think you will be inclined to object. The sooner you get rid of that delusion the better. Until Henry II. founded the Carthusian Abbey of Witham, in 1178, there was no such thing known in England as a monk's *cell*, as we understand the term. It was a peculiarity of the Carthusian order, and when it was first introduced it was regarded as a startling novelty for any privacy or anything approaching solitude to be tolerated in a monastery. The Carthusian system never found much favor in England. The Carthusians never had more than nine houses, all told; the discipline was too rigid, the rule too severe, the loneliness too dreadful for our tastes and for our climate. In the thirteenth century, if I mistake not, there were only two monasteries in England in which monks or nuns could boast of having any privacy, any little corner of their own to turn into, any place where they could enjoy the luxury of retirement, any private study such as every boy nowadays, in a school of any pretension, expects to have provided for himself, and without which we assume that nobody could read and write for an hour.

* In other words the thirteenth-century monk passed far the greater portion of his time in the open air, except that there was a roof over his head. As time went on, and monks became more self-indulgent, they did not by any means like the draughts and exposure in the cloister, and the old-fashioned open arcades were glazed, and the old open walks were turned into splendid lounges, comfortable and luxurious, such as the glorious cloisters of Gloucester could be made into, at a small outlay, at the present day.

The cloister arcade was said to have four *walks*. The south walk ran along the south wall of the nave, the north walk was bounded by the refectory or great dining hall, the east walk extended along the south transept, and where the transept ended there usually came a narrow passage called a *slype*, passing between the end of the transept and the chapter-house, which may be described as the council-chamber of the convent. Beyond the chapter-house, and abutting partly upon the east wall of the cloister, but extending far beyond it till, in some cases, it made with the refectory a block of buildings in the form of a T, ran the dormitory or common sleeping-place for the fraternity. The dormitory was always approached by steps, for it was invariably constructed over a range of vaulted chambers, which served for various purposes; one of these chambers was set apart for the reception of those monks who had been subjected to the monthly bleedings which all were supposed to require, and which all were compelled to submit to, that so by a mechanical process, if in no other way, the flesh might be subdued. The beds of the monks were arranged along the walls of the dormitory, at regular intervals: and in some monasteries a wainscot partition separated the sleepers from each other, thus making for each a little cubicle, with a low door leading into it. The broad passage, running from end to end, between the sleeping-places in the dormitory was strewn with rushes; and at the end opposite to the flight of stairs were the latrines or washing-places, which were open to the air, and under which was always a sewer that could be flushed by a watercourse hard by.

In the dormitory and the latrines lights were kept burning through the night; a provision necessary, if for no other reason, because the services in the church at night-time had to be kept up and attended by the whole house. In going from the dormitory to the church the monks always passed under cover — sometimes by going through the cloister, sometimes by passing straight into the transept.

We have been round three sides of the cloister: on the north the church; on the east the chapter-house and dormitory; on the south the refectory. There remain the buildings abutting on the west wall. In the arrangement of these no strict rule was observed. But generally the western buildings were dedicated to the cellarer's hall with cellars under it, the pitancier's and kitchener's offices, or *chequers* as they

were called, and a guest-chamber for the reception of distinguished strangers and for the duties of hospitality, to which great importance was attached.

These were the main buildings, the essential buildings of a monastery great or small. Where a monastery was rich enough to indulge in luxuries of "modern improvements and all the best appliances," there was hardly any limit to the architectural freaks that might be indulged in. There were the infirmary and the hospital; the calefactory or warming apparatus, the recreation hall and the winter hall, the locutorium and the common hall, and I know not what besides. You observe I have as yet said nothing about the library. I must remind you that in the thirteenth century the number of books in the world was, to say the least, small. A library of five hundred volumes would, in those days, have been considered an important collection, and, after making all due allowances for ridiculous exaggerations which have been made by ill-informed writers on the subject, it may safely be said that nobody in the thirteenth century — at any rate in England — would have erected a large and lofty building as a receptacle for books, simply because nobody could have contemplated the possibility of filling it. Here and there amongst the larger and more important monasteries there were undoubtedly collections of books, the custody of which was intrusted to an accredited officer; but the time had not yet come for making libraries well stored with such priceless treasures as Leland, the antiquary, saw at Glastonbury, just before that magnificent foundation was given as a prey to the spoilers. A library, in any such sense as we now understand the term, was not only no essential part of a monastery in those days, but it may almost be said to have been a rarity.

But if the thirteenth-century monastery possessed necessarily no great reading-room, the scriptorium, or writing-room, was almost an essential adjunct. In the absence of the printing-press, the demand for skilled writers and copyists throughout the country was enormous. In the scriptorium all the business, now transacted by half-a-dozen agents and their clerks, was carried on. The land of the country in those days was subdivided to an extent that it is now almost impossible for us to realize, and the tenure under which the small patches of arable or meadow land were held was sometimes very complex and intricate. The small patches were perpetually changing hands, being

bought or sold, settled upon trustees, or let out for a term of years, and every transaction would be registered in the books of the monastery interested, while the number of conveyances, leases, and enfeoffments made out in the course of the year was incalculable. In such an abbey as that of Bury St. Edmunds a small army of writers must have been constantly employed in the business department of the scriptorium alone. Obviously it became a great writing-school, where the copyists consciously or unconsciously wrote according to the prevailing fashion of the place; and there have been, and there are experts who could tell you whether this or that document was or was not written in this or that monastic scriptorium. Paper was very little used, and the vellum and parchment required constituted a heavy item of expense. Add to this the production of school-books and all materials used for carrying on the education work, the constant replacement of church service books which the perpetual thumbing and fingering would subject to immense wear and tear, the great demand for music which, however simple, required to be written out large and conspicuous, in order to be read with ease, and you get a rather serious list of the charges upon the stationery department of a great abbey. But though by far the greater portion of work done in the scriptorium was mere office work, the educational department, if I may so term it, being subsidiary, it must not be forgotten that the literary and historical department also was represented in the scriptorium of every great monastery. In the thirteenth century men never kept diaries or journals of their own daily lives, but monasteries did. In theory, every religious house recorded its own annals, or kept a chronicle of great events that were happening in Church and State. Where a monastery had kept its chronicle going for a long time, it got to be regarded almost as a sacred book, and was treated with great veneration; it lay in a conspicuous place in the scriptorium, and was under the care of an officer who alone was permitted to make entries in it. When any great piece of news was brought to the monastery that seemed worth putting on record, the person giving the information wrote out his version of the story on a loose piece of parchment, and slipped his communication into the book of annals for the authorized compiler to make use of in any way that seemed best to him, after due examination of evidence. This was the

rule in all monastic houses. Unfortunately, however, as it is with the journals or diaries of men and women of the nineteenth century, so it was with the journals and diaries of monks of the thirteenth, they evidently were kept by fits and starts; and before the fourteenth century was half out, the practice of keeping up these diaries in all but the larger monasteries had come to an end.

Before passing on from the library and scriptorium, on which a great deal more might easily be said, it is necessary that one caution should be given; I know not how the notion originated or how it has taken such hold of the minds of ninety-nine out of a hundred, that the monks as a class were students or scholars or men of learning; but, as far as the English monasteries of the thirteenth century are concerned, I am sure that it is altogether erroneous. If we except some few of the larger and nobler monasteries, which from first to last seem always to have been centres of culture, enlightenment, and progress, the monks were no more learned than the nuns. As a class, students, scholars, and teachers they were not. When King John died, in 1216, a little learning went a long way, and whatever the Norman Conquest did for England (and it did a great deal), it certainly was not an event calculated to increase the love of study, or likely to make men bookish pundits.

I should only confuse my readers if I dwelt more at length upon the buildings of a monastery. It is enough for the present that we should understand clearly that the essential buildings were (1) the church, (2) the cloister, (3) the dormitory, (4) the refectory, (5) the chapter-house. In these five buildings the life of the convent was carried on. Having said thus much we will pass on to the corporation itself — that which strictly was called the convent; and for convenience and distinctness it will be as well if we use that word *convent* in the more accurate sense, and employ it only as signifying the corporate body of persons occupying those buildings of which I have been speaking, and which in their aggregate were called a *monastery*.

Once more I think it necessary to start with a caution. Not only do I propose to take no account here of that large class of conventuals which comprehended the mendicant orders, or friars as they are called, but I must needs pass by with little or no notice the various orders of regular canons — *i.e.* canons living under a rule.

The friars came into England first in 1220. During the thirteenth century they were, so to speak, upon their trial; but from the first the monks and the friars were almost essentially opposed in the ideal of their daily lives; the monk's ideal was that he must live to save his own soul: the friar's ideal was that he must live to save the soul of others. So with the very numerous houses of canons regular up and down the land. They and the monks did not love one another, and when I speak of monks and their houses it will be advisable to exclude from our consideration the friars on the one hand and the canons on the other, and, in fact, to limit ourselves to that view of conventual life which the great English monasteries under the rule of St. Benedict afford.

At the time of the Norman Conquest it may be said that all English monks were professedly under one and the same rule — the famous Benedictine rule. The rule of a monastery was the constitution or code of laws, which regulated the discipline of the house, and the rule of St. Benedict dates back as far as the sixth century, though it was not introduced into England for more than a hundred years after it had been adopted elsewhere. Four hundred years is a very long time for any constitution or code of law to last unchanged, and though the English monasteries professedly were living according to the Benedictine rule during all the Saxon and the Danish times, yet there is too much reason to believe that if St. Benedict could have risen from the dead in the days of Edward the Confessor and made a visitation of many an English house, he would have been rather astonished to be told that the monks were living according to his rule.

About one hundred and fifty years before the Conquest, a great reformation had been attempted of the French monasteries, which it was said had fallen into a state of great decay so far as discipline and fervor were concerned, and a revision of the old rule had been found necessary, the reformers breaking away from the old Benedictines and subjecting themselves to a new and improved rule. These first reformers were called *Cluniac* monks, from the great Abbey of Clugni, in Burgundy, in which the new order of things had begun. The first English house of reformed or Cluniac monks was founded at Lewes, in Sussex, eleven years after the Conquest, by Gundrada, a step-daughter of William the Conqueror, and her

husband, William, Earl of Warrene and Surrey. The Cluniacs were at first famous for the simplicity of their lives and the strictness of their discipline, but as time went on they became too rich and so too luxurious, and at last they too needed reforming, and a new reformer arose. In this case the real moving spirit of reformation was an Englishman, one Stephen Harding, probably a Dorsetshire man, who was brought up at the Benedictine monastery of Sherborne, but in the course of events chosen abbot of the Monastery of Citeaux, where St. Bernard became his ardent disciple, and where the two enthusiasts, working cordially together, brought about that second reform of the Benedictines which resulted in the founding of the great Cistercian order.

Thus, without looking too minutely into the matter, we find that when the thirteenth century opens, or, if you will, when Henry III. came to the throne, in 1216, there were three great orders of monks in England — the old Benedictines, who had held houses and lands for centuries; the Cluniacs, who were the reformed Benedictines; and the Cistercians, who may be styled the reformed Cluniacs. But inasmuch as the architectural and other reforms among the Cistercians were many and peculiar, it will again be advisable to pass by these peculiarities for the present without remark.

The constitution of every convent, great or small, was monarchical. The head of the house was almost an absolute sovereign, and was called the abbot. His dominions often extended, even in England, over a very wide tract of country, and sometimes over several minor monasteries which were called cells. Thus the abbot of St. Alban's had under himself the cell of Tynemouth in Northumberland and two others in Norfolk — viz., Binham and Wymondham, the latter of which eventually became an independent abbey — and the heads of these cells or subject houses were called priors. An *abbey* was a monastery which was independent. A *priory* was a monastery which in theory or in fact was subject to an abbey. All the Cluniac monasteries in England were thus said to be alien priories, because they were mere cells of the great Abbey of Clugni in France, to which each priory paid heavy tribute; while the priors were almost always foreigners, and always appointed by the abbot of Clugni, and responsible to him much in the same way as a pacha is to his suzerain the sultan.

On the other hand, the Cistercian houses were all abbeys, and their abbots sovereigns in alliance or confederation with one another, and exercising over their several convents supreme jurisdiction, though recognizing the abbot of Cîteaux as their over-lord. The abbot not only had a separate residence within the monastery and lived apart from his monks, but he had his separate estate for the maintenance of his dignity, and to bear the very heavy expenses which that dignity necessitated, and he had the patronage of every office in the convent. The officers were numerous. The first of them was the prior, who was the abbot's prime minister and head of the executive and the abbot's representative in his absence. Under him was the sub-prior, sometimes a third prior, and then a number of functionaries, to whom, as in the case of the abbot, separate estates were assigned out of which they were bound to provide for certain charges which they were called upon to meet as best they could, and a complicated system of finance provided for the surplus of one office being applied when necessary for the deficiency of another.

In the great Abbey of Evesham a very elaborate constitution was drawn up and agreed to in the year 1214, after a long dispute between the abbot and convent which had lasted for several years, and this scheme has come down to us.

From it we find that certain officers (obedientiaries was their technical name) were charged with providing certain articles out of the revenue of the office. The prior, to whom no mean share of the revenues was assigned, had to provide the parchment that might be required for business purposes or for legal instruments and all other materials for the scriptorium, except ink. The manciple was to provide all wine and mead, the keeping up the stock of earthenware cups, jugs, basins, and other vessels, together with the lamps and oil. The precentor had to find all the ink used, and all color required for illumination, the materials for book-binding, and the keeping the organ in repair. To the chamberlain were assigned certain revenues for providing all the clothing of the monks, it being stipulated that the abbot's dress was not to be paid for out of the fund. In the same way certain small tithes were apportioned for buying basins, jugs, and towels for the guests' chamber; while all rents levied from the various tenants paid not in money, but in kind — as, *e.g.*, capons, eggs, salmon, eels,

herrings, etc. — were to be passed to the account of the kitchener. Every monk bearing office was bound to present his accounts for audit at regular intervals, and the rolls on which these accounts were inscribed exist in very large numbers, and may still be consulted by those who are able to read them.

It looks as if it were the policy of the Benedictines to give as many monks as possible some special duty and responsibility — to give each, in fact, a personal interest in the prosperity of the house to which he belonged — and the vacancies occurring from time to time in the various offices gave everybody something to look forward to. There was room for ambition, and, I am bound to add, room for a good deal of petty scheming, on the one hand, and truckling to the abbot, on the other; but it all went towards relieving the monotony of the life in the cloister — a monotony which has been very much overstated by those who have never studied the subject. To begin with, it does not follow that what would be very dull to us would be dull and insipid to the men of the thirteenth century. Before a man offered himself for admission to a monastery, he must have had a taste for a quiet life, and in many instances he had grown tired of the bustle, the struggle, and all the anxious wear of the work-day world. He wanted to be rid of *bothers*, in fact; he was pretty sure to have had a fair education, and he was presumably a religious man, with a taste for religious exercises; sometimes, and not unfrequently, he was a disappointed man, who had been left wifeless and childless; sometimes, too, he was one whose career had been cut short suddenly by some accident which incapacitated him for active exertion and made him long only for repose and obscurity. Moreover, in those distant times the instinct of devotion was incomparably stronger than it is now, and people found a real and intense delight in the services of the sanctuary, to say nothing of their entire belief in the spiritual advantages to be derived from taking part in those services. Add to this that a monk had to pass through rather a long training before he was regularly admitted to full membership. He had to submit to a term of probation, during which he was subject to a somewhat rigorous ordeal. A novice had the pride taken out of him in a very effectual way during his novitiate — he was pretty much in the position of a *fag* at a great school nowadays, and by the time that he had passed through his novitiate

he was usually very well broken in, and in harmony with the spirit of the place in which he found himself. It was something to have a higher place assigned him at last in the church and the dormitory, to have some petty office given him, and to have a chance of being promoted by-and-by. There was Brother So-and-So, who was getting infirm, and he could not do the pitancier's work much longer; the precentor was getting as hoarse as a raven, and the sacrist was gouty, or the cellarer was showing signs of breaking up. Nay, the prior's cough gave unmistakable signs of his lungs being wrong, and if he *were* to drop off, which we should of course all of us deplore — there would be a general move up, it might be; unless, indeed, Father Abbot should promote his chaplain over the heads of all of us — for such things have been!

But, when we come to look a little closer, we find that the monotony of monastic life was almost confined to the frequent services in the church. There were six services every day, of one kind or another, at which the whole convent was supposed to be present, and one service at midnight. The lay brethren among the Cistercians, and the servants engaged in field labor, were excused attendance at the nocturnal service, and those officials of the convent whose business required them to be absent from the precincts were also excused. Indeed, it would have been simply impossible for the whole brotherhood to assemble at all these services; there would have been a dead-lock in twenty-four hours if the attempt had ever been made in any of the large monasteries, where the inmates sometimes counted by hundreds, who all expected their meals punctually, and for whom even the simplest cookery necessitated that fires should be kept up, the porridge boiled, the beer drawn, and the bread baked. Hence, they whose hands were full and their engagements many really had no time to put in an appearance at church seven times in twenty-four hours. While, on the other hand, the monk out of office, with nothing particular to do, was all the better for having his time broken up; going to church kept him out of mischief, and singing of psalms saved him from idle talk, and if it did him no good certainly did him very little harm.

The ordinary life of the monastery began at six o'clock in the morning, and when the small bell, called the skilla, rang, all rose, washed themselves at the latrines, put on their day habit, and then presented

themselves at the matin mass. *Mixtum*, or breakfast, followed, and that over, the convent assembled in chapter for consultation. After chapter the officials dispersed: the kitchener to arrange for the meals, and not unfrequently to provide hospitality for distinguished guests and their retinue; the precentor to drill his choir-boys, to tune the organ, to look after the music, or to arrange for some procession in the church, or some extraordinary function; the infirmarer to take his rounds in the hospital; the cellarer to inspect the brewhouse and bakeries; and each or all of these officers might find it necessary to go far afield in looking after some bailiff or tenant who could not safely be left alone. At Evesham the sacristan, the chamberlain, and the infirmarer were allowed forage and the keep of one horse. Meanwhile in the cloister all was stir and movement without noise. In the west alley the schoolmaster was teaching his little pupils the rudiments of Latin, or it might be the elements of singing; in the south alley, where the light was best, a monk with a taste for art was trying his hand at illuminating a MS. or rubricating the initial letters; while on the other side, in the north alley, some were painfully getting by heart the psalms, or practising meditation — alone in a crowd. Within the retirement of that cloister, fenced all round, as I have said, with the high walls and the great buildings, there the monks were working, there the real conventual life was going on; but outside the cloister, though yet within the precincts, it is difficult for us now to realize what a vast hive of industry a great monastery in some of the lonely and thinly populated parts of England was. Everything that was eaten or drunk or worn, almost everything that was made or used in a monastery, was produced upon the spot. The grain grew on their own land; the corn was ground in their own mill; their clothes were made from the wool of their own sheep; they had their own tailors and shoemakers, and carpenters and blacksmiths, almost within call; they kept their own bees; they grew their own garden stuff and their own fruit; I suspect they knew more of fish-culture than, until very lately, we moderns could boast of knowing; nay, they had their own vineyards and made their own wine. The commissariat of a large abbey must have required administrative ability of a very high order, and the cost of hospitality was enormous. No traveller, whatever his degree, was refused food and shelter, and every monastery was a vast hotel, where

nobody need pay more than he chose for his board and lodging. The mere keeping the accounts must have employed no small number of clerks, for the minuteness with which every transaction was recorded almost passes belief. Those rolls I spoke of, the sacrist's, cellarer's, and so on, were, it must be remembered, periodical balance-sheets handed in at audit day. They deal, not only with pence and halfpence, but with farthings and half-farthings, and were compiled from the tablets or small account-books posted up from day to day and hour to hour. They give the price of every nail hammered into a wall, and rarely omit the cost of the parchment on which the roll itself is written. The men must have been very busy, or, if you prefer it, very fussy—certainly they could not have been idle to have kept their accounts in this painfully minute manner, even to the fraction of a farthing.

In the natural course of events, as a monastery grew in wealth and importance, there was one element of interest which added great zest to the conventual life, in the *quarrels* that were sure to arise.

First and foremost, the most desirable person to quarrel with was a bishop. In its original idea, a monastery was not necessarily an ecclesiastical institution. It was not necessary that an abbot should be an ecclesiastic, and not essentially necessary that any one of his monks should be in holy orders. Long before the thirteenth century, however, a monk was almost invariably ordained, and being an ordained person, and having his local habitation in a bishop's diocese, it was only natural that the bishop should claim jurisdiction over him and over the church in which he and the fraternity ministered; but to allow a power of visitation to any one outside the close corporation of the convent was fraught with infinite peril to the community. Confessing their faults one to another, and asking pardon of the lord abbot or his representative, the prior, was one thing; but to have a querulous or inquisitive or even hostile bishop coming and intruding into their secrets, blurting them out to the world and actually pronouncing sentence upon them—that seemed to the monks an absolutely intolerable and shocking condition of affairs. Hence it seemed supremely desirable to a convent to get for itself, by fair means or foul—and I am afraid the means were not always fair means, as we should consider them—the exemption of

their house from episcopal visitation or control. I believe that the earliest instance of such an exemption being granted in England was that of the Conqueror's Abbey of Battle. The precedent was a bad one, and led to all sorts of attempts by other houses to procure for themselves the like privilege. Such attempts were stoutly resisted by the bishops, who foresaw the evils that would inevitably follow, and which, in fact, did follow; and, of course, bishop and abbey went to law. Going to law in this case meant usually, first, a certain amount of preliminary litigation before the Archbishop of Canterbury; but sooner or later it was sure to end in an appeal to the pope's court, or, as the phrase was, an appeal to Rome.

Without wishing for a moment to defend or excuse a state of things which was always vexatious, and at last became intolerable, it is impossible to deny that a great deal of nonsense has been talked and written about these appeals. Almost exactly the same state of things exists in the present day both in civil and ecclesiastical matters. Parsee merchants fall to loggerheads in Bombay or Calcutta, and bring their disputes before the courts in India; one side feels aggrieved by the sentence, and straightway he removes the case to a court of appeal in London. Or some heretical person in Asia or Africa or somewhere else gets into hot water with an orthodox society for the promotion of religious persecution, and sooner or later the archbishop is appealed to, and the ecclesiastical lawyers have a most delightful time of it. It all costs a great deal of money nowadays, and leading advocates on this side or that are actually so extortionate that they will not do anything for nothing, and insist on receiving the most exorbitant fees. So it was in the old days. The final court of appeal in all matters ecclesiastical was before the pope at Rome or Avignon, and the proctors and doctors, and all the canonists and officials, actually required to be paid for their work.

When a monastery was in for a great fight with a bishop, it was a serious matter for both parties. But it was much more serious for the bishop than for the convent. The bishop had always his state to keep up and his many houses to maintain, and his establishment was enormously costly. His margin for law expenses was small; and I suspect that a bishop in England during the thirteenth century who had no private fortune outside of his mere episcopal revenues would

have been likely sooner or later to find himself in serious difficulties. On the other hand, in a great monastery all sorts of expedients could be resorted to in order to effect a salutary retrenchment—as when the monks of St. Albans agreed to give up the use of wine for fifteen years, and actually did so, that they might be able to rebuild their refectory and dormitory in the days of John the twenty-first abbot. Moreover, inasmuch as a corporation never dies, the convent could raise very heavy sums on the security of its estates, and take its own time to repay the loans. A bishop could not pledge his episcopal estates beyond his own lifetime, and the result was that, in the days when life assurance was unknown, a bishop who had to raise money for a costly lawsuit would have to pay a rate of interest which would make our blood run cold if we had to pay it, or our hearts leap for joy if we could get it in these days of two and three per cent. The bishop was always at a disadvantage in these appeal cases; he stood to lose everything, and he stood to win nothing at all except the satisfaction of his conscience that he was struggling for principle and right. And thus it came to pass that the monks enjoyed this kind of warfare, and rarely shrank from engaging in it. Indeed, an appeal to Rome meant sending a deputation from the convent to watch the case as it was going on, and there was all the delight of a foreign tour and a sight of the world—a trip, in fact, to the Continent at the expense of the establishment. But when there was no appeal case going on—and they were too expensive an amusement to be indulged in often—there was always a good deal of exciting litigation to keep up the interest of the convent, and to give them something to think about and gossip about nearer home. We have the best authority—the authority of the great pope Innocent III.—for believing that Englishmen in the thirteenth century were extremely fond of beer; but there was something else that they were even fonder of, and that was law. Monastic history is almost made up of the stories of this everlasting litigation; nothing was too trifling to be made into an occasion for a lawsuit. Some neighboring landowner had committed a trespass or withheld a tithe pig. Some audacious townsman had claimed the right of catching eels in a pond. Some brawling knight pretended he was in some sense *patron* of a cell, and demanded a trumpety allowance of bread and ale, or an equivalent. As we

read about these things we exclaim, “Why in the world did they make such a fuss about a trifle?” Not so thought the monks. They knew well enough what the thin end of the wedge meant, and, being in a far better position than we are to judge of the significance and importance of many a *casus belli* which now seems but trivial, they never dreamed of giving an inch for the other side to take an ell. So they went to law, and enjoyed it amazingly! Sometimes, however, there were disputes which were not to be settled peaceably; and then came what university men in the old days used to know as a “town and gown row.”

Let it be remembered that a Benedictine monastery, in the early times, was invariably set down in a lonely wilderness. As time went on, and the monks brought the swamp into cultivation, and wealth flowed in, and the monastery became a centre of culture, there would be sure to gather round the walls a number of hangers-on, who gradually grew into a community, the tendency of which was to assert itself, and to become less and less dependent upon the abbey for support. These *towns* (for they became such) were, as a rule, built on the abbey land, and paid dues to the monastery. Of course, on the one side, there was an inclination to raise the dues; on the other, a desire to repudiate them altogether. Hence bad blood was sure to arise between the monks and the townsmen, and sooner or later serious conflicts between the servants of the monasteries and the people outside. Thus in 1223 there was a serious collision between the Londoners and the Westminster monks, the mob rushed into the monastery, and the abbot escaped their violence with difficulty by slipping out at a back door and getting into a boat on the Thames. On another occasion there was a very serious fray between the citizens of Norwich and the priory there, in 1272, when the prior slew one man with his own hands, and many lives were lost. At a later time there was a similar disturbance at Bury St. Edmunds, and in the year 1314 the great abbey of St. Albans was kept in a state of siege for more than ten days by the townsmen, who were driven to frenzy by not being allowed to grind their own corn in their own hand-mills, but compelled to get it ground by the abbey millers, and, of course, pay the fee.

Thirty years later, again, that man of sin, Sir Philip de Lymbury, lifted up his heel against the Abbey of St. Alban's, and

actually laid hands upon brother John Moote, the cellarer; and on Monday, being market day at Luton in Beds, did actually clap the said cellarer in the pillory, and kept him there, exposed to the jeers and contempt of the rude populace, who, we may be sure, were in ecstasies at this precursor of Mr. Pickwick in the pound. But the holy martyr St. Alban was not likely to let such an outrage pass; and when the rollicking knight came to the abbey to make it up, and was for presenting a peace-offering at the shrine, lo, the knightly nose began to bleed profusely, and, to the consternation of the beholders, the offering could not be made, and Sir Philip had to retire, holding his nose, and shortly after he died—and, adds the chronicler, was speedily forgotten, he and his.

Such ruffling of the peace and quiet of conventual life was, there is reason to believe, not uncommon. But inside the cloister itself there was not always a holy calm. When the abbot died there came all the canvassing and excitement of a contested election, and sometimes a convent might be turned for years into a house divided against itself, the two parties among the monks fighting like cat and dog. Nor did it at all follow because the convent had elected their abbot or prior unanimously that therefore the election was allowed by the king, to whom the elect was presented.* King John kept monasteries without any abbot for years, sequestering the estates in the mean time, and leaving the monks to make the best of it. Sometimes an abbot was forced upon a monastery in spite of the convent, as in the case of Abbot Roger Norreys at Evesham, in 1191—a man whom the monks not only detested because of his gross mismanagement, but whom they denounced as actually immoral. Sometimes, too, the misconduct of a prior was so abominable that it could not be borne, and then came the very difficult and very delicate business of getting him deposed: a process which was by no means easily managed, as appeared in the instance of Simon Pumice, prior of Worcester, in 1219, and in many another case.

Such hopes and fears and provocations as these all contributed to relieve the monotony which it has been too readily assumed was the characteristic of the cloister life. The monks had a world of their

own within the precincts, but they were not so shut in but that their relations with the greater world outside were very real. Moreover, that confinement to the monastery itself, which was necessarily very greatly relaxed in the case of the officers or obedientiaries, as they were called, was almost as easily relaxed if one of the brethren could manage to get the right side of the abbot or prior. When Archbishop Peckham was holding his visitations in 1282 he more than once remarks with asperity upon a monk *farming* a manor of his convent, and declares that the practice must stop. The outlying manors must have somebody to look after them, it was assumed, and if one of the brethren was willing to undertake the management for the convent, why should he not? Nor, again, must we suppose that the monks were debarred all amusements. On August 29, 1283, there was a great wrestling-match at Hockliffe, in Beds, and a huge concourse of people of all sorts were there to see the fun. The roughs and the "fancy" were present in great force, and somehow it came to pass that a free fight ensued. I am sorry to say that the canons of Dunstable were largely represented upon the occasion. We are left to infer that the representatives were chiefly the servants of the canons, but I am afraid that *some* at least of their masters were there too. In the fight one Simon Mustard, who appears to have been something like a professional prize-fighter, "a bully exceeding fierce," says the annalist, got killed; but thereon ensued much inquiry and much litigation, and Dunstable and its "religious" had to suffer vexations not a few. In fairness it should be remembered that these Dunstable people were not monks but canons—regular or irregular—and those canons, we all know, would do anything. We protest against being confounded with canons!

The amusements of monks were more innocent. The garden was always a great place of resort, and gardening a favorite pastime. We may be sure there was much lamentation and grumbling at St. Alban's when Abbot John de Maryns forbade any monk, who from infirmity could only be carried on a litter, from entering the garden at all. Poor old fellows! had their bearers been disorderly and trodden upon the flower-beds? Bowls was the favorite and a very common diversion among them; but in the opinion of Archbishop Peckham, as appears by his letters, there were other diversions of a far more

* See a notable instance in Carlyle's *Past and Present*.

reprehensible character. Actually at the small priory of Coxford, in Norfolk, the prior and his canons were wholly given over to chess-playing. It was dreadful! In other monasteries the monks actually hunted; not only the abbots, but the common domestic monks! Nay, such things were to be found as monks keeping dogs, or even birds, in the cloister. Peckham denounces these breaches of decorum as grave offences, which were not to be passed over and not to be allowed. What! a black monk stalking along with a bull-pup at his heels, and a jackdaw, worse than the jackdaw of Rheims, using bad words in the garth, and showing an evil example to the chorister boys, with his head on one side!

But, after all, it must be confessed that the greatest of all delights to the thirteenth-century monks was eating and drinking. "Sir, I like my dinner!" said Dr. Johnson, and I don't think any one thought the worse of him for his honest outspokenness. The dinner in a great abbey was clearly a very important event in the day — I will not say it was *the* important event, but it was a *very* important one. It must strike any one who knows much of the literature of this age that the weak point in the monastic life of the thirteenth century was the gormandizing. It was exactly as, I am told, it is on board ship on a long voyage, where people have little or nothing to do, they are always looking forward to the next meal, and the sound of the dinner-bell is the most exciting sound that greets the ear in the twenty-four hours. And so with the monks in a great monastery which had grown rich, and in point of fact had more money than it knew what to do with: the dinner was the event of the day. It is not that we hear much of drunkenness, for we really hear very little of it, and where it is spoken of it is always with reprobation. Nor is it that we hear of anything like the loathsome and disgusting gluttony of the Romans of the empire, but eating and drinking, and especially eating, are always cropping up; one is perpetually being reminded of them in one way or another, and it is significant that when the Cistercian revival began, one of the chief reforms aimed at was the rigorous simplification of the meals and the curtailing the luxury of the refectory. But the monks were not the only people in those times who had a high appreciation of good cheer. When a man of high degree took up his quarters in a monastery he by no means wished to be put off with salt-fish-

and-toast-and-water cheer. Richard de Marisco, one of King John's profligate councillors, who was eventually foisted into the see of Durham, gave the Abbey of St. Alban's the tithes of Eglingham, in Northumberland, to help them to make their ale better — "taking compassion upon the weakness of the convent's drink," as the chronicler tells us. The small beer of St. Alban's, it seems, was not as much improved as was to be desired, notwithstanding this appropriation of Church property, for twice after this the abbey had the same delicate hint given to it that its brewing was not up to the mark, when the rectory of Norton, in Hertfordshire, and two-thirds of the tithes of Hartburn, in Northumberland, were given to the monastery that no excuse might remain for the bad quality of the malt liquor.

And here let me remark in passing that another widespread delusion needs to be removed from the popular mind with regard to the relations between the monks and the clergy. We have again and again heard people say, "Wonderfully devoted men, those monks! Look at the churches all over the land! If it had not been for the monks how could all the village churches have been built? The monks built them all!" Monks build parish churches! Why, the monks were the greatest church-robbers that the world has ever known; they were always robbing the country parsons, and the town parsons, too, for that matter. Every vicarage in England represents a spoliation of the church, whose rectorial tithes had been appropriated by a religious house, the parson being left with the vicarial tithes, and often not even with them, but thrown for his daily bread upon the voluntary offerings of his parishioners. The monks build churches! I could not from my own knowledge bring forward a single instance in all the history of England of a monastery contributing a shilling of money or a load of stone for the repair, let alone the erection of any parish church in the land. So far from it, they pulled down the churches when they had a chance, and they were always on the look-out to steal the rectory houses and substitute for them any cheap-and-nasty vicarage unless the bishop kept a sharp look-out upon them and came to the help of his clergy. Of all the sins that the monks had to answer for, this greedy grasping at Church property, this shameless robbery of the seculars, was beyond compare the most inexcusable and the

most mischievous. To the credit of the Cistercians it must be told that they *at first* set themselves against the wholesale pillage of the parochial clergy. I am not prepared to say they were true to their first principles — no corporate society ever was, and least of all a religious corporation — but at starting the Cistercians were decidedly opposed to the alienating of tithes and appropriating them to the endowment of their abbeys, and this was probably one among other causes why the Cistercians prospered so wonderfully as they did during the first hundred years or so after their first coming here; people believed that the new order was not going to live by robbing parsons, as the older orders had done without remorse. The swindler always thinks his victim a fool, and the victim never forgives the smarter man who has taken him in. Accordingly the monks always pretended to think scorn of the clergy, and when the monasteries fell the clergy were the very last people to lament their fall.

And this brings us to the question of the moral condition of the monasteries. Professor Stubbs has called the thirteenth century "the golden age of English Churchmanship." Subject to correction from that greatest of England's great historians — and subject to correction too from others, who, standing in a rank below his unapproachable eminence, are yet very much my superiors in their knowledge of this subject — I venture to express my belief that the thirteenth century was also the golden age of English monachism. Certainly we know much more about the monasteries and their inner life during this period than at any other time. The materials ready to our hand are very voluminous, and the evidence accessible to the inquirer is very various. I do not believe that any man of common fairness and candor who should give some years to the careful study of those materials and that evidence could rise from his examination with any other impression than that, as a body, the monks of the thirteenth century were better than their age. Vicious and profligate, drunken and unchaste, as a class, they certainly were not. Of course there were scandalous brethren. Here and there — but rarely, very rarely — there was a wicked abbot or prior. Of course there were instances of abominations on which one cannot dwell; of course there are stories which are bad to read; stories which find their way into the chronicles because they were strange or startling; but these stories are always told with hor-

ror, and commented upon with severity and scorn. Excuse for wickedness or any palliation of it you simply never find.

On the other hand, the intense *esprit de corps* of a convent of monks went beyond anything that we can now realize, and led to grave sins against truth and honesty. The forgeries of charters, bulls, and legal instruments of all kinds for the glorification of a monastery by its members was at least condoned only too frequently. It can hardly be doubted that the scriptorium of many a religious house must have been turned to very discreditable uses by unscrupulous and clever scribes, with the connivance if not with the actual knowledge of the convent, for such things were not done in a corner. If the forgeries succeeded — and that they often did succeed we know — the monastery got all the advantage of the rascality; no inquiry was made, and it was tacitly assumed that where so much was gained, and the pride of "our house" was gratified, the end justified the means.

There remains one question which may suggest itself to our minds as it has often suggested itself to others. From what class or classes in society were the monks for the most part taken? This is one of the most difficult questions to answer. The late Dr. Maitland, who perhaps knew more, and had read more, about monks and monasteries than any Englishman of his time, professed himself unable to answer it; and my friend Dr. Luard — whose labors in this field of research have gained for him a European reputation, and whose wonderful industry, carefulness, and profound knowledge qualify him to speak with authority on such a point, if any one might pronounce upon it — hesitates to give a decided opinion. The impression that is left upon my own mind is, that the thirteenth-century monk, as a rule, was drawn from the gentry class, as distinguished from the aristocracy on the one hand, or the artisans on the other — in fact, *mutatis mutandis*, that the representatives of the monks of the thirteenth century were the fellows of colleges of the nineteenth before the recent alteration of university and college statutes came into force. An ignorant monk was certainly a rarity, an absolutely unlettered or uneducated one was an impossibility, and an abbot or prior who could not talk and write Latin with facility, who could not preach with tolerable fluency on occasion, and hold his own as a debater and man of business, would have found himself sooner or later in a very ridiculous and very un-

comfortable position, from which he might be glad to escape by resignation.

Three centuries after the time we have been considering, the religious houses were suppressed—to use that euphonious term which has become universally accepted—only after they had existed in these islands in one form or another for at least a thousand years. Century after century monasteries continued to spring up, and there never was much difficulty in finding devout people who were ready to befriend a new order, to endow it with lands, and to give it a fair start. In other words, there was always a *demand* for new monasteries, and the first sure sign that that demand had been met, and more than met, was when the supply of monks began to fall short, and when, as was the case before the end of the fifteenth century, the religious houses could not fill up their full complement of brethren. Is it conceivable that this constant demand could have gone on, if the common sense of the nation had not been profoundly convinced, and continuously convinced, that the religious orders gave back some great equivalent for all the immense surrenders of wealth which generation after generation of Englishmen had made—some equivalent for all the vast stream of benefactions which flowed on from age to age so strongly that kings and statesmen had to interfere and check, if it might be, the dangerous prodigality of lavish benefactors? What that equivalent was, what the real work of the monasteries was, what great functions they discharged in the body politic, what the nation at large gained by their continuance and lost by their fall—these are questions which on this occasion I am not concerned with, and with which I scrupulously forbear from dealing. But there are moments when a great horror comes upon some men's minds, and a vision of a lonely and childless old age rises before them in the gloom of a dreary twilight, or when the mists of autumn hide the sunbeams, and they think, "If desolation were to come upon our homes, where could we hide the stricken head and broken heart?" To that question—a morbid question if you will—I have never found an answer. The answer was possible once, but it was in an age which has passed away.

Yes, that age has passed away forever. History repeats itself, it is true, but history will not bear mimicry. In every melody that wakes the echoes there is repetition of this note and that, the same

single sound is heard again and again; but the glorious intertwinings of the several parts, the subtle fingers and merry peals, of laughter that "flash along the chords and go," the wail of the minor, as if crying for the theme that has vanished and yet will reappear—"like armies whispering where great echoes be"—these things are not mere repetition; they are messages from the Eternal Father to the sons of men, reminding them that the world moves on. Merely to ape the past, and to attempt to reproduce in the nineteenth century the tree that had taken a millennium to grow into its maturity in the thirteenth and was rudely cut down root and branch in the sixteenth, is about as wise as it would be to try and make us sing the Hallelujah Chorus in unison! Let the dead bury their dead. Meanwhile the successors of the thirteenth-century monasteries are rising up around us each after their kind; Pall Mall swarms with them, hardly less splendid than their progenitors, certainly not less luxurious. Our modern monks look out of the windows of the Carlton and the Athenæum with no suspicion that they are at all like the monks of old. Nor are they. They lack the old faith, the old loyalty to their order, and with the old picturesqueness something else that we can less afford to miss—the old enthusiasm. We look back upon the men of the thirteenth century with much complacency. A supercilious glance at the past seems to give the moderns an excellent opinion of themselves. But suppose the men of the thirteenth century could turn the tables upon us, and, from their point of view, pass their judgment upon the daily life of the conventuals of St. James's, who are, after all, only survivals, but just conceivably not quite survivals of the fittest; would the monks of old find all things quite up to the highest ideal? or would they hide their heads in shame and confusion of face compelled to acknowledge that the new was in all things so much better than the old?

AUGUSTUS JESSOP.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLV.

MRS. METHVEN had time to recover from the agitation and trouble of the morning before her visitors' arrival. Walter's aspect had so much changed when he appeared that her fears were

calmed, though not dispelled. He was very pale, and had an air of exhaustion, to which his softened manners and evident endeavor to please her gave an almost pathetic aspect. Her heart was touched, as it is easy to touch the heart of a mother. She had watched him go out in his boat with a faint awakening of that pleasure with which in ordinary circumstances a woman in the retirement of age sees her children go out to their pleasure. It gave her a satisfaction full of relief, and a sense of escape from evils which she had feared, without knowing what she feared, to watch the lessening speck of the boat, and to feel that her son was finding consolation in natural and uncontaminated pleasures, in the pure air and sky and sunshine of the morning. When he came back he was a little less pale, though still strangely subdued and softened. He told her that she was about to receive a visit from his nearest neighbors — “the young lady,” he added, after a pause, “who brought you across the loch.”

“Miss Forrester — and her mother, no doubt. I shall be glad to see them, Walter.”

“I hope so, mother — for there is no way in which you can do me so much good.”

“You mean — this is the lady of whom you spoke to me —” Her countenance fell a little, for what he had said to her was not reassuring; he had spoken of one who would bring money with her, but who was not the best.

“No, mother; I never told you what I did yesterday. I asked that — lady of whom I spoke — to give me her money and her lands to add to mine, and she would not. She was very right. I approved of her with all my heart.”

“Walter! my dear, you have been so — well — and so — like yourself this morning. Do not fall into this wild way of speaking again.”

“No,” he said, “if all goes well — never again if all goes well;” and with this strange speech he left her not knowing what to think. She endeavored to recall to her memory the face of the young stranger who had come to her aid on her arrival, but all the circumstances had been so strange, and the loch itself had given such a sensation of alarm and trouble to the traveller, that everything was dim like the twilight in her recollection. A soft voice, with the unfamiliar accent of the north, a courteous and pleasant frankness of accost, a strange sense of thus encountering, half unseen, some one who was no

stranger, nor unimportant in her life — these were the impressions she had brought out of the meeting. In all things this poor lady was like a stranger suddenly introduced into a world unknown to her, where great matters, concerning her happiness and very existence, were hanging upon mysterious decisions of others, unknown, and but to be guessed at faintly through a mode of speaking strange to her, and amidst allusions which conveyed no meaning to her mind. Thus she sat wondering, waiting for the coming of — she could scarcely tell whom — of some one with whom she could help Walter, yet who was not the lady to whom he had offered himself only yesterday. Could there be any combination more confusing? And when, amid all this mystery, as she sat with her heart full of tremulous questions and fears, there came suddenly into this darkling, uncomprehended world of hers the soft and smiling certainty of Mrs. Forrester, kind and simple, and full of innocent affectations, with her little airs of an old beauty, and her amiable confidence in everybody's knowledge and interest, Mrs. Methven had nearly laughed aloud with a keen sense of mingled disappointment and relief. The sweet gravity of Oona behind was but a second impression. The first was of this simple, easy flood of kind and courteous commonplace.

“We are all very glad upon the loch to hear that Lord Erradeen has got his mother with him,” said this guileless woman, “for everything is the better of a lady in the house. Oh, yes, you will say, that is just a woman's opinion, making the most of her own side: but you know very well it is true. We have not seen half so much of Lord Erradeen as we would have liked — for in my circumstances we have so little in our power. No gentleman in the house; and what can two ladies do to entertain a young man, unless he will be content with his tea in the afternoon? and that is little to ask a gentleman to.”

“Your daughter was most kind to me when I arrived,” said Mrs. Methven. “I should have felt very lonely without her help.”

“That was nothing. It was just a pleasure to Oona, who is on the loch from morning to night,” said Mrs. Forrester. “It was a great chance for her to be of use. We have little happening here, and the news was a little excitement for us all. You see, though I have boys of my own, they are all of them away — what would they do here? — one in Canada, and one

in New Zealand, and three, as I need not say, in India — that is where all our boys go — and doing very well, which is just all that heart can desire. It has been a pleasure from the beginning that Lord Erradeen reminds me so much of my Rob, who is now up with his regiment in the north-west provinces, and a very promising young officer, though perhaps it is not me that should say so. The complexion is different, but I have always seen a great likeness. And now, Lord Erradeen, I hope you will bring Mrs. Methven soon, as long as the fine weather lasts, to the isle."

Mrs. Methven made a little civil speech about taking the first opportunity, but added, "I have seen nothing yet — not even this old castle of which I have heard so much."

"It is looking beautiful this afternoon, and I have not been there myself, I may say, for years," said Mrs. Forrester. "What would you say, as it is so fine, to trust yourself to Hamish, who is just the most careful man with a boat on all the loch, and take a turn as far as Kinloch-houran with Oona and me?"

The suggestion was thrown out very lightly, with that desire to do something for the pleasure of the stranger, which was always so strong in Mrs. Forrester's breast. She would have liked to supplement it with a proposal to "come home by the isle" and take a cup of tea: but refrained for the moment with great self-denial. It was caught at eagerly by Walter, who had not known how to introduce his mother to the sight of the mystic place which had so much to do with his recent history, and in a very short time they were all afloat — Mrs. Methven half pleased, half disappointed to find all graver thoughts and alarms turned into the simplicity of a party of pleasure, so natural, so easy. The loch was radiant with that glory of the afternoon which is not like the glory of the morning, a dazzling world of light, the sunbeams falling lower every moment, melting into the water, which showed all its ripples like molten gold. The old tower lay red in the light, the few green leaves that still fluttered on the ends of the branches, standing out against the darker background, and the glory of the western illumination besetting every dark corner of the broken walls as if to take them by joyful assault and triumph over every idea of gloom. Nothing could have been more peaceful than the appearance of the group. The two elder ladies so suddenly brought together sat in the

stern of the boat, carrying on their tranquil conversation. Mrs. Forrester was entirely at her ease thinking of nothing: though to Mrs. Methven after the fears and excitements of the past night this sudden lapse into the natural and ordinary was half delightful, half exasperating, wholly unreal, and like a dream. Oona, who had scarcely spoken at all, and who was glad to be left to her own thoughts, sat by her mother's side, with the eyes of the other mother often upon her, yet taking no part in the talk; while Walter, perched behind Hamish at the other end of the boat, felt this strange pause of all sensation to be something providential, something beyond all his power of arranging, the preface to he knew not what — but at least not to any cutting off or separation from Oona. She had met his eyes with a soft look of pardon: she had given him her hand without hesitation. The look, which all had observed, had for him the meaning which no one else knew. It meant no ecstasy of happy love, but a deeper, stronger certainty than any such excitement of the moment. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee." It was God who said that, and not a woman; but it was reflected in Oona's face. She was not thinking, as so many happy and proud and gentle souls have thought, of the happiness that love was bringing, the gifts of tenderness and protection and constant support filling up their own being, which henceforward were to be theirs: but of him and of his need, and how she was to fulfil her trust. She looked at him on the other side of those anxious eyes of Hamish, which kept ceaseless watch upon her, without a reproach, or even a consciousness in her look that there was anything to pardon. He was not sufficiently apart from her now to be pardoned. One does not pardon one's self. One goes on to the next trial, trembling yet confident, with a gathering of all one's forces. "This time we shall not fail," her eyes seemed to say.

"No, I have not been here for long," said Mrs. Forrester; "not since the late lord's time, when I had the permission to bring over Willie and Charley, who were just joining their regiments. They are never fond of letting strangers in, the Lords Erradeen. Oh I may say that before you, Lord Erradeen, for you are just new blood, and I am hoping will have new laws. I see very little change. If you will come this way, Mrs. Methven, it is here you will get the best view. Yon is the tower upon which the light is seen,

the light, ye will have heard, that calls every new lord : oh and that comes many a time when there is no new lord. You need not bid me whisht, Oona ! No doubt there will be some explanation of it : but it is a thing that all the world knows."

Mrs. Methven laughed, more at her ease than she had yet been, and said, —

"Walter, what a terrible omission ! you have never told me of this."

Walter did not laugh. His face, on the contrary, assumed the look of gloom and displeasure which she knew so well.

"If you will come with me," he said to Mrs. Forrester, "I will show you my rooms. Old Macalister is more gracious than usual. You see he has opened the door."

"Oh I will go with great pleasure, Lord Erradeen, for I have never been inside, and I would like to see your rooms. Oh how do you do, Macalister ? I hope your wife and you are quite well, and not suffering with rheumatism. We've come to show Mrs. Methven, that is your master's mother, round the place. Yes, I am sure ye will all be very glad to see her. This is Macalister, a very faithful old servant that has been with the Lords Erradeen as long as I can remember. How long is it — near five and forty years ? Dear me, it is just wonderful how time runs on. I was then but lately married, and never thought I would ever live like a pelican in the wilderness in my mother's little bit isle. But your mind just is made to your fortune, and I have had many a happy day there. Dear me, it will be very interesting to see the rooms, we that never knew there were any habitable rooms ! Where is Oona ? Oh never take the trouble, Lord Erradeen, your mother is waiting, and Oona, that knows every step of the castle, she will soon find her way."

This was how it was that Oona found herself alone. Walter cast behind him an anxious look, but he could not desert the elder ladies, and Oona was glad to be left behind. Her mind had altogether recovered its calm ; but she had much to think of, and his presence disturbed her, with that influence of personal contact which interferes with thought. She knew the old castle, if not every step of it, as her mother said, yet enough to make it perfectly safe for her. Old Macalister had gone first to lead the way, to open doors and windows, that the ladies might see everything : and save for Hamish in his boat on the beach, there was nobody within sight or call. The shadow of the old house shut out the sunshine from the

little platform in front of the door ; but at the further side, where the trees grew among the broken masses of the ruin, the sun from the west entered freely. Oona went slowly, full of thought, up to the battlements, and looked out upon the familiar landscape, full of light and freshness, and all the natural sounds of the golden afternoon — the lapping of the water upon the rocks, the rustle of the wind in the trees, the far-off murmurs of life, voices cheerful, yet inarticulate from the village, distant sounds of horses and wheels on the unseen road, the bark of a dog, all the easy, honest utterance, unthought of, like simple breathing, of common life. For a moment the voice of her own thoughts was hushed within her, replaced by this soft combination of friendly noises. It pleased her better to stand here with the soft air about her, than with all the agitation of human influences to accompany the others. Yet human influence is more strong than the hold of nature : and by-and-by she turned unconsciously from the landscape to the house, the one dark, solid mass of habitable walls, repelling the sunshine, while the tower, with its blunted outline above, and all the fantastic breaches and openings in the ruin below gave full play to every level ray. The loch, all golden with the sunset, the shadows of the trees, the breath and utterance of distant life, gave nothing but refreshment and soothing : but the walls that were the work of men, and that for hundreds of years had gathered sombre memories about them, had an attraction more absorbing. A little beyond where she was standing, was the spot from which Miss Milnathort had fallen. Oona had heard the story vaguely all her life, and she had heard from Walter the meaning of it, only the other day. Perhaps it was the sound of a little crumbling and precipitation of dust and fragments from the further wall that brought it so suddenly to her memory ; but the circumstances in which she herself was, were enough to bring those of the other woman who had been as herself, before her with all the vividness of reality. As young as herself, and more happy, the promised bride of another Walter, everything before her, as before Oona, love and life, the best that providence can give, more happy than she, nothing to disturb the gladness of her betrothal ; and in a moment all over, all ended, and pain and helplessness, and the shadow of death substituted for her happiness and hope !

Oona paused, and thought of that trag

edy with a great awe stealing over her, and pity which was intense in her realization of a story, in every point save the catastrophe, so like her own, penetrating her very soul. She asked herself which of the two it was who had suffered most — the faithful woman who lived to tell her own story, and to smile with celestial patience through her death in life, or the man who had struggled in vain, who had fallen under the hand of fate, and obeyed the power of outward circumstances, and been vanquished, and departed from the higher meaning of his youth. Oona thought with a generous, sympathetic throbbing of her heart of the one, but with a deeper pang of the other; he who had not failed at all so far as any one knew, who had lived and been happy, as people say. She leaned against the wall, and asked herself if anything should befall her, such as befell Miss Milnathort, whether her Walter would do the same. Would he accept his defeat as the other had done, and throw down his arms and yield? She said no in her heart, but faltered, and remembered Katie. Yet no! That had been before, not after their hearts had met, and he had known what was in hers. No, he might be beaten down to the dust; he might rush out into the world, and plunge into the madness of life, or he might plunge more deeply, more darkly into the madness of despairing, and die. But he would not yield; he would not throw down his arms and accept the will of the other. Faulty as he was, and stained and prone to evil, this was what he would never do.

It was strange that all this time she had scarcely asked herself who and what this other was who had so long kept a mysterious and miserable control over the family of Erradeen. Though the very beginning of her knowledge of Walter had plunged her into the midst of that mystery, she had not dwelt upon it nor even tried to follow it. There was no scepticism about the supernatural in her mind; rather she was so natural that she accepted a being who stood before her according to his semblance, and required no explanations. She had seen and spoken with a man who inspired Walter with a profound and unreasonable terror. Oona, looking at him with eyes of unalarmed and unsuspecting purity and all the kind and fearless freedom which belonged to her house, had neither hated him nor feared. She believed that there was in him something from which the others shrank, some power of giving pain and

suggesting evil which justified their fear. But she did not share it. She was not afraid. There was not in her mind any alarm at the thought of encountering in her own person this enemy, of whom she knew scarcely anything more than that he was the enemy of Walter's race, the being of whom there was many a whisper about the loch, and the tradition of whose existence had come down from generation to generation. Could she but meet him, take that upon her own shoulders and spare Walter! She said to herself that, God protecting her, there was no power on earth that could harm, and that she would not be afraid. She would look him in the face, she would hear all that he could say, and refuse, refuse, for herself and all the house that was henceforward to be hers, her consent to his sway. If there was in Walter's mind the weakness of previous defeat, the susceptibility to temptation, which takes strength from the mind and confidence, there was in her no such flaw of nature.

Up and spake she, Alice Brand,

And made the holy sign,

"And if there's blood on Richard's hand,

A stainless hand is mine."

In the crowd of her thoughts — which were all mingled great and small, solemn and trifling, as all human thoughts are in high flood — this ballad floated with the rest through Oona's mind, with an aptness which gave her a momentary amusement, yet helped to increase her visionary exaltation. When this high excitement flagged a little it was with the thought that thus to act for Walter was impossible, was not what was required of her. It was he who must fight though he was weak, not she who felt herself so strong. But then, her hand in his, the whole force of her nature thrown into his, holding him up, breathing courage into his ear, into his soul! Oona's heart rose once more, she felt herself like one inspired. That was the woman's part, a harder part than if all the brunt of the fight had rested upon herself. But where was the wizard, where the black art, where tempter or demon, that could overcome a man thus supported and held up by love behind him, the joint resistance of the two who were one?

While all these thoughts were passing through her mind, she had gone on a few steps at a time, without thinking or perceiving where she went — till in the high flood and fervor of her spirit, suddenly looking up, she found herself on the grey

edge of the wall, on the last ledge where any footing was possible, beyond the spot from which her predecessor had fallen. The sickening sensation with which she felt the crumbling masonry move beneath her foot, brought her to herself, and in a moment she realized the danger of her position. Another second and all her hopes and possibilities might have been over forever. With a sudden recoil upon herself, Oona set her back against the edge of the parapet that remained, and endeavored to command and combat the sudden terror that seized hold upon her. She cast a keen look round her to find out if there was any way of safety, and called out for help, and upon Walter! Walter! though she felt it was vain. The wind was against her, and caught her voice, carrying it as if in mockery down the loch, from whence it returned only in a vague and distant echo: and she perceived that the hope of any one hearing and reaching her was futile indeed. Above her, on a range of ruin always considered inaccessible, there seemed to Oona a line of masonry solid enough to give her footing, though it had never been attempted before; but necessity cannot wait for precedents. She was young and active and used to exercise, and her nerves were steadied by the strain of actual danger. She made a spring from her insecure standing, feeling the ruin give way under her foot with the impulse, and with the giddiness of a venture which was almost desperate, flung herself upon the higher level. When she had got there, it seemed to her incredible that she could have done it, and what was to be her next step she knew not, for the ledge on which she stood was very narrow, and there was nothing to hold by in case her head or courage should fail.

Everything below and around was shapeless ruin, not to be trusted, all honeycombed with hollow places thinly covered over with the remains of fallen roofs and drifted earth and treacherous vegetation. Only in one direction was there any appearance of solidity, and that was above her, towards the tower which still stood firmly, the crown of the building, though no one had climbed up to its mysterious heights within the memory of man. Round it was a stone balcony or platform, which was the spot upon which the mysterious light, so familiar to her, was periodically visible. Oona's heart beat as she saw herself within reach of this spot. She had watched it so often from the safe and peaceful isle, with that

thrill of awe and wonder, and half-terror, which gave an additional pleasure to her own complete and perfect safety. She made a few steps forward, and, putting out her hand with a quiver of all her nerves, took hold upon the cold roughness of the lower ledge. The touch steadied her, yet woke an agitation in her frame, the stir of strong excitement; for death lay below her, and her only refuge was in the very home of mystery, a spot untrod-den of men. For the next few minutes she made her way instinctively without thought, holding by every projection which presented itself, feeling that there was no other hope or possibility before her. But when Oona found herself standing safe within the balustrade, close upon the wall of the tower, and had drawn breath and recovered a little from the exhaustion and strain — when her mind got again the upper hand and disentangled itself from the agitation of the body, the hurry and whirl of all her thoughts were beyond description. She paused as upon the threshold of a new world. What might be about to happen to her? not to perish like the other, which seemed so likely a few minutes ago, but perhaps as tragic a fate; perhaps the doom of all who tried to help the Methvens was awaiting her here.

There is something in every extreme which disposes the capricious human soul to a revolt and recoil. Oona carried on her self-discussion: but now she spoke aloud, to sustain herself in her utter isolation. She laughed to herself, nature forcing its way through awe and alarm. "Doom," she said to herself, "there is no doom. That would mean that God was no longer over all. What he wills let that be done." This calmed her nerves and imagination. She did not stop to say any prayer for her own safety. A certain scorn of safety, as of fear, and all the vulgar infidelities of superstition rose up in her mind. She raised her head high and went on. So long as God is, where is the fear? and there is no doom but what comes out of his hand. And in the mean time everything was solid and safe beneath Oona's feet. The tower stood strong, the pavement of the narrow platform which surrounded it was worn by time and weather, but perfectly secure. Here and there a breach in the balustrade showed like fantastic flamboyant work, but a regiment might have marched round it without disturbing a stone.

Oona's excitement was extreme. Her heart beat in her ears like the roaring of a torrent. She went on, raised beyond

herself, with a strange conviction that there was some object in her coming, and that this which seemed so accidental was no accident at all, but perhaps—how could she tell?—an ordeal, the first step in that career which she had accepted; perhaps, Heaven grant it! a substitution, something to be done for Walter to which her heart and strength rose. She put her hand upon the wall, and guided herself by it, feeling a support in the rough and time-worn surface, the stones of which had borne the assault of ages. Daylight was still bright around her, the last rays of the sun dazzling the loch below, lending a glory of reflection to the sky above, and sending up a golden sheen through the air from the blaze upon the water. Round the corner of the tower the wind blew freshly in her face from the hills, reviving and encouraging her. Nature was on her side in all its frankness and reality, whatever mystery might be elsewhere.

When she had gone half-way round, on the side from which the roofs of Auchnasheen were visible among the trees, Oona suddenly stood still, her heart making, she thought, a pause as well as her feet—then with a bound beginning again in louder and louder pulsation. She had come to a doorway deep set in the wall, like the entrance of a cavern, with one broad, much-worn step, and a heavy old door bound and studded with iron. She stood for a moment uncertain, trembling, a sense of the unforeseen and extraordinary flying to her brain with a bewildering pang of sensation—hesitating whether to pass it by, or make sure what was its meaning, yet scarcely hesitating, for by this time she began to feel the force of an impulse which did not seem her own, and which she had no strength to resist. Going up the step, she found that the door was slightly ajar, and pushing it open found herself with another suffocating pause, then bound, of her heart, upon the threshold of a richly furnished room. She was aware of keeping her hold upon the door with a terrifying anticipation of hearing it close upon her, but otherwise seemed to herself to have passed beyond her own control and consciousness, and to be aware only of the wonderful scene before her. The room was lighted with a mysterious abstract light from an opening in the roof, which showed the rough stone of the walls in great blocks, rudely hewn, contrasting strangely with the heavy curtains with which they were hung round below. The curtains seemed of velvet, with pan-

els of tapestry in mystic designs here and there. The floor was covered with thick and soft carpets. Fine instruments, strange and delicate, stood on stools and tables, some of them slowly revolving, like astronomical models. The curtained walls were hung with portraits, one of which she recognized as that of the last Lord Erradeen. And in the centre of all, supported on a table with a lamp burning in front of it, the light of which (she supposed) blown about by the sudden entrance of the air, so flickered upon the face that the features seemed to change and move, was the portrait of Walter. The cry which she would have uttered at this sight died in Oona's throat. She stood speechless, without power to think, gazing, conscious that this discovery was not for nothing, that there was something she must do, but unable to form a thought.

The light fell upon the subdued colors of the hangings and furniture with a mystic paleness, without warmth; but the atmosphere was luxurious and soft, with a faint fragrance in it. Oona held open the door, which seemed in the movement of the air which she had admitted, to struggle with her, but to which she held with a desperate grasp, and gazed spellbound. Was it the flickering of the lamp, or was it possible that the face of the portrait changed, that anguish came into the features, and that the eyes turned and looked at her appealing, full of misery, as Walter's eyes had looked? It seemed to Oona that her senses began to fail.

There was a movement in the tapestry: and from the other side of the room, some one put it aside and looked at her. She had seen him only in the night and darkness, but there was not another such that she should mistake who it was. Once more her heart stood still: and then there came upon Oona an impulse altogether beyond her understanding, as it was beyond her control.

She heard her own voice rise in the silence. She felt words come to her lips, and was aware that she launched them forth without comprehension, without a pause. What was she saying? Oaths such as she knew not how to say. "Accursed wizard!" Was it she who said it, or were the words in the air. "God confound thee! God destroy thee!" Wrath blazed up in her like a sudden flame. She struck at the delicate machinery within her reach wildly with a sort of frenzy, and catching up something, she knew not what, struck the lamp, not knowing what

she did. It fell with a crash, and broke, and the liquid which had supplied it burst forth, and ran blazing in great globules of light over the floor. A wild rush was in the air, whether of his steps towards her, whether of her own hurrying blood she could not tell. "God destroy thee! God curse thee!" Was it she who spoke — looking at that pale awful countenance, launching curses which she did not understand? All of Oona rushed back into the surging brain and beating heart that were possessed by something not herself. "No," she cried in her own conscious voice, "God pardon you whoever you are," and turned, and heard the great door flung behind her, and fled and knew no more.

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THE INSPIRATION OF DEATH IN FOLK-POETRY.

THE Roumanians call death "the betrothed of the world:" that which awaits. The Neapolitans give it the name of *la vedova*: that which survives. It would be easy to go on multiplying the stock of contrasting epithets. Inevitable yet a surprise, of daily incidence yet a mystery, unvarying yet most various, a common fact yet incapable of becoming commonplace, death may be looked at from innumerable points of view; but, look at it how we will, it moves and excites our spiritual consciousness as nothing else can do. The first poet of human things was perhaps one who stood in the presence of death. In the twilight that went before civilization the loves of men were prosaic and intellectual unrest was remote, but there was already Rachel weeping for her children and would not be comforted because they are not. Death, high priest of the ideal, led man in his infancy through a crisis of awe passing into transcendent exaltation, kindred with the state which De Quincey describes when recalling the feelings wrought in his childish brain by the loss of his sister. It set the child-man asking why? first sign of a dawning intelligence; it told him in familiar language that we lie on the borders of the unknown; it opened before him the infinite spaces of hope and fear; it shattered to pieces the dull round of the food-seeking present, and built up out of the ruins the perception of a past and a future. It was the symbol of a human oneness with the coming and going of day and night,

summer and winter, the rising and receding tide. It caused even the rudest of men to speak lower, to tread more softly, revealing to him unawares the angel Reverence. And above all, it wounded the heart of man. M. Renan says with great truth, "Le grand agent de la marche du monde, c'est la douleur." What poetry owes to the bread of sorrow has never been better told than by the Greek folk-singer, who condenses it into one brief sentence: "Songs are the words spoken by those who suffer."

The influence of death on the popular imagination is shown in those ballads of the supernatural of which folk-poetry offers so great an abundance as to make choice difficult. One of the most powerful as well as the most widely diffused of the people's ghost stories is that which treats of the persecuted child whose mother comes got of her grave to succor him. There are two or three variants of this among the Czech songs. A child aged eighteen months loses his mother. As soon as he is old enough to understand about such things, he asks his father what he has done with her. "Thy mother sleeps a heavy sleep, no one will wake her; she lies in the graveyard hard by the gate." When the child hears that, he runs to the graveyard. He loosens the earth with a big pin, and pushes it aside with his little finger. Then he cries mournfully, "Ah! mother, little mother, say one little word to me!" "My child, I cannot," the mother replies, "my head is weighed down with clay; on my heart is a stone which burns like fire; go home, little one, there you have another mother." "Ah!" rejoins he, "she is not good like you were. When she gives me bread she turns it thrice; when you gave it me you spread it with butter. When she combs my hair she makes my head bleed; when you combed my hair, mother, you fondled it. When she bathes my feet she bruises them against the side of the basin; when you bathed them you kissed them. When she washes my shirt she loads me with curses; you used to sing whilst you washed." The mother answers: "Go back to the house, my child, to-morrow I will come for you." The child goes back to the house and lies down in his bed. "Ah! father, my little father, make ready my winding-sheet, my soul now belongs to God, my body to the grave, to the grave near my mother — how glad her heart will be!" One day he was ill, the second he died, the third day they buried him. The effect is heightened by the interval

placed between the mother's death and the child's awakening to his own forlorn condition. When the mother died he was too young to think or to grieve. He did not know that she was gone until he missed her. Only by degrees, after years of harsh treatment, borne with the patience of a child or a dumb animal, he began to feel intuitively rather than to remember that it had not been always so—that he had once been loved. Then, going straight to the point with the terrible accusative power that lies in children, he said to the father, "What have you done with my mother?" He had been able to live and to suffer until he was old enough to think; when he thought, he died. Here we have an instance, one of the many that exist, of a *motif*, which, having recurred again and again in folk-poetry, gets handled at last by a master poet, who gives it enduring shape and immortality. Victor Hugo may or may not have known the popular legend. It is most likely that he did not know it. Yet, stripped of the marvellous, and modified in certain secondary points of construction, the story is the story of "Petit Paul," little Paul, the child of modern France, who takes company with Dante's Anselmuccio and Shakespeare's Arthur, and who with them will live in the pity of all time. The Ruthenes affirm that it was Christ who bade the child seek his mother's grave. The Provençal folk-poet begins his tale: "You shall hear the complaint of three very little children." The mother of these children was dead, the father had married again. The new wife brought a hard time for the children, and the day came when they were like to starve. The littlest begged for a bit of bread, and he got a kick which threw him to the ground. Then the biggest of the brothers said, "Get up and let us go to our mother in the graveyard; she will give us bread." They set out at once; on their way they met Jesus Christ.

Et ount anetz, mes angis,
Mes angis tant petits?

"Where are you going, my angels, my so very small angels?" "We go to the graveyard to find our mother." Jesus Christ tells the mother to come forth and give her children food. "How would you have me come forth, when there is no strength left in me?" He answers that her strength shall come back to her for seven years. Now, as the end of the seven years drew near, she was always sobbing and sighing, and the children

asked why it was. "I weep, my children, because I have to go away from you." "Weep no more, mother, we will all go together; one shall carry the hyssop, another will take the taper, the last will hold the book. We will go home singing." The Provençal poet does not tell us what happened when the resuscitated wife came back to her former abode; we have to go to Scandinavia for an account of that. Dying the Dane went to an island and wed a fair maiden. For seven years they dwelt together and were blessed with children; but while the youngest born was still a helpless babe, death stalked through the land and carried off the young wife in his clutches. Dying went to another island and married a girl who was bad and spiteful. He brought her home to his house, and when she reached the door the six little children were there crying. She thrust them aside with her foot, she gave them no ale and no bread; she said, "You shall suffer thirst and hunger." She took from them their blue cushions, and said, "You shall sleep on straw." She took from them their wax candles, and said, "You shall stay in the dark." In the evening, very late, the children cried, and their mother heard them under the ground. She listened as she lay in her shroud, and thought to herself, "I must go to my little children." She begged our Lord so hard to let her go, that her prayer was granted. "Only you must be back when the cock crows." She lifted her weary limbs, the grave gaped, she passed through the village, the dogs howled as she passed, throwing up their noses in the air. When she got to the house, she saw her eldest daughter on the threshold. "Why are you standing there, my dear daughter? Where are your brothers and sisters?" The daughter knew her not. She said her mother was fair and blithe, her face was white and pink. "How can I be fair and blithe? I am dead, my face is pale. How can I be white and pink, when I have been all this time in my winding-sheet?" Answering thus, the mother hastened to her little children's chamber. She found them with tears running down their cheeks. She brushed the clothes of one, she tidied the hair of the second, she lifted the third from the floor, she comforted the fourth, the fifth she set on her knee as though she were fain to suckle it. To the eldest girl she said, "Go and tell Dying to come here." And when he came, she cried in wrath, "I left you ale and bread, and my little ones hunger; I left you blue

cushions, and my little ones lie on straw; I left you waxen candles, and my little ones are in the dark. Woe betide you, if there be cause I should return again! Behold the red cock crows, the dead fly underground. Behold the black cock crows, heaven's doors are thrown wide. Behold the white cock crows, I must be gone." So saying she went, and was seen no more. Ever after that night each time Dyring and his wife heard the dogs bark they gave the children ale and bread; each time they heard the dogs bay they were seized with dread of the dead woman; each time they heard the dogs howl they trembled lest she should come back. Two universal beliefs are introduced into this variant: the disappearance of the dead at cock-crow, and the connection of the howling of dogs with death or the dead. The last is a superstition which still obtains a wide acceptance even among educated people. We were speaking of it lately to an English officer, who stated that he had twice heard the death howl, once while on duty in Ireland, and once, if we remember right, in India. It was, he said, totally unlike any other noise produced by a dog. We observed that all noises sound singular when the nerves are strained by painful expectancy; but he answered that in his own case his feelings were not involved, as the death which occurred, in one instance at least, was that of a perfect stranger.

The interpretation of dreams as a direct intercourse with the spiritual world is not usual in folk-lore; the people hardly see the need of placing the veil of sleep between mortal eyes and ghostly appearances. In a Bulgarian song, however, a sleeping girl speaks with her dead mother. Militza goes down into the little garden where the white and red roses are in bloom. She is weary, and she is soon asleep. A small, fine rain begins to fall, the wind rustles in the leaves; Militza sighs, and having sighed, she awakes. Then she upbraids the rain and the wind: "Whistle no more, O wind; thou, O rain, descend no more; for in my dreams I found my mother. Rain, may thy fount be dried; mayst thou be forever silent, O wind: ye have taken me from the counsel my mother gave me." The few lines thus badly summarized make up, as it seems to us, a little masterpiece of delicate conception and light workmanship; one which would surprise us from the lips of a letterless poet, were there not proof that no touch is so light and so sure as that of the artificer untaught in our own sense—the

man or the woman who produces the intricate filigree, the highly wrought silver, the wood-carving, the embroidery, the lace, the knitted wool rivalling the spider's web, the shawl with whose weft and woof a human life is interwoven.

We have only once come upon the case of a father who returns to take care of his offspring. Mr. Chu, a worthy Chinese gentleman, revisited this earth as a disembodied spirit to guard and teach his little boy Wei. When Wei reached the age of twenty-two, and took his doctor's degree, his father, Mr. Chu, finally vanished. As a general rule, the Chinese consider the sight of his former surroundings to be the worst penalty that can befall a soul. Mr. Herbert Giles, in his fascinating work on the Liao-Chai of P'u Sing-Ling, gives a full account of the terrible See-one's-home terrace as represented in the fifth court of Purgatory in the Taoist temples. Good souls, or even those who have done partly good and partly evil, will never stand thereon. The souls of the wicked only see their homes as if they were near them: they see their last wishes disregarded, everything upside down, their substance squandered, the husband prepares to take a new wife, strangers possess the old estate, in their misery the dead man's family curse him, his children become corrupt, lands are gone, the house is burnt, the wife sees her husband tortured, the husband sees his wife stricken down with mortal disease; friends forget: "some perhaps for the sake of bygone times may stroke the coffin and let fall a tear, departing with a cold smile." In the West, this gloomy creed is perhaps hinted at in the French proverb, "Les morts sont bien mort." But Western thought at its best, at its highest, imagines differently. It imagines that the most gracious privilege of immortal spirits is that of beholding those beloved of them in mortal life:—

I am still near,
Watching the smiles I prized on earth,
Your converse mild, your blameless mirth.

Happy and serene optimism!

The ghosts of folk-lore return not only to succor the innocent, they come back also to convict the guilty. The avenging ghost shows himself in all kinds of strange and uncanny ways rather than in his habit as he lived. He comes in animal or vegetable shape; or perhaps he uses the agency of some inanimate object. In the Faroe Isles there is a story of a girl whose sister pushed her into the sea out

of jealousy. The blue waves cast ashore her body, which was found by two pilgrims, who made the arms into a harp, and the flaxen locks into strings. Then they went and played the harp at the wedding feast of the murderess and the dead girl's betrothed. The first string said, "The bride is my sister." The second string said, "The bride caused my death." The third string said, "The bridegroom is my betrothed." The harp's notes swelled louder and louder, and the guilty bride fell sick unto death; before the pilgrims had done playing, her heart broke. This is much the same story as the "Twa Sisters of Binnorie." A Slovak legend describes two musicians who, as they were travelling together, noticed a fine plane-tree; and one said to the other, "Let us cut it down, it is just the thing to make a violin of; the violin will be equally yours and mine; we will play on it by turn." At the first blow the tree sighed; at the second blow blood spurted out; at the third blow the tree began to talk. It said: "Musicians, fair youths, do not cut me down; I am not a tree, I am made of flesh and blood; I am a lovely girl of the neighboring town; my mother cursed me while I drew water—while I drew water and chatted with my friend. 'Mayst thou change into a plane-tree with broad leaves,' said she. Go ye, musicians, and play before my mother." So they betook themselves to the mother's door, and played a dirge over her child. "Play not, musicians, fair youths," she entreated. "Rend not my heart by your playing. I have enough of woe in having lost my daughter. Hapless the mother who curses her children!" The well-known German tale of the juniper-tree belongs to the same class. A beautiful little boy is killed by his step-mother, who serves him up as a dish of meat to his father. The father eats in ignorance, and throws away the bones, which are gathered up by the little half-sister, who puts them into her best silk handkerchief and buries them under a juniper-tree. Presently a bird of gay plumage perches on the tree, and whistles as it flits from branch to branch:—

Min moder de mi slach't,
 Min fader de mi att,
 Min swester de marleenken
 Söcht alle mine Beeniken,
 Und bindt sie in een syden Dook
 Legst unner den Machandelboom;
 Ky witt! ky witt! Ach watt en schön vagel
 bin ich!

a rhyme which Goethe puts into the mouth of Gretchen in prison. In the Ger-

man story the step-mother's brains are knocked out by the fall of a millstone, and the bird-boy is restored to human form; but in a Scotch variant the last event does not take place. It may have been thrown in by some narrator who had a weakness for a plot which ends well. All these wonder-tales had probably an original connection with a belief in the transmigration of souls. In truth, the people's *Märchen* are rooted nearly always on some article of ancient faith: that is why they have so long a life. Faith vitalizes poetry or legend or art; and what once lived takes a great time to die. Now that the beliefs which fostered them have gone into the lumber-room of disused religions, the old wonder-tales still have a freshness and a horror which cannot be found even in the best of brand-new "made-up" stories.

Another reason why the dead come back is to fulfil a promise. The Greek mother of the Kleft song has nine sons and one only daughter. She bathes her in the darkness, her hair she combs in the light, she dresses her beneath the shining of the moon. A stranger from Bagdad has asked her in marriage, and Constantine, one of the sons, counsels his mother to give her to the stranger. "Thou art wont to be prudent, but in this thou art senseless," says the mother. "Who will bring her back to me if there be joy or sorrow?" Constantine gives her God as surety, and all the saints and martyrs, that if there be sorrow or joy he will bring her back. In two years all the nine sons die, and when it is Constantine's turn the mother leans over his body and tears her hair. Fain would she have back her daughter Arete, and behold Constantine lies dead. At midnight Constantine gets up and goes to where his sister dwells, and bids Arete to follow him. She asks what has happened, but he tells her nothing. While they journey along the birds sing: "See you that lovely girl riding with the dead?" Then Arete asks her brother if he heard what the birds said. "They are only birds," he answers, "never mind them." She says her brother has such an odor of incense that it fills her with fear. "It is only," he says, "because we passed the evening in the chapel of St. John." When they reach their home the mother opens the portal and sees the dead and the living come in together, and her soul leaves her body. The *motif* of a ride with the dead, made familiar by the "Erl König" and Burgher's "Lenore," can be traced through endless variations in folk-poetry.

In the Swedish ballad of "Little Christina" a lover rises from his grave, not to carry off his beloved, but simply to console her. One night Christina hears light fingers tapping at her door; she opens it, and her dead betrothed comes in. She washes his feet with pure wine, and for a long while they speak together. Then the cocks begin to crow, and the dead get them underground. The young girl puts on her shoes, and follows her betrothed through the wide forest. When they reach the graveyard the fair hair of the young man begins to disappear. "See, maiden," he says, "how the moon has reddened all at once; even so, in a moment, thy beloved will vanish." She sits down on the tomb and says, "I shall remain here till the Lord calls me." Then she hears the voice of her betrothed saying to her, "Little Christina, go back to thy dwelling-place. Every time a tear falls from thine eyes my shroud is full of blood. Every time thy heart is gay my shroud is full of rose-leaves."

If the display of excessive grief is thus shown to be only grievous to the dead, yet they are held to be keenly sensible of a lack of due and decorous respect. Such respect they generally get from rough or savage natures, unless it be denied out of intentional scorn or enmity. There is a factory in England where common men are employed to manipulate large importations of bones for agricultural uses. Each cargo contains a certain quantity of bones which are very obviously human. These the workmen sort out, and when they have got a heap they bury it, and ask the manager to read over it some passages from the Burial Service. They do it of their own free will and initiative; were they hindered they would very likely leave the works. Shall it be called foolish or sublime? Another curious instance of respect to the dead comes to our mind. On board ship two cannon-balls are ordinarily sewed up with a body to sink it. Once a negro died at sea, and his fellows, negroes also, took him in a boat and rowed a long way to a place where they were to commit him to the deep. After a while the boat returned to the ship, still with its burden. The explanation was soon made. The negroes discovered that they had only one cannon-ball, they had rowed back for the other. One would have been quite enough to answer all purposes; but it seemed to them disrespectful to their comrade to cheat him out of half his due.

The dead particularly object to people treading carelessly on their graves. So

we learn from one of the songs of Greek outlawry.

All Saturday we held carouse, and far through
Sunday night,
And on the Monday morn we found our wine
expended quite.
To seek for more without delay the captain
made me go;
I ne'er had seen nor known the way, nor had
a guide to show.
And so through solitary roads and secret paths
I sped,
Which to a little ivied church long time de-
serted led.
This church was full of tombs, and all by gal-
lant men posset;
One sepulchre stood all alone, apart from all
the rest.
I did not see it, and I trod above the dead
man's bones,
And as from out the nether world came up a
sound of groans.
What ails thee, sepulchre? why thus so deeply
groan and sigh?
Doth the earth press, or the black stone weigh
on thee heavily?
"Neither the earth doth press me down, nor
black stone do me scath,
But I with bitter grief am wrung, and full of
shame and wrath,
That thou dost trample on my head, and I am
scorned in death.
Perhaps I was not also young, nor brave and
stout in fight,
Nor wont as thou, beneath the moon, to wan-
der through the night."

Egil Skallagrimson, after his son was drowned, resolved to let himself die of hunger. Thorgerd, his daughter, came to him and prayed hard of him that he would sing. Touched by her affection, he made an effort, gathered up his ideas, dressed them in images, expressed them in song; and as he sang, his regrets softened, and in the end his soul became so calm that he was satisfied to live. In this beautiful saga lies the secret of folk-elegies. The people find comfort in singing. A Czech maiden asks of the dark woods how they can be as green in winter as in summer; as for her, she cannot help vexing her heart. "But who would not weep in my place? Where is my father, my beloved father? The sandy plain is his winding-sheet. Where is my mother, my good mother? The grass grows over her. I have no brother and no sister, and they have taken away my friend." Of a certainty when she had sung, her vexed heart was lighter. "Seul a un synonym: mort." Yes, but he who sings is scarcely alone, even though there be only the waving pine woods to answer with a sigh. The most passionate laments of the Slavonic

race are for father and mother. If a Little Russian loses both his parents his despair is such that it often drives him forth a wanderer on the face of the earth. One so bereft cries out, "Dear mother, why didst thou suffer me to see the day? Why didst thou bring me into the world without obtaining for me by thy prayers a portion of its blessings? My father and my mother are dead, and with them my country. Why was I left a wretched orphan? Oh, could I find a being miserable as myself that we might sympathize one with the other!" The birth-ties of kindred are reckoned the only strong ones. Some Russian lines, translated by Mr. Ralston, indicate the degrees of mourning:—

There weeps his mother—as a river runs;
There weeps his sister—as a streamlet flows;
There weeps his youthful wife—as falls the dew;

The sun will rise and gather up the dew.

A Servian *pesma* illustrates the same idea. Young Tövo has the misfortune to break his arm. A doctor is fetched—no other than a Vila of the mountain. The wily sprite demands in guerdon for the cure the right hand of the mother, the sister's long hair, with the ribbons that bind it, the pearl necklace of the wife. Quickly the mother sacrifices her right hand, quickly the sister cuts off her much-prized braid, but the wife says, "Give up my white pearls that my father gave me? Not I!" The Vila waxes angry and poisons Tövo's blood. When he is dead three women fall "a-kookooing"—one groans without ceasing; one sobs at dawn and dusk; one weeps just now and then when it comes into her head so to do. As the cuckoo is supposed to be a sister mourning for her brother, kookooing has come to mean lamenting. The Servian girl who has lately lost her brother cannot hear the cuckoo's note without weeping. In popular poetry the love of sister for brother takes precedence even of the love of mother for child. Not only does Gudrun in the Elder Edda esteem the murder of her first lord, the godlike Sigurd, to be of less importance than that of her brothers, but also, to avenge their deaths, she has no scruple in slaying both her second husband and her own sons. A Bulgarian ballad shows in still more striking light the relative value set on the lives of child and brother. There was a certain man named Negul, whose head was in danger. The folk-poet is careful to express no sort of censure upon his hero, but the boasts he is made to utter

are sufficient guides to his character. Great numbers of Turks has he put to flight, and yet more women has he killed of those who would not follow him meekly as his wives. "And now," he adds plaintively, "a misfortune has befallen me which I have done nothing at all to deserve." His sister Milenka hears him bemoaning his fate, and at once she says to him, "Brother Negul, Negul, my brother, do not disturb yourself, do not distress yourself; I have nine sons, nine sons and one daughter; the youngest of all is Lalo; him will I sacrifice to save you; I will sacrifice him so that you may remain to me." This was the promise of Milenka. Then she hastened to her own home, and prepared hot meats and set flasks of golden wine wherewith to feast her sons. "Eat and drink together," she said, "and kiss one another's hands, for Lalo is going away to be groomsman to his uncle Negul. Let your mother see you all assembled; and serve you each in turn with ruddy wine and with smoking viands." For the others she did not wholly fill the glass, but Lalo's glass she filled to the brim. Meanwhile Elka, Lalo's sister, made ready his clothes for the journey; and as she busied about it, the little girl cried because Lalo was going to be groomsman, and they had not asked her to be bridesmaid. Lalo said to Elka, "Elka, my little only sister, do not cry so, sister; do not be so vexed; we are nine brothers, and one of these days you will surely act as bridesmaid." The words were hardly spoken when the headsman reached the door. They took Lalo the groomsman, and they chopped off his head in place of his uncle Negul's.

A new and different world is entered when we follow the folk-poet upon the wrestling-ground of Death and Love. If we have judged rightly, there were songs of death before there were any other love-songs than those of the nightingale; but the folk-poet was still young when he learnt to sing of love, and the love-poet found out early that his lyre was incomplete without the string of death. In all folk-poetry can be plainly heard that music of love and death which may be said almost to have been the dominant note that sounded through the literature of the ages of romance. Sometimes the victory is given to Death, sometimes to Love; in one song Love, while yielding, conquers. Folk-poetry has not anything more instinct with the quality of intensity than is this "Last Request" of a Greek robber lover:—

When thou shalt hear that I am ill,
 O my well-beloved ! he said,
 O come to me, and quickly come,
 Or thou wilt find me dead.
 And when that thou has reached the house
 And the great gates passed through,
 Then, O my well-beloved, the braids
 Of thy bright hair undo.
 And to my mother say straightway,
 Tell me, where is your son ?
 My son is lying on his bed
 In his chamber all alone.
 Then mount the stairs, O my well-beloved,
 And come your lover anigh,
 And smooth my pillow that I may
 Raise me a little high,
 And hold my head up in thy hands
 Till flies away my soul.
 And when thou seest the priest arrive,
 And dress him in his stole,
 Then place, my well-beloved, a kiss
 On my lips pale and cold ;
 And when four youths shall lift me up,
 And on their shoulders hold,
 Then shalt thou, O my well-beloved,
 Cast at them many a stone.
 And when they reach thy neighborhood
 And by thy house pass on,
 Then, O my well-beloved, thy hair,
 Thy golden tresses cut ;
 And when they reach the church's gate,
 And there my coffin put,
 Then as the hen her feathers plucks,
 So pluck thy hair for me.
 And when my dirges all are done,
 And lights extinguished be,
 Then shall my heart, O well-beloved,
 Still be possessed of thee.

We hardly notice the adventitious part of it — the ancient custom of tearing off the hair, the strange stone-casting at the youths who represent Charon ; our attention is absorbed by what is the essence of the song : passion which has burnt itself into pure fire. Greek folk-poetry shows a blending together of southern emotions with an imaginative fervor, a prophetic power that is rather of the East than of the South. No Tuscan ploughman, for instance, could seize the idea of the Greek folk-poet of possessing his living love in death. If the Tuscan thinks of a union in the grave, it can only be attained by the one who remains joining the one who is gone : —

O friendly soil,
 Soil that doth hold my love in thine embrace,
 Soon as for me shall end life's war and toil
 Beneath thy sod I too would have a place ;
 Where my love is, there do I long to be,
 Where now my heart is buried far from me —
 Yes, where my love is gone I long to go,
 Robbed of my heart I bear too deep a woe.

This stringer of pretty conceits fails to convince us that he is very much in ear-

nest in his wish to die. Speaking in the sincerity of prose, the Tuscan says, "Ogni cosa è meglio che la morte." He does not believe in the nothingness of life. In his worst troubles he still feels that all his faculties, all his senses, are made for pleasure. Death is to him the affair of a not cheerful religious ceremony — a cross borne before a black-draped bier, and bells tolling dolefully.

I hear Death's step, I see him at my side,
 I feel his bony fingers clasp me round ;
 I see the church's door is open wide,
 And for the dead I hear the knell resound.
 I see the cross and the black pall outspread ;
 Love, thou dost lead me whither lie the dead !
 I see the cross, the winding-sheet I see ;
 Love, to the graveyard thou art leading me !

Going further south, a stage further is reached in crude externality of vision. People of the south are the only born realists. To them that comes natural which in others is either affectation or the fruits of what the French call *l'amour du laid* — a morbid love of the hideous, such as marred the fine genius of Baudelaire. At Naples death is a matter of corruption naked in the sunlight. When the Neapolitan takes his mandoline amongst the tombs he unveils their sorry secrets, not because he gloats over them, but because the habit of a reserve of speech is entirely undeveloped in him. He dares to sing thus of his lost love : —

Her lattice ever lit no light displays,
 My Nella ! can it be that you are ill ?
 Her sister from the window looks and says :
 "Your Nella in the grave lies cold and still.
 Ofttimes she wept to waste her life unwed,
 And now, poor child, she sleeps beside the dead."

Go to the church and lift the winding-sheet,
 Gaze on my Nella's face — how changed, alas !
 See 'twixt those lips whence issued flowers so
 sweet
 Now loathsome worms (ah ! piteous sight !) do
 pass.

Priest, let it be your care, and promise me,
 That evermore her lamp shall lighted be.

The song beats with the pulses of the people's life — the life of a people swift in gesture, in action, in living, in dying : always in a hurry, as if one must be quick for the catastrophe is coming. They are all here : the lover waiting in the street for some sign or word ; the girl leaning out of window to tell her piece of news ; the "poor child" who had drunk of the lava stream of love ; the dead lying unconfined in the church to be gazed upon by who will ; the priest to whom are given

those final instructions,—pious, and yet how uncomfoting, how unilluminated by hope or even aspiration! Here there is no thought of reunion. A kind-hearted German woman once tried to console a young Neapolitan whose lover was dead, by saying that they might meet in Paradise. "In Paradise?" she answered, opening her large black eyes, "ah! signora, in Paradise people do not marry."

The coming back or reappearance of a lover, in whose absence his beloved has died, is a subject that has been made use of by the folk-poets of every country, and nothing can be more characteristic of the nationalities to which they belong than the divergences which mark their treatment of it. Northern singers turn the narrative of the event into half a fairy-tale. On the banks of the Moldau we are introduced to a joyous youth, returning with glad steps to his native village. "My pretty girls, my doves, is my friend cutting oats with you?" he asks of a group of girls working in the fields near his home. "Only yesterday," they reply, "his friend was buried." He begs them to tell him by which path they bore her away. It is a road edged with rosemary; everybody knows it—it leads to the new cemetery. Thither he goes, thrice he wanders round the place, the third time he hears a voice crying, "Who is it treads on my grave and breaks the rest of the dead?" "It is I, thy friend," he says and he bids her rise up and look on him. She says she cannot, she is too weak, her heart is lifeless, her hands and feet are like stones. But the gravedigger has left his spade hard by; with it her friend can shovel away the earth that holds her down. He does what she tells him; when the earth is lifted he beholds her stretched out at full length, a frozen maiden crowned with rosemary. He asks to whom has she bequeathed his gifts. She answers that her mother has them; he must go and beg them of her. Then shall he throw the little scarf upon a bush, and there will be an end to his love. And the silver ring he shall cast into the sea, and there will be an end to his grief. On the shores of the Wener it is Lord Malmstein who wakes before dawn from a dream that his beloved's heart is breaking. "Up, up, my little page, saddle the grey; I must know how it fares with my love." He mounts the horse and gallops into the forests. Of a sudden two little maids stand in his path; one wears a dress of blue, and hails him with the words: "God keep you, Lord Malmstein; what bale awaits you!" The

other is dight in red, and of her Lord Malmstein asks, "Who is ill, and who is dead?" "No one is ill, no one is dead, save only the betrothed of Malmstein." He makes haste to reach the village; on the way he meets the bier of his betrothed. Swiftly he leaps from the saddle; he pulls from off his fingers rings of fine gold, and throws them to the gravedigger—"Delve a grave deep and wide, for therein we will walk together." His face turns red and white, and he deals a mortal blow at his heart. This Swedish Malmstein not only figures as the reappearing lover; he is also one of that familiar pair whom death unites. In an ancient Romansch ballad the story is simply an episode of peasant life. A young Engadiner girl is forced by her father to marry a man of the village of Surselva, but all the while her troth is plighted to a youth from the village of Schams. On the road to Surselva the lover joins the bride and bridegroom unknown to the latter. When they reach the place the people declare that they have never seen so fair a woman as the youthful bride. Her husband's father and mother greet her saying, "Daughter, be thou welcome to our house!" But she answers, "No, I have never been your daughter, nor do I hope ever to be; for the time is near when I must die." Then his brothers and sisters greet her saying, "O sister, be thou welcome to our house!" "No," she says, "I have never been your sister, nor do I ever hope to be; for the time comes when I must die. Only one kindness I ask of you, give me a room where I may rest." They lead her to her chamber, they try to comfort her with sweet words; but the more they would befriend her, the more does the young bride turn her mind away from this world. Her lover is by her side, and to him she says, "O my beloved, greet my father and my mother; tell them that perhaps they have rejoiced their hearts, but sure it is they have broken mine." She turns her face to the wall and her soul returns to God. "O my beloved," cries the lover, "as thou diest, and diest for me, for thee will I gladly die. He throws himself upon the bed, and his soul follows hers. As the clock struck two they carried her to the grave, as the clock struck three they came for him; the marriage bells rang them to their rest; the chimes of Schams answering back the chimes of Surselva. From the grave-mound of the girl grew a camomile plant, from the grave-mound of the youth a plant of musk: and for the great love

they bore one another even the flowers
twined together and embraced.

Uoi, i sül tömbel da quella bella
Craschiva sü üna flur da chiaminella;
Uoi, i sül tömbel da que bel mat
Craschiva sü üna flur nusch muschiat;
Per tant grond bain cha queus dus as leivan,
Parfin las fluors insemmel as branceleivan.

It is a sign of a natural talent for democracy when the people like better to tell stories about themselves than to discuss the fortunes of prince or princess. The devoted lovers are more often to be looked for in the immediate neighborhood of a court. So it is in the ballad of Count Nello of Portugal. Count Nello brings his horse to bathe; while the horse drinks, the count sings. It was already very dark — the king could not recognize him. The poor infanta knew not whether to laugh or to cry. "Be quiet, my daughter; listen and thou wilt hear a beautiful song. It is an angel singing, or the siren in the sea." "No, it is no angel in heaven, nor is it the siren of the sea; it is Count Nello, my father, he who fain would wed me." "Who speaks of Count Nello? who dare name him, the rebel vassal whom I have exiled?" "My lord, mine only is the fault; you should punish me alone; I cannot live without him; it is I who have made him come." "Hold thy peace, traitress; before day dawns thou shalt see his head cut off." "The headsman who slays him may prepare for me too; there where you dig his grave dig mine also." For whom are the bells tolling? Count Nello is dead; the infanta is like to die. The two graves are open; behold! they lay the count near the porch of the church and the infanta at the foot of the altar. On one grave grows a cypress, on the other an orange-tree; one grows, the other grows; their branches join and kiss. The king, when he hears of it, orders them both to be cut down. From the cypress flows noble blood, from the orange-tree blood royal; from one flies forth a dove, from the other a wood-pigeon. When the king sits at table the birds perch before him. "Ill luck upon their fondness," he cries, "ill luck upon their love! Neither in life nor in death have I been able to divide them." The musk and the camomile of Switzerland, the cypress and the orange-tree of Portugal, are the cypress and the reed of the Greek folk-song, the thorn and olive of the Norman *chanson*, the rose and the briar of the English ballad, the vine and the rose of the Tristram and Iseult story. Through the world they tell their tale, —

Amor condusse noi ad una morte.

The death of heroes has provided an inexhaustible theme for folk-poets. The chief or partisan leader had his complement in the skald or bard or roving ballad-singer; if the one acted, turned tribes into nations, cut out history, the other sang, published his fame, gave his exploits to the future, preserved to his people the remembrance of his dying words. The poetry of hero-worship, beginning on Homeric heights, descends to the "lytell gestes" of all sorts and conditions of more or less respectable and patriotic outlaws and *condottieri*, whose "passing" is often the most honorable point in their career. On the principle which has been followed — that of letting the folk-poet speak for himself, and show what are his ideas and his impressions after his own manner and in his own language — we will take three death scenes from amongst the less known of those recorded in popular verse. The first is Scandinavian. What ails Hjalmar the Iclander? Why is his face so pale? The Norse warrior answers: "Sixteen wounds have I, and my armor is shattered. All things grow black in my sight; I reel in walking; the bloody sword of Agantyr has pierced my heart. Had I five houses in the fields I could not dwell in one of them; I must abide at Samsa, hopeless and mortally wounded. At Upsal, in the halls of Josur, many Jarls quaff joyously the foaming ale, many Jarls exchange hot words; but as for me, I am here in this island, struck down by the point of the sword. The white daughter of Hilmer accompanied my steps to Agantyr beyond the reefs; her words are come true, for she said I should return no more. Draw off my finger the ring of ruddy gold, bear it to my youthful Ingebrog, it will remind her that she will see me never more. In the east upsoars the raven; after him the mightier eagle wings his way. I will be meat for the eagle and my heart's blood his drink." One backward look to all that was the joy of his life — the feast, the fight, the woman he loved — and then a calm facing of the end. This is how the Norseman died. The Greek hero who dies peaceably in the ripeness of old age, meets his doom with even less trouble of spirit: —

The sun sank down behind the hill,

And Dimos faintly said,

"Go, children, fetch your evening meal —

The water and the bread.

Thou, Lamprakis, my brother's son,

Come hither, by me stand,

And arm me with my weapons,
 And be captain of the band.
 And, children, take my dear old sword
 That I no more shall sway,
 And cut the green boughs from the trees
 And there my body lay;
 And hither bring a priestly man
 To whom I may confess,
 That I may tell him all my sins,
 And he forgive and bless.
 For thirty years a soldier,
 Twenty years a kleft was I;
 Now death o'ertakes and seizes me,
 'Tis finished, I must die.
 And be ye sure ye make my grave
 Of ample height and large,
 That in it I may stand upright,
 Or lie my gun to charge.
 And to the right a lattice make,
 A passage for the day,
 Where the swallow, bringing springtide,
 May dart about and play,
 And the nightingale, sweet singer,
 Tell the happy month of May.

The slight natural touches — the eagle soaring against the sunrise, the nightingale singing through the May nights — suggest an intuition of the will-of-the-wisp affinity between nature and human chances which seems forever on the point of being seized, but which forever eludes the mental grasp. We think of the "brown bird" in the noble "Funeral Song" of one who would have been a magnificent folk-poet had he not learnt to write and read — Walt Whitman.

Our last specimen is a Piedmontese ballad composed probably about a hundred and fifty years ago, and still very popular. The Chevalier Nigra ascertained the existence of eight or more variants. A German soldier, known in Italy as the Baron Lodrone, took arms under the house of Savoy, in whose service he presently died. "In Turin," begins the ballad, "counts and barons and noble dames mourn for the death of the Baron Lodrone." The king went to Cuneo to visit his dying soldier; drums and cannons greeted his approach. He spoke kind words to the sick man: "Courage, thou wilt not die, and I will give thee the supreme command." "There is no commander who can stand against death," answered the baron. Now Lodrone was a Protestant, and when the king was convinced that he must die, he exhorted him to conversion, saying that he himself would stand his sponsor. Lodrone replied that that could not be. The king did not insist; he only asked him where he would be buried, and promised him a sepulchre of gold. He answered: —

Mi lasserü pör testament
 Ch 'a mi soterò an val d' Lüserna,
 An val d' Lüserna a m sotraràn
 Dova l me cör s'arposa tan !

He does not care for a golden sepulchre, but he "leaves for testament" that his body may lie in Val Luserna, "where my heart rests so well!" The valley of Luserna was the seat of the Vaudois faith in the "Alpine mountains cold," watered with martyr blood only a little while before Lodrone lived. To read these four simple lines after the fantasia of wild or whimsical guesses, passionate longing, unresisted despair, insatiable curiosity, that death has been seen to create or inspire, is like going out of a public place with its multiform and voluble presentment of men and things into the aisles of a small church which would lie silent but that unseen hands pass over the organ keys.

From The Scottish Review.

A STUDY FROM TURGENIEFF.

THERE is a French proverb to the effect that a wet shooter is as unhappy as a dry fisher. I never cared about fishing, and so I am not able to appreciate the melancholy feelings which inspire a fisherman at the sight of radiant sunshine, nor to judge how far a good day's sport in the rain makes up for the discomfort of being drenched to the skin. But, for a shooter, a rainy day is certainly a real calamity.

This was the calamity which befell myself and my faithful Ermolai, one day when we were out in search of black-game, in the district of Bélef.* The rain fell without cessation from daybreak onwards. We did everything we could to make the best of it. We pulled our waterproofs over our heads, and we took shelter under the trees. But our so-called waterproofs, besides being inconvenient to the last degree if we had wanted to take a shot, seemed quite shameless as to letting the rain in; under the trees we were fairly dry for a little while, but after this all the rain which had gathered in the leaves suddenly came down in a sort of torrent, every branch turned into a spout, and favored us with a cold stream which soaked under our neckerchiefs and ran down our spines. It was all up, as Ermolai used to say.

* Bélef is a circle in the province of Tula, on the left bank of the Oká.

"No, Peter Petrovich," he cried at last, "it is no use going on. We cannot shoot to-day. The dogs cannot scent, and the guns will miss fire. It's bad luck."

I asked him what he had better do.

"We had better go to Alexeievka. Perhaps you never heard of it. It is a little village which belongs to your mother, about eight versts from here. We will pass the night there, and to-morrow —"

"To-morrow we will come back here?"

"No, not here. I know other places on the other side of Alexeievka, much better for black-game than this." I abstained from inquiring from my faithful companion why he had not begun by taking me to those other places first, and we went to the little village. As a matter of fact, although it belonged to my mother, I had never heard of it before. There was a very small manor-house, extremely old, but inhabited, and therefore clean, and there I passed a pretty good night.

The next morning, I woke very early. The sun had just risen. There was not a cloud in the sky. Everything around was shining in the combined splendor of the young summer's day and of the freshness left by the heavy rain. While my carriage was being harnessed, I went out to take a turn in a little garden, once a sort of orchard, but which had now gone wild, and which surrounded the house with a kind of thicket, breathing freshness and sweetness. It was very pleasant to walk there in the free open air. In the clear firmament above one could see the larks soaring in their quivering flight, and their clear and sonorous notes seemed to fall from that great height like silver pearls. One might have imagined that they had borne up some of the dew of the morning upon their wings, and that its joyous freshness had entered into their songs. I took off my hat, and luxuriated in the pleasure of simply inhaling the atmosphere.

I saw a stand of beehives on the slope of a little glen close to the hedge, and a narrow path leading to it between nettles and docks, amid which a few plants of hemp, which had got there Heaven knows how, raised their dark points. I walked along this path as far as the hives. Close beside them there was one of those little huts, made of branches, which are called *yamchaniks*, and in which the hives are put by during the winter. The door was half-open, and, as I passed by, I glanced into the inside; it was dark and still, and the dry atmosphere was redolent of mint and balm. In one corner lay upon a sort of bed of planks a small figure wrapped

up in a coverlet. I was turning away when I heard a voice say, —

"Oh, sir! sir! Peter Petrovich."

The voice was very weak, drawling, and hoarse, almost like the groaning of rushes in a marsh, rubbing against one another in the wind.

"Peter Petrovich! Please, come here!" repeated the voice, issuing from the corner of the little hut.

I went in, and experienced a shock of astonishment. There was indeed a living creature lying before me, a human being, but not like other human beings. The face seemed quite dried up, and had a brown color like bronze, which reminded me of the complexions of the old Byzantine pictures. The nose was sharp like the blade of a knife; the lips seemed to have shrunk away to nothing; the whites of the eyes and the teeth shone by contrast against the darkness of the face. An handkerchief, ill tied round the head, allowed a few locks of yellow hair to stray over the brow. The counterpane was gathered up under the chin, and upon one of its folds rested two small shrivelled hands of the same color as the face, and whose bony fingers were twitching convulsively.

I gazed at the object. There was nothing repellant about the face; on the contrary, it was in a sense beautiful, but it was weird and startling. And it startled me all the more when I saw that this wooden bust was struggling, although in vain, to produce the imitation of a smile.

"You do not know me again, sir," whispered the voice, which seemed to pass like a breath between lips that were almost motionless; "but how could any one expect you to know me again? It is Lukeria.* Do you remember me? Lukeria that used to lead off the dancing at Spassk, at your mother's? Do you remember? And I used to lead the glees too."

I cried out, "Lukeria! It cannot be you!"

"Yes sir," said the voice, "it is me. I am Lukeria."

I looked, with a sort of stupefaction and without knowing what to say, at this face from which two clear eyes were fixed upon me, but which was itself dark and stiff like the face of a corpse. Could it really be she? Was this mummy the same person as Lukeria, she who was the best-looking of our country girls, who was so

* This is a provincial form of Lucy. The ordinary forms are Lioutsyiya and Lukiya. The diminutive is as below, Lousha.

strong and healthy, so pink and white, and so merry,—who was such a good singer and such a good dancer,—the handsome Lukeria, to whom all our lads paid attentions, and who had caused some secret sighs to myself when I was a boy of sixteen?

At last I said, "My poor Lukeria, what has happened to you?"

"A misfortune came upon me. But do not turn away from my affliction. Sit down on this little pail close to me. You could not hear me else. You hear what a voice I have now. I am very happy to see you. How did you come to Alexievka?"

She spoke very slowly and in a very low voice, but without breaking down.

"Ermolai, my shooting-servant, brought me here. But tell me —"

"Do you want to hear about my misfortune? Just as you like, sir. It was a long time ago. Six or seven years ago. It was just after I was engaged to be married to Basil Poliakov. Do you remember him? Such a fine, handsome lad, with curly hair, that used to wait at your mother's side-board. But you were gone away before that. You were gone to college at Moscow. He and me were very fond of each other. He was never out of my head. It was in the springtime. It was one night, just a little bit before the day broke. I could not sleep. There was a nightingale in the garden, singing, oh, so wonderfully. I could not stay in. So I got up and went out on to the steps to listen to him. Oh, how his voice shook; oh, but how it shook! All of a sudden I thought I heard somebody call me — somebody that had a voice like Basil.* He just said so gently, 'Lousha,' — just like that. So I turned my head round. And no doubt but I must have been half asleep, for I tumbled off the steps and down to the ground. I did not think that I had hurt myself much, for I got up again at once and went back to my room. Only one would have said that something had broken inside of me here — in my chest. Just let me take breath for a minute."

Lukeria paused. What amazed me more than anything else was the air with which she told her story. She seemed almost gay over it. She made no kind of complaint. She never sighed, or groaned, or seemed to seek for compassion. Presently she went on, —

"Ever since that accident, I seemed to

wither up. I pined away. I got quite dark. At first I found it getting hard to walk. Then I could not use my legs at all. Then it got that way that I could not stand or sit any more. I had always to be lying down. I had no fancy for meat or drink. I got just worse and worse. Your mother was very kind, and got doctors to see me, and sent me to the hospital. But it did not do me any good. None of the doctors could tell me even what was the matter with me. God knows what they made me suffer there. They burnt my back with a hot iron, and they put me in pounded ice. But it did not do me any good. At last I became stiff like a bit of wood. Then the gentlemen found it was no use working with me any more. I would only be in the way in the house. So they sent me here because I have got relations here. And I live just as you see."

She stopped, and struggled a second time to smile.

"But you are wretched here," I cried, and, not knowing what to say, I asked her what Basil did. It was very stupid of me. Lukeria turned her eyes away a little, and answered, —

"Poliakov? He was very sorry. He married another girl. She was a daughter of Glinnoié. You know Glinnoié? It is not far from our place. Her name is Agrafena. He was very fond of me, but, you see, he was a young man, and you could not expect him not to marry. And what sort of companion would I have been to him? He has got a very good wife — and she is very pretty. They have got little children. He is an overseer at a place near here. Your mother gave him leave. He is very happy. Thanks be to God."

"And you," I said, "do you always lie here? Always?"

"Yes, always, sir," she replied. "It will soon be seven years. In the summer time I lie here, in this little house; when it begins to get cold, they take me into the entrance-hall of the bath-house, and I lie there."

"Who looks after you? Who takes care of you?"

"Oh, there are good people here. I am not left alone. Besides, I do not need much looking after. As for food, I really eat next to nothing. And as for water — you see I have it there, in that jug. I have it always fresh, the beautiful water from the spring. I can stretch to get the jug myself. I can move one of my arms still. And then there is a little girl here,

* A subsequent passage makes it probable that we are here to understand the voice of Christ calling her to perfection through suffering.

an orphan. She comes to see me now and then. God repay it to her. She was here only just now. Did not you meet her? She is such a pretty little girl — she has got such a white skin. She brings me flowers. I am so fond of flowers. There are no garden flowers here. There used to be, but there are not any more now. But the wild ones are just as pretty. And they smell better even than the garden ones. There is nothing that smells any better than the lilies-of-the-valley."

"My poor Lukeria," I said, "do not you get weary? or do not you get frightened?"

"Why should I? However, I will not tell you an untruth; just at the beginning, I used to feel it very much. But now that I have got used to it, I have learned patience. There are plenty people much worse off than me."

"What do you mean?"

"There are plenty of people without a roof over their heads. And there are plenty of people blind or deaf. I thank God that I can see everything and hear everything. Yes, really everything. If there is a mole making its hole, I hear it. And I can smell anything. Nobody needs to come to tell me that the buckwheat is in flower in the fields, or the lime-trees in the garden. I smell it at once, if the wind is that way. Oh no, one must not forget to be thankful to God. There are plenty people much worse off than me. Even if there was only that — one that is in health can sin so easily. So many sins are kept quite away from me. The other day when Father Alexis — that is the priest — was here to give me the communion, he said, 'You need not confess — what evil can you do in the state that you are in?' I said, 'But, my father, there are sins of thought, the sins that one commits in his mind.' But he just smiled and said, 'They are not very heavy, those.'

"However," she went on, "I do not think that I have committed very many of those either, for I have got into a way of not thinking about anything* — and what is better still, not remembering about anything. The time goes by so quick."

I confess that this last remark astonished me. I said, —

"But you are always alone, Lukeria; and how can you help thoughts coming into your head? Do you sleep all the time?"

* It is perhaps as well to remember the value which some Eastern ascetic writers have ascribed — especially since the controversy as to the Uncreated Light — to a state of profound quiescence.

"Oh no, sir," she answered, "I cannot always get to sleep. I have no great pain to speak of. But I have a pain inside — there — and I have a pain in my bones. And I do not sleep like I ought to. I feel that I am alive, and I breathe. That is all. I just look and listen. The bees hum round about the hives. Sometimes a pigeon comes and sits upon the roof, and coos. Or one of the hens comes in with her chickens, to pick up the crumbs. Then sometimes a sparrow or a butterfly flies in. All these things make me so happy. The year before last there were some swallows came and made their nest in the corner, and brought up their little ones. Oh, it was such a pleasure to watch them. One swallow used to fly in and perch on the nest, and give what he had in his beak to the little ones, and then fly away again. And when I looked a little bit afterwards, then it was another one. Sometimes, one flew by outside the open door without coming in. And then all the little ones would open their little beaks and cry. I was looking for them the next year, but they told me that a sportsman near here had shot them. What good could they be to him? A swallow does not weigh more than a cockchafer. You shooting gentlemen are very cruel."

"I never shoot swallows," I exclaimed vehemently.

Lukeria went on, —

"Once there was such a funny thing happened. A hare came in here to hide. Yes, I assure you, really a hare! I think the dogs were hunting him. He shot in at the door like an arrow, and sat down close beside me. He stopped there quite a little time; he twitched his nose and his moustachios, just like a real army officer. And he stared at me. Of course he understood that I would not wish to do him any harm. And at last he got up and hopped to the door. There he stood, looking to the right and to the left. And then, good-bye! Was not it funny?"

She looked at me.

"Does not it make you laugh?"

I made a pretence of laughing in order to please her. She licked her shrunken lips to moisten them, and then went on speaking.

"You understand, in winter I am not quite so well off. It is dark. It would only be waste to light a candle. And what good would it be? I know how to read and write, and it is not that I would not like to read. But what is there for me to read? There are no books here; and, even if there were, how am I to hold

a book? Father Alexis brought me an almanack to amuse me; but he saw that it was no use, so he took it away again. The dark does not prevent me hearing. I hear the crickets chirp, and sometimes a mouse scratches. But that is when it is best to be able not to think about anything."

Presently she sighed gently, and continued, —

"And then, I have my prayers which I say; only, there are very few prayers that I know. Besides that, why should I want to trouble God? What is there that I should ask him for? He knows much better than me what is good for me. He has sent me my cross, and that means that he loves me. We are taught to understand these things that way. I say the Lord's Prayer, and the Salutation, and the Acathiston, and the Prayer of the Afflicted,* and then I just rest lying there, and the time passes away."

She became silent, and two minutes passed by without either of us speaking. I sat motionless on the pail which served me for a chair. This still living creature, in whom the lamp of life was still unextinguished, and who was lying before my eyes, seemed to infect me with some of her own fearful immobility. I felt as if I, too, were petrified.

"Lukeria," I said at last, "listen to me, and to the proposal which I make you. Would you like me to arrange for you to go to a hospital — to a really good hospital in some city? Who knows but what it may still be possible to do something to cure you? And, at any rate, you would not be alone."

I noticed a movement, almost imperceptible, in her eyebrows.

"No sir," she said anxiously, "do not put me into a hospital. Let me be where I am. I should suffer a little more there. That would be all. How could they cure me? Look here. One day a doctor came here. He wanted to examine me. I begged him not. I said, 'For Christ's name's sake, do not torment me.' He would not listen to me. He set to to knead my arms and my legs. He said, 'I am doing this in order to learn. I am

doing it for the sake of science, for which I am employed by the government. You ought not to stand in my way, for I have had a ribbon given me already on account of my investigations, and it is for the good of you stupid people that I make them.' He turned me over, back and front, again and again, and he told me the name of my illness — that doctor did. It was a long, difficult name. And he went away. And I had more pain in my poor bones all the week after."

"You say that I am alone, always alone. But I am not always alone. People come to see me. The country girls come in, and they laugh and talk. Then the pilgrims, as they pass by, come in to see me; and they tell me about Jerusalem and Kieff, the Holy Cities. Besides, I am not afraid to be alone. The real truth is, I like it. Please, sir, leave me here. Do not send me to a hospital. You are very kind. I thank you very much. But I ask you to leave me here."

"Just as you like, Lukeria, just as you like. I was only thinking for your own good."

"I know it was only for my good. But, my kind gentleman, how can any one really help another one? How can any one get into another one's mind? Every one must help himself. You would not think what happens to me sometimes — sometimes when I am lying here all alone. It seems to me as if there was nobody else in the world, nobody else but me. And then it is like as if something came down upon me, and spread out over me, and my mind gets so curious."

"What happens to your mind then?"

She was silent for a moment before she answered.

"Oh, sir, it is things that one cannot say, things that one is not able to explain. And, besides, I do not remember what has happened, after that it is passed away. It is something like a cloud coming and rain falling. And afterwards I feel how that it is very good, and how that it refreshes me. But I do not understand just what it is. Only, I say to myself, 'If there were people about me, it would not have happened. I should have felt nothing but my affliction.'"

She drew a long breath with some difficulty, for her lungs obeyed her little better than the rest of her body. Then she continued.

"I see quite well, sir, that you are very sorry for me. Do not be sorry for me too much. You would really make quite a mistake. Look here — it is just the same

* The Salutation used in the Greek Church is as follows: "Hail, Mary, Virgin Mother of God, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the Fruit of thy womb, for thou hast borne the Saviour of our souls." The Acathiston is an hymn to the Blessed Virgin, which occupies seventeen pages of the Greek Horologion. The Prayer of the Afflicted is the "Consolatory Canon to the Mother of God" which follows the Acathiston. It has a longer and a shorter form, of which the shorter is the more common.

with me still. You remember — do not you? — what a merry girl I used to be. Well, but I sing still.”

“You sing?”

“Oh yes, sir, — all sorts of songs, — old songs, and glees, and carols, and hymns, — all sorts of songs. I used to know a great many, and I have not forgot them. The only thing I do not sing now, I never sing dancing-tunes. It would not suit me as I am.”

“How do you sing them? Just in your own mind?”

“Just in my own mind, and with my voice too. I cannot sing very loud, as you see; but one can hear me. Look here. I told you that there is a girl that comes to see me. She is an orphan; and therefore she has grown up sharp. I have taught her four songs already. She knows them by heart. Perhaps you do not believe me? Wait a moment, and I will sing you one.”

She took breath. The idea that this being who was scarcely alive was getting herself ready to sing for me, caused me a kind of involuntary shudder, but before I had time to say anything, I heard her utter a prolonged note, almost imperceptible, but perfectly true and correct. Then came another, and then a third. Lukeria sang “Out in the Fields.” As she sang, none of the traits of her paralysed face changed, and her eyes remained fixed. But there was an expression unspeakably touching about this poor, weak voice, which seemed to rise and waver like a thin curl of smoke. It was evident that the singer’s whole soul was being poured forth in her music. I was cut to the heart. It was a shudder no longer, but a feeling of pity which I cannot express.

“I cannot go on any more,” she said suddenly, “I am not strong enough. It is the pleasure of seeing you that has made me no use.”

And she shut her eyes. I laid one of my hands upon her small, chill fingers. She looked at me, and then her dark eyelids with their auburn lashes closed again. After a moment, I saw through the gloom that something was glistening upon them. It was a tear. I remained motionless. Suddenly, and with more force than I could have expected, she cried, “What on earth is the matter with me?” opened her eyes wide, and struggled to get rid of the tears by winking her eyelids quickly. “What foolishness this is!” she said, “What can be the matter with me? Nothing like this has happened to me for a long time — not since Poliakof — Basil

— came to see me — last spring. While he was there talking to me, it was all right. But when he was gone away, and I was all alone, I cried. How foolish I am, to be sure! Please, sir, you have got a pocket-handkerchief, have not you? Do not be disgusted at me. Would you mind wiping my eyes, if you please?”

I hastened to do as she asked me, and left her the handkerchief. She would not have it at first. “Why should she have a present given her like that?” It was quite a common handkerchief, but at any rate it was white and clean. At last she took it and closed her hands upon it, without opening them again. My eyes were now becoming accustomed to the semi-darkness of the place, and I could distinctly see her features, and even a slight flush of red in the bronze-like tint of her cheeks. I thought I could even recognize in her face some traces of her former beauty.

“Sir,” she resumed, “you asked me if I slept? Indeed, it is not very often that I sleep. But when I sleep, I dream. Such beautiful dreams. In my dreams, I never seem to be ill. I am always young and strong. The worst is, when I wake up again. I want to stretch myself out, and then I feel that I am like loaded with chains. Once I had a very curious dream. Would you like me to tell you about it? Well, then, listen to me. I thought I was out in the country, in the middle of a wheat-field. The wheat was all ripe. The stalks were very tall, and the ears were yellow, just like gold. There was a great big red dog with me, and he was very savage. He was always wanting to bite me. There was a sickle in my hand, but it was not a sickle. It was the moon, like she is when she is like a sickle. And I was to cut down every stalk of the wheat, with the moon. But it was so hot that I felt quite useless, and the brightness of the moon blinded me, and I was idle. There were great blue corn-flowers growing all round about — very big ones. And they all turned their heads to me. And I said to myself, ‘I will pull some of the corn-flowers — Basil has promised to meet me — and I will make myself a crown with the flowers; and as for the wheat, I shall have plenty of time to cut it.’ So I began to pull the corn-flowers. But it was no use. They melted away in my hands. I was not able to make myself a crown. Then I heard that somebody had got quite close to me without me knowing it. And he was calling me, ‘Lousha! Lousha!’ And so I said to myself, ‘Bad

luck! I have not got time to do it. But it does not matter.' So, for want of the corn-flowers, I put the moon on my head like a *kakochnik*. Then I became all bright, and the light lighted up all the fields round about. Then I looked, and there was somebody coming to me very quick, along over the tops of the corn—but it was not Basil—it was the Lord Jesus himself. I cannot tell you how I knew that it was the Lord. He was not like what they make him in the pictures. But it was him himself. He was very young, and he had not got any beard. He was very tall. He was dressed all in white, with a golden girdle. And he put out his hand to me, and said to me, 'Do not fear me, O my beautiful bride! do not fear me! Come with me unto my heavenly kingdom. Thou shalt sing and dance in heaven.' So I just ran to him and gripped hold of his hand. And the dog flew at me—but he pulled me up off the earth. He flew on before. He had great white wings like a stork's wings, and they stretched all across the sky. And I followed after him. And the dog was left behind. And it was only then that I understood that the dog was my infirmity, and that in the kingdom of heaven there will be no place for him."*

She remained silent for a little while, and then continued, —

"There was another very curious dream that I had. It seemed more like a vision almost—I do not know. I thought I was lying just as I am now. And my dead father and my dead mother came in. They bowed themselves down to me, but they did not say anything. And I said, 'Father, mother, why should you bow down to me?' And they said, 'Because thy trial is so sore in this world, that thou dost not deliver thine own soul only, but thou hast also taken a great burden off from us, and in the other world thou dost mightily help us. Thou hast already paid for all thine own sins, and now thou dost pay for ours.' And when my father and mother had said that to me, they bowed down again, and vanished away; and I saw

nothing in front of me but the wall again. I did not know what it was that had happened to me. I told the priest about it when I was confessing. But he does not think that it was a vision, because visions very seldom come except to priests, and monks, and nuns.

"There was another dream that I had," continued Lukeria. "I thought that I was sitting at the side of a great road, underneath a willow-tree. I had a stick in my hand, and a wallet on my back, and my head wrapped up in a handkerchief, just like pilgrims have. I was going on a pilgrimage somewhere, a long, long way off. All the pilgrims passed on in front of me. They went very slow, as if they did not want to go; and they all went the same way. They all looked sad, and one of them was just like another. And I saw a woman running to and fro among them. She was a head taller than any of them. Her clothes were not Russian clothes, and she had not a Russian face. She had a thin, hard face. Everybody got out of her way. All of a sudden she turned and came running to me, and she stopped and looked at me. She had yellow eyes, like a hawk's eyes, big, and very clear. I said, 'Who are you?' And she said, 'I am thy death.' Instead of that frightening me, it made me feel so happy, and I crossed myself for joy. Then she that was my death said to me, 'My poor Lukeria, I am sorry I cannot take thee with me. Fare thee well.' I felt such a disappointment, and I said to her, 'Oh do take me with thee, oh my sweet friend! oh my little dove!' So she turned back to me, and explained to me. I knew that she was telling me when my hour would be, but it was not clear: I could not understand it. She said, 'After St. Peter's Lent.'* And then I woke up. See what curious dreams I have."

Lukeria looked upwards, and remained thinking for a little.

"Do you know," she said after a time, "a thing that troubles me? Sometimes I cannot get to sleep for a whole week together. Last year a lady that was travelling passed by here. She came to see me, and she gave me a little bottle of stuff to make me sleep. She told me to take ten drops every time. It did me a great deal of good, and I got sleep. But the bottle was done a long time ago. Do you think you can tell me what stuff it was, and how I could get any more?"

* It is possible that in this allegorical dream the corn is intended to represent the ordinary duties, and the corn-flowers the innocent joys of life. The crown of the latter suggests the nuptial crowns placed on or over the heads of the bride and bridegroom at an Eastern marriage. The crescent moon from which the crosses on Russian churches often spring is regarded as a type of the Blessed Virgin, and may perhaps be meant here to suggest the idea of her intercession, with the help of which Lukeria had looked to fulfil the ordinary duties of life, but through which the crown of an earthly bridal is changed into an aureola of heavenly glory, like those represented on the heads of saints in the sacred icons.

* A fast observed in the Eastern Church between the second Monday after Pentecost and the Martyrdom of the Apostles Peter and Paul (June 29).

What the lady had given Lukeria was evidently opium. I promised the poor creature to get her another bottle of the same medicine, but I could not help expressing again my admiration for her extraordinary patience.

"Oh, sir," she answered, "what are you saying now? What patience do you see in me? There was Simon Stylites, if you like. He was very patient. He waited thirty years on the top of a pillar. Then there was another saint. He had himself buried up to the neck. The ants ate his face. And listen. There was another story I heard from some one that read books. There was a country that the Hagarenes made war against. They tormented the people and killed them. They had no way to escape. So a holy virgin appeared among the people, and took a great sword, and put on a breastplate that weighed eighty pounds, and marched against the Hagarenes, and drove them away across the sea. When she had done that, she said to them, 'Take me and burn me, for I promised to die by fire for my country.' So the Hagarenes took her and burnt her, and her country has been free ever since. That was very deserving, if you like. But what have I done?"

I own that the transfiguration which the history of Jeanne d'Arc had undergone in penetrating to Alexeievka caused me some astonishment. After a moment's silence, I asked Lukeria how old she was.

"Twenty-eight or twenty-nine; not thirty anyways. But what is the use of counting the years? Look here, I will tell you —"

But here she was seized with a fit of hoarse coughing, which was followed by a groan.

"You talk too much," I said quickly; "you may do yourself harm."

"Yes, sir," she whispered, in a voice which was little more than a low hiss, "our talk is done. When you are away, I shall be quite still. But I have opened my heart a little."

I bade her farewell, repeating my promise to send her the medicine, and begged her to think once more whether there was not anything which I could do for her. To reply cost her a violent effort, but her voice was grateful.

"I have no need of anything. Thanks be to God. I have nothing to wish for. God grant health to every one. Sir! do you know what you must do? The people here are very poor. Ask your mother to lower their rents a little. They have not

got enough land. They have not got wood. They will pray to God for you. As for me — I have no need of anything — I have nothing to wish for."

I gave her my word that I would do as she wished, and was going to the door when she called me back.

"Sir," she said — and an expression which I am not able to describe passed for an instant over her eyes and lips — "do you remember what beautiful long hair I used to have? Do you remember? It came down to my knees. I was a long time before I did it — it was such pretty hair. But how could I clean it? So I had it cut off. Yes. Well, sir, good-bye — I cannot talk any more."

The same day, before I started for my shooting, I had a conversation about Lukeria with the head man of the village. He told me that the people in the village called her "the live relics."* He said that she never gave any trouble to any one, and that she had never been heard to utter such a thing as a murmur or a complaint. "She never asks for anything. She is grateful for the least thing. She is very good. Since God has been pleased to smite her, no doubt it must be for her sins. But that is no business of ours. We do not judge her."

Some weeks afterwards, I heard that Lukeria had left this world. Death came to take her "after St. Peter's Lent." They told me that all the day that she died, she heard bells ringing, although Alexeievka is five versts from the church, and the day was not a Sunday. However, Lukeria said the bells did not come from the church, but from "over her." Probably she did not dare to say "from Heaven."

* It is from this that this paper takes its original title. The reference is to the mummied bodies of saints, lying in open coffins, which are to be found in some of the more illustrious Russian churches.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

THE LITERATURE OF INTROSPECTION.—
TWO RECENT JOURNALS.

"FOR the rest," wrote Maurice de Guérin, at a moment of utter discouragement, when the poetic faculty within him seemed to be ebbing away, leaving nothing behind it, "for the rest, what does it matter whether what we call imagination, poetry, leaves me or stays with me? Whether it goes or comes, the course of my destiny is the same; and whether I

have divined it or not from below, I shall none the less one day behold what is reserved for me. Ought I not rather, forgetting all these anxieties, to apply myself to extending the range of my positive knowledge, ought I not to prefer the least luminous thread of certain truth to the vague glimmerings in which I am too often lost? The man who apprehends any mathematical certainty whatever, is more advanced in the understanding of the true than the finest imagination. He has acquired an inviolable possession in the domain of the intelligence, in which he may dwell to all eternity, whereas the poet is hunted from exile to exile, and will never have any settled home."

This doubt of Maurice de Guérin's implies a conflict which is perpetually repeating itself in natures like his, and which is but an echo of one of the greatest controversies of humanity. How prone has the world always been, how ready is it still to find new arguments as the old fail, whereby to exalt knowledge at the expense of feeling, science at the expense of poetry! And yet so contradictory have been the common opinions and the ultimate action of mankind on the point that the whole course of human development has been one long testimony to the importance and influence of poetry, broadly conceived, upon life. The share of the poets, that is to say of the men of exceptional insight and fervor, in the education of feeling, and thereby in the gradual transformation of human action, has been long ago admitted, and has taken rank as a commonplace. There are few of us who will not grant with Sidney if we are challenged that "as virtue is the most excellent resting-place for all worldly learning to make his end of, so poetry, being the most familiar to teach it, and most princely to move towards it, in the most excellent work is the most excellent workman." Society, with all her easy contempt for sentiment, has never failed to gather up and treasure in her bosom the great utterances of human emotion, and has shown herself at least as careful of the spiritual experience of an Augustine or a Dante as of any of the discoveries of science.

Still, although in different shapes, this doubt of Maurice de Guérin as to the value of the poetical gift is constantly re-asserting itself in opinion, as the forms of poetical expression become more various and complex. The poetical temperament implies two things, sensitiveness to impressions, and a capacity for self-study. But the ordinary man is naturally dis-

trustful of both. His inner conviction, justified in some sort by the whole course of experience, is that to be extremely sensitive to impressions tends to make a man their slave, and that introspection weakens all the springs of action. At bottom we all feel that it is well not to look too closely into existence. To act is the difficult matter. Those who like the great poets of the world can either maintain around us "the infinite illusion" which makes action easier, or stir in us the primal sources of feeling which keep human nature sweet, are welcome and necessary. But what shall we say of the thinkers and dreamers, who, without any supreme magic of expression, or any definite message, make it their whole aim either to unravel the tangle of their own spirit, or to catch and fix in words a few more of those floating and impalpable impressions made upon the mind by the visible world? If their work tends to general edification, if it falls in with current systems and helps to beautify and to subtilize existing prejudices, it may win an easy toleration as one more aid to the optimistic beliefs which the ordinary man loves to see prevail. But supposing it has no tendency to edification outside those few minds which are independent of popular philosophies, supposing its content is one of doubt, its tone one of depression, supposing the whole aim of the producers has been merely to find new modes of expressing feeling, new images in which to embody the subtlest and most fleeting aspects of the visible world? Where, it is often asked, shall we find a less useful and less dignified mode of human activity? Are not these men at least of a poetical race which may be safely and profitably banished from the republic of thought?

So it comes about that many of us have to justify our favorite books, and find a reason, if we can, for the love which is in us. Will not our justification take some such line as the following? The effects of experience on consciousness, — it is in the study of these that all philosophy consists. But the mass of mankind get little from philosophy proper, of which the methods are scientific and its subject the broad averages and normal states of consciousness. Our chief lessons are learned from the visible spectacle of how experience affects those sensitive, impressionable souls between whom and nature the barriers of the flesh are exceptionally light and frail; from the pleasures and pains of genius; from all those striking instances of sensibility, those raised states

of consciousness, contact with which develops a corresponding passion in the beholder. With every age we have seen the capacities and resources of human feeling becoming wider and more complex. Associations between experience and consciousness, which were once thought to be permanent and necessary, are seen to be merely provisional, and beneath them other and stronger links come into view. And in the study of these successive modifications of the mind mankind has been growing more and more desperately interested. The more light, we have come to feel, is thrown upon the evolution of human thought, the vaster becomes our future, the clearer our present.

Such a belief naturally adds enormously to the importance of the whole literature of feeling. It makes us value not only the men who, like Wordsworth, make emotion a means of education, who are inspired by the didactic passion, and endeavor to apply the energy of their feeling to the common needs of life, but also the men like Senancour, whose whole aim is but to feel and to express, and much of whose work may flout our most cherished beliefs. In an age of dissolving creeds and systems it is more and more important to gather up every deep and genuine impression made by life and nature upon the human mind. As the old things pass away and the old paths are deserted, each voice which relates for us with accents of truth and inwardness some passage of intimate human experience becomes of more and more value. Certain forces, at any rate in the form hitherto known to us, can no longer be counted upon for rousing or consoling human hearts. But the world is as much in need of emotion and consolation as ever. There is nothing for it but to turn to those who to the sense of struggle and the susceptibility to impressions add the artist's power of expression. "You who feel vividly what others feel dully, you who can make vocal what is dumb in others, be our guides through the *selva oscura* of experience; give us not so much knowledge as emotion, quicken in us the accurate sense of human need, and reveal to us those glimpses of ideal beauty which are the sustenance of life." Such is practically the demand made upon all who possess the poetical temperament whether they write in poetry or prose, and the want revealed in it explains the hold upon human sympathy of the literature of feeling in all its forms.

It is true indeed, and one of the strange-

nesses of fate, that these heightened states of consciousness, when the mind becomes, as it were, both visible to itself, and able to reflect with extraordinary vividness and brilliancy the world outside it, bring with them too often a Nemesis on the individual. The man tormented and bewildered by nature's hardest problems may often ignore, and destroy himself by ignoring, some of those answers to the commoner puzzles of life and duty which have been wrung from her long ago by human effort and experiment. But the individual passes with all his errors and passions, and his work remains. Let him only have felt more vividly and more variously than the rest of us—he will have added his mite to our knowledge of what man is and may be, he will have rescued one more fragment of the mind from nothingness and silence. The multitude may blame and pass him by, but to the few he will bring added knowledge and new sympathies, and their gratitude should not fail him.

Modern times have witnessed an enormous development of the literature of feeling. With us in Europe the facts of spiritual experience had for many centuries but one language, the language of the great religion which had absorbed into itself all the older philosophical and spiritual enthusiasms of the world. But in the multiplication of sensations and experiences which the West has seen since the Renaissance, the language of religion has not expanded fast enough to meet the new needs of the soul. They have had to find for themselves a fresh and supplementary language, expressing shades and subtleties of relation between man and the great spectacle of the universe, unknown to older generations. To this language, Rousseau, with his sympathy for nature on the one side, and his sensitiveness to the shades of human feeling on the other, made contributions in the last century which have been, as we all know, of far-reaching influence upon our own. But a much higher degree of inwardness has been reached in the modern world than was possible to Rousseau. The study of nature and of human life, growing keener and profounder as the fathomless mystery of both has been brought home more undisguisedly to a wider range of minds, has had its issue in forms of expression through which not only are the great objects of experience more and more plainly apprehended, but the powers of the mind are more and more revealed

to itself. The modern poetry of nature is one such form, with its two strains, the strain of hungry yearning —

The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colors and their forms, *were then to me*
An appetite —

and the strain of spiritual rapture and aspiration, embodying

a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man.

What we may call the modern literature of despair is another such outlet. One of its chief preachers was the man who may be said to stand at the beginning of the introspective writing of the century. Obermann (Etienne de Senancour) will always remain for us a type of one of the main tendencies of introspective literature. More than this, like that of his great successor in the art of delicate and intimate description, Maurice de Guérin, his work may be taken as illustrative in the highest degree of that divining, penetrating gift which is to our mind the only but the sufficient *raison d'être* of a whole class of books.

The letters of Senancour indeed have never obtained any vogue either in this country or their own. The art of a living English poet has drawn from the harsh utterance of Senancour's personality all that was morally inspiring in it, and has made him, by the associations of beautiful verse, a name at least of pity and veneration to many of us. But the book itself is difficult to read; it is diffuse; we may easily regard a great deal of it as mere posing; and there is in it an insensibility to what the English temperament in particular is accustomed to regard as the commonplaces of civil and domestic duty, which make us at first inclined to deny the right of complaint altogether to a man who has taken the world so perversely. But, after all, it is scarcely worth the trouble of insisting that Obermann would have been a happier and better man if he had put his hand patiently to the wheel of human labor, instead of escaping from labor to reverie, if he had thought better of women, and cherished a nobler ideal of marriage, if he had denied himself a great deal of easy contempt for human customs and human faiths. All this may be true; and yet to the careful observer the book may be none the less justified of itself.

Nowhere else can we find so true, so full a picture of a phase of human feeling which had never been expressed before, and has never been expressed since, with the same realism and precision. In that fact lies the importance of Obermann. It is well to recognize that there are certain books whose claim upon us is, first and foremost, that they add one more to the documents which enable us to map out the regions of the mind, and so the better to understand our past and forecast our future.

The letters of Obermann belong to this class. Like the "Confessions" of Rousseau they revealed a generation to itself, inferior as their stuff is to the stuff of the older book in all that gives a man's thought vogue and influence among his fellows. The aimless, restless melancholy "inherent in the epoch," according to M. du Camp, never found a franker exponent than Obermann. "Of what avail has it been to me that I have left all in search of a freer life? If I have had glimpses of things in harmony with my nature, it has only been in passing, without enjoying them, and with no other effect than to redouble in myself the impatience to possess them. I am not the slave of passion; I am more unhappy still. The vanities of passion do not deceive me — but after all, must not life be filled with something? When an existence is empty, can it satisfy? If the life of the heart is but an agitated nothing, is it not better to leave it for a more tranquil nothing? It seems to me that the intelligence seeks some result; if I could learn in any way what good my life is seeking! I long for something which may veil and hasten the hours. It is impossible that I should always endure to feel them rolling so heavily over me, lonely and slow, without desires, without emotions, without aim."

And yet side by side with all the despair and the cynicism, there emerges the sense of beauty, and even the moral passion which have been the guiding forces of our time. Take this meditation on the slavery of pleasure: "To consecrate to pleasure alone the faculties of life is to give oneself over to eternal death. However fragile may be these powers of mine, I am responsible for them, and they must bear their fruits. Benefits of existence as they are, I will preserve them; I will do them honor. I will not, at least, enfeeble myself within myself till the inevitable moment comes. Oh, profundities of the universe, shall it be in vain that it is given to us to perceive you? The majesty

of night alone repeats from age to age, woe to every soul that takes its pleasure in servitude!"

Or this exquisite flower scene, with which the whole strange drama ends: "The violet and the field daisy are rivals. They have the same season, the same simplicity. But the violet enthrals us with each returning spring; the daisy keeps our love from year to year. The violet recalls the purest sentiments of love, as it presents itself to upright hearts. But after all, this love itself, so persuasive and so sweet, is but a beautiful accident of life. It passes, while the peace of nature and the country remains with us to our latest hour. And of all this reposeful joy, the daisy is the patriarchal symbol. If I ever reach old age, and if, one day while still full of thoughts, although no longer desirous of pouring them out upon men, I find beside me a friend who will receive my farewell to earth, let him place my chair upon the grass, and let tranquil daisies be there before me, under the sun, under the vast heaven, so that in leaving the life which passes, I may recover something of the infinite illusion."

This loftier note in Obermann leads us naturally to another strain of introspection, with which he has in general very little in common. As we all know, in the midst of a widespread disintegration of positive belief, and of a society penetrated from top to bottom by the new ardors of science, the modern world has witnessed a wonderful resurrection of the religious spirit. The revival of religious intensity, taking "religious" in a broad sense, has been half of what we call the romantic movement. The mental passion and tumult roused by the disclosure of new horizons and the growth of a thousand new perceptions overflowed, very early in the century, into the old channels of religious life, filling, deepening, or diverting them, as the case might be. And as time has gone on, this particular impulse among the many which have gone to make up one vast movement of the modern mind towards greater actuality and force, both of apprehension and presentment, has embodied itself in finer and finer shapes. With us, the leaders of Tractarianism and the earlier Broad Churchmen; in France the group of widely differing men who, thirty years ago, raised the standard of a democratic Catholicism; in Italy Rosmini, have been striking representatives in the field of religion of tendencies visible over all other fields of thought. On the one side we have seen the new developments

in the language of feeling becoming immensely helpful to religion; on the other we have been witnesses to a constant anxiety on the part of religion to keep feeling within certain bounds, balanced by an equally constant tendency on the part of feeling to escape from those bounds, and to adopt standards and traditions at variance with those of official and organized belief.

Of this religious revival, taking shape, in many minds, rather in a tender idealist exaltation than in definite forms of faith, Maurice de Guérin is, perhaps, the most pathetic and penetrating voice. His work, with all its defects and weaknesses, can hardly be denied a permanent place among the utterances of modern sentiment, if only because it combines and harmonizes so many different strains. We may find in it echoes from the despair of Obermann, side by side with the Wordsworthian sensitiveness to the spells and effluences of natural things; while beyond, and interpenetrating these two modes of expression, is a third, quite individual, which forms another fresh and important contribution to our knowledge of the inner world in man. How shall we characterize this strange nature, so painfully clairvoyant in certain directions, so dull in others, torn between two passions, the passion for God, and the haunting, insatiable passion for an evanescent and finite nature? Maurice de Guérin is like the mortals of his own prose poem "who have picked up in the waters or in the woods, and carried to their lips some fragments of the pipe broken by the god Pan," and who thenceforward, possessed by a wild and secret passion, live only for nature and her mysteries. That strange instinct of community with the visible world which appears to us, the more we study it, as the development of a new sense in men, was in him the strongest of all instincts. "As a child," writes his sister, "he was accustomed to spend long hours in gazing at the horizon, or leaning against a tree," listening to those *sounds of nature* which, as a boy of eleven, he tried to embody in a long prose poem. "There is something in nature," he wrote later on, "whether she smiles and adorns herself in fair weather, or whether she becomes pale, grey, cold, and stormy in autumn and in winter, which moves not only the surface of the soul, but its most secret depths, and rouses a thousand memories which have in appearance no connection with the spectacle before us, but which no doubt maintain a correspon-

dence with the soul of nature by means of sympathies which are unknown to us." These sympathies which he was thus accustomed to watch and study in himself as mysterious forces in some sort independent of his will, strengthened with his growth till they attained at once a force of being and a subtlety of expression hardly to be matched in the whole range of imaginative literature.

But the tragedy of Guérin's life lay in the fact that whereas throughout half his being he was a child of nature and of poetical contemplation, throughout the other he was a Catholic, formed by an ancestral faith, and ready to carry into the expression of it as much intensity and passion as into the expression of his divining and imaginative gift. And how is it possible that the true Catholic should continue to allow himself that abandonment to the impressions of nature, which to Maurice de Guérin was a necessity of life? To the Catholic the visible world is a mere stage on which is played out the central scene from the drama of human life, of which the preparatory and concluding scenes belong to the world of eternity. To absorb oneself in nature, therefore, is either to waste upon something passing and ephemeral, sympathies which are exclusively claimed by a different and more lasting order of phenomena, or still worse, it is to run the risk of confounding the Creator with the created, and of losing oneself in a pantheistic mysticism. Maurice de Guérin had no sooner arrived at maturity than the conflict between these two strains in him became almost intolerable. After an exquisite description of a fine Good Friday, when the divine beauty of the spring had brought back to him in all their freshness some of the earliest impressions of his childhood, he breaks off with the remorseful cry, "My God, what is my soul about, to let herself be thus seduced by all these fugitive joys, upon Good Friday, upon a day filled with thy death and with our redemption!"

And a little later on, when sudden cold has checked the spring and withered not only the flowers, but all the pleasure of the poet, he writes sadly: "I am more depressed than in winter. In days like this, there is revealed to me at the bottom of my heart, in the deepest and most intimate recesses of my being, a sort of strange despair; it is a kind of desolation and darkness far from God. My God, how is it that my rest is troubled by whatever passes in the air, and that the peace

of my soul is thus given over to the caprices of the winds!"

For a time the struggle continues, and then the whole man is suddenly penetrated by a new idea, which for the moment supersedes it. Under the influence of sympathy for M. Lamennais, in the struggle which began with "*L'Avenir*" and culminated in the "*Paroles d'un Croyant*," the burden of his creed seems temporarily to fall away from him, and for a moment he asserts himself against the bonds which have been upon him since his birth. "I shall never be anything but an ant carrying a grain to the construction of the future; but, however small may be my powers they will not the less be inspired by a grand and sacred thought — the thought which drives the century before it, the noblest and the strongest after that of God — the thought of liberty." Such was the dream of his first months in Paris — a fugitive dream! So fragile and delicate a plant was not made for the keen air of freedom, and very soon upon the momentary exultation descends a cloud of black misgiving. "O truth, dost thou not sometimes appear to me like a luminous phantom behind a cloud? Yet the first wind effaces thee! Wast thou then nothing but an illusion of the eyes of the soul? Reason and faith! When these two words shall make but one the enigma of the world will be solved. Meanwhile how to wait? At the moment I write, the sky is magnificent, nature breathes upon us airs fresh and full of life. The world rolls melodiously onward, and amidst all these harmonies something sad and timid circulates; the mind of man, who is restless in the presence of all this order which he cannot understand."

And at last, in the antechamber of death, the tender nature wasted with fever of body and mind bows itself once more to the old yoke, and the Church reclaims her son.

Here then we have one more faithful record of a rare and beautiful experience, one more typical story of the inner life of man. But Maurice de Guérin's claim is more than this. It is as the discoverer of new terms in the language of the soul, the lifter of one more corner of the veil that he makes his deepest impression upon us. Take, for instance, the passage in his journal on the death of his friend and adopted sister, Mme. de la Morvonnais, in which his artist's gift of expression had rendered for us the very essence of tender and meditative grief. "I have broken

the idea of her terrestrial existence: I have effaced her from the outer world. All is changed; a whole scene of actual life has withdrawn itself from my heart, and I have beheld entering, in its place, the incorruptible images and forms of the unknown world which surrounds us. Why do we spend ourselves on the world of sight? What secret beauties of nature have more power to draw and keep our hearts than those mysterious coasts on which Marie faded from our gaze?

"And yet often in the very formation of this phantom world, grief shaken off for a moment returns and falls upon me in the midst of the most tranquillizing visions. I can only escape from it in beginning over again the pilgrimage of memory. The light and silent steps of my imagination take once more the beloved paths; like Paul wandering in his island, I return drawn by an invisible attraction to the place of shipwreck. Thus am I able to cheat and distract those bitter regrets which no consolation dare approach. I surround them with a murmuring crowd of memories. Grief listens to their mingled voices and considers their features marked by a thousand expressions, till at length his headlong course grows calmer and takes the cadence and gentleness of a gliding stream."

The special power represented by such writing as this is surely a power struck out in the writer by a peculiar combination of circumstances, of describing those ethereal moods which form the meeting-place between the spirit and nature, and so of becoming a herald of fresh experiences to other minds.

M. de Guérin's work brings us to the threshold of our own time. What parallel can we make to it in England during the last twenty years? The period teems with journals and biographies of one kind or another. But is there anything among them which in time to come will stand for a typical expression, either of feeling wrought to its highest point of divining intensity, or of feeling expressed under such conditions of knowledge and freedom from prejudice as may enable it to appeal to the world in general and not only to a clique however large? In the precise shape in which we are at present seeking for it, we shall find little or nothing of the kind. The voice of philosophy and argument we know, the voice of poetry and poetical description; but the voice of reverie, the note of delicate and sincere introspection, is almost unknown to us. For our purpose, the most impor-

tant utterance in the whole period is that of Mill in the "Autobiography." That deeply interesting book lacks the expansion and the intimacy of tone which would have come naturally to a Frenchman of Mill's calibre; but its very austerity and simplicity give it importance amongst its kind, and there is one passage in it which describes how the young man of twenty-one, isolated by his training from the ordinary sources of emotion, suddenly awakes to the claims of feeling and from what sources he is able to satisfy them, which will probably be long recognized as a landmark in English spiritual history. In that remarkable novel of two seasons ago, "John Inglesant," there was more of the true power of reverie than has yet appeared among our prose-writers; and its success seems to show that there is after all some future for the literature of reverie in England. But for the most part our books of spiritual experience have been of a quite other type. The "Memorials of a Quiet Life" may be regarded as the representative of them; and it is no disrespect to a book that has given and still gives pleasure to thousands of congenial minds, that beside the penetration and diffusiveness of a content like Maurice de Guérin's, the dominant content of the Hare correspondence has no sort of chance of permanence.

Nor has recent French literature been any better off. France has been spending her strength of late in republishing old memoirs and writing new ones, of a kind most useful and important to the world of letters, but wholly unconcerned with the peculiar literature we have been discussing. The present year, however, has seen the emergence of two books, one produced among the mountains of eastern France and the other at Geneva, which ask our attention on the same grounds as Rousseau, as Senancour, or Maurice de Guérin. The class to which they belong is so small and its importance so considerable, that we can hardly afford to neglect any contributions to it, however much they may differ in point of literary quality. Nor indeed have there been any symptoms of such neglect in the present case. Both have won an audience, and one at least of them, the "*Journal Intime*" of the Genevese professor, Henri Frédéric Amiel, has made an impression during the ten months which have elapsed since its publication, which seems to show that in the midst of the physical and material stress of our day, and the weakening of so many of the older stimuli of emotion, numbers

of minds are now fully alive to the exceptional interest which attaches to any effective presentation of the modes in which the human spirit is learning to adapt its loving, hoping, and suffering to the altered conditions of modern knowledge.

But it is not with M. Amiel that we are at present concerned. The "*Journal Intime*" belongs, if we are not mistaken, to the first-rate books of the world. It is a revelation of the modern spirit, equalling any of the great records of intimate experience in the range and quality of mind which it represents and in the distinction and beauty of its style. We propose to give a detailed account of it next month. The other, infinitely less important both in substance and in manner, is yet full of interest to an observer of the sources of modern joys and griefs, and a short review of it may serve as a fitting conclusion to these remarks upon the literature of introspection. The "*Journal d'un Solitaire*," by Xavier Thiriat, published apparently somewhere in the Vosges a few years ago, was brought forward in the French press early in the present year by M. Scherer, whose unfailing literary tact had discerned the merit and place of this record of Vosges peasant life. It represents a year's diary, kept by the paralyzed son of a Vosges farmer, and it describes to us how a youth who had lost the use of his limbs when a boy of ten, rises from a condition of despondency and comparative uselessness to one of influence, activity, and inward happiness. Certain parts of it are conventional and insignificant, but the part which remains, though not by any means of a high intellectual quality, has yet an accent of universality, a freedom from the restrictions of country and nationality, which ought to carry it beyond the immediate circle and people of the writer. Our own English journals are almost always wanting in this accent. They have the accent of Anglicanism, of the English parsonage or of Puritan association, each powerful in its turn with Anglians, or with those living within the recognized circle of English country life, or with English Puritans of different shades. But if you come to put one of them into the hands of somebody widely dissociated from it in place and circumstances, he will get little or nothing from it; it speaks a language only really understood in a particular mental district. In this unpretending French journal, with all its occasional affectation and conventionality, there is something which appeals to the sympathies of everybody pos-

sessing a heart and intelligence, whatever may be his inherited relations to life and religion. The story is briefly this:—

Xavier Thiriat, the son of a French peasant in the valley of Cleurie in the Vosges, was born in 1835. He grew up a bright, active little boy, delighting in all exercises both of body and mind, in the long hours which he and his companions spent herding cattle in the Vosges mountains, in the glissades of winter down the long ice-slopes of the valley as well as in the competition of the village school, and in the reading of a few tattered books, Fénelon's "*Télémaque*" among them, hidden away in an old cupboard of the farm. One January day, however, he and his companions were going to a catechising class to be held some distance down the valley. They had to cross a canal swollen by winter rain, and bridged by one narrow plank. Xavier passed first, but the little girl next to him missed her footing and fell into the water, overturning the plank in her fall. Xavier sprang into the water, caught the child, helped her to scramble out, put back the plank, and still clinging to it, waist-deep in the ice-cold water, helped the other children to cross. Then all hurried on to school in dread of a scolding from the priest. They arrived late, and Xavier, shivering with cold, had to sit near the door during the lesson, and afterwards to walk home through a bitter air, which froze his wet clothes upon him. For two days he felt no consequence beyond a certain *malaise*; then began excruciating pains in the limbs, and for nearly a month the child's shrieks were almost incessant night and day. This state of active suffering and confinement to bed continued in a rather less acute form for about a year, and at the end of that time, it was evident from the distorted and useless limbs, that the boy would henceforth never be anything but a paralytic invalid.

Much kindness was shown to him in his trouble. The schoolmaster of the village came to him out of school hours and taught him for nothing, and as it became evident that no sort of active employment would ever be possible to him, he learnt how to sew and embroider, and thus to while away the long hours. But it was in the store of old books from which as a child he had pillaged "*Télémaque*" that he found his best consolation. They consisted of an "Ancient Geography," and an "Abridgment of all the Sciences," a "History of Morocco," Young's "Night Thoughts" (of course in a French trans-

lation), the "Lives of the Saints" in twelve volumes, the "Book of Tobit," the "Synodal Statutes of the Diocese of Toul," and the "Psalms." From these materials the boy built for himself a house of the mind in which he could dwell with some content and resignation. It was the "Abridgment of all the Sciences" which especially fascinated him, and which induced him at the age of fifteen to begin regular meteorological observations, and to communicate them month by month to the local paper. Thenceforward his life was no longer empty. Some light manual labor enabled him to earn his living without burdening his family, and for the rest his hours were filled up with the pursuit of such science as was within his reach, and in summer by long meditations out of doors and in the sunshine, long self-abandonments to the delights of flowers, colors, and sounds to which he became more and more sensitive as years went on.

As he grew into manhood, however, the limitations of his condition made themselves for a time more painfully felt than ever. He was of an impressionable, expansive disposition, and it seemed hard to him at the age of twenty, as it must have seemed hard to many another in similar circumstances, that none of the commonest joys of life could ever be his, — no work in sun and air, no country merrymaking, no courting or taking in marriage. When he was about eighteen or nineteen, a young girl from a neighboring farm took some friendly notice of him, and the youth, whose reading had gradually extended itself to books like Gilbert, Millevoe, and Lamartine, threw himself into the friendship with romantic zeal, and for a time made it the centre of his thoughts. But naturally a maiden with prudent parents was not long allowed to concern herself with a hopeless cripple, and Lillie was forbidden to meet and talk to young Thiriat as she had been accustomed to do. This little incident, in all respects natural and inevitable, brought Xavier's discontents to the surface, and for the next few years his habitual condition seems to have been one of struggle with his lot, and of incapacity to find in it any lasting source of contentment. Scientific study, however, still remained to him, and he appears to have clung to it in his blackest times as the only possible barrier between him and utter despondency. And gradually the clouds lifted, and he passed into a state of more or less habitual serenity and patience with life,

the causes of which we shall presently try to describe.

At some time or other of this period he seems to have begun to keep a diary, and the published journal takes us through the year 1860, when he attained the age of twenty-five, and to which he seems afterwards to have looked back as the critical year of his life. To the daily records of the journal he must have added for publication passages describing the principal incidents in his earlier career, so that the little book is really a complete picture of his development up to the moment when he appears to have gathered about him, from different sources, a sufficient stock of happiness wherewith to shelter and sweeten his future life. Whence was this happiness drawn? From the most simple and obvious sources, representing, however, in their measure the chief human felicities. From nature and poetry in the first place: "For me, I have never sought out the joys of my life; they have come, so to speak, to find me. They have grown and flowered under my feet like the field daisies, though I have not always perceived them at first sight. Often indeed I have overlooked them: it was not always allowed me to see clearly through my tears. I have known them in the few journeys that I have made since my childhood. . . . I have known them in my walks, along the hedges, fields, and pastures of the hill above my home; in observing the flowers, the mosses, the birds; in those poetical reveries or rather ravishments in which voices, colors, and perfumes blended themselves for me into a heavenly harmony; in the hours spent with my favorite poets under the shadow of the beech-trees, when the chaffinch piped on the highest branch, and gusts of cool wind shook the leaves; while the butterflies — 'sons of the Virgin' as we were taught to call them in childhood — floated softly in the air or between the branches of the trees, and all the story of the poet — I saw it under my eyes in nature."

From science and books in the second place. Nothing can be more naïve or more sincere than the excitement and enthusiasm he shows about his various scientific studies. "This morning," he writes in May, "I have gathered some plants in bloom round my retreat, and I have busied myself with classifying them. Each day will bring me fresh flowers now and new species. The immense book of nature is open under my eyes, and it shall

be my principal study. In my hermitage, surrounded with flowers and birds, there is no more place for melancholy. To-day I feel a charm I had almost ceased to feel." Later on a kind uncle bestowed a donkey on the cripple, and with this welcome animal harnessed to a tiny wooden cart the poor recluse is able, for the first time for fifteen years, to move freely about the neighborhood. One of the first uses that he makes of this new power of movement is to plan a history of his native valley: "My wish has always been to write a paper on the history of my valley. For a long time past I have been questioning the older men, and taking notes on all occasions upon the antiquity of the country populations, their history, manners, superstitions, legends, popular beliefs, etc. Now it is a book that I dare to plan, a book of some length, which may be a picture both of the past and of the present, and I shall consult for it the archives of our commune and of the communes near. Already the outline of the book grows clear to me. It will take years to write, but the prospect is delightful to me."

Often indeed, after an evening passed in answering the questions of a group of curious peasants on some of the elementary facts of physical science, he has his moments of discouragement. "This elementary half-knowledge is nowadays to me little more than the measure of my ignorance. I despair of learning more with the few resources I have in this complete isolation from the world, and it seems to me that I shall never be able to disengage my mind from the swaddling-clothes which encircle and stifle it." The moment of depression, however, soon passes; a little kindly interest shown in him by a friend, the loan of a book, the arrival of some new plants or insects, above all the wholesome stir in his life created by the acquisition of the donkey, and by his work as *greffier* or secretary to the commune, always suffice in the long run to restore his cheerfulness and hope in the future, and the crippled youth ends the record of his year with the quiet words, "I know yet very little, but I have courage and I hope." Since then the book on the valley of Cleurie has appeared and gained a public prize. Various other studies on the agriculture and scenery of the neighborhood have also been published; and to judge from M. Campaux's preface to the journal, not only has Xavier Thiriat improved and developed his own aptitudes, but he has formed round him a circle of people in the same class as himself de-

voted to the same studies and eager for the same pleasures.

Religion, speaking broadly, seems to have meant much to Thiriat; Catholicism, taken strictly, very little. His infirmity naturally prevented him from sharing much in the religious practice of the neighborhood, although in the few church ceremonies he was able to attend his impressionable temperament drew constant delight from the "religious singing, the melodies of the organ, the perfumes of incense and of candles." Religious expressions of the ordinary kind occur in his book, but no temptation to the life of a *dévo*t, so natural to the invalid in Catholic countries, seems to have overtaken him. It is evident that unconsciously to himself his spiritual life was chiefly vitalized by interests and influences of a more universal kind than those belonging to any given system of faith.

Lastly, among the new elements of happiness which made the year 1860 memorable to him, we may reckon the gain of several new friends brought him by scientific studies, and the recognized place in life afforded him by his appointment as *greffier* to the commune. The cry of the first half of the diary is for a friend first of all; and next, for some useful part in society, which shall make it possible for him to be something else than an object of pity or ridicule to his fellow-men. By the end of the year he was able to exclaim with joy: "The future, once so dark, appears to me under the most smiling colors; *I have friends and protectors*. My God! I never should have thought it possible to be so happy." The last day of the old year arrives, and Xavier, looking back over his journal, sees in it the record of a state of transition from "a first youth," tormented with dreams and regrets, mad, extravagant, and despairing, to a "second youth ripened by study and friendship." And he passes the threshold of the new in a glow of feeling and aspiration. "For me, as for all, the future remains obscure, uncertain, unknown; but a tide of hope has come flooding into my heart, and I shall enter the gate of the opening year with gaiety and contentment."

There are other notes than these we have tried to reproduce, in this little journal. A short description of it may very easily convey a false impression that the book is sometimes virtuous overmuch, that is to say, virtuous for effect. The pictures of common life, however, interspersed in it, the lively pieces of dialogue and shrewd descriptions of peasant char-

acter, show a sense of humor which, when the journal is read as a whole, tend to remove this impression, and to make one forget the evident leaven in it of Lamartine and Bernardin de St. Pierre. But it is not so much what Xavier Thiriat has to tell us about life or nature that is important or interesting; it is the personality itself, its modes of thinking and feeling, its means of happiness under unfavorable conditions that are worth studying. For us who are so apt to alarm and terrify ourselves as to the future sources of enthusiasm, and therefore of action, in man, the book adds one more to the facts that console and point us forward. Science, nature, poetry, human kindness, bound together and encompassed, all of them, by some spiritual hope, however vague and large — in these, it seems to say to us, lie the motive powers of the future, powers which will but strengthen as others decay.

George Sand, in discussing Obermann and the kindred literature of her own day, saw in it signs of a probable indefinite multiplication of "moral maladies." The comment which a modern observer is inclined to make upon her prophecy is that it divined only half the truth. The forces of human nature tend, after all, perpetually to the same level. If old joys are passing away, new joys, which are perhaps but the old new born, are rising into life. If the human spirit is more conscious than ever before of its own limitations and of the iron pressure of its physical environment, it is also, paradox as it may seem, more conscious of its own greatness, more deeply thrilled by the nobility and beauty interwoven with the universe. Such is the deepest meaning of modern poetry, such is the main impression left upon us with increasing force by almost all the attempts of the modern spirit to throw light upon itself.

M. A. W.

From Temple Bar.

THE FOUR SILVERPENNYS.

MR. SILVERPENNY was a bachelor, who, at sixty-seven, found himself with few friends and no relations to lay claim to the very respectable fortune he had amassed by years of labor and self-denial.

As is not unfrequently the case, now that he had climbed to the top of the ladder he found that, so far as he was concerned, the pleasure of making the money far exceeded the pleasure of spending it.

The habits of years cannot be cast aside in a day, and to be lavish or even liberal needs, as most other qualities do, a certain amount of education. This, as regarded expenditure, Mr. Silverpenny had never had. He had come to the town where he lived when a mere boy, had worked his way upwards from clerk to master, and, retired now from business, he lived in an unpretentious house, his wants attended to by a faithful, honest housekeeper, who closed her hand as tightly over her master's money as she did over her own. The two had grown old together, and their peculiarities and the practice of their small economies were now a part of their nature. To alter his surroundings, go to a more fashionable quarter of the town, live in any other way than he did, never occurred to Mr. Silverpenny. One care alone weighed heavily on him, and that was to decide what he should do with his money. Nothing in the newspapers interested him half as much as the wills of the various persons, their bequests, and how they disposed of their property; but though these perusals — extending over many years now — had afforded him much varied and strange information, up to the present date he had not come across any favorable precedent for the solution of his difficulty.

There were hospitals, orphanages, charities without number, each and every one calling loudly for support from him; but even while living, Mr. Silverpenny turned a deaf ear to such appeals, agreeing with his old housekeeper, Martha, that such places went mostly "to harbor idle vagabonds." No, he had not toiled for such as these.

Churches? In his opinion there were already too many. Schools? It was enough if boys could write and read. Poor Mr. Silverpenny! had he carried his £70,000 on his back he could hardly have felt its burden more heavily.

The 20th of May was his birthday, and according to custom, Martha, who had marked the festival by her choice of his dinner, was detained after clearing the cloth away to drink a glass of wine to the health of her master.

"Sixty-seven you be," she said, setting down on the table the glass from which she had sipped — "twelve months older than you was this day last year. Hm! Well, you looks it," and she regarded him fixedly.

Mr. Silverpenny winced under Martha's searching eye. He knew, as well as she did, that there was truth in her candor.

During the past year, for some reason unknown, he had felt that he was sliding down life's hill two steps at a time, and it was with a sigh that he answered, "Quite true, Martha, I'm beginning to feel an old man."

"Oh, 'twan't o' that I was thinking, for I follows so close behind ye that when you dies through fright of old age I shall quake for fear, but 'tis — Well, you ain't the man you was, master."

Mr. Silverpenny nodded his head assentingly.

"And," continued Martha, "'tis time that if I was you I should put my house in order." Mr. Silverpenny did not answer, but he stroked his chin meditatively.

"Ha'n't ye got no relations o' no kind nowheres?"

Martha had long been acquainted with her master's difficulty.

No. Mr. Silverpenny had no relations whatever. "Mine is a very uncommon name," he said, "very."

"I'll bound if you went up to London you'd find Silverpennys in plenty. Oh, now, you don't know, master" — for Mr. Silverpenny had given her to see how he dissented from her — "why look to me, Martha Green, I've neither kith nor kin so far as I know by; but if I'd got money to leave away, take my word if there wouldn't spring up a reg'lar crop o' Greens to claim relation with me. And so with Silverpennys — there ain't any other here 'tis true, but up to London, don't tell me; I'll wager you'd find 'em there in scores."

This argument had frequently before been advanced by Martha, and as frequently pooh-poohed by Mr. Silverpenny; but driven to his wits' ends to know what else to do, although he did not say so to her, he entertained the thought now more seriously, brooded on it that night, and the result was that some six weeks later Mr. Silverpenny announced to Martha his intention of starting for London on the morrow.

"That's right," she said approvingly, "and what you ought to have done long ago."

The root of many of our paradoxical eccentricities might be traced to vanity, and without doubt some feeling of this kind had prompted Mr. Silverpenny to desire that the fortune he had to leave should be inherited by some one who at least bore his name. As he had said to Martha, it was a singular one, and when, the morning after his arrival in London, desiring

the waiter of the hotel to procure for him the Post-Office Directory for that year, he opened the book to begin his search, he felt a certain degree of trepidation.

There were Silversides and Silverstones, Silverlocks and Silverthornes, but in all the "court" portion a Silverpenny — not one. Still, that was only half the book. There was the commercial list yet to run through, with no better success — not — stay though. Yes, and he read, "Silverpenny, John James, baker, 21 New Street, Old Kent Road." Martha was not right although not absolutely wrong, the scores of Silverpennys like the cats had turned out to be one. Summoning the waiter, Mr. Silverpenny desired that he might be directed to the Old Kent Road. An omnibus which passed close by he found would take him there, and he was soon deposited some twenty yards distant from the baker's door.

The shop was a modest one, with its window full of bread, at which Mr. Silverpenny stood staring, trying to find some excuse for going in. Naturally he did not wish to at once blurt out his reasons for coming. Yet what could he ask for? there was nothing but bread there — not a biscuit — not a bun. He walked past and back again, and then, not being given to hesitation, he stepped in.

"A roll," echoed the baker's wife; "certainly," and she handed him two, saying: "That's to-day's, this is a stale one."

Mr. Silverpenny made his choice. At the same time asking might he be allowed to eat it there. "I'm a trifle tired," he said, "and it will rest me."

"Johnny, bring out a chair here."

"That's good," thought Mr. Silverpenny, "they've a boy," but, to his disappointment, the bearer of the chair was the baker, who, placing it for him, remarked that the weather was hot but seasonable, and then, presuming that his customer came from the country, he inquired how the crops might be looking down his way.

Mr. Silverpenny gave the best answer he could to the question, for being a town-bred man, except in the grain he didn't know cockle from corn. Whatever he said, however, seemed to satisfy the baker, who needed only the very smallest opportunity to let his tongue run glibly, and, to Mr. Silverpenny's satisfaction, the roll was not half got through before he was able to introduce the subject which he had kept ready all the while, by saying, "Your name, Silverpenny, is a very uncommon one."

"Ah, I believe you," said the baker complacently. "There ain't another Silverpenny in all London."

"Not as you know of, Johnny," said his wife circumspectly.

"Not that nobody knows of," asserted the baker confidently; "and more than that, I don't believe you'd find more than one other than me if you was to search through all England."

"And he is, I suppose, related to you?" said Mr. Silverpenny cautiously.

"No, not as I know of in any way, though he's the sort of friend that sticks closer than a brother, and so he's proved himself to me, and I'm proud to be beholden to one who bears the name of Silverpenny."

"He always holds to it," said the wife, "that you two must be related to one another; he's a rector," she added, to Mr. Silverpenny, "and's got a parish of his own in the country."

Fortunately for the satisfaction of Mr. Silverpenny's curiosity, the attention of the baker's wife was at this moment engrossed by the advent of the greengrocer, and while that worthy housewife chaffered over the prices of cabbages and onions, Mr. Silverpenny adroitly made himself master of the baker's past history. It was a very simple one — he had fallen ill, and left his situation to go to a hospital, from which he was sent out weak, and all but penniless, to make his way back to London. At a country town on the way he had completely broken down, and declared that he must have died from want had not the curate there — the other Silverpenny — heard his name and helped him on; "and that did not end all he did for me," he added, "he lent me money, he gave me clothes, and he wrote a letter to a friend he had here — well, the parson of that very church which, if you come to where I'm standing, its spire you can see; and, as it turned out, Mr. Webber, that was the clergyman's name, knew of a party here, a baker, as from being old and infirm, wanted a brisk young chap to keep things going. Mr. Silverpenny answered for me, and whether he was foolish or wise in his man, is best shown, inasmuch as that business is now mine. The old gentleman is gone, and I stand in his shoes as master here. She," and he indicated his wife, "was his niece. I tell her I took her with the fixtures. Ah, well, I might ha' done worse. The bad job is, we've got no children, you see. 'Tis a pity, ain't it, a tidy business like this, and nobody to leave it to?"

"The other one — the rector I mean — is a rich man, I suppose."

"Rich! Ah, bless ye, not he, he's as poor as a church mouse, and would be if he'd got the double of what he's got now; but he's a gentleman every inch of him, and a Christian too; and, as I say, if he don't go to heaven, I don't know who will. 'Twill be a poor look-out for such as me and you."

Mr. Silverpenny did not pick up the stone cast at him.

"Where might this gentleman live?" he said, "and is he married — has he a family?"

"Yes, there's a boy — one — and a fine chap he is. He's schooling at Harrow. They pinched themselves to let him go, and I send him a cake whenever I can, a real good one too, no mistake," and he winked his eye. "He'd tell ye, would Master Charlie, that it ain't half a bad thing to have a friend a baker."

"I should agree with him," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Ah, I'd do more than that for the son of his father," said the baker. "I was a stranger and he took me in — hungry and he fed me — naked and he clothed me. That's what I call acting up to Scripture, I do."

"And all because of your being called Silverpenny?"

"Well, so he said; but, bless you, if not, he'd ha' done the same; not, mind, but he's proud of the name, oh very, and so am I, too, and rightly I take it, when there's but the two, John James Silverpenny, baker, 21 New Street, Old Kent Road, and the Rev. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, rector of Gaphorn, near Colchester — Essex, you know."

Once in possession of the information he wanted, Mr. Silverpenny soon brought his visit to a close. At parting, he shook the friendly baker by the hand, and as soon as he was out of sight of the shop he hailed a cab, and telling the driver where he wished to go, was soon deposited at the Fenchurch Street Station. Fortune favored his plans so far, that a train for Colchester was shortly starting; and having arrived that far, and fortified himself for the two miles' walk to Gaphorn, he started for the rectory.

This time he meant to adopt another plan, he would no longer suppress his cognomen, but boldly send in his card bearing the name of Silverpenny.

"Silverpenny! and not my friend the baker."

The rector, into whose sanctum Mr.

Silverpenny had been taken, looked at him with curiosity.

Assuredly it never entered into the reverend gentleman's mind to suppose that the possessor of a fortune stood before him. Our good friend, always a little inclined to look shabby, was now in addition dusty and travel-stained, the heat, excitement, and hurry had in no ways improved him, and he had not Martha near to set out his proper linen.

In the rector's sight here was a man old and needy, and it was in a softened voice he next spoke to him.

"And so, my friend, you bear the name of Silverpenny; well, I am glad to see you, for I thought there were only two left of that name."

"And I," said Mr. Silverpenny, "feared there was but one."

"No, no," and the rector laughed cheerily; "not so badly off as that yet, each Silverpenny has two to help him—ah, isn't it so?" and he wondered into what straits the old man's necessities had reduced him.

"You speak there, sir, with authority," said Mr. Silverpenny, and then to enlighten him further, he added, "I have been to New Street, and seen the baker, who told me his story."

"Oh, ah—I see—yes—but don't rely too much on that fellow, he has too long a tongue and too good a memory, I tell him. A mere nothing the help he got from me. He owes everything to his own industry—he's a fine specimen—a very fine specimen—a credit to the name of Silverpenny."

"May I ask if you came from Blankshire?" said Mr. Silverpenny anxiously. "It is my county. I was born at Wishton there."

"No, my friend, no. We are Essex people all so far as I can tell. I was born the other side of Colchester here, the only son of my mother, and she a widow, and I myself," and he stifled a rising sigh, "am in a very similar condition, my poor wife is recently dead, and I am left with one ewe lamb, an only son."

"Master Charlie?"

"Ah, that fellow the baker spoke of him to you, did he?—the rascal, he stuffs him with cakes and sweets of all kinds, sends him a hamper to school, spoils him, you know; but he's a good boy, is Charlie, and I trust will grow up to be a good man. I pray that he may prove worthy of our name of Silverpenny, and you, my friend, must ask it for him too. The

world is full of pitfalls. Youth needs a steady helmsman."

"You must give me his proper name," said Mr. Silverpenny.

"I will, I'll write it down for you to assist your memory. Anthony Charles Silverpenny, aged thirteen, born the 1st of May. There now, you won't forget him," and he handed over the slip of paper, adding, "You have not told me yet how I can serve you."

"You're very good, but my object in coming was merely to satisfy the curiosity I had to see another man who bore the name of Silverpenny."

"In that case you must stay and see my son; he is home for a holiday—not in now, but he will be presently."

And the rector proffered an invitation that Mr. Silverpenny should remain and accept from him some hospitality, but this his visitor declined—he had to get back to the station, and he did not wish to miss the next train; so after a little more conversation as to the town he was born in, the occupations he followed—questions answered with great reticence—the two parted, the rector at his gate watching Mr. Silverpenny out of sight.

Lost in thought, some half-way on, the old man found he had missed his turning, and standing a little perplexed as to what he should do, over the hedge a boy sprung up, who Mr. Silverpenny felt at once must be Charlie.

"I have come out of my way," he began; "could you put me in the right track for Colchester, young gentleman?"

"Yes; I've just come from there."

"Oh, what, that way, over the fields, can I go?"

"And by it you'll save a quarter of an hour. I ain't in much hurry, I'll go that far with you, because if you took the wrong turn then you'd go a mile out of your way."

"I suppose you know this place well?" said Mr. Silverpenny.

"Rather, my father's rector of Gapthorn—Mr. Silverpenny."

"Silverpenny!"

"Yes, a very uncommon name ours is; some of our fellows laugh at me for it; but I think it's a capital name, don't you?"

"Yes, I think it is."

Mr. Silverpenny said this so slowly that Master Charlie was induced to look at him more observantly. "You're tired, ain't you?" he said. "Have you walked far?"

"Pretty well for an old man like me; I'm not so young, you see, as you are."

"No," said Charlie, and then he added rather irrelevantly, as Mr. Silverpenny thought, "I've been to Colchester, and had some toffy and black-jack. I wish I hadn't now."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled. "I don't know about toffy and black-jack, but I fancy if I had a little more inside me I should manage to step out a little more nimbly."

"You're close by now. You've only to turn down this lane — look, there's the station, you see," and coming to a standstill, Charley eyed Mr. Silverpenny furtively, blushed furiously red, and catching hold of his hand, which he shook awkwardly, he ran as fast as he could away. Feeling something in his palm, Mr. Silverpenny looked down. Into it the boy had pressed a penny. His regret at having eaten the toffy at Colchester was because he had spent all but that of his money.

On the following day Mr. Silverpenny started on his return home; he reached his house in safety, and was welcomed back by Martha, who, sagacious woman as she was, made neither comment, nor asked a question respecting the business of his journey.

That it had not been made without some result she guessed from the arrival of Mr. Stock, the lawyer, with whom Mr. Silverpenny was closeted for several days after at various times.

Clearing the table one evening as usual, her master detained her. "Martha," he said, pouring out a glass of wine, "drink that to the health of Anthony Charles Silverpenny."

"Ah!" she held up her finger to him, "what did I say?"

"Why, what isn't true," he answered quickly — "that I should find in London scores of Silverpennys; whereas, search from end to end, there is only one."

"No matter," continued Martha stoutly; "for all you wants one's so good as twenty, and it's he, is it, whose health I'm to drink to?"

"No," answered her master stolidly, "it is not he."

Martha pushed the glass, which she had taken, away from her, "Awh!" and she crossed her arms resignedly.

Mr. Silverpenny enjoyed the momentary satisfaction of her defeat, and then in a more friendly tone he said, "Never be over-hasty in jumping at conclusions, Martha, it is a woman's failing. Wait, and you shall hear the whole story." And thereupon he related his interview with

the baker — his visit to the rector, and how he had fallen in with Charlie.

Martha listened attentively. "And 'tis he you've left your money to?" she said inquiringly. "Well! to think of his giving you a penny — have 'e got un, master? Let me have a look at un, do."

Slowly the penny was drawn from out of Mr. Silverpenny's pocket, he unfolded it from the paper he had wrapped it in, and solemnly handed it to Martha, who held it in her hand, turning it over and over again.

"Take it, master," she said, handing it back to him, "and keep it so long as ever you live — I should if I was you."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled as if he had already arrived at that decision.

"And I'm very took with that baker too," continued Martha reflectively; "*he* makes good bread, I'll warrant un too." Mr. Silverpenny did not dispel Martha's illusion by telling her that, judging by the roll he had eaten, he should pronounce the baker's bread to be heavy.

"I have not forgotten him," he said, "and I have not forgotten you, Martha."

"Oh, I ain't afraid," she said shortly; "I don't ask what you've done, or what you haven't; all I wants to know is, that the matter's settled so that your mind's at rest and you feel easy."

"Yes, quite, so far as others go."

"Well, and don't that satisfy you?"

For a moment Mr. Silverpenny did not reply. "I expect, he said reflectively, "that most of us if we had our time to go over again would act differently."

"Why, what now?" said Martha sharply.

"Nothing, Martha, nothing — only I can't remember that I ever held out a helping hand to anybody — gave away anything — did any good with my money."

"And suppose not," said Martha irately, "you ha'n't a done no evil, and if that's all you've got to lament over, you may lie down in your bed easy, and it's my opinion that you wouldn't be doing wrong in going there," and she surveyed him critically; "jaunting about and your time o' life don't overwell agree together, master."

"I think I'll take your advice," said Mr. Silverpenny, rising slowly; "and Martha, we'll turn over a new leaf, and you and I we'll try between us to do somebody a little good before we die."

"Oh, there's time enough yet to talk about dying," said Martha gruffly. "You ain't bound to do that the very minute you've made your will and settled your money."

Mr. Silverpenny smiled cheerily. She had brought him over the candle, which, lighting, he took from her. "Now," he said, "drink up your wine. Charles Anthony Silverpenny, health, wealth, and prosperity."

The next morning Mr. Silverpenny was long in coming down, and Martha, thinking it time to awaken him, tip-toed softly into his room. "Master," she called, but he did not answer — "Master," she repeated louder, drawing aside the curtain, "how sound you be sleeping," and then she bent down in terror — it was the sleep from which there is no awaking. Tranquil and calm, Mr. Silverpenny lay dead.

From The Saturday Review.
THE CORPS FUCHS.

DURING the spring and autumn vacations a German university town is almost deserted by the students who have gone home to economize, or somewhere else to amuse themselves. Quiet citizens then congregate in the beer-rooms from which they are banished at other seasons, and discuss the prosaic details of their business, where nothing less heroic than a duel could be mentioned a few weeks before; their sons pay assiduous and no longer unacceptable court to the servant girls who are out at dusk, and even venture to fill the night with their most sweet but rather unsteady voices, in a way that would bring summary vengeance upon them at any other time, while the watchman goes his rounds without any dread of a thrashing or hope of an invitation to a late supper. He walks boldly over the open places, blows his horn freely, and almost forgets the dark and cozy corners in which he has so often sought security. He is a town official, and has no right whatever over the students, except the somewhat illusory one of being permitted to ask to inspect their papers — a request which they are sure to refuse, and he is wise enough rarely to make; and so, if a party of the wilder Burschen happen to meet him on their way home from a drinking-bout, they consider it almost a point of honor either to break his horn over his back or to make him drunk and incapable. Which course they adopt depends very much on the humor of the moment and conduct of the prisoner, and the man who can most successfully avoid the one process and simulate the other is the model

watchman. Now and then, when the young men have been having an unusually good time, and the inns are closed, one of them will propose to hunt Dogberry. Then the whole town is drawn, and as the official dare not leave the streets, he is pretty certain to be caught, when strange things happen. The representative of public order may be found bound securely to a convenient tree, with the signboard of a neighboring inn, representing an ox, a bear, or a monkey, suspended above his head, while his horn is heard shrieking wildly and incoherently in secluded places during the rest of the night, or he himself may be seen tootooing fiercely, but at the same time as noiselessly as possible, through the streets whose quiet he is employed to guard, at the head of a band of students, who are "rousing the night owl in a catch that would draw three souls out of one weaver." In any case, however, he is pretty certain to have assured his tormenters that he is quite unacquainted with their names or addresses before they bid him good-bye, and it will be unlucky for him if his memory happens to be quicker on the morrow. At least, such things were in days that have not long gone by; but since 1870 great changes have been wrought for the better in the manners of students as well as in more important matters in Germany. Still, even of old, the watchman was secure during the long vacations. He then not only enjoyed the whole dignity of his office unmolested, but he knew at least two places where he could always be sure of a supper, and as much beer as he cared to drink before his duties began. *Was liebt sich, neckt sich*, says the German proverb. The student and the watchman loved each other, though the teasing was rough and mostly on one side, and even in the vacations two sets of students were kept at their post by a strict sense of duty, though not by any love of their studies. They were the representatives of the Corps and the Burschenschaften.

It would be interesting to trace the history of these student societies back to the period of the Thirty Years' War, or even the Middle Ages, but our space would not admit of this, and, for practical purposes, it is sufficient to remember that the Corps devote their undivided energies to fencing and beer-drinking, while the Burschenschaften vary these more serious studies by a good deal of political discussion. They both sprang from the old Landsmannschaften, but the establishment of the Burschenschaft in 1815 was an en-

deavor to reform these, while the Corps have retained as much as possible of their old character, and consequently the enmity between the members of the two bodies is great.

In almost every university there are several Corps, whose members are always ready to fight each other, not only on the slightest provocation, but for the mere fun of the thing; that is, in term-time; as soon as the vacation commences, all enmity is laid aside. Each of the separate bodies selects some of its members whose duty it is to remain in town, and these at once fraternize. If you ask them why they stay in so dull a place, they will tell you they are there to catch foxes.

The German schoolboy is subjected to a number of restraints which an English youth of his age would consider intolerable; as soon as he enters the university he is permitted a license such as no one else enjoys. In all minor matters he is subject to academical and not to public law, and however strict the letter of the code may seem, the spirit in which it is expounded is one of perfect lenity. A breach of the peace which would bring fine or imprisonment upon others is in his case often punished only by a gentle rebuke in choice Latin, which is apt to become humorous if there be anything in the offence to justify a smile. And public opinion is as merciful as the law. Almost any excess is thought natural, and any wild freak pardonable in a student. Unless he be guilty of meanness, or some act of extreme brutality, he may be sure that his comrades will support him, and that the outside world will not judge him harshly. He is not even expected to pay his debts, at least for the present, and what does he care for the future? It is not, therefore, strange that, as soon as his last examinations are passed, the schoolboy should be eager to enter his new paradise, and should hurry to the university at the most unexpected times.

He is the fox for whom the representatives of the Corps are lying in wait, and as soon as he appears on their hunting-ground, they are sure to be informed of it by some faithful scout. The devices they employ to entrap their prey are many and ingenious, but they resemble too closely the wiles of our old friend the recruiting sergeant to be worth narrating. The youth finds the veterans, whose prowess is attested by many a half-healed scar, the best of company. They show him the drinking-horns that are used at their banquets, and allow him to have a peep at

their duellings-words every now and then. They are tolerant of his tipsy rudeness and his morning peevishness, and delight his leisure with wild tales of riot, for much of the spirit of Falstaff and his followers still survives in the German Corps.

It might be thought that the representatives of the different societies would be inclined to dispute as to the possession of the prize they have taken so much trouble to win; but this is rarely the case. No student is allowed to enter any of the Corps who cannot show that he is in possession of what, for the university in which he is entered, is a liberal allowance; and the money qualification differs in the different bodies. In some it is very high; and, as many of these also exclude all but nobles, the society that is to be found in them is select, and much that is both true and characteristic of other Corps does not apply to them. Guided, therefore, partly by the length of his purse, and partly by other considerations, the delegates have but little difficulty in assigning their willing captive to the body for which he is best suited, and persuading him that he made the choice himself. They are all rewarded by a consciousness of their own virtue. They feel that a good deed has been done, and a soul saved from the Burschenschaft. The term begins with a Commers, in which all the Corps take part. A table is prepared for each in a brilliantly lighted and decorated room, and ample quantities of drink are provided. When the fox takes his place, in his cap of green and gold, or whatever other brilliant hues are the chosen colors of the society he is about to enter, his heart swells within him; but his enthusiasm rises to almost a devotional point when the band strikes up the "Landesvater," when his new cap, after having been spited on a sword, is replaced on his head, the weapon laid upon it, and the great drinking-horn given into his hands. The way in which this and several other student songs are sung is often really impressive, and to the novice the ceremony seems full of significance. He is really making his vows to be true to the brotherhood. But from that night a change comes over the spirit of his dream. The seniors who were lately so affable become supercilious and order him about instead of consulting his wishes. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, indeed, the position of a fox was most miserable. The older members of the Landsmannschaften had absolute power over him, and he might think himself fortunate if

they were content with merely treating him as a menial without having recourse to cruel indignities or even torture. These excesses are said to have been introduced into university life by the wandering scholars, and edict after edict was in vain promulgated against them. Now, of course, the memory of such things is only preserved in single phrases and ceremonies which have become purely formal and are dying out. The authority of the seniors is generally exercised only in a jocose way, but in spite of this it is real enough. If a novice is noisy or troublesome of an evening when the Corps have met to drink quietly together, especially when guests are present, one of the Burschen will simply say, "Fox, spin two, four, or six," as the case may be. The youth must provide himself with the given number of glasses of beer within the space of five minutes, his taskmaster inspects them to see that they are properly filled, and the spinner has then to drink them out one after another, each at a single draught, which generally quiets him at least for the time. If an astonished Englishman who is enjoying the hospitality of the Corps inquires as to the purpose of so strange a custom, he will be told that it is necessary to preserve order. And there is some truth in this. It is a standing rule among German students that a toast demands a reply; that is that, if anybody drinks a half or a whole glass to your health, you are bound to consume at least an equal quantity of liquor in compliment to him before a given time has passed. This would render it possible for the novices to turn every social meeting into a drunken orgie, if no restraint were placed upon them. They have only to unite to "explode" the president and one or two of the more serious members to attain their end. An explosion is managed thus. By pre-arrangement a number of persons each drink a glass to a single person at almost the same time, and he is then compelled to empty, it may be, ten or twelve glasses in the course of fifteen minutes. This is one of the devices of which the foxes are particularly fond, each succeeding generation of them discovers it anew, and spinning is considered the only remedy. If the inquisitive foreigner asks whether it would not be better to modify the rule than to resort to so drastic a means of blunting its edge, some Bursch will in all probability reply with the greatest seriousness that everybody is sometimes brought into a situation where it is natural or even necessary

as a matter of politeness for him to become intoxicated, and that it is therefore well to teach the young to carry their liquor soberly, an art that can only be acquired by practice. The older German students, however, are as a rule far less intemperate than is generally supposed, except when they drink out of bravado, as in a Commers which unites all the Corps. Then the hard drinkers challenge each other, and incredible quantities of beer vanish. The whole assembly is interested in the struggle, and bets are made on the event. Every voice is hushed when from one table come the words, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-third glass to you in advance," or from the other, "Mr. So-and-so, I drink my twenty-first glass in reply." To such heights as these, of course, no fox can hope to attain; but he, too, fights out his little beer tournaments, in which speed and quantity are the two elements chiefly considered. Might not the commentators of Rabelais learn something from the life of the German Corps?

We have said that it is fading away. Much that we have dwelt upon may perhaps already have become obsolete. It was by no means a noble, a refined, or a proper, but it was a jovial, way of passing the time. Some of its excesses are explained, and in-part excused, by the strictness of school life in Germany. The young colts had so long been imprisoned in narrow stables that they were inclined to kick up their heels when the door was thrown open. And the young man who joined a Corps did gain some advantages, though they were hardly adequate to the time and money they cost. If there was anything in him, he learned to be faithful to his friends, to face his enemies boldly, to behave decently to his equals, to be fair and open, and to respect his honor more than any earthly good. Watchman-hunting and spinning may seem rather a roundabout path to such an end; but it is something if it be attained at all.

From Nature.

WINTER LIFE AT SPITZBERGEN.

THE following is an extract of a report by one of the *personnel* of the Swedish Meteorological Expedition of the wintering at Spitzbergen:—

One of the deepest fjords of Spitzbergen is the Ice Fjord on the west coast. On a map of the islands it will be seen,

some fifteen miles from the mouth, to split into two smaller ones. The promontory which divides the two is Cape Thordsten. It is formed of slate rocks some two thousand feet in height, from which in some places precipices descend perpendicularly into the sea, and in others valleys slope down into the plain. The latter is furrowed by streamlets and deep ravines, while the rocks around are the breeding-places of every sea-bird of the Arctic fauna, as, for instance, the seagull, the auk, the rodge, and the *Uria grylle*. In the plain reindeers graze, and on the mountains ptarmigans and snow-sparrows breed. The plain is covered with grass, rather strongly interspersed with moss, but here are to be found many plants and flowers, such as *Polymonium pulchellum*, *Dryas orlopetula*, the white and red saxifrage, the Spitzbergen poppy, and the common buttercup.

In the plain close to the mountain the huts are situated which now bear the name of "Smith's Observatory," from the munificent equipper of the expedition. The buildings were erected here some ten years ago by the Ice Fjord Company, which was formed for the utilization for guano of the coprolite deposits found in the adjacent mountains.

On July 21, 1882, the vessels of the expedition arrived here, but it was at that period doubtful whether we should establish our station here, as the mountains around contain a large quantity of hyperite, a mineral which it was feared would affect the magnetical instruments. We found on landing a line of metals up the hill, with a gradient of 45° , a winch being fixed at the other end for its working. Here was also, still intact, the little dwelling-house on four poles, alongside which we found the material required for the building of a new house as stated in works on Spitzbergen. Near to the house is a cross raised with the following inscription: *Her hviler Stövet af 15 Mænd, som døde her i Foraaret 1873. Fred med deres Stöv.* This is the epitaph to the Norwegian fishermen who sadly perished here ten years ago.

We found by experiments that the mineral in question did not affect the magnetic instruments, and decided therefore to establish the station here. We had a hard time to get everything in readiness, as, for instance, the building of the magnetic hut and the thermometer cage, by August 15, when the observations were to begin, but on August 22 we had so far advanced that both magnetical and meteor-

ological observations could be prosecuted simultaneously.

The view from the observatory was grand. Heavy clouds generally cover the sky, driven hither and thither by strong gales; below the sea roars, with ice-floes floating on its crest, while thousands of sea-birds wheel in the air. Suddenly the clouds part, and the sun comes forth, the snow-white peaks flash in the rays, the stony ridges become purple, and down below the dark gloomy sea assumes the color of the sapphire.

On August 23 the sun set for the first time, and on October 23 it did not appear. Already, on August 31, the ground became covered with snow, but early in September, and towards the middle of October, it again thawed, and it was not until October 21 that the snow remained. The birds now began to leave, and the *Tringa maritima* were last seen on August 20. The brent geese soon departed in flocks, and flew cackling southwards out of the fjord. The last was seen on September 13. On October 14 we saw an eider, and some specimens of *Procellaria glacialis*, and on October 21 a snow-sparrow appeared at the station. From that date none of the migratory fauna was seen until the spring. Quite alone, however, we were not, as the mountain foxes soon appeared, and were not the least shy. Ptarmigans were plentiful, too, in the ravines, where they feasted on *Polygonum* seed. On October 26 we shot the first two reindeer at Sauriehook, but it was not until the spring that they came in any numbers.

Our work progressed too. We had first of all to fix the anemometer and the weatherecock on the mountain above the station, or eight hundred feet above the sea, and to connect it with the observatory by a telegraph wire, as the readings were to be made by electricity. Then there was a workroom to be constructed, and the astronomical observatory for the passage instruments to be erected. On October 3 the wire to the anemometer was ready, and the hut carried up to the top of the mountain, where it was fixed. On October 25 the astronomical observatory was finished. It was now so dark that no work could be done outdoors, and on October 23 it was necessary to light up at 3 P.M., on October 28 at 2 P.M., and on November 2 light was necessary throughout the day. The polar night had set in.

From October 23 until February 18 the sun remained below the horizon; thus for a period of one hundred and eighteen days

and nights. At first it was not quite dark at noon, but from November 11 it was a night throughout. On November 12 a thin layer of ice appeared on the Ice Fjord, which gradually increased in thickness, but it was afterwards broken up and again formed several times during the dark winter. It was only when the light came back that the ice formed in a bridge across the fjord.

Now the island was in darkness and perfectly deserted. The terrible winter storms had commenced, and it was 16° C. below freezing-point. And the snow! Snow on the mountains, snow on the plain, snow on the huts, snow covers the little windows, snow comes in through the chimney, and even the thermometer cage cannot exclude the tiny, pointed crystals which penetrate even a keyhole. In such an hour it was a delightful sensation to seek the hearth in the library!

Again I stand by the shore. The clouds have cleared away; only one enormous mass, which we never saw lifting, lies over the mountains across the fjord. The sky is clear, the ocean roars below, there is no ice; the moon is about to pass her meridian.

Slowly one long tidal wave after another comes rolling towards the shore; they gather into one tremendous wave, which, striking the lofty rocks, sends its spray a couple of hundred feet into the air. Then it recedes with a deep sigh, leaving two or three magnificent ocean algæ, each a yard long, on the shore.

When the moon is absent, it is, however, pitch dark, provided there is no aurora borealis. The aurora borealis was observed throughout the winter, when it was clear, and in every form and position.

Now a faint arc appears far down on the south horizon. Below it is a dark segment. Slowly it travels towards the zenith, increasing in intensity. It is perfectly symmetrical, and both its points almost touch the horizon, and strike east and west as the arc moves upwards. No streamers can be made out in it, and the whole forms one continuous layer of light of a strange transparent yellow color. The arc is broad; its size is three times that of the rainbow, and its edge, which is far more defined than that of the rainbow, forms a strong contrast to the dark sky of the Arctic heavens. Higher and higher the arc travels; in the whole display there is a solemn rest, and only here and there a wave of light suddenly leaps upwards. Above the snowy fields yonder it begins

again to get clearer. Still it is far from the zenith, and already another arc separates itself from the segment in the south, and by degrees others follow. All of them now travel towards the zenith, traverse the point and descend on the northern horizon, while some rapidly recede to where they originated. Seldom, however, does the aurora appear in this regular and defined form.

In the corner of the horizon lies a light cloud-mass. Its upper rim is illuminated, and from this a luminous band is quickly developed, which spreads east and west, increases in intensity, and travels towards the zenith. The color is the same as that of the arc, but the intensity is greater. In a constantly changing play the band slowly alters, but remains continuous in form and plane. Now it is interlaced into several plaits and folds, but throughout there is an undulatory motion which throws waves of light through the band in its entire stretch from right to left, or *vice versa*. Again it unfolds itself and forms into draperies and festoons, which are lost in the depths of the horizon.

On another occasion the band assumes quite a different form. It then consists not only of luminous matter, but also of solitary streamers ranged in a parallel plane, all pointing to the magnetic pole. In each of the streamers the intensity is, through the light-waves which follow in rapid succession, greatly increased, which gives the streamers the appearance of being in a constant leaping motion, while the two edges, green and red in color, move wave-like up and down, according to the play of the coursing waves of light. Often the streamers prolong themselves throughout the entire band; they stretch even as far as the magnetic pole, and then remain at rest. They are sharply defined, but fainter in light than the band itself, and do not lie close together. They are yellow in color, and appear like millions of fine threads of gold thrown across the firmament. Again a thin veil of light creeps over the starry heavens, and the golden threads of which it is woven stand clearly out from the background, while its lower *garniture* is formed of a broad, intense, yellow-white border with a thousand filaments in a slow but constant motion.

Again it appears in a third form. Throughout the day bands of every form and grade of intensity have been drifting over the sky. It is eight o'clock in the evening, the hour when the aurora borealis reaches its greatest intensity. At the

present moment only a few groups of streamers stand in the firmament, while down in the south, just above the horizon, lies a faint band which is hardly noticed. But suddenly it begins to move upwards with great rapidity, spreads its folds out east and west, the light-waves begin to leap in it, and long, solitary pillars shoot towards the zenith. At this moment there comes life into the sky. From every quarter of the firmament streamers come rushing with the speed of lightning towards the zenith. The little, fiery tongues whirl round, or sway to and fro, appearing as though they were Cupids in golden mantles with borders of purple. They dart and leap in vain to reach the zenith; they begin to move wave-like, slower and slower; they seem to get tired, still they whirl on towards the north, when suddenly they lose in intensity, and, in a fraction of a second, vanish!

It is again dark and cold; a thin veil of light again begins to form over the star-covered sky. This is as the aurora appears in its grandest form, and any description of it would fail to give even an idea approaching its real majesty and even grandeur.

In addition to the meteorological and magnetic observations, those of the aurora borealis were also made during the polar night by means of the well-known theodolite, and from October the electricity of the air was also examined. On the two agreed dates, the 1st and 15th of every month, the magnets and the aurora were examined and registered every fifth minute, and during one hour, every twentieth second. Besides these observations, meteors and shooting stars were watched and carefully noted, attempts made to measure the quantity of the snow, measurements of the aurora borealis effected, along with astronomical determinations of hour and place, absolute magnetic measurements, simultaneous observations every twentieth second of the magnets, the aurora, and the electrometer, and researches on the moisture of the air, and the nightly radiation, while the temperature of the snow was examined at various depths.

Already in October the remarkable depressing influence which darkness exercises on the human mind, with which every one who has wintered in the Arctic regions is familiar, began to be manifest. In that month it was, however, felt only slightly, but with November it rapidly increased, and at the end of December it had reached "the first stage of insanity."

This influence caused a remarkable dislike to conversation, accompanied by great lassitude. When lying down, phantoms of the scurvy crept over one's mind, and the thought uppermost was that here, next to us, the bodies of fifteen brave men were found in a horrible condition ten years ago. The best cure for this was, we found, an exhausting walk, a good dinner, and a few glasses of lime-juice accompanied with the cheering thought that our expedition formed one of the moments in the great work of the human race.

The moonlight during midwinter was very remarkable, and imparted in the day a transparency to the air which we had never seen before. The greatest mountains did not oppress the eye, but seemed to assume a lightness which made them appear as if they were floating on the dark background.

On February 19 the sun was to reappear, but already on January 23 it was so light that we could read fine print out of doors, and on February 8 we could, at 11 A. M., read the thermometers in the cage without a lantern. On February 19 the sun came at last. During these days the scenery was magnificent. On the light sky clouds of every shape floated, colored in the loveliest tints by the sun's rays, while over the whole was cast a hue of purple and gold.

In the beginning after the sun's return, auroræ were still seen in the night, but on March 25 we saw the last of this phenomenon. Eventually on April 19 the sun became circumpolar, and from that date we had perfect daylight.

We often noticed during the spring a thick, cold haze lying over the landscape, in which mock suns and some other optical phenomena were frequently seen, caused by the reflection of the sun's rays in the ice-crystals.

The fjord was in the light period entirely covered with ice, and, as the sun reappeared, even the open leads which could be seen between the ice-floes became covered with thin ice. Only far out on the horizon above the fjord a "water cloud," bespeaking open water, could be seen, and the increase or decrease of this we watched with great interest.

The migratory birds now began to arrive, and the *Procellaria glacialis* was already seen on February 7. On April 13 the first snow-sparrow came, soon after followed by the auks, the rodges, and the seagulls. The ptarmigans, which had lived in flocks during the winter, now be-

gan to separate, and preferred the mountains to the plains.

The observations were steadily continued, and the particular object of the researches of the meteorologist at this period was the radiation from the snow's surface. We thus believe we have discovered that the thermometers in the cage did not give the true temperature of the air, which was to be tested by means of a "swing" thermometer, *i.e.*, a thermometer fastened to a cord, and then swung rapidly round, as such a thermometer will give the air's exact temperature as near as possible. Under these observations, which were made every hour, it, however, often happened that the cord broke, and the instrument suffered injury. In order to avoid this a mechanism was constructed, driven by hand, which kept the thermometer in a constant rotary motion, and from May 4 until the end of the month, when the thaw set in, this thermometer was read every hour. Another subject also investigated, from February 15, was the temperature of the snow on the surface and at three different depths.

During the light period three hydrographic-magnetic excursions of research were made on the ice in the Ice Fjord, *viz.*, on April 19, April 24, and May 24. The longest of these, the one on May 24, extended six miles from the shore, and it was very difficult work to drag the sleigh over the rough ice. The results of the same were several absolute magnetic measurements, observations of the temperature of the sea at various depths, and testings of the saltiness of the water. The greatest depth found was two hundred and fifty metres.

At the same time, while the snow still remained on the ground, several topographical works were effected. A base some six hundred metres long was measured between the universal instrument and a pole south of the same, while two signal posts were erected on two crests south-west and north-east of the station, and three miles apart. Afterwards the greater base was determined by means of triangular measurements from the smaller, in order to serve as a basis for further work. In addition to this there was built, on the sun's return, an astronomical observatory for the universal instrument, which was finished on February 14, and finally a magnetic hut was built for the Wrede's variation instrument, finished on May 19.

There was, during the dark period, one question which was much discussed, and

which we were anxious to test, *viz.*, whether the polar night has the effect of turning the complexion white. On January 23, therefore, when it was light enough to see out of doors, we assembled in the open to examine our faces, and the consensus of opinion was that the darkness had not affected the skin in the least.

In the end of May the thaw set in in earnest, and soon mosses and shrubs came forth. In the beginning of June the fjord was still covered with ice, but by the 11th it commenced to open towards the sea, and by the 21st it began to break up and drift. On July 4 the fjord was free from ice.

The fauna now began to appear: thus already on June 2 the red blossoms of *Saxifraga oppositifolia* came out from the snow; on June 11 *Salix polaris* was in bloom, as well as *Draba wahlenbergii*, and soon the plains were covered with flowers.

At that time some exceedingly interesting experiments in horticulture were commenced. A small garden was first formed by breaking up the layer of turf on the surface, to enable the sun to thaw the frozen earth underneath, and in this manner sufficient mould was obtained to lay out proper beds. In these were then planted seeds, among others radishes brought from Sweden, while several species of the Spitzbergen fauna were planted here. Both flourished remarkably, as did also the rye and oats which we planted here. The latter grew well, although slowly, and were, at the end of July, six to eight centimetres long. Their growth was measured every fifth day, while studies of the sun's chemical influence on the same were simultaneously prosecuted.

The migratory birds continued to arrive: thus on June 2 the brent geese put in their appearance, and in great flocks took possession of the innumerable lagoons. They were, however, very shy, and comparatively few were shot. Of wild reindeer several were shot, and one polar bear was seen, but escaped.

At last on June 26, at 4 P.M., the first reminder of the outside world appeared in the shape of a fishing-smack, but, although every effort was made to attract attention, she passed northwards. On July 8 an expedition was despatched to Cape Staratschin, the "general post-office" of Spitzbergen, which brought back news, letters, and the literature of the civilized world for a whole twelvemonth, the period of our isolation.

Shortly afterwards we had several calls

of Norwegian hunters, among whom may be mentioned the well-known Capt. Kjeldsen, of the "Isbjörnen," who participated in the Payer-Weyprecht expedition of 1872, and in the Austrian to Jan-Mayen, 1882-83. He made the remarkable report that he had found the sea at the Norse Islands early in July this summer entirely free from ice, not even seeing the iceblink," *i.e.*, the light reflected from new ice formed out of sight. This was in the exact spot where the Swedish expedition was compelled to return on account of enormous pack-ice, at the same period in 1882. He was of the opinion that a steamer would have been able to penetrate very far north of the Seven Islands this summer.

In the middle of August the relief boat "Urd" arrived, and, after having cleared the houses, and nailed up the windows and doors, we went on board, and steamed out of the Ice Fjord on August 25, having for a period of exactly four hundred days contributed our quota to International Polar research.

From Chambers' Journal.

HOUSES WITH SECRET CHAMBERS.

IN Clarke's "History of Ipswich" (1830) there is an interesting account of Sparrow's House, built in the year 1567, in which the following facts are stated: "There is an apartment in the roof of the back part of the house, the entrance to which was ingeniously hidden by a sliding panel. It has only one small window, and that cannot be seen from any other part of the premises. It had been fitted up as a private chapel or oratory; and there is a tradition that Charles II. was secreted in this room some time after the battle of Worcester." At Melford Hall, too, in Suffolk, there is a curious hiding-place in the thickness of the walls and chimney, approached only through a trap panel. Referring, however, to the concealment of Charles II., we must not omit to mention Boscobel House, which afforded him such a safe retreat. This old building has two actual hiding-places, and there are indications which point to the former existence of a third. The secret place, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, in which the king was hidden is situated in the squire's bedroom. There was formerly a sliding panel in the wainscot, near the fireplace, which, when opened, gave access to a closet, the false door of which

still admits of a person taking up his position in this secret nook. In days gone by it had a communication with the garden; but this is now blocked up. The wainscoting, too, which concealed the movable panel in the bedroom was originally covered with tapestry, with which the room was hung. The other chamber is at the top of the house in a kind of loft, access to which is through a trap-door, wherein, tradition says, recusants and priests were occasionally secreted. Again, an important instance of these secret chambers is that existing at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex, which, it may be remembered, was in years gone by a summer residence belonging to the abbey of Barking. It came with the estate into possession of the family of Petre in the reign of Henry VIII., and continued to be occupied as their family seat until the latter half of the last century. The hiding-place, which is fourteen feet long, two feet broad, and ten feet high, was discovered in the south-east corner of a small room attached to what was probably the host's bedroom. Underneath the floor-boards a hole or trap-door about two feet square was found, with a twelve-step ladder to descend into the room below, the floor of which was composed of nine inches of dry sand. This, on being examined, brought to light a few bones, which, it has been suggested, are the remains of food supplied to some unfortunate occupant during confinement. The existence of this retreat, it is said, must have been familiar to the heads of the family for several generations; evidence of this circumstance being afforded by a packing-case which was found in the secret chamber, and upon which was the following direction: "For the Right Honble the Lady Petre, at Ingatestone Hall, in Essex." The wood, also, was in a decayed state, and the writing in an antiquated style, which is only what might be expected, considering that the Petre family left Ingatestone Hall between the years 1770 and 1780. Then there is Hendlip House, situated about four miles from Worcester, which was long famous for the ingenuity with which its secret hiding-places had been contrived. It is said to have been built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth by John Abingdon, the queen's cofferer, a zealous partisan of Mary, Queen of Scots. It is believed, says a writer in "The Beauties of England," that the person who designed the arrangements of this mansion was Thomas Abingdon, the son of the builder. Hence the result of his labors was that there was

scarcely a room for which there was not provided a secret way of going in and out. Some, for instance, we are informed, had places of retreat in their chimneys; others had staircases concealed in the walls; and in short there was not a nook or corner that was not turned to some advantage. The house, too, as a contributor to the "Book of Days" has observed, owing to its elevated position, was highly valuable for the purposes for which it was designed, since "it afforded the means of keeping a watchful lookout for the approach of the emissaries of the law, or of persons by whom it might have been dangerous for any skulking priest to be seen, supposing his reverence to have gone forth for an hour to take the air." In an historical point of view, its memory will always be preserved, because it was here that Father Garnet was concealed for several weeks in the winter of 1605-6, but who eventually paid the penalty of his guilty knowledge of the Gunpowder Plot. Among other houses of this kind in the neighborhood of Worcester may be mentioned Harington Hall, near Chaddesley-Corbett, which dates back as far as the time of Henry VIII. One of its hiding-places, we are told by a correspondent of *Notes and Queries*, "can only be entered by lifting one of the wooden stairs, and is a very gloomy recess. The house is moated round; and Lady Mary Yate, who is said, as lady of the manor, to have resided here for sixty-five years, successfully defended the building against the attack of a Kidderminster mob who had come to pillage it in the time of James II." There is, too, the interesting half-timber house of Harborough Hall, midway between Hegley and Kidderminster. Milner, in his "Letters to a Prebendary," after telling us that "on two occasions the king (Charles) owed his life to the care and ingenuity of priests, who concealed him in the hiding-hole provided for their own safety," adds in a foot-note: "The above-mentioned hiding-hole is still to be seen at the present Mr. Whitegrave's house, at Moseley, near Wolverhampton; as is also the priest's hiding-hole — which concealed the king, whilst he did not sit in the oak-tree — at White Ladies, about ten miles from that town." Again, in the manor-house, Trent, near Sherborne, is a secret chamber, entered from one of the upper rooms through a sliding panel in the oak wainscoting, in which, tradition tells us, Charles II. lay concealed for a fortnight on his escape to the coast after the battle of Worcester. Cap-

tain Duthy, in his "Sketches of Hampshire," writing of the old mansion of Woodcote, says that "behind a stack of chimneys, accessible only by removing the floor-boards, was an apartment which contained a concealed closet." Treago, in the neighborhood of Monmouth, is said to be a good specimen, containing a sleeping-place and a reading-desk; the chamber being lighted by a shot-hole in the wall. These secret chambers were not uncommon in old Lancashire houses. Thus, at Widness, near Warrington, there is a picturesque Tudor mansion with one of these hiding-places. Some years ago, too, in some fields adjoining this residence were discovered various relics, and amongst them arms, coins, tobacco-pipes, etc., which it has been suggested indicate encampments of Roundhead, and probably afterwards of Dutch, soldiers. At Mains Hall, in the parish of Kirkham, a secret room was accidentally discovered by some workmen behind a stack of chimneys; and another one in an old house in Goosnargh, called Ashes, which has two small cavities in its centre wall, which is about four feet thick. Lydvate Hall, also, as well as Speke Hall, both in Lancashire, had secret chambers, a full description of which is given by Mr. Gibson in his interesting little volume entitled "Lydvate Hall and its Associations." To these we may also add Borwick Hall, and Stonyhurst, the seat of the Sherbournes. Amongst the houses of this class in Lincolnshire may be noticed Upton Hall, where there is a secret chamber most cleverly contrived. It is about eight feet long, five feet broad, and just high enough to allow a person to stand upright. The opening was accidentally ascertained by removing a beam behind a single step between two servants' bedrooms. Lipscomb, in his "History of Buckinghamshire," refers to Dinton Hall, near Aylesbury, the seat of Judge Mayne, one of the regicides, to whom it is reported to have given shelter at the time of the Restoration. The secret room was built at the top of the house, under the beams of the roof, and was reached by a narrow passage lined with cloth. Ufton Hall, near Reading, and Minster-Lovell, Oxfordshire, have both obtained a notoriety as being possessed of these curious secret contrivances, having in consequence at different times attracted considerable notice. Referring to instances in the north of England, may be noticed Netherhall, near Maryport, Cumberland, the seat of the old family of Senhouse. In this mansion

there is reported to be a veritable secret chamber, its exact position in the house being known but to two persons—the heir-at-law and the family solicitor. It is affirmed that never has the secret of this hidden room been revealed to more than two living persons at a time. It has no window, and has hitherto defied the ingenuity of every visitor staying in the house, in spite of all endeavors made to discover it. This Netherhall tradition is very similar to the celebrated one connected with Glamis, only in the latter case the secret chamber possesses a window, which, nevertheless, has not led to the identification of Northumberland,” has given a full account of a secret room at Nether-Witton in Northumberland, formerly the seat of of the room. Hodgson, in his “History the Thorntons, and now of their lineal descendant, Roger Thornton Trevelyan. The two secret chambers of Danby Hall in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, deserve notice. One of these was discovered between the hall fireplace and the west wall of the house, and when entered, was found to contain arms and saddlery for a troop of forty or fifty horse. It is generally supposed that these weapons had been hidden away in readiness for the Jacobite rising of 1715 or 1745. The other chamber was situated in the upper story of the old tower, access to which was gained by a narrow staircase in the thickness of the wall; having, it is commonly thought, been used as a chapel. There are, too, the Abbey House, Whitby, the seaside residence of Sir Charles Strickland, and Kirby-Knowle Castle, near Thirsk. Another remarkable instance, also, is Oxburgh Hall, in the county of Norfolk, which no doubt in days of old was extensively used as a place of concealment. Evelyn, in his “Diary,” under August 23, 1678, speaks of Ham House at Weybridge, in Surrey, belonging to the Duke of Norfolk, as having some of these secret hiding-places, and says: “My lord, leading me about the house, made no scruple of showing me all the hiding-places for popish priests, and where they said mass: for he was no bigoted papist.” Again Paxhill, near Lindfield, in Sussex, is worthy of notice. It is reported to have been built by Dr. Andrew Borde, physician and jester to Henry VIII., and the original “Merry Andrew.” In the ceiling of the ground-floor, we are told, is a large chamber, surrounded by a stone bench, which is entered by a trap-door in the floor above; and behind the shutters of the window in one of the upper rooms is a door, opening into a

recess in the wall capable of containing several persons standing upright side by side. Slindon House, between Arundel and Chichester, a seat of the present Leslie of Balquhain, is one of the most famous residences with secret chambers in this part of the country, and has long been looked on with much interest. There is, too, a secret room at Moyles Court, the house held by the unfortunate Lady Lisle, who, it may be remembered, died on the scaffold at Winchester, on the charge of concealing fugitives after the battle of Sedgemoor. Nor must we omit to mention Carew Castle, about six miles from Tenby, in which there is a secret hiding-place and passage constructed between the outer and inner walls of the dining-halls. It was built about the time of Henry I., and is described at some length in Fenton’s “Historical Tour through Pembroke-shire.” Of other instances in the west of England, Bochym Castle may be noticed, a curious old house in the district between Helston and the Lizard.

From Iron.

DEEP-SEA LIGHTHOUSES.

THE paper read by Mr. Chris Anderson, of Leeds, before the Society of Engineers on the construction of deep-sea lighthouses will, we hope, attract the attention it deserves. Mr. Anderson proposes to construct such lighthouses of hollow, riveted ironwork in the form of a large cylinder, about thirty-six feet in diameter, and two hundred and ninety feet in length, consisting of three essential parts. The upper portion, rising one hundred and forty feet out of the water, is to be similar, so far as shape, arrangement, and internal fittings are concerned, to the tower of an ordinary lighthouse. The central portion, about water-line, is to be packed with a material (such as corkwood) much lighter than water, and capable of forming a durable and unsinkable floating power. The lower portion, extending to one hundred and fifty feet below the water-line, is intended to counteract the force of wind and weather acting upon the tower, and as ballast to lower the centre of gravity of the whole structure to any desired extent. To this compartment water is admitted, and, if necessary, a quantity of iron ballast can also be employed. The lighthouse is to be erected complete in the shipbuilding yard, launched and towed out to its in-

tended site, where it will readily be made to assume its erect position by admitting water to the lower compartment. Having been properly floated and ballasted, it is to be securely attached by steel wire ropes two inches in diameter to anchor blocks weighing about two hundred tons each, sunk in suitable positions, so that in water one mile deep, each rope would be from two to three miles long. The proposed displacement is about two thousand tons, for which there would be no difficulty in providing adequate moorings. The structure is entirely dependent for its floating power upon the light material contained in the central division, and is consequently unsinkable even if damaged by collision with a ship or an iceberg. Owing to its peculiar form and arrangement, its stability is very great, so that, if forced from the perpendicular, it would instantly right itself with great power. The author has calculated that a hurricane moving with a velocity of one hundred miles per hour, equivalent to a pressure of fifty pounds per square foot, will only cause a deviation of ten degrees from the perpendicular. Against this it is to be noticed that the sag of the mooring-ropes will form a most effective spring to control any tendency to oscillation. As the whole mass of the structure is comparatively great, and the area exposed to the lifting force of waves very small indeed, it is thought the rising and falling

motion caused by passing waves will be almost inappreciable. The extreme desirability and increasing necessity for lighthouses and telegraphic stations in mid-ocean is universally admitted. The following important objects to be attained by their construction may be briefly stated: (1.) For meteorological purposes, as from a station say one thousand miles from our shores, a storm-warning from the Atlantic could be sent thirty-six hours in advance, and a yearly saving of many million pounds' worth of maritime property and of hundreds of human lives thereby effected. (2.) Shipowners could be apprised of the passage and condition of their vessels, and could forward messages to the same *en route*. (3.) To afford rendezvous for vessels in distress or shipwrecked crews. The author also proposes to employ similar lighthouses on a smaller scale for coast service. The immense saving of life and property which would result around the shores of the United Kingdom would be sufficient in one year alone to recoup their cost many times over. As we pride ourselves on being an eminently seafaring nation, it should follow that the above invention, which certainly tends towards rendering navigation safer, and communication with ships in distress easier, would receive more than ordinary support. The scheme is ingenious, and, we think, perfectly practicable.

THE EPITAPH ON THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE. — In the Jacobean age the *herse* was a stage of wood, with sable drapery, set up in the centre of the church to support the coffin during the funeral, and afterwards removed to stand over the grave in the chancel or chapel until the marble *tomb* was ready to replace it. While the *herse* was so standing, a poetic mourner might lay upon it a scroll containing appropriate verse. Such a written scroll was an *epitaph*.

In October, 1621, William Browne laid upon the *herse* of the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, then standing in Salisbury Cathedral, an epitaph — a scroll in which he had written these very lines, without stops or signature: —

Underneath this sable Herse
Lyes the subject of all verse
Sydneyes sister Pembrokes mother
Death ere thou hast slaine another
Fairst & learn'd & good as she
Tyme shall throw a Dart at thee

Marble Pyles let no man raise
To her name for after dayes
Some kind woman borne as she
Reading this like Niobe
Shall turn Marble & become
Both her Mourner and her Tombe

Collectors of such pieces wrote this, often from imperfect memory, in their books.

In 1650 William Browne wrote in a book some of his shorter poems, among them this epitaph, and signed his name thereto, eight years before any version of the epitaph appeared in print, and one hundred and six years before Peter Whalley, editing Ben Jonson's works, claimed it for that poet.

William Browne's book is in the British Museum, Lansd. MS. 777. In 1815 it was privately printed by Sir Egerton Brydges, who, however, fancifully rearranged the poems, and did not understand this epitaph.

HENRY SALUSBURY MILMAN.

Athenæum Club: Jan. 4, 1884.

Academy.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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FORBIDDEN.

OH, weary feet that on Life's stony ways
Must tread in separate paths ; while Time's
dark wings
Beat out the lagging hours of all the days,
Marking the epochs of their wandering !
Oh, lonely road ! O tired, pacing feet
That may not meet !

Oh, longing hands that may not, must not,
clasp
Those other loved ones in this world's wide
night ;
Oh, parted hands that may not, must not,
grasp
Those other hands with yearnings infinite !
Oh, starving lips, whose hunger is but this —
They may not kiss.

Oh, aching eyes that shine so far apart,
Love-haunted eyes that may not, must not,
tell
The secret of the passion-laden heart,
The whispered secret that they know so
well !
Oh, hopeless love, that hope of death survives
In such cleft lives !

Oh, souls that never while the world rolls on
Shall mingle in a speechless ecstasy !
Oh, love that lives on hours long dead and
gone —
Bound love that strives so vainly to be free !
Oh, joy of life that cometh all too late !
Oh, cruel fate !
All The Year Round.

WIND-VOICES.

PILE high the logs, and draw the curtains
round,
I will not heed — what matter that the wind
Howls round the house, and shakes the window-
blind ?
I know 'tis nothing save the wintry sound,
That speaks of autumn's death ;
Beneath its angry breath
The leaves lie slain upon the trodden ground.

Suppose we cannot keep it out ? — suppose
Those are real voices in that angry roar
That surges round the house ? Suppose, once
more,
The dead thus speak the words ; the calm re-
pose
Of just-relinquished life,
Of rest from just-fought strife,
Had silenced, and 'twas thus the dead arose ?

Ghosts ! ghosts ! — Oh, wailing wintry wind, be
still !
Yet pity seizes me. I see again
Those whom I loved. Once more the an-
guished pain

Strikes to my soul, and tears mine eyelids fill.
Why should we shrink with fear,
E'en though the dead are near ?
Ah me ! how shrieks the wind — wild, wild
'and shrill !

Ghosts are abroad on the uncanny night,
I cannot shut them out, e'en if I would.
Perchance they have a message, dear and good,
Radiant, I pray, from Heaven's own crystal
light
Come in awhile to me,
Be as you used to be,
And make mine empty house-place filled and
bright.

Oh, wild triumphant scream ! There are no
ghosts,
Save of the wicked, in the angry cries
That rend my heart, and fill my tired eyes,
Those whom I loved join not these vagrant
hosts,
But lie too fast asleep,
In slumber dead and deep,
To walk abroad, screaming such empty boasts.

God ! Silence me the storm, and let me rest,
Just where my loved ones sleep — out in the
wind
That is so full of sorrow, deaf and blind.
They hear and see me not ; in death's dark
breast
A fearsome problem lies,
Nor earth, nor sea, nor skies,
Know as he knows, that He, not life, is rest.
All The Year Round.

THE DEW-FALL.

I HEARD the word of the Dew-fall
As it gathered itself to a pearl,
And lay on the leaf of the Lily,
Like a tear on the cheek of a girl.
"Cold, cold, O Lily,"
The Dewdrop said to the leaf ;
"Thy leaf, O Lily, is cold and chilly,
And pale as a wordless grief."

There arose a breeze at the nightfall,
And blew the rushes apart ;
The Lily shook, and the Dewdrop
Slept inward, and lay at her heart.
"Cold, cold, O Lily,"
Said the Dewdrop unto the flower ;
"Thy heart, O Lily, is cold and chilly,
And dark as a wintry shower."

And the night went by with its starlight,
And the sun came up in its might ;
And the Dewdrop arose from the Lily,
And melted to mist in his light.
"Cold, cold, was the Lily,"
Said the Dew with a sigh of desire ;
"At the daylight's close I will sleep with
the Rose,
For the Rose has a heart of fire."
Academy. F. W. HOME.

From The Edinburgh Review.
THE LITERARY LIFE OF ANTHONY
TROLLOPE.*

SINCE Jean-Jacques Rousseau wrote his "Confessions" there have been few more interesting self-revelations than the autobiography of Anthony Trollope. It is true that the interest of these revelations is chiefly literary; but they are none the less personal on that account, for Trollope was pre-eminently a literary man. And in these reading days, all the world that makes any pretence to cultivation is more or less interested in literature. Novels in especial have become one of the necessities of existence; and the supply, excessive as it is, seems scarcely to outrun the demand. The public, when it cannot procure what is good or tolerable, is content to put up with what is bad; but novel-readers should be grateful to a workman like Trollope, who was at once capable, indefatigable, and conscientious. Trollope did much to amuse them in his time, and true to his vocation, anticipating the close of his career, he has left us a curious and valuable legacy. He has told his readers and his critics how his work was done; and in the story of his struggles and his tardy success there is more of the realism of romance than in any of his fictions, although he was always among the most realistic of novelists. The story is full of interest and suggestion to those who know anything of the recent history of what has been almost a revolution in the literary profession. For Trollope was necessarily much behind the scenes, and in his industrious versatility he was more than a novelist. He contributed to journals more or less successfully; he tried his hand at the legitimate drama and — failed; he wrote books of travel with social and political observations, and this autobiography; he had relations in business with a variety of publishers, subsequently being on the direction of a publishing associa-

tion himself; he contributed to not a few of our leading periodicals; and at one time he personally edited a magazine. He even launched out in the classics, and condensed the "Life of Cæsar;" on which occasion a well-known queen's counsel and writer paid him the stinging compliment of thanking him warmly for his "comic history." In fact, with a large measure of success, he had a fair share of failures and disappointments; so that no man could speak with more authority on the subject that had almost engrossed his mind.

Lately we have heard from men who ought to know of the possibility of regarding literature as one of the open professions. It is naturally assumed that no man need take to it who could not hope to make his mark at the bar or in medicine. In other words, a writer is bound to have some moderate amount of brains; but with brains he needs no other special qualification save industry. He may dispense with fancy, he may hope to acquire style, and all the rest will come with routine and from habit. As a novelist he may not turn out a Dickens or a Thackeray, but at least he may earn a decent livelihood. This has always struck us as a most pernicious doctrine; dangerous to those it may delude, and mischievous to their miserable victims. A writer *nascitur, non fit*, and looking at things disinterestedly from his own selfish point of view, when he tries and fails the penalty is terrible. If he is to make the most of his time and a reasonable income, he need have a variety of gifts, which may not be of the highest order, but which in combination are practically indispensable. He may even possess the qualities that should command success, and nevertheless have to yield to adverse circumstances, which is a contingency that is always worth consideration, though after calculating the odds he may still resolve to persevere. But to aspirants after fame and a pecuniary independence we strongly recommend the study of this autobiography. It is true that nothing can be more seductive than Trollope's picture of a successful author, sketched in the glad assurance of his permanent success. But the aspirant

* 1. *An Autobiography*. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. 2 vols. Edinburgh: 1883.

2. *The Works of Samuel Richardson*. With a prefatory chapter of Biographical Criticism by LESLIE STEPHEN. 10 vols. 8vo. London: 1883.

3. *New Edition of the Complete Works of W. M. Thackeray*. 10 vols. 8vo. London: 1883.

should remember that the glowing colors are due as much as anything else to the flush of a hard-won victory — to a sense of relief from the anxiety and pressure that would have shattered a weaker frame and broken a feebler purpose. Trollope, physically and morally, was a remarkably strong man; yet even his strength had been strained almost beyond endurance, although, as we shall explain afterwards, he had singularly bad luck in the earlier years of his life. This is what he says of the successful literary man: —

There is, perhaps, no career of life so charming as that of a successful man of letters. Those little unthought-of advantages which I just now named are in themselves attractive. If you like the town, live in the town, and do your work there; if you like the country, choose the country. It may be done on the top of a mountain or in the bottom of a pit. It is compatible with the rolling of the sea and the motion of a railway. The clergyman, the lawyer, the doctor, the member of Parliament, the clerk in a public office, the tradesman, and even his assistant in the shop, must dress in accordance with certain fixed laws; but the author need sacrifice to no grace, hardly even to Propriety. He is subject to no bonds such as those which bind other men. Who else is free from all shackle as to hours? The judge must sit at ten, and the attorney-general, who is making his 20,000*l.* a year, must be there with his bag. The Prime Minister must be in his place on that weary front bench shortly after prayers, and must sit there, either asleep or awake, even though — or — should be addressing the House. During all that Sunday which he maintains should be a day of rest, the active clergyman toils like a galley-slave. The actor, when eight o'clock comes, is bound to his footlights. The Civil Service clerk must sit there from ten till four, — unless his office be fashionable, when twelve to six is just as heavy on him. The author may do his work at five in the morning when he is fresh from his bed, or at three in the morning before he goes there. And the author wants no capital, and encounters no risks. When once he is afloat, the publisher finds all that; and indeed, unless he be rash, finds it whether he be afloat or not. But it is in the consideration which he enjoys that the successful author finds his richest reward. He is, if not of equal rank, yet of equal standing with the highest; and if he be open to the amenities of society, may choose his own circles. He,

without money, can enter doors which are closed against all but him and the wealthy.

This is a glowing picture of an enviable lot, and no doubt it is true in the main; indeed, in some respects, it is undercolored. The man with talent, with a literary name, and social recommendations may make his way through doors which mere wealth can never hope to open. But the aspirant of ordinary intelligence ought to reckon with all those difficulties of the way that must be overcome before he arrives at the eminence which is only to be reached by the few. And Trollope adds words of grave warning which are not to be lightly overlooked. In fact, like most fortunate men, he lays himself out to be consciously disheartening, and so seeks to relieve himself of responsibility. The novice is told that no one can advise him but himself, and that the chances are all in favor of his being self-deluded. He has hopes and ambitions without experience. As Scott said that literature was good as a staff but not as a crutch, so Trollope says, "If it be necessary for you to live by your work, do not begin by trusting to literature." And he goes on:

The career, when success has been achieved, is certainly very pleasant; but the agonies which are endured in the search for that success are often terrible. And the author's poverty is, I think, harder to be borne than any other poverty. The man, whether rightly or wrongly, feels that the world is using him with extreme injustice. The more absolutely he fails, the higher, it is probable, he will reckon his own merits; and the keener will be the sense of injury in that he whose work is of so high a nature cannot get bread, while they whose tasks are mean are lapped in luxury. "I, with my well-filled mind, with my clear intellect, with all my gifts, cannot earn a poor crown a day, while that fool, who simpers in a little room behind a shop, makes his thousands every year." The very charity, to which he too often is driven, is bitterer to him than to others. While he takes it he almost spurns the hand that gives it to him, and every fibre of his heart within him is bleeding with a sense of injury.

The career, when successful, is pleasant enough certainly; but when unsuccessful, it is of all careers the most agonizing.

This confession leads us on to the history

of Trollope's own career, from which he has drawn the lessons of a chequered experience. And here we repeat what we have hinted already, that his early experiences strike us as altogether phenomenal. That is a proof the more of the glorious uncertainties of the literary profession. But those first novels of Trollope's which were altogether pecuniary failures, which found little favor with publishers, and less with the unprejudiced public, were really of no ordinary merit. There may be faults in the construction and the style, as was but natural. In "The MacDermotts" there was a touch of coarseness, not to say vulgarity, which Trollope may have inherited from his mother. Notwithstanding which, they had the root of the matter in them. They were bright in spite of the melancholy subjects, true to life, and sufficiently interesting. And, judging them dispassionately, we have no hesitation in saying that "The MacDermotts" and "The Kellys" are unquestionably superior to such works as "Castle Richmond," or "Miss Mackenzie," which were written in the fulness of the author's fame. Our argument is that he was one of the rare writers of fiction who are apparently born and bound to succeed, and yet, had it not been for the determination of his character, he would certainly have renounced his efforts in despair. "It's dogged does it," was the piece of advice addressed by the old Hoggstock bricklayer to that sorely tried clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Crawley; and Crawley, Christian as he was, lays the practical piece of teaching to heart. "It's dogged does it" was the spirit in which Trollope endured through his own early sorrows and troubles, and "It's dogged does it" might have been taken as his literary motto when he met with rebuff after rebuff, as he danced attendance on the publishers. To be sure, when doggedness had done it, everything changed as by enchantment; publishers and proprietors of serials courted him; for a dozen industrious years he commanded extraordinary prices, earning a regular income of 4,500*l.*, and being urged, indeed, to an excessive fertility, for which his conscience seems sometimes to have reproached him. When

fame and prosperity came at last, he enjoyed them all the more that they had so long eluded him; so that he could write in grateful satisfaction and with an honest absence of affectation, "Since that time" (the time when he received an appointment in Ireland) "who has had a happier life than mine? Looking round upon all these, I cannot put my hand upon one!"

Trollope, although he was one of the most practical of men, had an extraordinary latent capacity for identifying himself with the romantic and sentimental. It was to that very rare combination he was indebted for his ultimate triumphs. Never was any writer of novels more methodical in his habits. Few men who have given free reins to the imagination have looked more closely to pounds, shillings, and pence. On one occasion, for example, he dealt very strictly with an editor, who, having pressed him for a *sérial* tale for his periodical, subsequently felt constrained to refuse it. Dr. Norman Macleod accompanied the refusal of "Rachel Ray" with a confession that he had been in the wrong, and an offer to pay the pecuniary penalty. Trollope felt naturally aggrieved, but accepted the offer and exacted the penalty; in which he was undoubtedly within his rights, though we venture to say that many less generous men would have acted differently. But, with all that punctilious hardness in dealing which he may have learned perhaps from the Shylocks who had been in the habit of persecuting him, he had one of the most profitable faculties that nature can bestow upon a novelist. He could idealize by sheer strength of the imagination, so that the phantoms evoked by his fancy should take shape and substance, till they seemed to have been actually stereotyped from the life. As that is a gift which is bestowed upon very few, and as we are taking his career as a text which may be applied either as an invaluable example or a warning, we shall refer to those suggestive passages in the "Autobiography" which tell of the conception of the stories which decided his success. He had written "The MacDermotts," "The Kellys," and "La Vendée;" the publishers had been far more frank than

flattering in their judgments, which were confirmed by a public that declined to buy the books, when in one of his official postal tours in western England he chanced to pay a visit to Salisbury.

Whilst wandering there one midsummer, coming round the purlieus of the cathedral, I conceived the story of "The Warden," from whence came that series of novels of which Barchester, with its bishops, deans, and archdeacon, was the central site. I may as well declare at once that no one, at their commencement, could have had less reason than myself to presume himself to be able to write about clergymen. I have been often asked in what period of my early life I had lived so long in a cathedral city as to have become intimate with the ways of a Close. I never lived in any cathedral city except London, never knew anything of any Close, and at that time had enjoyed no peculiar intimacy with any clergyman. My archdeacon, who has been said to be lifelike, and for whom I confess that I have all a parent's fond affection, was, I think, the simple result of an effort of my moral consciousness. It was such as that, in my opinion, that an archdeacon should be, — or, at any rate, would be with such advantages as an archdeacon might have; and lo! an archdeacon was produced who has been declared by competent authorities to be a real archdeacon down to the very ground. And yet, as far as I can remember, I had not then even spoken to an archdeacon. I have felt the compliment to be very great.

Well might he say so. The statement is so extraordinary, that to those who did not know him it would seem incredible, were it not substantiated by facts. That power of crystallizing characters in the brain, so that imagination shall do the work of knowledge and observation, is really one of the inexplicable developments of the higher genius. It may come in a flash of inspiration to some brilliant amateur, and has lighted up and redeemed the dulness of many an inferior and slovenly written novel. But Trollope cultivated it with his inherent tenacity of purpose, till the labor became a habit and a pleasure, and till the characters his fancy had created were the favorite companions of his solitude. Critics have reproached him with vanity and affectation in clinging to studies of the same people through a succession of novels. It was no affectation; it was sincere affection for his literary offspring. He had gone to work with them in the true spirit of a novelist, and happily for him, his nature being sympathetic, they had met him more than half-way. They clung to him as he had clung to them; and yet, thanks to his healthy mental constitution — or, as

we might say, to the prosaic side of it — they never haunted him. They never cost him sleepless nights, and consequently idle and feverish days, as David Copperfield and others of his familiars did with Dickens. But they lived with him, day after day, and year after year; though he had the knack of taking leave of them when he liked, and turning his mind to other occupations or recreations. Asserting that his best work had generally been done quickly at some quiet spot in the mountains, he goes on to say: —

And I am sure that the work so done has had in it the best truth and the highest spirit that I have been able to produce. At such times I have been able to imbue myself thoroughly with the characters I have had in hand. I have wandered alone among the rocks and woods, crying at their grief, laughing at their absurdities, and thoroughly enjoying their joy. I have been impregnated with my own creations till it has been my only excitement to sit with the pen in my hand, and drive my team before me at as quick a pace as I could make them travel.

By no amount of description or asseveration could I succeed in making any reader understand how much these characters [Plantagenet Palliser and Lady Glencora], with their belongings, have been to me in my latter life; or how frequently I have used them for the expression of my political or social convictions. They have been as real to me as free trade was to Mr. Cobden, or the dominion of a party to Mr. Disraeli; and as I have not been able to speak from the benches of the House of Commons, or to thunder from platforms, or to be efficacious as a lecturer, they have served me as safety-valves by which to deliver my soul.

That, no doubt, is the true spirit in which to elaborate character and write fiction sympathetically; and it makes us understand how loth he was to part from his creations, so that it was in a regretful sense of personal bereavement that he resigned himself to kill Mrs. Proudie, after overhearing a chance conversation in the Athenæum Club. That is the spirit in which to succeed in fiction; but it implies a talent amounting to genius, a nearness of interest, and a power of application which can only be given to very few. Yet, even with the possession of so unusual a union of qualities, Trollope came very near to failure; had it not been for his resolution, and for his hunger after work, there can be no doubt that the world of novel-readers would have hardly heard of him. But what is of more practical interest to those who entertain the ambition of following in his footsteps is his manner

of performing his work, with the advice he bequeaths to young authors. Gifts vary so absolutely even with eminent writers, that the consciousness of lacking some useful faculties need be no reason for despondency. The most popular of authors must fall short of perfection, for a perfect novel never yet was written. But the manner and method of work go for a great deal; and the hints of experience are invaluable on a subject which cannot be studied in the schools. From that point of view the revelations of Trollope may be exceedingly serviceable, and none the less serviceable that they show how far from being generally applicable are the experience and deliberate advice of the most thoughtful and the most experienced authors. For we venture to say that were his counsels universally followed, they could only lead in many cases to ignominious failure—the fact being, that he was the most dogmatic of authorities, the Bright or the Cobden of imaginative literature. If he was modest enough in the estimate of his talents, nevertheless he believed in the infallibility of his methods of work, and, arguing from his own very exceptional practice, laid down arbitrary rules of universal application. Such broad generalization was absurd on the face of it, but in the imperturbable serenity of self-confidence that sprang from an admirable constitution, it was impossible for Trollope to see that. It would seem as if through long habits of routine he had broken the spirit of inspiration to harness, and as if the clerk in the Post-Office had carried his official habits into the exercise of his new profession. We quote his description of his method, rather as one of the curiosities of literature than with the idea that ordinary writers can hope to imitate it:—

I was free to be idle if I pleased; but, as I had made up my mind to undertake this second profession, I found it to be expedient to bind myself by certain self-imposed laws. When I have commenced a new book, I have always prepared a diary, divided into weeks, and carried it on for the period which I have allowed myself for the completion of the work. In this I have entered, day by day, the number of pages I have written, so that if at any time I have slipped into idleness for a day or two, the record of that idleness has been there, staring me in the face, and demanding of me increased labor, so that the deficiency might be supplied. According to the circumstances of the time, whether any other business might then be light or heavy, or whether the book which I was writing was or was not wanted with speed, I have allotted myself so many

pages a week. The average number has been about forty. It has been placed as low as twenty, and has risen to 112. And as a page is an ambiguous term, my page has been made to contain 250 words; and as words, if not watched, will have a tendency to straggle, I have had every word counted as I went. . . . I have prided myself on completing the work exactly within the proposed dimensions.

If his assertions needed confirmation, we happen to know from editors for whom he habitually contributed, this passage contains an exact statement of the facts. Trollope's articles always filled the space he had contracted to fill, with a quarter of a page or a column thrown in, presumably by way of discount. We can hardly help falling back upon the language of trade, because he always placed his literary contracts on a strictly commercial footing. He goes on to say: "I have been told that such appliances are beneath the notice of a man of genius. I have never fancied myself to be a man of genius, but had I been so, I think I might well have subjected myself to these trammels." We certainly should never maintain for a moment that such appliances are beneath a man of genius. What we do say, and we say it with such confidence as Trollope felt, is that they are beyond the power and reach of most literary men who are anything more than mere plodders and drudges. We know that Scott worked very much as Trollope did; we remember the stories in Lockhart's "Life" of sheets of manuscript thrown off in the morning, before the guests he was entertaining at Abbotsford were well astir for the day. We know how, when travelling in later life, before stepping into his postchaise after breakfast, he had always a parcel of manuscript ready for the post. But cases of this kind are altogether exceptional; and Scott was as strong of constitution as Trollope. Take by way of contrast two of the most famous of our recent novelists, who were always industrious or very willing to be so. Dickens, and even Thackeray, would have given themselves over altogether to their work. But we can recall Dickens perpetually flying out of town, to seek a stimulus in change of scene and in movement; and nevertheless paralyzed day after day, even in such congenial retreats as Bleak House at Broadstairs. He once writes from Broadstairs of sitting for hours waiting in vain for Oliver Twist to come to him. While, as for Thackeray, we know from his intimates and near neighbors that the paralysis sometimes threatened to be permanent,

so that he was often driven to despair. He would try device after device to set the mental machinery in motion, each being a more hopeless failure than the former. So that we can understand an incident that astonished Trollope when Thackeray, as editor of the *Cornhill Magazine*, applied to him for a novel on brief notice. Trollope surmises that the editor had intended to supply the story himself, but having delayed beginning it, felt doubtful of carrying it out. We do not question that procrastination was primarily answerable for the default, but we are sure that Thackeray would never have dared to reckon upon his "doggedness" as Trollope could reckon. The truth is that Trollope is one of the very few examples of a man of talent or genius, call it which we will, who had fairly got the spirit of inspiration in leading-strings. With him the system answered well, more especially as he owns to the double ambition of excelling in quantity as in quality. And yet, could he have ventured to relax his rules, without giving an advantage to the enemy in the shape of indolence, we can hardly doubt that the standard of his productions would have been at once higher and more equal. He tells us that he had scarcely put one pair of shoes out of hand before he was already at work upon another. In other words, that when he had set *finis* to one novel, he proceeded to write the opening chapter of another; and the confession seems to furnish a key to the peculiar character of his failures. As we remarked in a former article on his novels, where he breaks down the cause appears to be that he has hastily struck a false note in the pervading idea of the story. *Nulla vestigia retrorsum* we now know to have been his motto. He makes a mistake; he may regret it; but time is precious, and notwithstanding regrets he perseveres; and so we have a "Castle Richmond," or a "Miss Mackenzie," in place of a "Doctor Thorne" or a "Last Chronicles of Barset." And the mention of the "Last Chronicles of Barset" suggests another unfortunate result of those hard and fast methods of his. He explains what is undoubtedly true from the publishing point of view, that the three-volume form of novel is the most lucrative. Therefore he lays it down as one of his self-imposed commandments that each novel shall be of regulation length, and adjusted to the terms of a previous bargain. So in these "Last Chronicles of Barset" he spoiled what, in his own opinion as in ours, is the finest novel he

ever wrote. The exposition of characters, motives, feelings, and passions, in the strong simplicity of the natural pathos, approaches as nearly as possible to perfection. But we are perpetually diverted from the direct action, and checked in the outflow of our sympathies, to loiter among groups of commonplace hangers-on, who can only have been introduced for purposes of padding. Had Trollope applied his own excellent rules, and judged that masterpiece of his dispassionately, he would undoubtedly have been the first to condemn the sacrificing of art to the exigencies of the publishing trade. He gives no uncertain sound upon the subject, while laying down the higher canons of novel-writing for the benefit of novices, where he tells them that each subordinate incident of their story should conduce to the advancement of the central design.

In the second volume of the autobiography, reverting to the subject, he goes into a more subtle analysis of the practice of an ideal author. As usual, and as a matter of course, he draws upon his own experiences:—

All those, I think, who have lived as literary men—working daily as literary laborers—will agree with me that three hours a day will produce as much as a man ought to write. But then he should so have trained himself that he shall be able to write continuously during those three hours—so have tutored himself that it shall not be necessary for him to sit nibbling his pen, and gazing at the wall before him, till he shall have found the words with which he wants to express his ideas. It had at this time become my custom—and it still is my custom, though of late I have become a little lenient to myself—to write with my watch before me and to require from myself 250 words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the 250 words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went. But my three hours were not entirely devoted to writing. I always began my task by reading the work of the day before, an operation which would take me half an hour, and which consisted chiefly in weighing with my ear the sound of the words and phrases. . . . This division of time allowed me to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel volume a day, and if kept up through ten months would have given as its results three novels of three volumes each in the year.

We are aware that the absence of all method may be an irresistible temptation to idleness, when regular work goes against the grain, and the young St. Anthony is being seduced by a hundred distractions. One objection to literature as a regular profession is, that the youth becomes his own master and may fix his

own hours. The rule of trying regularly for a fixed time may be an excellent one as a discipline, and may have very lucrative results, if the reluctance come merely of caprice or inertia. But to go several steps further, and to tell him to persevere at all hazards, would be fatal to his future, were it even practicable. We can conceive how Swift, though a rough and ready writer himself, might have ridiculed that theory of commanding inspiration. When Johnson asserted that any man could write if he set himself to write doggedly, we suspect that even he was referring to lexicography or pamphlet production, and that he would scarcely have carried it out with his "London" or his "Rasselas." And Johnson, as we know, talked as loosely as dogmatically; and he prided himself on his indifference to atmospheric influences, as Trollope traded on strong nerves and physique. Yet even Johnson in decline and decay was as susceptible to atmospheric influences as any man; and Trollope owns indirectly that in his later years he relaxed the rules which in the fulness of his powers had served him so profitably. Many men, and many literary men above all, begin with a body that is weaker than Trollope's ever came to be; their ailments are aggravated by their sedentary habits, and setting the more delicate mental sensations aside altogether, the frail body, like the belly of Rabelais, will often be lord of all. But there is one useful hint in the passage we have quoted which no novice should neglect. We mean where Trollope recommends reading the work of the day before, as an indispensable preliminary to the continuation of it. In many of the disjointed novels of the day the rifts in the rugged workmanship are only too conspicuous.

If we have taken exception to Trollope's arbitrary and peremptory laws of work, his long experience and his well-earned popularity enable him to speak with great authority when he gives us his ideas of what a novel ought to be. He sets little store by the plot, and indeed he tells us that for the best of his plots — that of "Doctor Thorne" — he was indebted to the suggestions of his elder brother. He attached more importance to variety of subsidiary though converging incidents, and to the vivid development of character.

A novel should give a picture of common life, enlivened by humor and sweetened by pathos. To make that picture worthy of attention, the canvas should be crowded with real

portraits, not of individuals known to the world or to the author, but of created personages impregnated with traits of character which are known. To my thinking, the plot is but the vehicle for all this, and when you have the vehicle without the passengers, a story of mystery in which the agents never spring to life, you have but a wooden sham.

We incline on the whole to Trollope's view, as we know that he had mastered the knack of being readable. It is a fair test of the high average character of his books that the best of them will bear reading again and again; for, in our opinion, to be readable is the first quality of a novelist. For example, we have always regretted George Eliot's change of style, when she left her "Adam Bedes" and "Silas Marner" for philosophical disquisitions in "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda." The former are among the favorite companions of our leisure; we open them anywhere and enjoy them all the more that we know very nearly what we are next going to read. While with a "Daniel Deronda" we admire, we resent a misplacement of power with the abuse of a heaven-given faculty, and we neglect. Like Dickens always, like Thackeray in the majority of his novels, Trollope, as he owns himself, seldom had anything that can be called a plot. "How short," he says, "is the time devoted to the manipulation of a plot can be known only to those who have written plays and novels; I may say also, how very little time the brain is able to devote to such wearing work." Mr. Wilkie Collins or the late M. Gaboriau would no doubt have expressed their views very differently, and that is another illustration of Trollope's inveterate habit of broadly generalizing from personal methods. But nevertheless there is nothing mechanical in Trollope's books, any more than in those by the eminent novelists who have passed from popularity to immortality. Scott has told us that he could never control his characters; that his firmest resolutions were of no avail; and that his ruffians would run away with him and take the lead. Dumas, who was far more prolific than even Trollope, followed in similar vein, and trusted to the inspirations of the moment. So Trollope tells us that it is idle attempting to forecast events, since they will shape themselves, do what you will. That is surely the true manner in which vivid fiction should be written. You cannot possibly suggest how a man may act till you know something of the circumstances that are to guide him; nor till you have made inti-

mate acquaintance with a man is it possible to say how he may be guided in peculiar and difficult circumstances. But when an individual is introduced in the opening chapters, he is almost as strange to the author as to the reader; it is only as he grows more lifelike with acquaintance that his individuality can be recognized, to say nothing of the more delicate shades of his character.

Next in importance to the matter is the manner; and Trollope has much to say about style. Judging by their performances this may seem a very trivial consideration to the ladies and gentlemen who rush into print, in milk-and-water stories of "love," making much ado about nothing. They seem to take fluency for the first qualification of a writer; and they are innocently unconscious of perpetrating blunders in their slipshod grammar. So far as the contemporary art of polite conversation is concerned, they may argue, with considerable show of reason, that if it is to be real, it cannot possibly be too trivial. We shall quote what Trollope says on that point, which is somewhat of an open question even with skilful workmen. But as for the fluency, we would venture to warn novices that fluency may be of two kinds. As Trollope remarks, his best work was his quickest; but the rapid writing of a quick-minded veteran is the result of long and laborious practice. After much labor he has formed his style, and the appropriate words and expressions come almost naturally to him. Scott at his best, when he dictated his novels, would sometimes find his thoughts ranging three sentences in advance; yet "Ivanhoe" or "Quentin Durward" show few signs of the severity of the pace, though they might possibly have been all the better for more careful revision. But the volubility of the impulsive novice is of another kind altogether; and his exceedingly easy writing makes intolerably tiresome reading. We have heard something of the habits of ladies who sit down to their davenport, covering sheet after sheet of scented paper, as the more muscular hand of Walter Scott was seen throwing off the pages of "Guy Mannering" at the window in Edinburgh, when the sight pricked the conscience of a less industrious friend. Surprising as it may appear, the books of these ladies command a certain sale; and we may add that when we glance over the pages we can easily understand their facility. What astonishes us more is the self-assurance which can take such unceremonious lib-

erties with an unoffending public. We should rather have supposed that writers who are ignorant of almost everything beyond their immediate concerns and interests would hesitate painfully at each step and thought, till they broke down in despondency. For style is merely the vehicle of fancy and thought; and if we have exercised neither the one nor the other, the style should necessarily be halting. That Trollope, as we might expect, had carefully cultivated his style, will be clear from the following passage:—

After all, the vehicle which a writer uses for conveying his thoughts to the public should not be less important to him than the thoughts themselves. An author can hardly hope to be popular unless he can use popular language. That is quite true; but then comes the question of achieving a popular—in other words, I may say, a good and lucid style. How may an author best acquire a mode of writing which shall be agreeable and easily intelligible to the reader? He must be correct, because without correctness he can be neither agreeable nor intelligible. Readers will expect him to obey those rules which they, consciously or unconsciously, have been taught to regard as binding on language; and unless he does obey them, he will disgust. Without much labor, no writer will achieve such a style. He has very much to learn; and, when he has learned that much, he has to acquire the habit of using what he has learned with ease. But all this must be learned and acquired, not while he is writing that which shall please, but long before. His language must come from him as music comes from the rapid touch of the great performer's fingers, as words come from the mouth of the indignant orator.

The length of a novel, like the dialogue, affects both the matter and the manner. Trollope admits that he found the burden of length weigh heavy on him, but adds that he felt it incumbent on him to carry it. The publishers insisted on the tale of pages, and consequently it became his business to provide them. Of course that slavish bondage must be most hurtful to the composition of the ideal novel; but we must take things as we find them, and when the publishers are backed by the circulating libraries, their united pressure is irresistible on every writer who means his profession to pay. The imperative necessity explains those imperfections which are to be met with in some of Trollope's best books, as we have already noticed in our remarks on the "Last Chronicles of Barset." He had studied the subject thoughtfully; he wrote with eyes that were open to temptations perpetually besetting him; yet we dare to

say that few men have fallen more flagrantly into the very faults he sought to avoid. Long-drawn episodes in lines parallel to the main plot, although fainter, were his besetting weakness; often they were admirable in themselves, but they were obviously and inharmoniously superfluous. We might multiply examples *ad infinitum* besides that we have alluded to already; and we may merely now advert at haphazard to the love affairs of Adelaide Palliser and Gerard Maule in the story of "Phineas Redux," with which they cannot be said to have the remotest connection. That Trollope failed so entirely to practise what he preached is but another proof of the unsuspected difficulties that lie in wait for the inexperienced; but at all events his theory is good, and we may quote it as an ideal for imitation:

There should be no episodes in a novel. Every sentence, every word through all those pages, should tend to the telling of the story. Such episodes distract the attention of the reader, and always do so disagreeably. Who has not felt this to be the case even with "The Curious Impertinent" and with the "History of the Man of the Hill"? And if it be so with Cervantes and Fielding, who can hope to succeed? Though the novel which you have to write must be long, let it be all one. And this exclusion of episodes should be carried down into the smallest details. Every sentence and every word used should tend to the telling of the story. "But," the young novelist will say, "with so many pages before me to be filled, how shall I succeed if I thus confine myself; how am I to know beforehand what space this story of mine will require? . . . The painter suits the size of his canvas to his subject, and must I in my art stretch my subject to my canvas?" This undoubtedly must be done by the novelist; and if he will learn his business, may be done without injury to his effect. He may not paint different pictures on the same canvas, which he will do if he allow himself to wander away to matters outside his own story; but by studying proportion in his work, he may teach himself so to tell his story that it shall naturally fall into the required length. Though his story should be all one, yet it may have many parts. Though the plot itself may require but few characters, it may be so enlarged as to find its full development in many. There may be subsidiary plots, which shall all tend to the elucidation of the main story, and which will take their places as part of one and the same work—as there may be many figures on a canvas which shall not to the spectator seem to form themselves into separate pictures.

As for dialogue, he observes that "there is no portion of a novelist's work in which this fault of episodes is so common." In fact, the temptation to diffuse dialogue is

extreme, since the veriest tiro can drivel out talk indefinitely, if, as Johnson said, he chooses to abandon himself to it. A man or woman may write commonplaces without end, if they make their insipid personages prattle in character. Trollope says, in speaking of those who have higher aims: "Literature, philosophy, politics, or sport may be handled in a loosely discursive style; and the writer, while indulging himself and filling his pages, is apt to think that he is pleasing his reader. I think he can make no greater mistake. The dialogue is generally the most agreeable part of a novel, but it is only so as long as it tends in some way to the telling of the main story." Even more important is his advice on tone, which is a very delicate point. The writer may, and indeed ought, to tell much of his story in conversations; but then, and there the difficulty begins, he should make his people talk strictly in character. His natural inclination is to speak in his own manner through all their mouths. To avoid that dangerous snare, he should have Trollope's affectionate intimacy with his creations, and Trollope's versatility in throwing himself into their parts; although Trollope was himself so much addicted to mannerisms that it was easy to detect him in every disguise, as he proved when he made an unsuccessful attempt to achieve a second reputation anonymously. But Trollope's mannerisms lay upon the surface, and he could enter thoroughly into the spirit of his creations. All that he says on this particular subject becomes from first to last a question of tact. Tact is not to be acquired, although it may be cultivated and developed. Tact teaches one to hit the happy medium between the formality of the precise old school and the slovenly license of the new. Tact instructs one as to the discreet use of popular slang, even when slang is a necessary ingredient of effective illustration. Tact, in short, enables one to write dialogue naturally; for nature is the basis of successful fiction.

Trollope's versatility, within certain definite limits, was almost as remarkable as his industry; and we need hardly say that there can be no more serviceable or lucrative gift. Some of the most admirable novelists of our own time may be said to be men of a single book, or of a series of books reproducing themselves with superficial variations. To take two of these novelists almost at random, Mr. Blackmore has never written anything to approach the "Lorna Doone," in which he

showed qualities amounting to genius; while Mr. Black exhibits conspicuous loss of power whenever he leaves the latitudes of the Hebrides, with those Celts of his who are at once quaint and typical, and the sunsets that gild his storm-beaten scenery. But Trollope, taking after the school of the Fieldings and the Smolletts, ranged through all the degrees of contemporary society, and studied mankind as he met with it or imagined it, rather than the accidents of his characters' surroundings. Probably he was not more familiar with dukes than he had been with archdeacons before the writing of "Barchester Towers." But he prides himself with justice on the Duke of Omnium as one of his most finished and carefully developed creations; yet the Duke of Omnium, except inasmuch as he fills more of the canvases, is in no degree superior to Mr. Moulder, the commercial traveller, or even to Dockwraith, the sharp attorney of Hamworth, who originated the famous Orley Farm case. And his extraordinary power of every-day idealization was more than mere versatility. The man who conceived an Archdeacon Grantly could easily assist at a meeting of the Cabinet or make himself at home in a commercial room. It seems to us far more wonderful that, prosaically minded in many ways as he was, and after he had long passed middle age, he could still sympathize with so perfect an assumption of interest in the love affairs of young and emotional maidens. He can turn from a sharp political contest which came heartily home to his feelings, or from a description of a run with the hounds where his pulses had been going at full gallop, to analyze with a lovesick prolixity all the more true to nature the self-communings of a Grace Crawley or a Lucy Robartes. Then, talking of political contests, he never showed a happier audacity than when following the fortunes of his "Phineas Finn" and his "Phineas Redux." He made politics the staple of those novels; he reported party speeches at considerable length, and wrought out the details of party arrangements; though no man knew better that the bulk of his ordinary readers set sentiment and the lighter kinds of sensation far above the orations of the most eloquent orators. He has told us why he betook himself to politics; because he had missed the grand object of an Englishman's ambition by failing to secure a seat in the House of Commons, and had not even succeeded as a writer of political articles. None the less was the triumph of those political

novels of his an extraordinary proof of his resources in fiction.

We have endeavored, though necessarily imperfectly, to show the strength and the weakness, the merits and the faults, of one of the most popular and fortunate of our novelists. We have seen what were his most remarkable and serviceable gifts, his marvellous facility and fertility, his power of writing under all circumstances, the system of punctuality to which he had trained himself, with the purity of his sturdy honesty and moral tone; for he could boast that he never wrote a page which need bring a blush to the cheek of innocence. He had high views of the importance of his art: of the influence the imaginative may exert for good or evil; and while he did what he could to entertain, he never forgot his responsibilities as a teacher. We have tried to point out where his practice fell short of his precepts, and we have had no difficulty in showing that the rules by which he regulated his work were very far from being of universal application. But when all has been said, we feel that there never was a time when we could so ill afford to lose so admirable a writer. He labored to maintain a standard of work which would appear, nevertheless, to be steadily deteriorating. Novels were never so numerous as now, and, as a rule, they were never so dull. Where the most of them find readers is one of the mysteries that seem absolutely inscrutable. As for the causes of the decline in imaginative literature, they seem to us more easy to discover. The decline is partly due to the mysterious multiplication of authors, and partly to the library system, by which books are borrowed instead of being bought. The history of English novel-writing may perhaps be roughly divided into three periods. The first was the period of the pioneers, when men like Fielding, Richardson, or Smollett followed the bent of an irresistible genius, and painted their pictures of contemporary society with the easy brushes of masters. They had great qualities, as they showed the defects which are conspicuous to unconscious modern critics, for they had to dispense with the models and art traditions which their successors have had opportunities of studying. The second was the period of adventurers and squatters, who ranged at will through a vast territory which had been rather discovered than explored. Some of them made much of their magnificent opportunities. Most of those men of the second age felt or

fancied they had a decided vocation, and if they were mistaken they failed and fell out of notice. But they had one inestimable point in their favor, that they could hardly help being more or less fresh and original. They could strike out plots which had scarcely been touched before; there was some novelty in the most ordinary scenes they reproduced, and they could pick and choose among characters which had never been paraded in fiction. The third period brings us down to the present time; and now it must be confessed that our novelists have to contend with great and growing disadvantages. The field in which they invest their labor has been reaped and thoroughly gleaned. Or, to change the metaphor, turn which way they will, they find it covered in every direction by converging foot-tracks, and they can only tread in the blurred foot-prints of the many who have gone before. We do not believe much in plagiarism by capable men, for it is far more easy to invent than to assimilate. Yet there is hardly a plot by any recent novelist in which ingenuity might not discover awkward resemblances which malevolence may call imitations. As for the characters, to which Trollope attaches extreme importance, characters of every possible type have been analyzed again and again. So the whole range of the passions, emotions, and feelings have been passed in review, superficially, sensuously, picturesquely, and philosophically. Society has been searched out from its highest to its lowest circles; and we ought to know everything about domestic interiors in all ranks, from those of mansions in Belgravia to dens in the Seven Dials. Scenery has been painted in all its aspects, from the peaks of the Andes to Primrose Hill, till we know the very epithets we may confidently reckon upon, whether we are viewing it in storms, through mist, or in moonshine. So it would seem that, except for those inspirations of genius which flash forth new combinations in familiar things, and extract virgin ore from the *débris* that has been turned over by an army of diggers, there is literally nothing left to be done, and the profession of novelist should be closed to the many. For "novel" means something new, and the new is become almost unattainable.

Yet even the novelist in quest of an original plot would scarcely dare to imagine anything so improbable as that people with no special qualifications, and with the slightest possible acquaintance with

varieties of life, should be encouraged to write habitually for a public that ought to be utterly *blasé*. That is, nevertheless, the case, and a strange phenomenon it is. We can only suggest that there may be lower forms of our intellectual nature, craving for the nourishment adapted to their organization, and possessing the vitality of invertebrate animals with their unlimited powers of assimilation. Otherwise, looking at the matter from the young writer's point of view, we should assume, as we have said, that his aspirations would die out in discouragement. After the many men of mark who have gone before, what can he possibly have to narrate that is worth the telling? Even if he open the books of some second-rate contemporary author, in his conscience he can hardly expect to rival him. The explanation is that the trade can now be carried on without either intellectual capital or credit. All that is requisite for partial success is an infinite stock of self-assurance; and the more unconscious you are of your ignorance of things in general, the more likely you are to succeed — up to a certain point.

The number of women who take to novel-writing is noteworthy, though it is not very difficult to understand it. Many women are naturally bright and clever; they have a great deal of spare time upon their hands; they want occupation, and possibly an income. The professions are closed to them, for as yet female medical practitioners are the exception; sanctuary is denied them in the churches; and, in spite of an illustrious Venetian precedent, there are no Portias at the English bar. But there have been Miss Austens and George Eliots, as there is still Mrs. Oliphant; and there seems to be no absolute reason why other ladies should not have similar success. Should they have read the books of a generation or two back, which is doubtful, they will remember how "the little Burney" wrote a novel which Burke sat up all night to devour, and on which Johnson bestowed exaggerated laudation. Possibly they may reproduce an experience of the sort in their own lives; at all events, they may do well even if they fall considerably short of it. With the smallest amount of intelligence they must know that the public of the day is far from fastidious. Now we admit that an inexperienced feminine novelist has certain advantages over the rougher sex. Women have finer fancies than men, and are unconsciously interested in some vague analysis of the emotions. Love

and marriage are what they look forward to; and a bright and warm-hearted girl from her nursery and schoolroom days has been building herself castles in the air and peopling them with possible tenants. She has made herself the heroine of hundreds of tales of the heart, and she has figured in innumerable imaginary rôles. So far she starts with a certain stock in trade, but her ideas are limited in the first place and theoretical in the second. What she writes may be clever and even curious as an unconscious revelation, but it is almost certain to be unreal. For, on the other hand, and it is happy for her, the girl ought to know little of the world beyond her home. She has not even had the rough and contaminating experience of the schoolboy; she has not been sent to the university, nor has she served an apprenticeship in the mess-room; she has never travelled except under a matron's wing; nor does she even know as much of business or practical life as the youngest clerk in an attorney's office. What subjects then can she possibly choose when she decides to present her seniors with a series of imaginative or idealized pictures? Only two courses are open to her. Either she launches out in a world of which she knows as little as the early explorers knew of central Africa before Europeans had struck into the dark continent; or she writes on the subjects to which she has given thought, though the thinking has necessarily been purely speculative. Any attempt she may make in the former line may be summarily dismissed as absurd and extravagant, unless indeed she has the Trollope-like instinct of the imagination which turns much that is fanciful into the semblance of truth; while, in the other and the more probable case, we come on one of the springs of that perennial flow of the stories which seem harder reading than dictionaries or blue-books. For unhappily there is none of the conciseness of the dictionary, none of the solid structure of fact that is supposed to make the backbone of the blue-book. How well we know the contents of what we may call the domestic and melodramatically sentimental novel! Two or more unformed and unideal girls are sent out to seek their fortunes through three mortal volumes. On our first introduction we see at once that we shall never feel the faintest interest in them. Either they are natural, commonplace, and insipid; or they are extravagant, and as different from ordinary human types as Madge Wildfire

was from simple Jenny Deans, when she walked up the aisle of the little Yorkshire church tricked out in her Bedlam finery. They are made love to by men in every way worthy of them; or they marry for money and are duly miserable; and so the story drags its length along through alternations of self-communings and moans and raptures. The strongest sensations are love, quarrels at dances and lawn-tennis, with storms in the teacups at five-o'clock teas, varied by an occasional caricature of a tawdry grand passion in tatters.

Purity of style and truthful simplicity of description may redeem much that might otherwise be dull or commonplace, as we see in some of the novels taking rank as "classics," which implies that now nobody reads them. But in the kind of novel to which we have been alluding, the language is likely to be full of offence, and the style a perpetual source of irritation. We do not refer to inaccuracies in grammar, which we should be very ready to forgive. But there are the stock epithets employed with as much assurance as if the writer in a fine poetical frenzy had lighted upon them for the first time. There is the very favorite type of sensational heroine—a sort of Becky Sharp in tinsel and spangles—with the sinister glitter of her emerald eyes, the lustrous beauty of her golden locks, the lithe and gracious figure, the shapely hands and feet. We have the "weird-like effects" of woods in the moonlight; the floods of the mellow light falling on the seas of the yellow corn. In fact, the whole range of descriptive epithet has been stereotyped for the use of slovenly beginners; and those who are the least susceptible to personal impressions are the most thorough-going in their renunciation of ordinary English.

Although we have been talking hitherto of lady novelists, much of what we have said will equally apply to men. And we are inclined to deal with the books of ladies far more leniently, for the simple reason that, for ladies in search of occupation, novel-writing may be a case of Hobson's choice. If they persist in publishing for small remuneration or for none, that is the fault of the publishers and the public. But so long as there are colonies and half-settled countries, so long as the bustling world wants honest labor, there can be no reason for any man sticking to a trade for which he has proved that he has no qualification. If he were a professional story-teller in an Oriental city, he

would speedily be reduced to starvation for want of coppers. Therefore we personally resent it when, in a more civilized society, on the strength of a modest competency and listless disposition, a man will insist upon persecuting unoffending strangers. He may know, and ought to know, something more of real life than his feminine competitors. But, on the other hand, he is probably more prosaic and consequently more dull. He may never lighten the darkness of his dreary tale with one side-glance at the workings of the emotions which bears the impress of partial truth. And if the scope of his observations has been somewhat broader, they are lacking in variety. He makes personal knowledge do the work of imagination, and possibly treats some particular subject with considerable effect. That explains the comparative success of many masculine but maiden novels, and confirms the opinion we have expressed that the early failures of Trollope were exceptional. In a first book a man of any literary ability will concentrate all the knowledge he has accumulated; and consequently, in spite or because of its faults, the work may come home to us with agreeable freshness. On the next occasion he naturally seeks to break new ground, and so we have absurdities in place of facts, while crude speculation does duty for memory. In some shape or other he has recourse to sensation; and sensations in unskilful hands become pitiable revelations of feebleness.

This consideration leads us to remark on novelists with a position which they have gained by ability. Some of the most distinguished of them seem to labor under the curse of sterility, and make us understand the more thoroughly what an inestimable gift is versatility such as that of Anthony Trollope. No one can be at once prolific and popular, or, in other words, no ordinary mortal can make novel-writing pay, without possessing elasticity and flexibility of imagination. None of our living novelists write more freely than Mrs. Oliphant or Mr. James Payn. We have no intention of entering into detailed criticisms of their books, and indeed on a former occasion we have reviewed those of Mrs. Oliphant. But both have been continually changing their ground, and leaving for a time one side of the fancy to lie fallow, while they have been laboring on without relaxation; while other writers of no ordinary merit exhaust the patch of ground they have broken by going over it again and again. We may take Mr. Wil-

liam Black as one of the most brilliant examples of that. His "Daughter of Heth" shows a rare blending of genuine fun with the deepest pathos. The same "motives" were more elaborately and more powerfully developed in his "Princess of Thule," while his gorgeously colored sketches of Hebridean scenery have given some such impetus to west-Highland touring as "The Lord of the Isles" or "The Lady of the Lake." But whenever Mr. Black leaves the Hebrides—and we do not forget his "Adventures of a Phaeton"—he appears to lose both force and fire, and to fall back into "the ruck" of his rivals. Even more "mannered," if we may coin a word, are the works of such ingenious constructors of intricate plot as Mr. Wilkie Collins or Mr. Charles Reade. Those who most admired "The Woman in White" can hardly congratulate the clever writer on any repetition of that performance. As for Mr. Reade, we greatly regret that he appears to have ceased to write, since strong novelists of every kind are far too scarce. But from "The Cloister and the Hearth," or at all events from "Never too late to mend," we are bound to say that his literary history has been a story of growing mannerism and gradual decline.

We might easily multiply instances, passing our leading novelists in review. But the result of our argument is, that, except with one or two notable exceptions, the art and practice of novel-writing has never fallen so low. And the question that naturally suggests itself is, whether so unsatisfactory a state of things is likely to continue. In our opinion, it must logically tend to grow worse, and for that we can assign plausible reasons. We are, of course, not speaking of writers of exceptional genius, who may come to the front once or twice in a couple of generations, and who are generally only too chary of their productions, as gems of the purest lustre are rare. We are talking of novelists of capacity and talent, who turn out such readable books as Trollope wrote. We said that the conditions of the market for novels have been revolutionized of late; and we may add that all the changes have been for the worse. Looking at the matter from the practical point of view, the first conditions of a flourishing profession are great prizes and good pay. Now the prizes in the novel-market have been diminishing and the pay has been declining. In proof of the latter assertion, we need only refer our readers to Trollope's autobiography, where he shows

us that his receipts were being steadily reduced. Yet Trollope had gained so great a reputation that it paid publishers to deal with him even at a loss; and we happen to know that in certain cases, and very lately, they were never recouped for the sums they had paid. Nor can there be any doubt as to the causes of that decline in prices. In former times the copies of the first edition of a novel were bought by private individuals, in place of being hired. The sale of one thousand copies meant the actual payment of their nominal cost in the aggregate, *minus* a moderate commission which was the recognized trade discount. The thousand copies had a comparatively limited circulation, having all passed into private hands. Favorable reviews that awakened interest or enthusiasm brought a fresh set of buyers into the market; and a second edition sold as quickly as the first. So that publishers could afford to pay 1,000*l.* down for the romances of chivalry by G. P. R. James, or for what Thackeray called the lighter and more playful productions of William Harrison Ainsworth. Now, when a new novel comes out, the publisher must deal directly with the circulating libraries. He has to drive a hard bargain at the cost of a tedious correspondence. If his man be a good one, he may hold his own, and sell a certain number of copies of the book at a moderate reduction. If the author be unknown or of doubtful reputation, the publisher may be beaten down to terms that barely cover the cost of printing and advertising. The pecuniary success of the best of books is stifled by the system. The first reviews probably appear too slowly to stimulate the sale. By the time a second set of the library subscribers are asking for copies, the volumes first set in circulation are returning to the shelves. Nor is that all. Boxes for country subscribers must be filled with so many volumes, but although the tale of the volumes must be complete, the contents are found to be of secondary consequence. People may write for a book by Trollope or by Mrs. Oliphant; they have practically to put up with what is sent them. The librarians, like the editors of periodicals, provide so much padding; and the boxes are padded with the rubbish that has been picked up for a comparative trifle. We have said that the trade price of a novel sometimes barely does more than cover the publishing expenses; and there are cases in which the publishers actually receive money to issue the books that are practically unsalable.

Now the circulating libraries have made their position so strong that it is exceedingly difficult to suggest a remedy. The publishers, having to drive hard bargains, are compelled to protect themselves by offering low prices. Co-operative associations of authors have been proposed. The obvious objection is, that those associations would embrace all the men of no influence and possibly of no merit; while they could not hope to enlist the assistance of novelists of any note. It may have been a shortsighted stroke of business on the part of the principal publishers when they united in a pecuniary advance to tide a lending library over its difficulties. But the mischief has been done, and though they may recognize the mistake, there seems to be no obvious way of remedying it.

Possibly the evil may cure itself in time, for it is difficult to conceive that the quality of the article provided will not pall upon the popular palate in course of time. Bread, we know, is the staff of life, but indifferently baked pastry is really a superfluity which people will dispense with when it begins to sicken them. In the mean time they have always the resource of falling back upon the writings of our standard novelists. "A novel by a new author" appears to be a favorite form of advertisement now. In reality, a novel by a new man presupposes a poor and inartistic effort. The publishers may possibly have hatched a swan, but the odds are infinitely in favor of the swan, at all events in the beginning, being "an ugly duckling." It is to be presumed, however, that the publishers are practically wise in their generation, and know how to appeal to the popular taste; and so far that form of advertisement is significant. For our part, our advice to intellectual novel-readers would be to leave the circulating libraries in the mean time, and to buy standard editions of standard authors. Those authors, from Richardson down to Trollope, have written books which will well repay the reading again and again, and in that connection, as the Americans say, we are glad to call attention to some modern reprints of our most eminent novelists, which deserve all we can say in their favor. Among the pioneers to whom we alluded is Richardson; and the works of Richardson have been issued by Messrs. Sotheman & Co., under the very able editorship of Mr. Leslie Stephen. Richardson, at least, left his genius time to ripen. He did not give a novel to the world till he had passed the age of fifty;

and then he told his tales with the deliberation which made Johnson say that if you read one of them for the story you would be ready to hang yourself. But it is impossible not to follow him with irrepressible interest in his intimate acquaintance with the workings of the heart, and in his subtle analysis of the feminine emotions which culminate in the pathos of tragedy without ceasing to be true to nature. Nothing in the history of fiction is to our minds more astonishing than the vitality which this dapper little London tradesman gave to personages belonging to a class of society which he had never known. In spite of the cumbrous form of epistolary narratives—in spite of the excessive prolixity of detail—Clarissa Harlowe retains her place as the most touching and tender representative of virtuous womanhood, and Sir Charles Grandison is still the model of high breeding and generous sentiment. They are as real as the creations of Shakespeare, and although a century has changed the taste and fashion of the times, it has taken nothing from the interest of those immortal works. Of Thackeray we need say nothing; but, although on their first appearance his works were far from obtaining the vast popularity of the more ephemeral productions of Charles Dickens, the ever-increasing demand for new editions of his novels proves that he too in "Vanity Fair," in "The Newcomes," and in "Esmond," reached that lofty eminence at which the creative power of the novelist converts fiction itself into reality and truth. Dickens was an inimitable caricaturist, but Thackeray painted from life.

From Good Words.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

A MODERN ROMANCE.

BY SARAH TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "CITOYENNE JACQUELINE," "LADY BELL," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE BEAST.

THE white glare of an Indian sun was beginning to beat on the parade-ground at Nhillpoor. The English regiment, summoned for early drill, was detained to witness a painful piece of discipline, which the authorities trusted would prove a salutary warning. A young soldier named Thwaite, a fine, manly fellow in spite of

his faults, had in the course of several years' service risen to the rank of sergeant. This desirable result was the effect of energy, daring, an obliging temper when he was not crossed, and a clever aptitude for a soldier's duties, born of mother-wit, sharpened by a rather better education than was usual in his grade. Unfortunately his merits were counterbalanced by defects, which not even promotion had been able to check. He was as rash and reckless as he was dauntless and enduring. He had an uncertain temper, spoilt by what was understood to have been a hard youth. He was careless of the company he kept, and careless of the excesses into which he fell in bad company. He had an elder sister, married to a cousin of the same name in the troop; but in spite of her efforts, and notwithstanding the staid example of her husband—a pattern of prudence, though he had not the wit to rise in the world—young Will Thwaite had been going from bad to worse lately, and had indulged in one fit of dissipation after another. They were beyond being hidden; they could not escape punishment; and both offence and punishment were totally incompatible with his position as a non-commissioned officer.

His best friends had grown weary of pleading for grace, which was so often abused. A court-martial could only come to one conclusion, especially as the colonel of the regiment was somewhat of a martinet, and had never entertained any great favor for Will.

It was in anticipation of the spectacle that a certain solemn stir went through the mechanically controlled body, drawn out in strict order. The culprit was brought forth to confront the colonel, who proceeded to see the sentence carried into effect, without any symptom of dislike to the duty. William Thwaite was reduced to the ranks, and in sign of the degradation, the signal was given for the usual official to remove, in the presence of the man's comrades and subordinates, the stripes on the arm of his jacket, which were the token of his grade.

Till then Will Thwaite had stood like a statue, though his face was sullen and lowering. But the moment he felt the offensive touch on his arm, he sprang aside, and before any one could anticipate the action tore the stripes from his coat by one wrench, and flung them right in the face of the colonel, with a savage shout, "Take that from a better man than yourself!"

Blank consternation was the first result of the lawless defiance. The deed was such a gross breach of military discipline, such an unseemly violation of authority, that the poor colonel gasped, and could hardly believe his senses, while the junior officers and soldiers gaped in harmony with their senior's gasp; and for an instant every energy was paralyzed.

Thwaite did not take any advantage of the pause to attempt a flight, which would have been as mad as what had gone before it. He stood at ease, with the angry grin still on his face, till the whole company recovered themselves. He was put under arrest, a second time, without offering any resistance, and marched back to durance, while the dismissed soldiers formed into groups and discussed the event of the day, filling the barrack-yard with subdued commotion.

The orator who spoke beneath his breath with greatest horror of the outrage which had been committed, and wagged his head with most reprobation and foreboding, was Lawrie Thwaite, Will's cousin and brother-in-law. It was not Lawrie who, as might have been expected, carried to his poor wife the news of his fresh, unpardonable outbreak, and the imminent danger in which he stood of some punishment still worse than being drummed out of the regiment. A gabbling straggler sought out Jenny, and without preparation divulged to her the miserable incident.

Jenny wrung her hands, prematurely withered and drawn by much clothes-washing for the troop. Well might she lament and cower in apprehension. The next court-martial weighed out the terrible, but warrantable — almost compulsory — retribution, that Will Thwaite should undergo a certain number of lashes before being dismissed from the service.

CHAPTER II.

JENNY'S STRUGGLES.

JENNY THWAITE, a hard-featured, hard-working, middle-aged woman, was more attached to her brother than to her husband. Indeed, it was alleged that she had married Lawrie Thwaite principally that she might have a chance of following Will to India and of being still near him. The reason might be that while poor Will, smart as he was, had sore need of such protection as she could afford him, there was no question that Lawrie Thwaite was quite capable of taking care of himself. In addition, Jenny had never borne a

child, which might have interfered with the sisterly allegiance, while Will had all along been like her child, seeing that he was nearly fifteen years her junior. She had looked after him in those old hard days of his youth; she had toiled to procure for him an education that might be more in keeping with his future than with his present fortunes; she had suffered the keen disappointment of seeing him grow up wild and unsteady, until he forsook the trade to which he had been apprenticed — only stopping short of breaking his indentures and leaving Jenny to pay the forfeit — and enlisted into an infantry regiment under marching orders for India. Then Jenny consented to marry her cousin, who was in the same regiment, and who stoutly denied ever having decoyed Will into the service.

Lawrie was more Jenny's contemporary than Will's, and having been on the lookout for a careful, managing wife, who might wash, or do dressmaking, or perhaps keep the girls' school, and so greatly multiply his resources, he had hovered about Jenny Thwaite with matrimonial intentions for years.

Jenny had not been blind to her boy's delinquencies; she had rated and reproached him, and sometimes was not on speaking terms with him for days. But it was all for his good. She loved him faithfully through his worst scrapes, and was secretly serving him, even while shunned by him, or in declining for a brief space to hold intercourse with him. She was the first to hail a sign of amendment, and was extravagantly proud of his promotion, insisting that he would never stop till he got a commission, which would be no more than his due, though she must give up her washing, and hoping that Lawrie would have served his time before that day came round.

The process of retrogression, even when it reached its extremity, did not shake Jenny's fidelity. It rather knit her so closely to her brother that she ceased to protest against his folly. Was it a time to be picking out holes in his coat and pointing to his errors, when the poor lad was in trouble and brought to so sorry a pass that he needed every grain of love to fight for him, cleave to him, and, if it were yet possible, save him?

Jenny would leave Lawrie to play the cautious, cold-hearted, judicial part — to draw back in case of incurring reflected blame, to stand aloof, though with a decent show of reluctance, or to join in the chorus of blame. Nor did Jenny greatly

censure her husband for his conduct. It belonged to the poor man's nature, as she had known when she married him, and so long as he did not propose to stop her in the most desperate exertions she might undertake on her brother's behalf, according to the original bargain between the pair, honest Jenny could not see that she had any title to sit upon her husband.

It might have been otherwise if Jenny's conviction of her husband's fulfilling his bargain had been shaken, or if she had guessed that the great secret of her independence lay in the meanness, rather than in the phlegmatic magnanimity of the man she had married, and who mortally dreaded to offend her high spirit, lest he should lose the constant harvest of her skilled work.

Jenny moved heaven and earth to deliver her brother from the barbarous infliction of the lash. She knew well that it would be the death of his moral nature, and that the brand would enter his soul, even if his high-strung physical system recovered from the shock it must receive. If it had been possible to administer the punishment vicariously, without Will's knowledge, she could have been wrought up to bare her brave shoulders like the Russian women to the knout, and like another Godiva have faced ignominy, so that the victim, who was her own flesh and blood, her darling since her early girlhood, might be permitted to go free. That resource was impossible. All that Jenny could do, and she had only a few days to do it in, was to wander day and night, praying for a commutation of the sentence. She appealed here and urged there. She worked upon the chaplain to draw up a petition for her. She vexed the souls of men with her sometimes speechless, but never-failing importunity, and the dry-tongued anguish of her despair. She declined to be repulsed, though she had been rather a proud little woman in her better days. She won over gentle, illogical, enthusiastic ladies to espouse her cause, and to plague their husbands never to mind precedents, not even justice, but for dear mercy's sake to grant Jenny Thwaite's prayer. She was the most careful washer and clear-starcher, the best darning, the nicest sewer of plain seam, the most trustworthy nurse on a pinch they had ever found. The whole men would fair the worse, and every officer's household be in straits, if they drove Jenny beside herself. Why, the poor woman must go mad; she would die on their hands, and they would have two

ruined lives, two deaths at their door. Was that what their stupid, stubborn bondage to form wanted? Colonel Bell was not a bit the worse of the insult. He had not so much as a scratch on the face; and was a poor fellow to be treated like a brute, because, for once in his life, he had forgotten himself, and behaved like a baby? Did not Bertie or Charlie throw his toys at any one who came in his way — at papa himself, when the child was in a rage? Don't speak to the ladies of the demoralizing effect on the other soldiers, the loss of prestige where the rule of the officers was concerned, of mutiny, and insurrection, and chaos come again. No such horrors ensued in the nursery from making as little as possible of Bertie's or Charlie's naughtiness, and leaving the child to come to himself.

Jenny wound up her vehement representations by what sounded in the circumstances like wild romances, of the Thwaites having grand connections, with the likelihood that the family would rise in the world some day, when certainly the officers would be sorry for the cruel, base punishment they had inflicted. These unreasonable and passionate statements on the whole did harm to the woman's suit. Nobody had time to ask or give confirmatory details of the improbable story, which appeared to rest on no foundation, unless it were a little vaporing of Will in his cups, and some wary conceited bragging on the part of his brother-in-law. It was either a credulous delusion or a pure invention.

In the mean time, Jenny had no encouragement from those most interested in the affair.

"It is of no use, Jenny," said her husband with ostentatious dismalness, doing little to second her in her frantic exertions.

"Never mind, Jen," said poor Will, when she visited him, "it will soon be over," turning away to hide a shuddering recoil. "Everything will soon be over, and you'll be well rid of a rascal who has only been a trial and grief to you."

CHAPTER III.

RESCUE AND SACRIFICE.

JENNY's fond, piteous struggles proved in vain. Law and order were inflexible. The offence was too outrageous. The welfare of the British army was at stake. Will Thwaite was to be flogged, though many a kind heart resented the necessity, or waxed rueful under it.

The morning of the flogging rose as sultry as the day on which Will had grossly insulted his commanding officer in the discharge of his duty. Will never forgot the airless heat of his cell as he lay on his face and awaited the summons to public shame and torture.

Jenny did not lie on her face idle, though her door was shut, and it was in shrouding darkness that she busied herself with a dumb intensity of preparation, in gathering together fomentations, unguents, rags, and bandages, and in filling a disused kit with wearing apparel and provisions for a journey.

But the post-runners came in before the hour for drill, and among the letters for the colonel was one from a firm of London lawyers, which filled the scrupulous man with disturbance and dismay. There could be no mistake about it. He knew by name the respectable firm that applied to him, and their communication was carefully attested.

The laws of the service were as the laws of the Medes and Persians. Never had there been a more scandalous contempt of discipline than that shown by Will Thwaite on the parade-ground. But though the welfare of the British army ought to be the first consideration, there was also something — a great deal according to Colonel Bell's ideas — to be said in support of aristocratic privileges and prejudices. Good heavens! a baronet and squire of many acres and long descent could not be flogged in the presence of a regiment of soldiers; some of whom represented his social equals and future associates, while the rest were his undoubted inferiors. This was what the matter had come to.

The lawyer's letter to Colonel Bell contained the document which was to buy off William Thwaite, private in the regiment, on the grounds that he had succeeded to the rank and property of a grand-uncle, and was now Sir William Thwaite, of Whitehills, in Eastham; and it was not fit either for the rank and file of the army, or for the honorable fraternity of baronets and squires, that he should continue a day longer than was necessary a private soldier, even in the most select and distinguished regiment.

What would the firm think if the tidings were flashed to them that the baronet and squire was about to receive his deserts in the form of corporeal punishment?

No, it could not be; the sentence, stringent as the obligation was, must be quashed — whether on the plea that the

negotiation for Sir William's discharge had gone a certain length before he committed the offence, whether that Will Thwaite and Sir William, of Whitehills, were two different and distinct individuals, or from some other flaw in the indictment.

An informal council or court of astonished, scandalized officers was held. Colonel Bell assumed the responsibility of dealing with the War Office, and it was announced to a yet wider circle of open-eyed, open-mouthed, interested persons, that no flogging was to be performed. For William Thwaite, or, more properly, Sir William Thwaite, had already ceased to belong to the service, therefore his misconduct had been dealt with under a false assumption. If he were still to be held accountable it must be before another tribunal.

The news found Sir William too stunned to take in its meaning, beyond the two items that he was delivered at the eleventh hour from indelible obloquy, and that he was at liberty to depart from scenes which had become odious to him.

He staggered out into the blinding sunshine, doggedly enduring the measured explanations and shy, awkward congratulations of his recent superiors and judges, and impatiently shaking off the rougher and readier good wishes of his former allies. He went straight to his sister's without waiting for an invitation from Lawrie Thwaite, who, to be sure, looked more taken aback with the extraordinary change in his brother-in-law's fortunes than even Colonel Bell. The colonel, after the first shocked sense of incongruity and confusion, detestable to a man of his precise cast of mind, did not testify any vindictiveness or unwillingness to admit that the scales had undergone a sudden reversal in a comrade's case. But Lawrie shrank into himself, looked blue and green, and could hardly furbish up the thankfulness that was called for from him.

"Did you ever see a chap hang his head as if his nose was bleeding, because his brother-in-law weren't walloped, and had come into a pot of money and a handle to his name? It ain't always not lost what a friend gets," remarked a shrewd observer.

"Could this fellow have counted on any chance of his coming into the succession? He is a cousin of the other beggar's, and he might have calculated on Will never getting the better of the beastly consequences of his precious performance,

drinking himself to death, or shooting himself. I have known a man pull the trigger on less provocation," surmised a more thoughtful speculator on the event which was the talk of the station for weeks to come. "Well, I for one am glad that the luck has fallen to the first. He has the thews and sinews of a man, a clean-made, well-knit fellow, and would have been a first-rate soldier if he could have learnt self-control. I remember his dragging Roberts out of the enemy's range in the encounter in the Little Ghaut when he first came out and when we had some brisk business doing. But he was always getting into a mess, and this last spurt of insolence threatened to put on the finishing-touch. He will go to the dogs as it is, taking a little longer time perhaps."

Nobody, save the two, saw and heard the ecstasy of Jenny's recovery of her brother and recognition of his changed estate.

Nobody — Jenny included — doubted that Sir William would immediately start for England, where much business, the irksomeness of which would be splendidly gilded, must await him. The lawyers had sent ample funds for his travelling expenses, and there was nothing to detain him.

But a sorrowful, peremptory impediment sprang up on the eve of Will's starting. Jenny was worn by long years of work, and her constitution had not been improved by the climate of India. She was further spent by the burning anxiety and incredible exertions of the last few days in the hottest of the hot season. She fell a ready victim to the fever hovering about the native town, and the disease from the commencement assumed a hopeless aspect.

There was no want of interest and sympathy. The mingled sensations which Sir William's story had excited, relieved themselves in a crowd of attentions to the invalid. Jenny had many more shapes of jelly, bottles of wine, and preparations of iced milk sent to her than she could have possibly swallowed, even though her short illness had been indefinitely prolonged. Her former employers waylaid Sir William and Lawrie Thwaite every time they stirred abroad, with inquiries, offers of service, even proposals to come and share the task of nursing the patient. These demonstrations proceeded quite as much from the romance of the situation, with the melancholy nature of poor Jenny's final part in Sir William's good fortune, as from interested motives.

Lawrie Thwaite did not fail in attention to his wife, though he had never recovered from the combined shocks of his kinsman's dishonor and honor. He was a plain man, he said, and could not stand such flights of fortune. But he knew a good wife when he had her. He was persuaded — drawing the deduction from his own disposition, that it would be the last blow; everything would be up with him if Jenny died, and not only deprived him of her services but severed the near connection between him and Sir William. "Drat Will Thwaite, that he should bear a title like an alderman or a dook."

But Jenny, who had always been courageous and self-denying, was resigned to her fate and the will of God. She tried her best to meet and overcome the passionate rebellion of her brother. Her heart was still so full of gratitude and joy on his account that she had no room for sorrow for herself. It appeared as if she had come to see that all was for the best, and could feel an unearthly satisfaction in this last offering up of herself for the lad.

"You won't want me any more, Will; I should only have been in your way," she said faintly.

"Jen," he protested in his vehement depths of love and sorrow, "you know I would rather have lived in the most miserable den, and had nothing except potatoes and salt to keep me from starving, with you, than without you to be master of the finest house in the kingdom, and have grand furniture and delicate dishes at my command. So don't go for to leave me, Jen — don't, if you ever cared a farthing for a scamp who was never worth the trouble you took for him, and the fondness you wasted on him."

"No, no, my dear, I have my reward when I think of you as a gentleman among the best. I do know that it is sore for you to give me up, for we've come through the hards together, that we 'ave; but we've seen the last of poverty and knocking about, and it is all for the best. A pretty like figure I should have made as a baronite's sister! Why, Will" — raising herself up with difficulty, a smile on her wan face — "you'll get a fine young lady for your wife, as good as she is fine. You won't miss your sister Jen, though your kind heart will never let you forget her."

"I don't want a fine young lady," said Will hoarsely. "What should I do with such cattle? They would only laugh at me and despise me. I only want you, Jen."

"Ah, lad, you don't know what is good for you. Rest content; there is One as knows, and he don't make no mistakes, though it ain't the thing we fancy we want he gives us mostly. But there is something you can do for me, lad, before I go—a single favor I'm bold to ax."

"Ax all I have, and you are welcome to it, Jen. Don't put your request in that way," said Will reproachfully.

"Nay, it is the fitting way, since you are the head of the house—Sir Wil'am, no less"—dwelling on the words in her weak voice with loving triumph. "If I am not the first to do you honor, who should be? But I ha'n't too much breath to spare. Will, dear, it is the drink that has been your ruin—not that you're ruined—far from it—and you ain't a sot—God forbid!—but you've gone your own way, and not been too perticklar about the company you kep'—judging others as you did yourself, like a innocent, 'igh-spirited chap—not always looking out for number one, keeping out of mischief yourself, and leaving others to pay the piper, like poor Lawrie, and the drink has done the rest. When it was on you it has driven the wit clean out, and made your temper work like mad. Promise you will have no more to do with the drink, for it tempts gentle and simple, in one shape or another, as I've seen in some of the tip-top bungalows where I've gone to do a day's washing. Your being Sir Wil'am and a squire will not keep you straight, but will only make your fall the greater, if you let the drink get the better of you. I'll not rest in my grave if that day come. Promise me, Will, you'll have done with the drink, and I'll die 'appy."

"I swear I'll never put my lips to a glass from this day forth, if that will content you. It is the least I can do for you, that has done everything for me since mother left me a whining babby," the young man vowed solemnly.

"And I can answer for your keeping your word; that's my good lad," declared the dying woman, with growing feebleness and perfect satisfaction.

Will roused her afresh. "Is there anything more I can do for you, Jen?" he implored—"not for myself, but for yourself or any other person you mind about."

"Bless the lad! what should I desire now but to 'ave him sitting there, where my eyes can fall upon him, the last thing. Well, there is Lawrie. I doubt poor Lawrie will miss me a bit," muttered Jenny, rather in a tone of benevolent consideration than of keen sympathy. "You might

spare a trifle and settle summat on Lawrie. He's your cousin, as well as my good man—a poor relation of the family, such as you were wont to be when no helping hand was held out to you; but it's forget and forgive where I'm going. With that and his pension, when his time is out, he'll fare well enough, without feeling the odds of me gone, and no more money coming in to eke out his pay."

"He may have the half of all I'm to get for your sake, Jen. I don't feel to care about it," said the new squire in his despondency.

"The half of your inheritance! Have you taken leave of your senses, lad?" cried Jenny, almost springing back to life and energy at the extravagance of the proposal. "What would Lawrie Thwaite do with a gentleman's allowance? You could never make a gentleman of him. He would only board it, and run the risk of being robbed and murdered, or be cheated out of it by some fair-tongued scoundrel, for Lawrie ain't wise, though I've heard him called a wiseacre. Between you and me, he's greedy and cunning, poor soul; but there ben't no great harm in him, and he ha'n't much of a headpiece. No, Will, I said a trifle out of your abundance; stick to that, and I 'ont be displeased or troubled with the fear that I did wrong in marrying Lawrie to follow you, and so mebbe hung a millstone round your neck. We're but weak critters, and don't see an inch before our noses. For his sake as well as for yours, let it be no more than is in keeping with what he has been used to, and what he needs. It is another thing with you, who are to be a grand gentleman, a benefactor to your kind, like old General Leigh with his soldiers and the natives. You remember him and the monster funeral he had? Ay, but I would have liked to see you at the height of your glory!" cried Jenny, beginning to wander. "I would have liked to have seen Whitehills just once, and then crept down into the dark hole. Whitehills, with its floors of gold and its gates of pearls, and you among your ivory and your apes and peacocks. But we'll meet again in a better place, Will—a better place, where there's no more parting."

Jenny was dead and buried. There had been a most respectable attendance at her funeral. It seemed perfectly natural that her brother, Sir William, should act as chief mourner, paying his sister all the respect which she had so richly merited, in his first appearance in public after

his accession to rank and fortune. The company were actually at the grave's mouth before an awkward omission was remarked. The widower had not joined the little cavalcade.

Will took himself severely to task because he had shut himself up with his sorrow, and only come out when he was summoned to walk at the head of the coffin. He went immediately on his return to seek his brother-in-law, and take the first steps in the arrangement which had been agreed upon between Will Thwaite and his sister. It was too late; the wretched man had hanged himself.

The catastrophe was classed as a singular instance of wedded love and despair in a man who had not been demonstrative in his regard for his partner during her lifetime. Paradoxical, pensive spirits pointed to it as a case of repressed emotion and misunderstood devotion.

The sorry truth was that Lawrence Thwaite had been goaded, beyond the utmost stretch of his endurance, by the cruel chapter of accidents which had thwarted all his crafty plans and secret hopes. Why had events happened so promiscuously, and yet with such horrible fortuitousness, for Will? Why had his prodigal course been stopped, before folly and the climate had sent him post-haste and betimes, beyond the succession to a baronetcy and a squire's acres? Why had the indignity and anguish of the flogging been remitted? Why had old Sir John Thwaite, after he had lived beyond his threescore and twenty years, not hung out just another month, but insisted on dying in the very nick of time? Why had the post-runners not slackened their speed and delayed the mail, if but for one hour? And now the last misfortune had happened. Jenny, who was so clever a bread-winner and manager, had taken it upon her to die out of hand. There had been no love lost between him and Will in the past. Will would seize the opportunity of Jenny's death and his departure to enter on his possessions, to get rid of Lawrie, as Lawrie, in similar circumstances, would have got rid of Will. Lawrie would be reduced to his poor pay, with the prospect of greater indigence in his old age, after he had been let down from a condition of comparative comfort, and shut out from the intoxicating prospect of a great inheritance.

It was more than the miserable man could bear. He counted himself hardly dealt with, both by God and man; his brain reeled, and he flung up the game in

a sudden fury, which altogether overcame his caution and deliberation.

As for Will, he was cut to the heart by what struck him as the ghastly result of his swift, selfish unfaithfulness to Jenny's trust; though he could not pretend to regret, on any other grounds than those of horror and pity, his kinsman's fate. It sank into Will's spirit that no good had come, or would come, of his prosperity. It had saved his worthless credit and life, but it had cost Jenny her life, and it had driven Lawrie Thwaite to destruction.

CHAPTER IV.

WHITEHILLS.

THE Thwaites of Whitehills were one of the oldest families in Eastham, but, like many another old family, all its members had not preserved its dignity intact, or behaved with the decorum which ought to have accompanied blue blood. Two generations before, a foolish lad had alienated his kinsfolk by a low marriage with the daughter of one of the keepers. He had consummated his evil-doing, in the eyes of the head of the house, by declining to come begging for pardon, and to submit to the authority which should mete out to him at once his punishment and such assistance as might enable him to make the best of his bad bargain and refrain from disgracing his family further. He was only too willing in his refractoriness to drink as he had brewed; but since such culprits are not often gifted with the strength of character and determination of mind which mark the successful architects of their own fortunes, the drink he consumed grew very thin indeed. He sank lower and lower in the social scale, and ended by becoming a considerable burden on his father-in-law, the keeper. He had, as a matter of course, been dismissed from Whitehills; but as he was a capable, industrious man, master of his calling, and had not been privy to his daughter's love and ambition, he succeeded without much difficulty in getting employment in another part of the county.

The matter, though a source of mortification and pain to the Thwaites of that day, was of less consequence, apart from family pride and affection, inasmuch as the delinquent was not the heir, and had more than one elder brother.

There was no lack of sons then at Whitehills; but time sometimes works havoc among the strongest of such stays. Time was rather slow in its work in this instance, and as a cousin who has de-

scended in the social ranks is not like a brother fallen into low life, the successors of the erratic Thwaite who was at the bottom of the mischief were still more left to their fate by their illustrious relatives.

The poor Thwaites, inheriting the good and evil of the paternal temper, had the rare grace not to obtrude themselves on the notice of their loftier kindred, though the plebeian branch kept up the recollection of their descent. One of them had even gone so far as to make, on one of his few holidays, at a considerable sacrifice, an *incognito* journey in third-class carriages and on the tramp, to gaze, from a respectful distance, with gloating, covetous eyes on what, in picturesque language, might be called the cradle of his race. He kept the expedition jealously concealed from people who had even a nearer interest in it. No doubt it added to the liveliness of the interest, that the news of the gradual sweeping away of the elder branch of the stock had filtered somehow to those most concerned. Deaths at home and abroad, old bachelors whose rights perished with them, childless couples equally without representatives, left the last Sir John, in the direct line, limited to his family and to the alien Thwaites for the preservation of the title and land in connection with the original name. He had no power by the terms of the entail to will away the inheritance — even so far as heirs female, while there existed the remotest heirs male who could prove their descent and produce their registers.

In view of the exigency of the situation, Sir John seized the opportunity of marrying twice — first in early manhood and again late in life. A third opportunity was not vouchsafed to him. In the first instance the children died in infancy. In the second the sole child born was a boy, weak both in body and mind.

There seemed no resource for Sir John save to make himself acquainted with his poor relations, and cultivate them diligently while there was yet time to provide a decent wearer of his honors. But the old man was of an arrogant, narrow temper. He clung to the last, with as much passionate pride as human feeling, to the hope that his poor boy, with all the aid which his position could give him, would grow stronger and wiser as he grew older, and when that trust was stamped out by the death of the little fellow, the father would not consent to put a low bumpkin in his son's place. He washed his hands

of the whole matter, the error of his ancestor and the misfortune of an illiterate, underbred master of Whitehills. Sir John peevishly refused to do what he could to set the wrong right. If Providence had chosen it was to be so, why should he plague himself to concoct a partial remedy? All that Sir John would attempt for the credit of the name and the good of the place was to live as long as he could, and keep the interloper out till his last breath. This he contrived to do till he was an octogenarian with four or five years to spare.

The Thwaites with the puddle in their blue blood had not been longer lived or more productive of heirs than the main line had shown itself. At last the inferior branch resolved itself into Will and Jenny Thwaite, the son and daughter of the elder grandson of Dicky Thwaite, who fell from his station by marrying the keeper's daughter, and Lawrie Thwaite, the grandson of the younger son of the same worthy. There was no confusion of numbers or difficulty in tracing the proper descendant from the man who formed the link to the baronetcy and estate. Perhaps the wonder was that no long-sighted individual had anticipated the end, and insisted on advancing money, or otherwise bettering the condition of the future Sir William. But Will and Jenny would have looked shyly on such overtures, and their going out to India put temptation more out of their reach.

Sir William had never seen Whitehills before the day that he drove down to it with his lawyer, one of the leading members of the well-reputed firm, a clever little gentlemanlike man, who honestly wished to do his best by his strange client, but could not make much of him, as he watched him curiously at a crucial epoch of his history. Sir William was a personable enough young fellow of five or six and twenty. He was not above five feet eight in his inches; but his sinewy figure was well developed. His carriage was good, though it partook a little of the ramrod; but that defect was sometimes to be found in the bearing of field-marshal. Thanks to his soldiering, Sir William was delivered from the clumsy, loutish shuffle or slouch of a day-laborer or a mechanic, and from the jerking gait or skip of a journeyman tradesman or counter-jumper. His close-cropped hair was chestnut, the florid coloring of his face had not yet lost the bronze of India and the tan of a sea voyage. It was a complexion which was not a bad match for

that of a college under-graduate who went in for athletic sports, or of a country gentleman who had his year strictly divided into fishing, shooting, and hunting seasons.

In some respects the lad looked younger than his years, though he was of manly make. In others—in a slight massiveness peculiar to his features, and in what had become the inflexible gravity of his aspect, he gave one the idea of maturer age than he had attained. The best and the most striking things in his face consisted of two marked traits. The natural sweep of his hair made an ample corner on each side of his forehead, disclosing a full brow, above well-apart eyes and eyebrows, which lent an impression of honesty and frankness, as well as of intellectual capacity. His eyes were dark blue, and though they sparkled oftener than they melted, would have gone a long way to confer beauty on a woman's face. The worst points were incongruous and contradictory in the inferences to be drawn from them. The jaw inclined to dogged squareness, while the chin was ill-defined and boded weakness.

Mr. Miles the lawyer, during the necessary detention of Sir William in town, had in the most delicate manner suggested an outfit in accordance with the change of rank. This and other considerate attentions had provoked no restiveness on the part of their object, such as might have been apprehended from a feather-headed fool suddenly raised to an elevation altogether beyond his level, with the etiquette of which he was necessarily unfamiliar. Sir William adopted a tweed morning suit and a dinner dress without making any difficulty. What he did in trifles was a happy sign of what he might accomplish in weightier matters. His mode of meeting the hints given him raised him in the opinion of the late Sir John's agents. But the instructions could not be more than hints, for, with all his rusticity and simplicity, there was something about the heir which kept sensible, self-respecting men, gentlemen themselves, at a proper distance.

On the other hand there was nothing about Sir William which could force his prompters to look down upon him, while they should be under the necessity of taking the upper hand with him. The lawyers found their client had fair parts, and could understand what was explained to him, even though it had to do with business out of his accustomed rut. He had received a very tolerable education in

the three great primitive R's., and of one R he had availed himself pretty considerably, in what appeared, at first sight, untoward circumstances. He had a taste for reading, and in spite of his admitted wildness, had taken advantage of the regimental library.

Altogether, what with the gain of his foreign experience and military training—granted that the last was in the ranks—he might at least hold his own, on the score of ordinary intellectual knowledge, with those young English gentlemen who have no taste for the classics, have been plucked over and over again in their examinations, frequent stables and kennels instead of drawing-rooms, and never open a book except the *Field* or *Bell's Life*.

Messrs. Miles and Dickinson were rather proud of their client. They had dreaded something very different; now they augured quite hopefully of his future—a quiet fellow, not at all without common sense, which was better than uncommon genius, who had done with sowing his wild oats, and pulled up effectually so far as anybody could judge. He might not make such a mess of the baronetcy and property as some very fine gentleman would have done. Manners, of course, he had none; but no manners were a great improvement on bad manners. He had everything to learn there, but comparatively little to unlearn. He had his drop of good blood, which people would be particularly ready to recognize, seeing it was now fitly balanced by an old title and good landed property. The last, no agricultural depression, or vindictive policy of old Sir John in granting long leases at low rents, and pensioning dependents inordinately, could greatly impair. In those days, when landowners had a strong call to fall back into gentlemen farmers working their own land, against odds too, Sir William might not be amiss as a plain country gentleman. Let him marry well,

A penniless lass with a lang pedigree,

and *savoir faire* to her finger-tips, and be amenable to his wife in those respects in which she was his superior, and there was no fear of him. He seemed a finish fellow in the main, both in physique and morals.

What puzzled and disconcerted Mr. Miles in his otherwise satisfactory charge, was the inflexible gravity and inscrutable reserve with which Sir William made acquaintance with his prospects, and at last with his place. It was surely unnatural, especially at his age, that he should ex-

press no rejoicing, hardly even satisfaction, at his accession. He had lost his sister very recently, but the death of an elderly married woman, though she had brought him up, was not likely to affect so deeply a young fellow with the ball at his foot.

Sir William and Mr. Miles were driving over from the nearest station in a trap which the lawyer had appointed to be ready for them. He had thought it better not to order the Whitehills carriage to meet them, with its announcement that the new master was come, and its proclamation of the news to everybody they might pass on the road. The wiser arrangement was for Sir William to arrive without attracting particular attention. If a demonstration were demanded and found desirable, let it come later, when everybody should be better acquainted and prepared for what was to happen. When Sir William's wishes were asked on the subject, he emphatically acquiesced in Mr. Miles's judicious plan.

The day was in spring, during blustering, but not uncheery, March weather. The landscape was as flat as most of the scenery of Eastham; but it was not without its charms in the absence of picturesqueness. It was wide and free, even to its broad, rutted, shaggy green lanes, in which a gipsy encampment or the evicted Shakers might pitch a tent or two, and still leave ample room for the small traffic, principally of carts or wagons and day-laborers passing that way. There was a certain rugged sincerity in the unpretending homeliness of the fields, together with a shade of sadness and sombreness oftener attributed to some descriptions of French than to any examples of English landscape.

This suspicion of pathos had a complex origin. This corner of Eastham had never been in the van of agricultural progress, and was as moderately productive as it was inadequately cultivated. It had plenty of well-preserved, carefully stocked coverts for game, and bore a hunting reputation, but the low value of the land in other respects was evident, not merely in the spaciousness and frequency of the lanes, but in the recurring wedges of ground covered with straggling, sodden grass and rushes.

The country here was very scantily populated. Anything like market-towns or villages worthy of the name were separated by six or eight miles. In general, a village was represented by half-a-dozen thatched or tiled houses — not even clus-

tering together, but standing with wide gaps, till the dwellings extended over a quarter of a mile — by solitary roadside inns, and roadside shops which partook of the character of Australian stores. As for the small, ancient, often beautiful churches, they seemed to exist principally in connection with their rectories, sometimes equally beautiful in their mellow, red-brick multiplicity of angles and luxuriant green draperies. The mansions of the nobility and gentry were largely conspicuous by their absence, and the squires' seats had sunk into farmhouses, dating in more than one instance from pre-Elizabethan or other times, which would have delighted the antiquary or the archæologist. There was an arrested, isolated, half-clownish, poverty-stricken aspect about what was, in fact, one of the most primitive districts in England, though it had not been furnished with any barricade of hills or rivers.

The working people, consisting almost entirely of day-laborers, the moment they had passed their first youth looked dull and apathetic, on rare occasions fierce and savage, as if heart and spirit had either been crushed out of them, or raised into sullen revolt by the grinding toil necessary to keep soul and body together. It was probable that William the Conqueror's Domesday Book attested the region — what with Norman castles, Saxon homestead, and religious houses, squatters on waste territory, fishers of pike and tench and shooters of wild fowl — more populous and fully as thriving as it was to-day.

So much for the sombreness of what was comparatively waste, half-inhabited and down-trodden in this section of Eastham; but there was no gloom which a March wind and a changeful March sky could not relieve and carry off. There was a flavor of liberty and a feeling of room to breathe in the uncrowded earth and the unvitiated, though somewhat moist and heavy air. The patches of blue in the sky were matched by the springing green corn and the banks studded with primroses. There were more than primroses gemming the little watercourses and the long grass by the sides of the ditches; there were such quantities of purple and white violets unseen by the travellers, that they lent a subtle sweetness to the scent of decaying leaves and freshly turned-over earth. Rooks were wheeling and cawing over the ploughing and the sowing in the fields. Small birds were stirring and chirping in the coverts, where the twigs of

the underwood had swollen with the bourgeons, and acquired the bluish-purple tint of the bloom on a plum. Colts, calves, and lambs were kicking up their heels and frisking in the meadows.

"That is Whitehills, Sir William. Let me congratulate myself on being the first to point out to you the home of your ancestors," said Mr. Miles, betrayed into tall language by the importance of the occasion, as the trap turned the bend of the road which brought the mansion-house into view.

"Just so. Thank you, sir," said Sir William, who had not got over the last form of address, and who spoke mechanically and almost as apathetically as any native. He did not even spring up to a standing position to catch a better glimpse of the house. What he did see of it, perhaps, was not calculated to strike him much, unless he were blinded by the sense of ownership. He was neither antiquary nor archæologist, and what he distinguished between the leafless branches of the trees of the park was only a long, low white building, with the remains of a moat in a gleaming pond — a common feature of all the old "halls" in that part of Eastham. The house was not likely to impress his ignorant, underbred taste. He felt rather inclined to contrast the reality a little sadly and sardonically with his poor Jen's delirious dreams — in which she confounded earth and heaven — of floors of gold and gates of pearls.

Mr. Miles had cleared his throat and began to talk of the origin of the name. There were no hills in Eastham, and hardly even one elevation here. Some people thought that "hills" referred to remote cromlechs or mounds over illustrious dead, whether Danes or Normans, Saxons or Britons, and that the adjective "white" meant either the unsullied purity of their patriotism, or the clear light of that land to which their souls had fled.

Old Sir John had pensioned his domestics so liberally that they had retired in a body for the most part, to enjoy the idleness and domesticity secured to their declining years. One or two, who had been more Lady Thwaite's servants than Sir John's, went to form the nucleus of a comfortable establishment for the well-jointured widow at the dowager-house of Netherton, four miles off. Mr. Miles had taken care that a new staff should be put in office, and had enlarged to his wife on the great gain of a discreet butler and a staid, efficient housekeeper. The first performance of these important minor

actors in the drama was perfectly satisfactory, and did credit to Mrs. Miles's selection. They behaved with the silent, attentive civility which was all that was wanted from them. If they could practise imperturbability in addition to the quiet discharge of their duties, it might be as well; though Mr. Miles began to hope more and more that Sir William would not, from the beginning, tax too severely the nerves of his domestics or outrage their standards. No doubt a gentleman from the ranks might hold his tongue to his agent, and yet not preserve his distance from the inferiors with whom he would come in constant contact. For that matter, these would hardly have held him their social equal of old. But Mr. Miles was fain to anticipate better things from Sir William.

The heir had crossed the fine old hall, really a choice specimen of a low-roofed but spacious, many-recessed entrance hall, where black and white marble had preceded tiles, and a great fireplace, sending forth a ruddy glow of light and heat, diffused a grateful warmth that took out the sting implanted by the March winds, and offered a kind of physical welcome home.

From the equally balmy atmosphere of a corridor, rich in pictures, cabinets, and the superseded Lady Thwaite's fancy in flower-stands and low ottomans, Sir William had entered the library, with its entire lining of books, its classic busts and faint perfume of generations of culture transmitted by the medium of old Russian leather. It had been Sir John's study, though he was neither a scholar nor a student, and it had never struck him as out of keeping with its possessor. But it was here that the sense of the contrast between his past and present position seized upon Sir John's successor and staggered him.

It was easy enough to guess that the change might be too great to be pleasant, though none save Will Thwaite himself knew the whole story of that Nhilpoor, where he had lain on his face groaning, awaiting the brutal punishment of the lash. The scene rose up before him with sickening, revolting vividness. Just so it would arise and fill him with a kind of dire bewilderment and terror as of discovery, exposure, and the awakening from a mad, beguiling dream, on many a future occasion which would otherwise have been among the gladdest and brightest experiences of his life. Not the den at Nhilpoor alone, for that had not been the first instance of his lying under arrest in a

dog-hole, neither had he been a martyr to military tyranny and his commanding officer's persecution. He had deserved all he had got and more. The gulfs of low debauchery in which he had been sinking deeper and deeper, from which Jen had striven in vain to warn and snatch him, stood out as plainly written in letters of fire on his brain. From the moment he had bent over Jen's bed and known himself powerless to save her, his remorse for those grievous sins against her devotion, which had cost her life, smote him with throes of self-disgust convulsing his nature and threatening to remain an indelible accusing record on his conscience, quickening any original sensitiveness which had been hardening for years, and rendering it morbid for life. He could not agree with her that she would have cut but a poor figure wherewith to adorn his elevation in rank. If that were true, then perish the elevation, for he knew, if none else did, how far she was his superior. He had slain the creature who had done everything for him, and was so much better than he. It was over her grave that he had stepped to his promotion. He had even, in his wretched self-engrossment, neglected her last charge and suffered Lawrie to perish. If it were not for his pledge to Jen, he would not care what became of him when everybody was singing out the mocking lie that he had been so lucky in coming into a fortune and all of rubbish. But, for Jen's sake, he must keep his word and deny himself to the last the one antidote to his misery. He must die game and sober.

CHAPTER V.

NEIGHBORS.

SIR WILLIAM had paused on the threshold of the library, and Mr. Miles, who was watching his companion, saw him get first red and then white, and hang his head. The next moment the master of the house walked to one of the windows, and, as if to mask any disturbance he had betrayed, asked, in the slow, measured speech which attaches to speakers who weigh every word they utter, "What is that house to the right? Who occupies it?"

"There is only one house within sight, I think," said Mr. Miles, in the easy, unaffected tone he sought to establish between the two, joining the speaker as he spoke. "That is Lambford; it belongs to Lord Fermor. He is in his dotage, and Lady Fermor rules for him. She is

your nearest neighbor. I am sorry to say she cannot be called a good neighbor."

Sir William's curiosity was easily satisfied.

Naturally it was not the first time that the lawyer had dined with his client. Mr. Miles had already found the opportunity of noting two things. One was, that the young baronet conducted himself very much according to ordinary rules. He had assisted as an orderly at mess dinners; he had come home as a first-class passenger, and, being surrounded by an odor of good fortune, his presence had been welcomed instead of tabooed at the *table d'hôte*. He was too proud to subject himself to ridicule by failing to acquire habits which the practice of a little observation and self-restraint could quickly teach him. A smart soldier, clean and neat to finicalness, tutored to one species of etiquette, has always the making of a conventional gentleman in him, however far he may be from the higher type, and Will Thwaite, apart from his fits of dissipation, had been a very smart soldier.

The second peculiarity which had attracted Mr. Miles's attention was that Sir William drank nothing save water. Taken by surprise, the elder man was tempted to rally the younger gently, for already the lawyer was doubtful whether the young baronet were a fellow at whom his neighbors could safely poke fun. "Are you a Good Templar? Have you taken the pledge?"

Sir William did not appear to see the joke. "No, I am not, though there are some of the sort in India," he said with his accustomed gravity; "but I have taken a pledge, though it is not of the kind you mean."

"All right," answered Mr. Miles. "Every man should judge for himself." At the same time he was reflecting in his own mind, "I wish you may keep it. Possibly these are the safest lines for you."

So it was the butler, and not Mr. Miles, who received a shock from his master's decided waiving aside of his attentions with, "I don't want any wine."

"No wine, Sir William? I beg pardon, sir, but I think I must be mistaken. Do you mean neither sherry nor chablis, nor hock?—I have them all here with the liqueurs, and the claret and port later. Perhaps you prefer a liqueur first. Some of the gentlemen I have been with always began with a liqueur."

"No,"—Sir William stopped himself

just in time from saying, "No, thank you, sir," to the black-coated dignitary, hanging anxiously on his words — "I drink nothing but water, my man," floundering into the opposite extreme of too affable familiarity this time. "You need not trouble to have out these things," indicating the old cut wineglasses and decanters, with a fine indifference, "unless, of course," stammering a little as he corrected himself, for the obligations of hospitality are strong in the class from which he had just emerged, "when any gentleman is here who drinks wine."

The butler knew that his master had been a grub before he became a butterfly, but the sentence about the wines floored the subordinate considerably. "I say," he remonstrated with himself, "I can't stand this. 'My man,' indeed! from one who has pipeclayed his own belts and polished his own shoes. Why, the dean called me 'Mr. Cumberbatch' as often as not. Good wages, light work, and time to one's self are all very well, and an inducement to put up with a master who has risen from the dirt, though he were the right heir, and is a likely enough young gentleman to look at. When it comes to that we're all Adam's sons. But what are we coming to when wine ain't countenanced at a squire and baronet's table? There will be no broken bottles of claret, or sherry, or nothin' for the hall-table; and beer will vanish next. We're to be tea-tottlers, if not saints. What about the plate? Is silver or silver-gilt sinful? Are we all to eat off coarsest hearthenware, and sport sack-cloth and ashes?"

From the caustic irony of his thoughts the reader may judge how deeply the butler was moved. Nevertheless Mr. Cumberbatch was able to bring in a note on a salver, and present it in a respectfully reproachful way to Sir William. He took it, opened and read it, and then handed it with a mystified air to his companion; yet it was no more than one of those notes which fly about the world launched by idly busy hands, and do not even require an answer.

It had only one reason for making a mark on reaching its destination. It was the daintiest note Sir William had ever received, written on black-edged note-paper like satin, supplied with both a crest and a monogram — a tiny version of what, in an enlarged form, had been shown and explained to Sir William as the two hounds in a leash under an oak-tree, which constituted the heraldic bear-

ings of the Thwaites, together with a fanciful, miniature A. T.

The clear writing was a little bold for so small an epistle, while it conveyed the frankest, most courteous, and magnanimous of greetings. "Dear Sir William," it said, "I cannot help calling you so, and desiring to be the first to bid you welcome to the charming old place, which I know so well, and where I have been so happy. That you are in the room of my dear husband and beloved child is only an additional reason why I should have the most cordial interest in your welfare, if you will allow me to say so. I trust I shall soon have the pleasure of seeing you, and knowing you as a friend and near neighbor. — Believe me, dear Sir William, yours sincerely, ADA THWAITE."

"Well, Sir William?" said Mr. Miles tentatively, with a smile, while he was turning over rapidly in his mind the considerations which the note suggested. "What can she want? She does not intend to become Lady Thwaite the Second by captivating young Sir William after she has disposed of old Sir John. Oh dear, no! She is a great deal too astute, while she is too mild and well-bred an adventuress for so violent and vulgar a dodge. She must be ten or fifteen years his senior. Mischief, not malice; pickings, not plunderings, are her cue. I know her of old. The prestige of becoming, by the assertion of a prior right, first and best acquainted with a gentleman, and then of trotting him out to the neighborhood, on the *qui vive* for his arrival, if he turn out a decent specimen of resuscitated gentility, will count for something. There may be certain dowager perquisites over and above the bond, though she has a very pretty jointure, and he is saddled with a life almost as good as his own on the property. She will have the use of his horses when he does not require them, with offerings of game and fruit beyond what Netherton can produce. She will have the advantage of continuing the first female influence at Whitehills till he gets a wife."

Mr. Miles's speculations were interrupted.

"I suppose it is Sir John's widow, and it is good of her not to mind," said Sir William slowly. "But what am I to do about her? What does she expect me to do? I have no acquaintance with people of her kidney. I am not fit to go into such company; at least, not yet a bit."

I was as if Sir William had proposed to

reply to the note dashed off in a few minutes, by sitting down at his desk, squaring his arms, and inditing with care and deliberation, and not without the assistance of a dictionary, a formal, frozen letter, so precisely to the point that it might have been printed.

"Oh, you will find no difficulty!" said Mr. Miles cheerfully. "I know Lady Thwaite quite well, and will introduce you if you like. She is not a hard person to get on with, and she may in turn make you acquainted with the neighborhood, which in the sense of society is not extensive. It never did any man or woman good to shun his or her kind, and hold them at arm's length; any amount of difficulties and rubbing the wrong way is preferable. Lady Thwaite means to be gracious, and it will not do for you—I speak as your friend and senior by thirty years—to meet her advances ungraciously. You must condone all former neglect, or anything that strikes you as forward in the present overture. I will confess to you that I do not give her credit for the finest perceptions or the most exquisite tact. But the world, which is not too nice in its tastes, does not agree with me. It counts her as pleasant and clever as she is good-natured, and votes her its greatest popularity. She is certainly good-natured, but she can be offended, though she is not very spiteful. She might do you harm by driving her pair of ponies all over the country, and airing her rebuff in the spirit of an accomplished gossip, who finds food for her calling everywhere. She can treat the matter either as a grievance or as a good joke, which would be rather the worse treatment of the two."

"I don't care a rap," cried Sir William, swelling a little with indignation; "she may, if she likes, for me. I shall be a poor creature, indeed, if I mind what a parcel of old women say."

"Softly, softly, my dear fellow!" asserted Mr. Miles, seeking to keep the peace. "No man can afford to be so independent. In the second place, Lady Thwaite is not an old woman. What put such a shocking idea into your head? I shall be surprised if you take her for more than five-and-twenty—about your own age—when you see her. In reality she is a handsome, well-preserved woman between five-and-thirty and forty—no more."

"I shall think the worse of her if she is made up to look what she is not, like a horse at a fair," said Sir William a little

doggedly, and with brutal plain speaking, as a recollection flashed across his mind of his sister Jen, with her spare, worn figure and face, and her patches of grey hair. Where had he read—for this ex-sergeant had been given to reading in his wiser moments—of such ashen patches as flakes of heaven's sunshine?

"You must remember she has a claim upon your forbearance," represented Mr. Miles adroitly, not noticing the ebullition which smelt of the hole whence Sir William had been dug. "Your first impulse to regard it as good of her to write to you was not altogether wrong. Poor soul! the fate of her boy cut her up considerably."

"Very well, I'll go and see her if that will be of any use. I expect that is what it will come to," said Sir William, as if he were submitting to a disagreeable necessity.

Mr. Miles had to be content with the concession. Holding intercourse with Sir William at this date partook a good deal of the nature of a one-handed conversation, and the one-handedness seemed to increase when the only share of the host, in the post-prandial conviviality, consisted in passing the decanters, which Sir William was scrupulous to do. The situation began to get intolerably heavy to a town-bred man accustomed to a very different description of dining out—something that he was used to regard complacently as having to do with "the feast of reason and the flow of soul."

"The cub is not a bad cub," he grumbled, "but I hope Lady Thwaite, or some one else, will have licked him into shape, so as to render him livelier, before I visit Whitehills again. Funeral baked meats would be a hilarious entertainment in comparison with this orgy on entering into possession."

As a little variety, after coffee had been sent in, Mr. Miles proposed a stroll in the dusk, comforted by the sense that things would not be so unsocial, since Sir William had not abjured a pipe along with a glass.

The two men went as far as one of the park gates, and stood leaning over, looking into the darkening highroad. It was as empty as most country roads at the season and hour, when all at once a close carriage appeared in the distance, looming out of the obscurity, jolting rather than bowling along.

Mr. Miles grew quite excited by this little adventure, though it was hardly within the bounds of possibility that it

could bring other visitors to Whitehills. As the carriage drew nearer he had, at least, the satisfaction of announcing that he knew it. It was one of the Lambford carriages; he had seen the liveries when he was down at Whitehills before. Lady Fermor must have been at Knotley to her banker or shopping. The old lady still did her business for herself, though it was a mercy to think she was too old for the gaieties which had made her earlier career notorious.

Mr. Miles's scandal against Queen Elizabeth was brought to an abrupt conclusion. The carriage stopped, the coachman kept his post, while a groom alighted. Presently it became evident that Lady Fermor wished the lamps lit before she proceeded farther, and that the groom was bound for the porter's lodge to get a light. For anything that the two lookers-on knew, they might be unseen by the occupants of the carriage. But it did not accord with Mr. Miles's old-fashioned politeness to remain hidden while he could help a lady. He had met Lady Fermor at old meets and hunting breakfasts at Lambford. He opened the gate, stepped briskly forward, leaving Sir William behind, and went up, hat in hand, to the window, which had been drawn down. "Can I do anything for you, Lady Fermor?" he asked with the civility of a man of the world. "I dare say you have forgotten me. My name is Miles. At one time I was often down from town on law business of poor Sir John's, and I had the pleasure of getting a little sport and enjoying Lord Fermor's hospitality when the scent held and we could get a run across country."

Lady Fermor's old head, in a somewhat juvenile bonnet, was thrust out of the window at once. Hauteur or reserve had never been among her faults. "I remember you perfectly, Mr. Miles. I am glad to renew our acquaintance. Will you be so good as to see that my groom lights the lamps so that one or other does not go out after the first hundred yards? I have been to Knotley, and stayed too long—let myself be benighted like a dissipated old woman. But what brings you down here just now? Is it anything about your new clown of a baronet?"

"Hush! he is just behind me." Mr. Miles was forced to warn her.

"There, bring him forward at once and present him to me, and to my granddaughter. Iris is in that corner. Are you awake, child? Were you ever introduced to Mr. Miles?"

"I think not; but I shall be happy to undergo the ceremony now," answered a fresh young voice.

"Many thanks for the permission, Miss Compton, but, if you please, we'll agree to defer the ceremony along with the presentation to Sir William. I can scarcely see you two ladies. We are only just come. The time is not propitious; let us wait for another and a happier day."

Mr. Miles retreated on the plea of giving some directions about the lamps. "I am not going to be the man to introduce Jezebel to him," he was resolving. "Let us be thankful she has, in a great measure, outlived her sorceries; but they say she has taken to play, in her age, like the most accomplished performer at Homburg in its worst days, or Monte Carlo. I believe the granddaughter, poor thing! is a nice girl to have come out of so bad a nest," still pursuing his reflections.

Mr. Miles was hampered by the fear that Lady Fermor's personal remark might have reached the young man, but as the carriage disappeared in the darkness from which it had emerged, and the lawyer rejoined his companion, he felt bound to deliver his testimony that danger had been near.

Sir William anticipated him by a remark in which a shade of doubt and discontent was just audible. "I thought you said the Fermors were a bad lot."

"A shocking bad lot, so far as Lord and Lady Fermor go," corroborated Mr. Miles emphatically.

"And yet you are quite thick with them." The pupil suddenly turned the tables on his mentor, still with the suspicion of mystification and annoyance in his manner.

"Not thick in your sense," answered Mr. Miles promptly; "not more than common courtesy demands. I am sorry that your nearest neighbors are the Fermors, Sir William. He, poor old wretch, may be reckoned nowhere now; but she—well, she forfeited her place in society ages ago. She has, in course of nature, given up hunting, and there are no more hunting breakfasts, or stud dinners, or election banquets at Lambford. The place used to be a great rearing-ground for hunters; and both host and hostess went in strongly for politics—at least, as far as the hurly-burly of elections. You will not come across him, and you may not encounter her; which, let me tell you, will be no loss for any young man who wishes to keep himself straight and avoid temptation. It is my duty to make you

acquainted with the rumor that high play goes on whenever she can call up the ghost of company at Lambford."

"Does nobody go near her then?" said Sir William, dwelling on the isolation. The sharp ears of his adviser detected that it had a fascination for a lad who might be a pariah in his own person. Mr. Miles was induced to qualify his statement in policy as well as in verity.

"Oh, not so bad as that! She raised with reason the hue and cry of the world against her, but it is an old, half-forgotten story: she has lived long enough to survive her punishment so far. The household at Lambford has been outwardly quiet enough for a dozen years. If people choose to lose money over Napoleon or vingt-et-un, or no worse than whist, it is entirely their own doing, and is quite another matter from a public scandal. They say she is kind to poor old Lord Fermor. There has never been a word against Miss Compton, the granddaughter, and she is likely to inherit her grandmother's savings — although there are other grandchildren, not Comptons, — Dugdales and Powells, the children of two daughters of Lady Fermor by her first husband. Even Lord Fermor's heir-at-law does not hold it wise to keep up a quarrel with the present mistress of the house. Lady Fermor, at her worst, maintained what I should call a brazen adherence to her Church whatever it had to say to her, and I have no doubt subscribes handsomely to parish charities; so her rector and rectoress, with their staff, must extend a certain amount of countenance and support to her; whether or not they regard her in the light of an interesting penitent, I cannot tell. Between the oblivion into which her past is falling, forbearance with her as an old woman, and pity for an innocent victim like Miss Compton, there is some amount of neighborly amnesty. Shall we drive over to the quarries I told you of to-morrow, Sir William?"

From The Quarterly Review.

THE COPTS AND EL-ISLAM.*

THE traveller who in steamboat or dahbiyeh ascends the Nile from Cairo to

* 1. *A short History of the Copts and of their Church; translated from the Arabic of Taqied-Din El-Magrizi.* By the Rev. S. C. Malan, M.A. London, 1873.

2. *The Calendar of the Coptic Church; translated from an Arabic MS., with Notes.* By the Same.

Luxor, passes on the eastern bank of the river the ruins of the city of Coptos. There are still traceable the remains of a wall and a gateway; and one column with the cartouche of Thothmes III. attests the date of the ancient city. Though few tourists, eager to reach Karnak and Luxor, give the ruins more than a hurried glance, there are not many more important historic sites in the country. For, without taking note of the legends and mystic rites which connected the city with Isis and Osiris, Coptos was in the fourth century the centre of the old national life, and the seed-plot of the Christianity of Egypt. And at this time it is important to keep these two ideas together, and to bear in mind that the Copts combine in themselves two remarkable claims on our attention — descent from the ancient Egyptians, whose type of features they have preserved as depicted on the ancient monuments, and attachment to the faith of the cross. The people most distinctly derived from the old inhabitants of the land were the first to embrace Christianity, and when the emissaries of Diocletian were busy trying to stamp out the faith, a remnant fled to this fortified town of Coptos* as their Pella. Many have derived from their city of refuge the name which they have since borne; but it is more probable that they gave their name to the city, which was their chief abode. The name itself is most likely the same as the ancient Greek name of Egypt — *Αἰγυπτος* — an explanation, which as Mr. Mackenzie Wallace observes, "will be more readily accepted, if we remember that the Egyptians always pronounce the *g* hard, and that they usually confound the hard *g* and *k*: between Gypt or Kypt or Kopt there is little phonetic difference."

There are few volumes accessible, in which the ecclesiastical and political history of the Copts can be studied; but it is seen as in a picture when we look down

3. *The Divine Liturgy of St. Mark the Evangelist; translated from an old Coptic MS.* By the Same.

4. *A History of the Egyptian Revolution from the Period of the Mamelukes to the Death of Mohammed Ali.* By A. A. Paton. London, 1870.

5. *The Coptic Morning Service for the Lord's Day, translated into English.* By John, Marquess of Bute, K.T. London, 1882.

6. *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, Sects, and Doctrines.* Edited by William Smith, D.C.L., and Henry Wace, D.D. Vol. I. Article, "The Coptic Church." London, 1877.

7. *Egypt and the Egyptian Question.* By D. Mackenzie Wallace. London, 1883.

8. *Egypt after the War.* By Villiers Stuart, of Dromana, M.P. London, 1883.

* Coptos is now called "Kuft" or "Guft." Copts are called "Kubt," "Gubt," "Kubtee," "Gubtee."

from the high mounds of fawn-colored dust on the churches and ruins of Old Cairo. The strange group of buildings, so different in style, and so vividly contrasted in historic association, yet all wrapt in the same garment of "dusty death," stamp on the mind the relations of the rival creeds of Christ and Islam. And indeed three, and not two only, of the potent faiths of the world are there represented. In the solid masonry and architrave imbedded in the wall we trace undoubted marks of the power of pagan Rome. Close by is the Coptic Church, where, according to an immemorial tradition, the Virgin and Child rested; and not far off, with vast quadrangle and colonnades formed of graceful Byzantine and Roman columns, stands the great mosque of the conqueror Amr. And as the three periods in the history of the capital of Egypt are thus brought before us, marked by its successive names, Babylon, Fostat, Cairo, so we can take in at a glance three structures of stone and brick, which represent successive periods in the history of the Church in Egypt. Even if we discard the legend of the Saviour's resting-place, in that Roman garrison were gathered a little knot of believers when Christianity was in its early purity. Later, when it triumphed over paganism, it reared churches which yonder shafts and capitals supported; and centuries afterwards its doctrine was corrupted, and its worship encrusted with ceremonial, and it fell before the sword of the chieftain whose religion is preached to-day from a pulpit which those desecrated marble stems sustain. And it is a mournful proof of the degradation into which Egyptian Christianity has fallen, that many travellers feel it hard to see in the sordid neglect and tarnished splendor of the Coptic churches the shrines of a purer faith than that which the tented Arab built by plunder and blood. In the firm belief, however, that there is a vital spark, dim, but nevertheless actually alive, and waiting to be enkindled into a shining light in this religious community, we ask the reader to bear with us while we describe, without partiality or prejudice, the actual state of this torn and stained remnant of the ancient Church of Egypt, which an Evangelist is believed to have planted, and so many saints and fathers have adorned.

It is not our present purpose to tell again at any length the story of the Monophysite controversy. We shall only allude to the subject when necessary, in order to understand the present state and

prospects of the Coptic Church and its relations with El-Islam.

Up to the date of the council held at Chalcedon (the present Scutari) A.D. 451, the history of the Christians in Egypt resembled the history of their fellow-believers in Europe and Asia. Like the rest of the faithful, they had endured their persecutions, and been comforted or enervated by their intervals of respite. But from the November day when the distinct nature of Christ was pronounced to be the orthodox doctrine, and the crowd of bishops and priests poured in two streams out of the great doors of the Basilica of St. Euphemia, the story of the Egyptian Church has to be written in a separate volume.* The decision of the Fourth General Council cut away the last cord. From the date of its delivery the Egyptian Church had to hollow out a channel for itself, and could no longer blend its waters with the stream of orthodox belief. Dioscorus, the successor of Cyril in the patriarchate of Alexandria, who had embraced the errors of Eutyches, had been deposed and banished by the council. His orthodox successor was Proterius, whose election was supported by the emperor Marcian. All those who acknowledged the decree of the council were called Melchites or "king's men," as though they had accepted the decree simply at the imperial bidding. The Monophysites elected Timothy Ælurus (the cat), as he was called, from his supple and artful activity. This man was banished, but his party was strong enough to obtain his recall, and to elect Monophysite successors. At first the distinction between the Melchites, or orthodox party, and the Monophysites, was not so marked as it became in process of time. During the interval between the Council of Chalcedon and the Mohammedan invasion of Egypt, the peculiar article of the Coptic belief was constantly receiving, by the pressure of events, a sharper definition, and the Egyptians were gradually finding the distance widen between themselves and the orthodox party. That century and a half was a stirring time in Egypt. Religious controversies, rebellions, and invasions, followed each other in quick succession. Justinian's administration of Egyptian affairs was marked by two important acts.

* The history of the Coptic Church may be studied compendiously in the exhaustive and elaborate article by Mr. Fuller in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," etc., the title of which is prefixed to the present article. Gibbon's account of the passions and tumults which disgraced the Council of Chalcedon should also be read.

He closed the heathen schools which still existed at Alexandria, and he appointed a new orthodox patriarch. This step forced the Monophysites to elect a rival head. They were henceforth to bear, with all its stress and emphasis, the stigma of heresy.

The twenty years' occupation of Egypt by Chosroes, coming shortly after the schism, threw it for a while into the background, and the Christians forgot their animosities, or were shamed by the wide tolerance of the conqueror into bearing with each other's differences. Heraclius succeeded in expelling Chosroes. Then came the attempt at a compromise on the Monothelite basis, which failed. And then the flame which was setting the East in a blaze spread northward. Amr-Ibynel-Asi, "the most cunning and capable of the Arabs,"* conquered Egypt, and henceforth the position of the Monophysites was changed. Instead of being dissenters suffering the disability of heresy, but subjects of a Christian sovereign, they were a portion of a Christian population, under the sway of a conqueror bitterly hostile to the name of Christ. It is instructive to contrast the attitude of the disciples of Eutyches under Chosroes with their attitude under Amr. The Persian did not persecute any of the sects, and thereby taught them not to persecute each other. The Arab treated them cruelly, and thus for a time they intrigued against each other, and purchased the favor of the conqueror by cowardly compliances, informations against rival sects, and occasional apostasy. This is perhaps the least creditable page in the history of the Copts. It must be recollected, however, that our chief authority for this period is the Muslim El-Maqrizi.† His history of the Copts, considering the time at which he wrote, is remarkable for fairness. It contrasts, indeed, favorably in this respect with too many of the ecclesiastical writers, but his point of view is of course that of a devout Mussulman. He had heard how the rival Christian sects, Melchites and Greeks, tore each other to pieces in the dark days, "before God brought to light the religion of Islam." And though his language is un-

impassioned, he regards all who embraced the Koran as brands snatched from the torments of hell, and all severe edicts against the Christians as messages of mercy in disguise. The pages of such a writer supply us, as might be expected, with very scanty materials for history; but, until the volumes in the Coptic monasteries and churches are collected and translated, we must be content to be largely indebted to an enemy for information as to the failures and the fortitude of the Copts.

Amr had not long been in Egypt before he received friendly overtures from them, and he at once secured their assistance. He promised them safety, on condition of their paying tribute and giving him their assistance against the Greeks. A more bigoted disciple of the Prophet would have scorned to traffic with Christians at all; but Amr was true to his character, and played with the jealousies of Christendom, as caliphs and sultans have done through all the centuries thenceforth. But by this unhappy alliance with Islam in her early days the character of the Coptic Church has been lowered, and her rehabilitation in the place of honor to which her age entitles her has been rendered difficult. That the Copts secured certain distinct privileges, is proved by the fact that, five-and-twenty years after Amr conquered Alexandria by the help of his Christian auxiliaries, we find their patriarch Agathon building a great church and dedicating it to St. Mark, a proof of the faithfulness with which the conquerors kept their covenant, in the spirit as well as in the letter, and an instance of the toleration of El-Islam which must not be forgotten, though it was short-lived. Evidence of an altered temper is too soon visible, for very shortly after we find the next patriarch but one to the philanthropic Agathon, the St. Charles Borromeo of the Coptic Church, receiving ambassadors from the Eutychians in India, asking that a bishop should be sent them, and compelled to send back a refusal, as he could not make the appointment without the sultan's permission.

The eighth century had scarcely opened, when the emirs of Egypt began the exactions and vexations, which have never been discontinued for any length of time since. First, a tax of one dinar was levied on every monk; then an impost of a quirat was added to every dinar on the Copts, who were driven to rebellion, but defeated with much loss. Cruelties were now multiplied. The tortures inflicted remind us

* So he is called by D'Herbelot, "le plus fin et le plus habile des Arabes."

† Taqui-ed-Din El-Maqrizi was born at Baalbec, in the middle of the fifteenth century. He was a lawyer by profession. The work named at the head of this article is one of his minor productions. His enduring reputation is built on his description of Egypt, his "Book of the Chain of Kings," really a history of the Mamluke sultans, and on his account of the Holy Places at Mecca.

of those with which Antiochus Epiphanes tried the constancy of the Jews, and Peter Arbuez the endurance of the heretics. A law was made that all monks should be branded, each with his own name and that of his convent, and every monk found without this stigma had his hand cut off. Later, the stamp of a lion was marked on every Christian, and whosoever among them was found without this mark suffered the same penalty. While persecuted thus cruelly by the common enemy, the unhappy Church was rent asunder by divisions. The Melchites, and the Jacobites, who took their name from Jacob Baradæus, Bishop of Edessa (who has been named the second founder of the Monophysite heresy), strove, whenever a vacancy in the patriarchate occurred, to place a "king's man," or a "bishop's man," as the case might be, in the chair of St. Mark. The bishop's men obtained a preponderating influence, however, and during the five centuries which intervened from the persecution under 'Abd el-Melik, emir of Egypt, under the Ommyades, to the persecution under El-Asad Sherif, that is, from 735 to 1251, thirty-two Jacobite patriarchs ruled the Church, and only two Melchites. A temporary victory was gained by the king's men in the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid. An Egyptian woman, a concubine of Haroun, was successfully prescribed for in illness by the Melchite patriarch, and the caliph in his gratitude gave a written order that all the churches in Egypt which had been taken from the Melchites by the Jacobites should be restored to them.

In or about the year 826 — for Maqri-zi's dates are difficult to fix — there was another general revolt of the Copts, followed by a strong exercise of power on the part of the rulers of Egypt. 'Abd Allah el-Mamun put down this rebellion with an iron hand. He caused the men to be executed wholesale, and the women and children to be sold as slaves. "Then," says the Chronicle, "the Copts, from open warfare, had recourse to craft, and by stealth, cunning, and fraud, plotted against the Mussulmans. They were made secretaries of revenues, and between them and the Mussulmans *many things took place.*" What "things" these were it is easy to understand. We have only to put Copt for Jew, and Mohammedan for Christian, and we shall have an accurate idea of what took place in Egypt in the ninth century, by reading an account of what took place in England in the fourteenth. Vexatious sumptuary regulations

were devised, and every badge of ignominy, and every irksome restraint that could be invented, was imposed on the down-trodden sect. The clothes the Copt wore, the saddle on which he rode, the house which he tenanted in life, and the grave in which he slept in death, were all marked with some brand, to stamp him with a degrading sense of inferiority. A robe of yellow — the very color familiar to us as the dress of the typical Shylocks and Isaacs — was the only outer vestment permitted to the Copt, and this was rendered ridiculous by patches of a different tint on his other garments. His wife was forbidden to wear a girdle. His stirrups were of wood, not metal. He was prohibited from riding any animal except the mule and the ass. He was not permitted to light a fire to warm himself in the open air. He was not allowed to raise a mound over a kinsman's grave. He dared not exhibit in church the symbol of Christ; and he was compelled to hang over his house door a wooden image of the devil.

Still, in spite of these restrictions and persecutions, the Copts, like the Jews, contrived to win posts of confidence. They have always been accurate accountants, and they soon made themselves so useful to their masters in office and bureau, that several of them became vizirs, and, in spite of the constant poll-tax and the periodical plunderings, they amassed large sums of money. The ecclesiastics also grew rich; but this wealth they were compelled to conceal, for whenever any church had acquired a sufficient quantity of embroidered vestments and silver plate to tempt the greed of the Mussulman emir, a pretence was found to rifle the building and the quarter in which it was situated; and scenes like those which occurred in the Jewries of London and the Ghettoes of Rome were common in the Coptic quarters of Alexandria and Cairo. As we climb up the crooked staircases and traverse the narrow galleries of the churches of Abu Sergeh, Sitteh Maryam, or Abu Sefin, we realize vividly the state of the Christian communities in those fierce days. The thick walls pierced with arrow-slits, the intricate passages, the secret ways of entrance and exit, all show that the worshippers must have led for centuries harassed and hunted lives; and the stiff pictures of saints buried in the sacristies and side chapels, and the dim legends of confessors hidden in the sacred books, prove that this heterodox Church has indeed gone through the fire of persecution, and has been cemented by

the blood of martyrdom. It is painful to find evidences of so much suffering, but it is, if possible, more sad to discover proofs of a low and sordid spirit in too many of the patriarchs and rulers of the Church. Now and then we find one, like Cyrillus (A.D. 1086), enacting rigorous laws against simony, but soon afterwards the old abuse reappears. In the matter of greed the Coptic hierarchs seem to have been rarely superior to the Arab emirs. We find one patriarch, Cormas, using every effort to get a miracle-working picture of the Madonna replaced in a church whence it had been removed by an imperial order, for no reason save that it was a source of gain to the Church. We find a second, Sanatius, taking fees for holy orders, and committing great excesses, through fondness for money. We find a third, Philotheus, described as "a glutton," allowing a great church to pass out of his hands to the rival Melchites; and though every now and again we read of holy men, like Zecharias, whom the lions would not touch, and Ephraim, who left all his goods to the poor, the Coptic throne was oftenest filled by men who busied themselves with discussing whether the patriarch should wear a red or a blue silk robe, and how many drops of the water used in baptism should be sprinkled over the holy Eucharist. The abuses reached their acme under David or Cyril, the seventy-fifth patriarch (A.D. 1235), who sold the sacred offices so shamelessly, that some of the more faithful bishops assembled in the church called Moallaqua, in Cairo, and protested against his doings. The infamy and scandal of the existing state of affairs is proved by two facts: first, that the patriarch used the Christian secretaries in the employ of the Islamite governor to support him against his bishops; secondly, that Christians were found base enough to bribe a Muslim governor to uphold abuses in their own Church. A composition was not arranged, however, until a document agreeing to certain canons and constitutions had been extorted from Cyril. This was prefaced with the Confession of Faith, as ratified at Nicæa, Constantinople, and Ephesus—for the Jacobites admit no other councils; together with the special confession of all Jacobites received by tradition from St. Cyril, Severus, and Dioscorus, which runs as follows: "That Christ being made man, is one nature, one person, one will, is also God the Word, and at the same time man born of the Virgin Mary; so that to him belong truly

all the attributes and properties of the divine as well as of the human nature." This protest, however, was powerless to stop the abuses that were rapidly multiplying in the Church. The situation was becoming intolerable. The Christians in government employment were amassing fortunes by practices akin to those of their Mohammedan masters, and were too vain and ostentatious to hide their ill-earned gains. Greed and jealousy exasperated the hatred of the two parties, and, as usual in such cases, a small spark set the smouldering passions in a blaze.

The scene of the incident which was destined to work such fatal consequences to Coptic Christianity was the street which faces the Gâm'a ibn-Tulûn,* the oldest mosque in Cairo, erected on the spot where, according to tradition, Abraham was stopped by God from sacrificing Ishmael.† Along this street a certain Christian, Ain-el-Ghazal, a secretary in the Mohammedan service, was walking, when he met one of the emir's agents on horseback. It was a sign of the changed times, that the Moslem alighted and embraced the Christian's foot. Instead of behaving with courtesy, Ain-el-Ghazal began to abuse and threaten the agent about a sum of money still due from him on his master's account. The agent bore himself humbly, but the secretary grew more insolent, and at last pinioned the man's hands, and made him walk before him. This was too much for the crowd to bear. A tumult arose. The worshippers left the mosques. The merchants poured out of the bazars, and the Christian was dragged by a crowd shouting, "It is not lawful," "God help the sultan," up the steep street known now as the Salibeh, to the citadel, where the Mamluk Sultan El-Melik el-Ashraf Khalil, fresh from victories over the Crusaders in Palestine, was holding his court. The case was heard. Unfortunately, there was no palliation for Ain-el-Ghazal's act, and prompt punishment was decided on. To all Christians and Jews was proposed the alternative of El-Islam or death. After this, we have little to record save acts of cruelty and violence. After that ill-omened day, the hand of the oppressor was never relaxed for long. The Christians were made to weep tears of blood for their misuse of prosperity.

* "This mosque is still a great landmark in archaeological history, from the circumstance of its pointed arches taking precedence of those of northern architecture." — PATON.

† The Arabs believe that Ishmael was the first born of Abraham, and assert that this son, and not Isaac, was offered in sacrifice on Mount 'Arafât, near Mekkeh.

More offensive restrictions were placed on those who preserved their integrity, and the slightest breach of the law was punished with death. At last, in 1354, came news

that a number of Christians of the Sa'id (Upper Egypt), and of the seacoast (Lower Egypt), had embraced Islamism and studied the Koran, and that the greater number of the churches of the Sa'id had been pulled down and mosques built in their stead; and that in the town of Qalyub more than four hundred and fifty Christians had become Mussulmans in one day. Meanwhile the agricultural population of the country so managed, by ways and means, as to be employed in public offices and to intermarry with Mussulmans, and thus to accomplish their object, so far to mix the races, as that the greater portion of the population are now descendants from them. But their real estate is not hidden from him whose heart God enlightens. For from the traces they left will then be seen how shamefully they intrigued against Islamism and the followers of it, as any one may know who looks into the lowliness of their origin and the old hatred of their ancestors towards our religion and the doings thereof.

With these biting words El Maqrizi ends his chronicle. Here an hiatus, broad and deep, yawns across the history of the Coptic Church and nation. From the middle of the fourteenth century to the time of Napoleon's invasion we have scarcely any information. During the reigns of the Circassian Mamluke sultans, and later, when Egypt had become a Turkish pashalik, the Copts are hardly heard of, but we have reason to believe that for three centuries and a half they were treated with rigor. Gibbon* paints their position in his time in a few scathing sentences:—

The populous city of Cairo affords a residence, or rather a shelter, for their indigent patriarch and a remnant of ten bishops. Forty monasteries have survived the inroads of the Arabs, and the progress of servitude and apostasy has reduced the Coptic nation to the despicable number of twenty-five or thirty thousand families, a race of illiterate beggars, whose only consolation is derived from the superior wretchedness of the Greek Patriarch and his diminutive congregation.

It is fair to put beside this highly-wrought etching the account of a writer little known, but who had exceptional opportunities of ascertaining the truth. Mr. Paton, in his "History of the Egyptian Revolution," gives a far brighter representation of the situation of the Copts at the end of the eighteenth century:—

The Copts [he says] were a well-behaved inoffensive people; but, being a miserable minority of the population, and professing the Christian religion, their position was a subordinate one. They all lived, as they still do, in that quarter of Cairo adjoining the Ezbekieh, which was, before the receding of the Nile, a port on that river, under the name of El-Maks; the north-western gate of Cairo bearing to this very day the name of Water Port (Bab-el-Bahr). Here this ancient people resided, a few of them being wealthy, but many living in comfort; and to this day the service on Palm Sunday—when each hearer of the service carries a palm-branch in his hand, making the chief church of the quarter look like a conservatory—is one of the most picturesque scenes that can be imagined.

During the French occupation the Copts were protected and patronized. As they had been from time immemorial the clerks, stewards, and treasurers, both of the government and private individuals in Egypt, they knew where money was to be found, and therefore were largely employed by Napoleon in his systematic taxation of the people. This gave them great influence, and, as was natural, they were elated at their newly acquired importance. "The Copts," says the Arab memoir-writer, Abderrahman Gabarty, with indignation, "being the collectors of revenue, made their appearance in various places, like so many governors, beating and imprisoning the people till they had paid the taxes." And in another place he says, "The Copts, Syrians, and Jews, in the service of the French, now began to show their impertinence to the Moslems by mounting on horseback and carrying arms."

On the accession of Mehemet Ali to power, many irritating disabilities which had pressed on the Copts were removed. They were allowed to hold property in land, and were exempted from serving in the army. Under the three pashas who succeeded Mehemet Ali, and under the late and the present khedives, their position, as we shall see later, has further improved.

We pass on to consider the faith and practice of the Coptic Church. The Copts accept, as we have seen, the Creed of Nicæa in all points, but they deny that Christ is distinctly (*ἀνυγχυτῶς*) God. It is perhaps unfair to say that they believe that the manhood of our Lord was absorbed by his Godhead, or commingled with it, but they hold that in him the Godhead and manhood made up one compound nature. This belief is a very real thing to them. It enters into their whole

* Decline and Fall, chap. xlvii.

view of the relations of the Church as the body of Christ to the living head. The doctrine, which "the most religious bishops" at the Council of Chalcedon forced the reluctant lips of Theodoret to anathematize, is to the Jacobites something more than a subtle theological distinction: it is the reason of their independent existence — the article by which they stand or fall. This doctrine, instead of being a difficult dogma, half lost in the misty distance of their ecclesiastical history, is the distinctive mark which deeply affects their mental and spiritual life, and isolates their region of thought. Their separation from the Catholic Church has been in a large measure the cause of their misfortunes, but with that separation is connected much that is heroic, and in the sanctuary of their religious past they have been accustomed to take refuge from the humiliations of the present.

The original documents of the Coptic Church, which Mr. Malan has translated and edited, are very remarkable. When we examine their Calendar, we feel that the distance which separates us from them is a long one. It contains much that is beautiful. For instance, the entry on the 5th of September: "Rest in the Lord of the great Prophet Moses, chief of Prophets. He wearied himself unto blood for the people of God." And the opening of each month in the name of the Trinity, and the ending of each month with the ascription of "Peace from the Lord," will approve themselves to all Christians; but the note with which the year begins, "Job took a warm bath, and was healed of his sores," as well as the commemoration of such events "as the assumption of Isaac, the son of Abraham," and of "Jacob, chief of patriarchs," proves the crudeness of their religious knowledge. The so-called "Divine Liturgy of St. Mark," and that of "Gregory the Theologian," are not devoid of unction, but they are too florid in style. Still, it must be acknowledged that the celebration of the holy Eucharist in the Coptic Church is not merely a solemn and impressive pageant, it is deeply affecting. The form of consecration, where the words of institution, uttered by the priest, are confirmed by the attesting response of the whole congregation saying with one voice, "I believe This is the Truth," strikes the hearer by its vivid realization of the representative idea of the service.

Confirmation and the Eucharist are both administered to infants immediately after baptism, and the child is also anoint-

ed with oil and blessed by the priest, who breathes on his forehead in the form of a cross, and bids him "receive the Holy Ghost, and be a pure vessel through Jesus Christ." Circumcision is performed, in spite of the canons against it. The fasts are long and rigorous, that of Lent lasting fifty-five days, and that before the feast of the Nativity lasting twenty-eight. Penances are enjoined, but are not strictly enforced. Confession is required before the reception of the Eucharist. The religious orders of the Coptic Church consist of a patriarch ("el-Batrak"), who is the supreme head, the metropolitan of the Abyssinians, bishops, arch-priests, priests, deacons, and monks. The Coptic patriarch is elected by a council of priests at the Monastery of St. Antony, in the eastern desert, assisted by the bishops of Egypt. The patriarch of Abyssinia has a voice in the election. When there is no contest, the hand of the dead patriarch is placed on the head of his successor.

The story told by Lane, that the patriarch is never allowed to sleep more than a quarter of an hour at a time without being aroused by an attendant, whose office must resemble that of the general's admonisher in the Society of Jesus, is wholly without foundation, and is one of several instances in which Lane (unerring as he is in his picture of Arab life in Cairo) was led by his contempt for the Copts to record many inventions of their Muslim enemies. There are twelve Jacobite sees in Egypt. The Roman Catholic Copts* use a liturgy differing little from that in the hands of the Jacobites, save that in their commemoration of the faithful departed they make mention of "the six hundred and thirty who were gathered together at Chalcedon." There is a curious custom with regard to the dead. On Whit-Sunday the Copts distribute to the poor doles of meat and fruit on behalf of their deceased friends, saying, "I give thee this for the sake of my kinsman." Alms-giving on a liberal scale is common at Christmas, at Easter, at marriages and funerals.

The mixed chalice is used; the wine employed in the celebration of the Holy Communion being specially prepared by the priest, and the grapes crushed in a sacramental wine-press. The anointing

* The Roman Propaganda, which was begun by the Franciscans at the end of the seventeenth and beginning of the eighteenth centuries, has been successful amongst the Copts, and there are several Roman Catholic communities in Upper Egypt.

of the sick with oil is a common practice, but it is generally delayed until there is no hope of recovery, and so becomes in practice the extreme unction of the Church of Rome. The table of prohibited degrees is extended to spiritual relationships. A man cannot wed his father's god-daughter; but, in curious contradiction to this rigorous rule, cousins are permitted to marry.

But those who would understand the position of the Coptic Church must visit its sacred buildings. It is not enough to join the crowds which attend the long and ornate services of Easter and Epiphany in the Cathedral of Cairo. It is in the ancient churches of Abu Sefin (St. Mercurius), Sitt Miriam (the Virgin), and Abu Girghez (St. George), and in the churches and convents in the scattered towns of the Nile valley, that we see evidences of the actual decay of spiritual life. It must be acknowledged that nowhere is there to be found a more depressing picture of religious exhaustion, than is presented in these neglected sanctuaries. They are full of things interesting to the ecclesiologist; pictures ablaze with gold, censers of silver, candelabra of brass, ivory inlaid lecterns, and embroidered reliquaries. They offer glimpses of peculiar beauty to the painter. Pulpits with gleams of mother-of-pearl, slanting lights falling through lattice-work, mysterious shrines where the twinkling lamp reddens the aureole of a pictured saint, are frequent. But the Christian who desires to see in every church a centre of knowledge and a break-water against error, goes away disappointed and disheartened down the filthy steps of a Coptic church.

They are nearly all on one plan. They consist of a nave and aisles. The nave is divided into three sections. In the first is a tank for ablutions, in the second the congregation stand, and here, in the north corner, is the pulpit. The third is the *hekel* or sanctuary. This is separated from the rest of the church by a screen ornamented with intricate patterns inlaid in ivory, and surmounted by a long line of pictures representing scenes from Scripture history. The doorway of the sanctuary is draped with a veil of crimson and green silk. Within is a square stone altar. Behind this is an apse with several semicircular steps of masonry. A baldachin covers the altar. There are usually side chapels enriched with pictures of the Saviour, the Virgin and Child, St. Stephen stoled as a deacon, St. Mercurius with his two swords, and other worthies, whose names are stored in the calendar, but have

long slipped from the recollection of the officiating priests. But when one has read this description of a Coptic church, he has still an imperfect idea of what he will actually see in one, for it omits to name the oppressive filth and squalor which prevail everywhere. The matting on the floor crawls with vermin. The sacred paintings are coated with dust. Fowls are kept in the font. Candle-grease drips on the altar. Harriet Martineau's celebrated description is as true as when it was written.

Our faith is taxed severely to believe that there is any possibility of resurrection in bones so exceedingly dry. But, in spite of all, we dare to say that there are grounds of a better hope. One point must never be lost sight of. The Jacobite Church erred, and her error was condemned once for all, but there have been no accretions of false doctrine. No new and dangerous dogmas have been added to her creed. She has been too retrospective and too apathetic ever to adopt fresh fashions in religion. She has not widened the distance between herself and the primitive faith by declarations like those of Papal Infallibility and the Immaculate Conception. It is important to bear this in mind. Further, there are social and political considerations, as we shall see presently, which confirm our moderate but sincere expectations, that the Coptic Church will ere long enter on a fuller life.

It remains to make a few remarks on the actual position of the Copts at the present time. Some information on the subject is given by Mr. Mackenzie Wallace and Mr. Villiers Stuart in their works on Egypt, the titles of which are prefixed to this article.*

The Copts are all educated, and constitute the most industrious and enterprising class of

* We gladly avail ourselves of this opportunity to direct the attention of our readers to these interesting and important works. Both writers visited Egypt after the war, and give the results of their personal investigations. Mr. Villiers Stuart's work is the narrative of a tour which he made last autumn, first in the Delta, and subsequently in Upper and Lower Egypt, "in order to obtain for those on whom devolved the task of reconstruction in that country trustworthy information on a variety of points." The method Mr. Stuart adopted was to converse with natives of all classes in every province, and obtain their own statements from their own mouths, besides verifying the truth of their evidence by looking into everything personally, and collecting and comparing with one another the assertions made to him, before basing any conclusions upon them. The book also possesses much archaeological interest, as it embodies the results of the latest discoveries, and gives a revised account of the funeral canopy of an Egyptian queen, which he had previously published. The beautiful colored illustrations and numerous woodcuts deserve a passing word of commendation.

the community. They are very numerous in Upper Egypt; in some towns one-fourth of the population consists of them. They are pure-blood Egyptians of the old stock; intermarrying amongst themselves, and having avoided intermixture with Mahometans from the time of the Arab invasion till now. If their features be compared with those of the ancient bas-reliefs, identity of race will immediately suggest itself. There are about 250,000 of them in Upper Egypt, and 50,000 in the Delta. An inspection of their churches and the method of decoration reminds one of the Russian ecclesiastical forms, and as a matter of fact they are in communion with the Greek Church. They wear black or blue turbans: these distinguish them from the Mahometans, who wear white, red, yellow, or green. (Villiers Stuart, p. 246.)

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace points out the commercial superiority of the Copts over the Mussulmans in Upper Egypt:—

Assiout, the largest and most flourishing town of Upper Egypt, is sometimes called the Coptic capital, and not without reason, for the Copts constitute a very large, and by far the richest, section of the population. Nearly all the fine, large, well-built private houses, which attract the attention of the passing tourist, are found, on enquiry, to belong to wealthy Coptic merchants, who are more or less closely related to each other by blood-relationship or marriage. (Mackenzie Wallace, p. 32.)

Though the Copts still complain of the disabilities under which they suffer, they enjoy privileges such as they have never possessed before. They are very rich. One of their number has been advanced by the present khedive to the dignity of a pasha. They have almost a monopoly of the government clerkships and secretariats, for they have ever been, and apparently will continue to be, the ready writers and ready reckoners of Egypt. They have built a costly cathedral in Cairo in a florid style, enriched or defaced by vulgar paintings of hermits, saints, and martyrs. They have schools, where a considerable number of boys are educated. The education, however, except as regards writing and arithmetic, is defective. They use text-books which are quite obsolete, and the present writer heard a Coptic teacher, instructing a class in the history of Egypt, inform his pupils that the children of Israel built the great pyramid! Lately a young Coptic party has sprung into life, and promises to be a powerful force in Egypt. The new generation which has arisen feels itself hampered and cramped by its ignorance. A nation of specialists has open to it only a circumscribed career, and can only achieve

a partial and limited success. There is much discontent, and discontent of a healthy kind, amongst the young Copts. They have an intelligent impatience of the worn-out methods of their instructors.* It has been supposed by some observers of the embryo movement, that there is a secret contempt for the ignorance of their priesthood. It does not seem to us that this feeling is widespread. The best of the young Copt party are religious and reverent, and desire to know more of their ancestral faith, not to be taught to disbelieve it. They are loyal to the old paths, but they crave for a brighter light to guide them on the way. Hitherto they have been kept back by the system of early marriages. They are surrounded too soon with family cares to have much time for study, and so, having acquired enough reading, writing, and cyphering to fit them to be clerks, clerks they become, and clerks they remain. Still there is a general desire for higher teaching astir in the community, and they have taken one important step in the right direction; they have brought pressure to bear on the priests of the old churches, and compelled them to search for the books which were gradually perishing (as the precious manuscripts perished in the monasteries of Mount Athos), and to form a public library, to be placed in the spacious dwelling of the patriarch near the new cathedral in Cairo. They have also extended the powers of their Council, an institution which the Greek and Armenian Churches possess, and which is capable of being an instrument of great usefulness. Three of the most active members of the assembly are now considering school reform. These are wise steps; and we hope that they will be followed by many kindred measures, combining regard for the ever-growing requirements of men dwelling in a country on which the word "change" is legibly written, with loyalty to national traditions, and a conservancy of hard-won privileges. One hindrance to social improvement under which the Copts labor must not be ignored. The position of their women is at present unsatisfactory, as, owing to their peculiar relation to the Mohammedans, they have been compelled to seclude and veil them. This has been a provision to avoid scandal, which none can blame. If a Coptic woman walked in the streets with her face exposed, her character would be mistaken, and she

* "The Copts kiss their priests' hands, but at bottom hold them in little esteem."—Dr. Klunzinger, "Upper Egypt, its People and its Products."

would be liable to gross insult; but there is no hareem in the Copt's house, and the wife is unveiled to her husband's friends. The women are, unhappily, very ignorant, and there is only one school for girls in Cairo, where the pupils are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, Arabic hymns, and Holy Scripture. The bride is not allowed to leave her house for two months after her marriage, and her parents visit her during this period. The statement of Lane, that she is kept without seeing any one for a year, as well as his assertion that a man may divorce his wife for theft, is erroneous. When we recollect how tight a network social customs weave round a community, we shall see that all these observances have to be taken into account in approaching the question which we have now to consider, the possibility of reanimating the COPTIC CHURCH.

The present position of the Copts has been discussed with considerable animation, and a very hearty desire to do them good has been expressed in various quarters. A number of men of high intelligence and wide influence gathered in the Jerusalem Chamber in February last, and, after much eloquent speaking, a committee was formed to consider what steps should be taken to revive and extend true religion in Egypt, a wide expression, which, as the various speeches proved, pointed to an attempt to approach the Coptic Church. The subject has since occupied the attention of Convocation. We confess that we have scarcely ever considered a religious enterprise which appeared to us more full of interest or more heavily weighted with difficulty. Archdeacon Harrison was sensible of the number and steepness of the various rocks ahead, and of the need of careful steering. The first point is to understand precisely what we desire to do; and so intricate is the question, that this is hardly (paradoxical as it seems) so important as explaining precisely what we do not desire to do. To quote the archdeacon:—

If we were to say that we were going to plant a branch of the Church of England in Egypt, then immediately it would be said: "You are going to add one more to the many divisions of the East." If we were to say: "We are going to help the Coptic Church, and to show our friendly relations to it," then it would be answered: "You are going to embroil yourself with the ancient Orthodox Church," the ninety-ninth prelate of which was in possession at Alexandria at the time when Dr. Neale wrote his last history. Or if

you say, on the other hand: "We are going to help the Orthodox Church," it might be replied: "Then you are going, we suppose, to effectually bar your friendly access to the Coptic Church." If you talk of "missions," it may be said: "You are treating this as a heathen country," though Mahommedanism, indeed, may well suggest mission work. Or, again, if it be said: "We are going to preach the Gospel there," it might be said that you are implying that there is no Gospel preached at present.

The conclusion was, that the meeting pledged itself to use efforts to promote a revival and extension of true religion in Egypt.

The means which may be adopted to effect this object are various, and already the promoters of the movement have had no reason to complain of a lack of advisers. Suggestions from all quarters have poured in upon them, and, as might have been predicted, the most contradictory counsels have been proffered. The friends of the Copts have been recommended to send intelligent youths to be educated in missionary colleges in England. They have been advised to ask some of the clergy who visit Egypt every winter to form a class of Copts, and instruct them in theology, as a tentative measure. They have been advised to put themselves into confidential communication with the Coptic patriarch, on the one hand, and, on the other, have been urged to foster the reforming spirit and to work on the hierarchy from without. It is obvious that no course could be less judicious than that last suggested. Every step must be taken in broad daylight, with the cognizance and approval of the heads of the Church; and probably the best plan would be to establish good schools in Cairo, superintended by learned and cautious English clergymen, who would seek to develop and expand those reverent and religious instincts which the Copts undoubtedly possess, and who would impart ampler and more accurate theological and historical instruction than they can obtain in their own seminaries. The Bishop of Gibraltar, than whom there is no more competent authority on the actual position of the Eastern Churches, says: "The only way to introduce reform into the old Coptic Church is through the education of its clergy." The schools suggested would be the seed-plots where intelligent and pious youths could obtain sound training, and whence the Church might be recruited with deacons and priests better equipped than those who serve her at

present in theology, and what George Herbert calls "accessory knowledges." We are inclined to think that, if sympathy and tact are the guiding-stars of the movement, good results will follow; but, as we hinted before, a mistake at the outset would excite prejudices, of the inveterate strength of which we can form no idea without a thorough knowledge of the character of the people we wish to guide, and an appreciative grasp of the complex situation of the country. This is no place to discuss the Egyptian question; but it may safely be said that there is a point from which it is possible to view the present crisis with a light favorable to this enterprise falling upon it. That point, however, is not the entrenchment at Tel-el-Kebir, as some of the speakers and writers on the Coptic question aver. The moment when the Egyptians have been "deafened by the roar of the British cannon" is not the one specially suited for a display of evangelical zeal. The recognition of that fact, however, stamps this particular time as unsuitable for a missionary effort directed upon the Mohammedans: it does not brand it as an inopportune moment to attempt to reanimate a slumbering branch of the Christian Church; and the fact that the Copts have lately been saved from massacre may quicken their religious feelings.

All the Copts with whom I conversed [says Mr. Villiers Stnart] assured me that they were in imminent danger of being massacred during the rebellion. It was with great difficulty they were saved. If they ventured out, they had to disguise themselves; if recognized, they were attacked by the mob and insulted. In some of the towns the Mahometan governors informed me that they had to shut up the Copts in prison and in walled buildings to save their lives—even then they could not rely on the guards—and that if the victory of Tel-el-Kebir had been delayed a few days, one of the most bloody massacres on record would have ensued. (Pp. 246, 247.)

This statement is not lightly made. The Copts have undoubtedly been saved so as by fire from the bludgeons and the thumbscrews of the Arabists, and the effect on the Church life of the people is evident. They are preparing to set their house in order. There is a kindling of religious fervor, an enhanced reverence, and a craving to be taken by the hand and shown a more excellent way, which cannot be mistaken. The Coptic families remember, with a thrill of thankfulness, that they have only escaped, by God's mercy, from horrors like to those that

were perpetrated on the Christians at Tintah; and though they are not prepared, as some enthusiasts imagine, to give up the error of Eutyches, and sign the Thirty-nine Articles,* they know that England rescued them from a ghastly fate, and that their only security for the future lies in the continued restraint of Moslem fanaticism by English influence.

From Longman's Magazine.

VIRGIL AND AGRICULTURE IN TUSCANY.

AGRICULTURE in Italy, at least in Tuscany, has changed so little since old Virgil sang, that his descriptions would pass muster with any peasant of the present day. The "hardy rustic" still goes into the woods and seeks for an elm or, by preference, an oak, to fashion into a plough-beam, for a "stanga" or "stiva," *stegola* (handle), not less than eight feet long, and for the earth-boards, called "orecchi," *aures* (ears), and also for the share-beams with double backs, called "dentale a due dorsi," *duplici aptantur dentalia dorso*, which hold the "gombere," "vomero," or large iron coulter for breaking up the earth, and the "vangheggiola," or smaller one for making furrows for sowing. On the slopes of the hills of Fiesole the whole plough is often called "bombero," instead of "aratro." The yoke is rudely made of lime or beech, and the capacious chimney of the peasant's house still affords room for seasoning the wood.

The "aja," or threshing-floor, is still made solid with potter's clay, and beaten hard. Virgil recommends a huge roller, which is an unknown implement in Tuscany. The careful peasant still picks and chooses beans, maize, and such large seeds one at a time by hand, and the ancient theory that a fine crop of bloom on the walnut-trees indicates a good wheat-harvest still holds as good, witness the well-known proverb:—

Quando le noce vengono a mucchierelli
La va bene pei ricchi e i poverelli.
(When the walnuts come in handfuls,
All goes well for rich and poor.)

I cannot recognize any of Virgil's names for olives, *orchades*, *radii*, or *pausia*, in the Tuscan "morinelle," "infrantoie," "rosselline," "correggiuole," or "pendoline" and "leccine." The two first named are also called "morcai," because they contain more oil than the others and make more "morchia" or pulp in the crushing-

machine. They are larger olives, but not so aromatic in taste as some of the smaller sorts. The approved way of making an olive plantation is still to hew an old stock in small pieces for planting, when a young olive-tree springs from the sapless wood.

*Quin et caudicibus sectis, mirabile dictu !
Truditur e sicco radix oleagina ligno.*

Pliny says that olive-wood worked and made into hinges for doors has been known to sprout; but on propounding this to a Tuscan countryman I met with extreme disbelief.

Some rash innovators have lately suggested sowing olive-kernels and grafting the young trees; but Tuscans do not like changes and are apt to quote:—

Chi lascia la via vecchia per la nuova
Sa quel che lascia, non sa quel che trova.
(Whoso leaves the old road for the new,
Knows what he leaves, but not what he may
find.)

If Virgil found it impossible to enumerate the different kinds of grapes and their names, how much more so is it the case to-day? But his praises of the Falernian wine are well deserved. White Falernian is excellent, and has an aroma and bouquet of its own, withal strong and generous. Tuscany is deservedly proud of her Chianti, and Vin Santo from any respectable "fattoria" is not to be despised. But the worst of Italian wines is, that you are seldom sure of getting the same class of wine two years running.

The manner of making wine has not changed since the time of Virgil. The white oxen bring the grapes from the fields, in a vat placed on an unwieldy, heavy ox-cart, painted scarlet, to the "tinaja," or place where the "tini" or vats are. The grapes are emptied out into "bigoncie," tall wooden pails without handles, which the men carry on their shoulders. The grapes are poured into the immense open vats, where they are stamped upon night and morning by the bare-legged peasants, to prevent the upper stratum of grapes becoming acid by too long a contact with the air. When the fermentation has ceased the clear must is run off; a man gets into the vat and pitchforks the murk into "bigoncie" again, which are emptied into the wine-press. As a pictorial subject this press is delightful, but it is inconvenient and extremely wasteful. Two huge posts of wood support an immense beam, through which works a wooden screw, finishing at

the bottom in a square block of wood with two square holes straight through it. Under this stands what is called the "gabbia" (cage), a round, vat-shaped, iron-clamped receptacle, made of strong bars of wood. The murk is put into this, and when it is full, "toppi," round slabs of wood, like colossal cheeses, are piled on the top of the murk. Then a long pole is stuck into one of the square holes at the bottom of the screw, and to the other end is hooked a rope, which is secured round a turning pillar of wood about eight feet off, with a handle against which three or four men throw their whole weight. Slowly, with many creaks and groans, the huge block of wood descends on the round slabs and the rope curls round the pillar, while from between the bars of the press gushes out a dark, turbid, dirty-looking liquid, which one can hardly believe will ever turn into ruby wine. This operation is repeated by unhooking the rope, lifting the beam out of its hole, and carrying it, on a man's shoulder, to the hole behind, until the murk by sheer physical force is pressed into a compact mass and contains no more liquid.

Virgil's excellent advice about thoroughly seasoning and breaking up the land before planting vines is carried out to the letter in Tuscany, where the ditcher makes a trench at least six feet deep and four feet wide, called "scasso reale," which is left open to sun, wind, and rain for six months or a year before it is again filled in, after having been drained in a rough and ready manner by pitching all available stones into the bottom of the trench. The vine-cuttings, "maglioli," or, better still, two-year-old rooted plants, "barbatelli," are then planted two on each side of a young maple-tree destined for their support. If a vineyard is to be made, the quincunx system, recommended by Virgil, is always followed, and you will still hear the head of the gang of workmen saying "they must be like soldiers, properly in line." A little further on you will see a sturdy peasant following the plough, and others sowing and hoeing over the field; one at least will be singing a "stornello" at the top of his voice. Their legs are generally bare far above the knee, and *Nudus ara, sere nudus*, is at once recalled to your mind. Down in the valley, by the brawling streamlet, whose course you can trace far away into the blue distance by the double line of tall poplars, glinting in the sun, grow the tall, graceful, blue-green canes (*Arundo donax*). What would they do in Tuscany with-

out the "canne"? Hedges are mended, young trees staked, and vines trained on "canne." They need no care, and are as useful as they are ornamental.

The warning against planting olive-trees in the vineyards, for fear of fire, is no longer regarded; on the contrary, olives are very generally planted in the new-fashioned "*vigne alla francese*," or vineyards according to the French system, partly because they give very little shade, and partly with an eye to the future, in case the dreaded phylloxera were to devastate Italy, when the unhappy proprietors would have at least their olive-trees to fall back upon. The tree sacred to Pallas will grow on the wild mountain-side, in the "*biancana*" or white marl, which is so poor that even the vine needs a very large quantity of manure in order to succeed well. Virgil's advice to study the color of the soil is borne out in the Tuscan proverb:—

Terra bianca, tosto stanca;
Terra nera, buon gran mena.
(White earth is soon exhausted;
Black earth bears good wheat.)

Vines are still planted and trained as in Virgil's day; and, alas! his warning against the "poison of the hard tooth" of sheep and goats still holds good. Would that all goats had long ago been sacrificed to Bacchus!

The fashion, in Tuscany at least, and I believe more or less all over Italy, is to keep a herd numbering from ten to three hundred sheep or goats at your neighbors' expense. Hedges are ruined, forests denuded of underwood and young trees; and often it is the syndic of the village, or some important person in the commune, who thus sets the law (for there is a law against permitting goats and sheep to injure other people's property) at defiance. Being persons of authority they are not likely to be attacked for breaking the laws they ought to administer.

The care of vines, as Virgil says, is never-ending, the ground must be dug over three or four times in the year, and the clods broken with the back of the hoe. As soon as the labor of the vintage is finished that of pruning begins. If the Tuscans laid to heart what the poet so truly observes:—

Be the first to dig the ground, etc.;
Be the latest to reap the produce,

the wine would much improve. As a rule the grapes in Tuscany are picked too soon, with a consequent loss of saccharine

and alcohol in the wine. The old saying though, "*Fammi povera, ti farò ricco*," (Make me poor, I will make thee rich), is being more followed, and the vines are more scientifically pruned and with better instruments.

The propagation of the vines is done in various ways. The "*magliolo*," which I take to be Virgil's *truncus*, is the most used. The well-ripened wood of the long branches of the vine is cut into lengths of about three feet; nearly two feet is pushed underground with a long iron instrument which has a deep slit at one end, like two fingers. Then there is the "*propaggine*" (*propaginis arcus*), which consists in arching a long vine-branch and burying about a foot of it underground. When the roots are formed this is severed from the parent plant; but they say the vine is not so long-lived as when treated in the first-mentioned way.

Cattle are a great resource to the Tuscans, and they take a legitimate pride in the noble white oxen from the Val di Chiana, with small heads and horns, large liquid brown eyes, and soft, fine skins. I have seen a pair at the fair at Prato, standing twenty-three hands high, their beautiful heads all decked with various colored bits of cloth and small looking-glasses. Round their immense bodies was tied a scarlet ribbon to show off still more their girth. One involuntarily repeated Lord Macaulay's lines,—

And deck the bull, Mevania's bull,
The bull as white as snow.

The breeding of these cattle is most profitable; they are all stall-fed, as pasture is unknown in Tuscany. It is generally the work of the women and boys and girls to collect the fodder, which varies with the time of year from grass and clover to vine, elm, and oak leaves. The calves are most carefully attended to, and Virgil's advice not to fill the pails with milk, white as snow, but to leave it all for the beloved young, is perforce attended to, as the large white breed are such poor milkers that they have but just enough for their calves. When a milch cow is wanted she is brought from the herds driven twice a year down from the Swiss Alps. But Italians use so little milk and butter, that in any rather out-of-the-way village it is impossible to buy either.

As to the horses, so beautifully described by Virgil that one recognizes at once a first-class breed, their descendants are indeed degenerate! The Italian horse, generally speaking, is a wretched animal.

Small, ill-made, cow-hocked, overworked and underfed, broken in and made to do hard work at between two and three years old, he is the type of what a horse ought not to be. The small ponies are the best animals they have now in Italy. They probably owe something to Eastern blood, as their heads, legs, and good hoofs recall the Arab. They are fast and hardy, but generally overdriven, which ruins their paces.

The sheep and goats, as I have before said, are a real pest in Tuscany, and the municipalities are beginning to awake to the damage they commit. The milk-cheese described by Virgil is extremely popular to the present day. The sheep are milked, and the milk is slightly warmed over a fire; some "presame" is thrown in, which consists of a mixture of rennet and the beard of the wild artichoke. In four hours the milk is set; and large quantities are sold, neatly folded up in a mat of green rushes strung together. It is called "raveggiolo." Unless salt is added, it will not keep good more than twelve hours. To make the "raveggiolo" into cheese is a simple operation: it is put on an inclined plane of basketwork and gently pressed with the hands for some time. It seems some of the shepherds have a reputation for making far better cheese than others, and this is attributed to their having hotter hands. I have, though, noticed that a pretty daughter often has a great deal to do with the goodness of the cheese.

The lambs are killed when between twenty-eight and thirty-five days old — a great waste of meat. But Italians as a rule will not eat mutton, and lamb is often passed off as kid, which is considered more delicate.

Bees are usually kept by the monks, and few things are more picturesque and serenely beautiful than an old monastery garden in the springtime. The double avenues of dark cypresses, and a tangled undergrowth of rosemary, lavender, and China roses, the grass all enamelled with daffodils, primroses, and wild orchises, and the bees busily humming hither and thither, form a picture not easily forgotten.

The hives are almost invariably made of the hollowed trunks of willow-trees, closed at the top and bottom with boards, and the cracks filled up with clay; very like what is described in the *Georgics*.

A village priest, living not far from Florence, has invented a wooden hive of most ingenious fashion, and a way of

taking the honey without destroying the combs. Don Giotto has the rare gift of handling bees without having to fear their anger and painful sting. He will walk up to a hive of strange bees, open it, and take out the small inhabitants, who crawl all over him, and seem rather to like being disturbed; while the priest's kindly face beams with pleasure, he being an enthusiastic apiculturist.

Bees were always popular in Italy, and Messer Giovanni Rucellai's "*Le Api*" (The Bees) still is a standard work, particularly on account of the beautiful Italian, for the author's notions about bees are on a par with Virgil's. He wrote "*Le Api*" in 1524, and published the first edition in 1539.

Many of my readers must have often compared Virgil with Italy of the present day. The love of home and country, and the strong family affections which are so striking now, are described by the old Mantuan poet, whose "*Praise of Italy*" is the most exulting hymn ever written in honor of a country.

"But neither the groves of Media, that land of wealth, nor fair Ganges, and Hermes turbid with its slime of gold, can vie with the glories of Italy. . . . Teeming crops o'erspread it, and the juice of the Massic vine; olive-trees possess it, and goodly herds; hence comes the warrior horse, that proudly bounds into the field; hence the snowy flocks, Clitumnus, and the bull, the chiefest victim, which, often bathed in thy hallowed stream, lead to the shrines of the gods the triumphs of Rome. Here is ceaseless spring, and summer in months where summer is strange. . . . Think too of so many glorious cities and labored works, so many towns piled by the hand of man on steepy crags, and the streams that flow beneath those ancient walls! . . . Hail, realm of Saturn, mighty mother of fruits, mighty mother of men!"

JANET ROSS.

From The Church Quarterly Review.
ENGLISH HEGELIANISM AND ITS
RELIGION.*

THE reader of Bishop Thirlwall's "*Letters*" will remember the judgment

* 1. *Prolegomena to Ethics*. By the late THOMAS HILL GREEN, Fellow of Balliol, and Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Oxford. Edited by A. C. Bradley, M.A. Oxford, 1883.

2. *The Witness of God and Faith*. Two Lay Sermons by the late T. H. GREEN, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the late Arnold Toynbee, M.A., Tutor of Balliol College. London. 1883.

which that eminent prelate pronounces upon the philosophy of Hegel:—

My own examination of Hegel's works [he writes to Dr. Whewell] which I had occasion to study attentively, has impressed me with the deepest conviction that he is, to say the least, one of the most impudent of all literary quacks, and I feel sure that there is no part of his so-called philosophy which if carefully examined by a competent and impartial judge would not lead him to a like conclusion *

In this opinion the Christian bishop agrees precisely with Schopenhauer the pessimist, who pronounces that —

The greatest degree of impudence in serving up mere nonsense, in the stringing together of senseless raving word-stuff, such as hitherto had been heard only in mad-houses, presented itself in Hegel, and became the instrument of the merest general mystification that ever was seen, with results which posterity will regard as fabulous, and which will remain a standing monument of German foolishness. †

There must be some reason for these adverse testimonies, but they cannot be the whole truth. No writer who deserves such treatment as this could have furnished to some of the finest minds of our age and country the suggestions, not only of a philosophy, but of a religion.

It is in the religious aspect that we propose to notice this interesting phase of contemporary thought. But our attempt would be unintelligible if we did not preface it by some account, however superficial and imperfect, of the metaphysical views out of which the religion springs.

With many good persons the bare suggestion that a religion springs out of metaphysics is enough to condemn it. For how can it ever have been intended that the mass of simple people should puzzle their heads over philosophical inquiries as a preliminary to accepting the gospel? It never was intended. Let those who can honestly do so content themselves with feeling and conscience as their guides. Provided they do not dishonestly suppress their reason, they may find better and more rational direction in their moral and emotional nature than reflection could have supplied to them. For with many men (and those not the least wise)

reasoning is not the exercise of mind in which reason works most truly.

But in every age of Christianity, and in the present more than others, many find it necessary not merely to feel and act, but also to reflect. They are driven whether they will or no to reason about their faith: a process which certainly has its inevitable dangers, for the mind may assume so permanent an attitude of thinking as to forget feeling and action. But this is a danger of which wise thinkers, metaphysical as well as others, have shown themselves aware. Nor is it a danger which exists at all more in the branch of thought which we call philosophy than in the historical and literary inquiries in which others have sought their evidences of Christianity.

In its proper place as a handmaid and preparation of true feeling and true action the philosophy of the mind offers incontestably the most powerful support which reasoning can render to any cause. For nothing can form a more essential element in any branch of knowledge than the extent and conditions under which our nature enables us to know. It would be a decisive argument against religion if it could be shown, as is often now pretended, that it leads us into regions in which knowledge is essentially impossible. On the other hand, if anything favorable to religion can be gathered from careful inquiry into the primary conditions of knowledge, we shall be sent forward to further inquiries with very different anticipations and demands from those which we should have made had this preliminary investigation been omitted. Indeed, under the present tyranny of physical science we are experiencing the consequences of assuming that the world is open to our inquiry, and launching out in search of knowledge without considering the mental nature which, being the only instrument by which we can know, must define the nature and limits of our knowledge.

True it is that even in the outside world of observation there are side by side with physical knowledge rich materials for the religious argument: stubborn facts of which a serious inquirer must take note or leave his inductions maimed and imperfect. But it is generally allowed that these outward observations are in the nature of probabilities, and that they cannot build up an argument for religion which is itself beyond a probability. Now in the outward world it has to compare with facts and with theories which trium-

3. *Hegel*. By EDWARD CAIRD, LL.D., Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Glasgow. Edinburgh and London, 1883.

4. *An Introduction to the Philosophy of Religion*. By JOHN CAIRD, D.D., Principal of the University of Glasgow. Glasgow, 1880.

* Letters of Bishop Thirlwall, vol. i., p. 195.

† Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung, Dritte Aufl., vol. i., p. 508.

phantly claim to be certainties. No wonder that it should frequently find itself thrust aside, and that there should be constant attempts to account for religion by the laws of physical science, or even to assume without proof that it falls within their operation.

Such being the treatment which religion meets from physical science, the prejudices of religious people against mental philosophy must be regarded as hardly less than suicidal. And we ought to feel infinite obligation to those earnest thinkers who, instead of joining the headlong rush into investigations of nature, as if the explanation of everything was there to be found, raise the previous question whether if there were not something beyond nature we could know even nature itself as we do.

When the religious inquirer places himself in the hands of the philosopher, he has a right to demand that the observations to which his assent is asked shall be made upon the general mind of man. The powers of human minds differ as those of human bodies, but in either case the structure is the same; and inquiries founded on individual peculiarities would be useless for any purpose, but especially so in relation to religion. On the other hand, without defending the extraordinary obscurity of Hegel, we must not assume that philosophy, if true, should be easy of comprehension to untrained or inattentive minds. For the reflection and self-scrutiny which philosophy implies is most difficult precisely when applied to these simple movements on which we are least accustomed to reflect. And it would be as unreasonable to require that metaphysics should be level to the comprehension of all the men whose minds are its subject as that anatomy and physiology should be easy and accessible to those whose bodies furnish the material for those studies.

Perhaps there are few educated minds which have not at one time or another felt, if not faced, the great problem, How can I know? The external world cannot reach me, save through subjective experiences of my own: and who, therefore, shall assure me that the whole fabric of so-called external things, which I have supposed to constitute my knowledge, is anything more than a phantasmagoria which is somehow imaged to me, but the inner reality of which, if any reality it has, I can never touch? Locke felt some of the force of the question when he allowed that the secondary qualities of bodies

are not in the things themselves, but in our own perceiving minds. Berkeley extended, as in reason bound, the same observation to the whole external world and all its qualities. Hume forced the argument to that complete scepticism to which it so evidently points. Kant showed that our knowledge does not consist merely of the outward world, nor its reality depend upon the reality of that outward world in itself. He proved that the mind brings a necessary action of its own to organize and combine those outward impressions, and he found real knowledge in the work of the mind itself: "We know objects because, so far as their most general determinations are concerned, we produce the objects we know."* What we call nature is not a mere series of impressions, but a system of related appearances, and relations are the work of the mind which perceives them. In this sense the understanding makes nature. But this by no means implies the absurdity, which an unthinking opponent is hasty to impute, of supposing that nature comes into existence at the moment when this or that person begins to think of it. This will, indeed, be the inevitable conclusion if the observer regards his own intelligence as dealing with a universe in which no other intelligence can be found at work.† But it is impossible for our minds to do their work of combining our impressions into an intelligible nature, a system of sequence and law, without recognizing the fact that nature and our own intelligence along with it proceed from and are ruled by an all-comprehending intelligence above them both: "We must hold that there is a consciousness for which the relations of fact that form the object of our gradually attained knowledge already and eternally exist; and that the growing knowledge of the individual is a progress towards this consciousness."‡

Kant, while proving that all knowledge can be only a knowledge of relations, and that all relation is the work of the mind, could not bring himself wholly to surrender the idea of outward existence unconnected with thought. He conceived that behind that relation to a perceiving intellect, which alone enables us to predicate anything whatever of things, there must be a somewhat which he calls the "thing in itself." Things in themselves contribute the matter of our experience, while the mind imparts its form.

* The Philosophy of Kant, by Professor Caird, p. 669.

† Green, *Prolegomena*, p. 38.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 75.

The objections to this view are manifest.* For this thing in itself must be something which stands in no relation to us; it is in the residuum which remains in the vessel after all that forms our knowledge has been drawn off. Now, if it bears no relation to us, how can we know its existence? For we have been compelled to admit that we can know nothing except relatively to our thought. We cannot assert the existence of anything save in relation to thought, nor form the slightest notion of what existence out of relation to our thought would mean. Let the reader make the attempt, and he will probably end by assenting to Principal Caird, that—

To go beyond or attempt to conceive of an existence which is prior to and outside of thought, "a thing in itself" of which thought is only the mirror, is self-contradictory, inasmuch as that very thing in itself is only conceivable by, exists only for, thought. We must think it before we can ascribe to it even an existence outside of thought.†

If this reasoning be accepted, a man finds himself in the following condition. He is conscious of himself and he is conscious that he has to do with a whole universe of nature which is not himself. But what these outward things are in themselves he knows not. Even to call them by the name of outward things is to attribute to them a quality which is derived from his own mind. The mind contributes, not something alone, but everything to the knowledge of nature.‡ Reflecting so, we might be brought to think each one of his own self as being the only reality, and of all which we call knowledge as simply modifications of this self. This would probably be no unfair description of Fichte's position, but it is not Hegel's. To Hegel the self is as incapable of recognition without the not-self as the not-self without the self.

It is the law of thought that nothing can be conceived by our minds except through definitions which distinguish it from other things. It exists, therefore, for our thought only in relation to these other things which we must call in to lay down its bounds and limits, and if these limits and negations fall out of our thought it must fall along with them. In ceasing

to be able to tell what the thing is not, we should cease to be able to tell what it is. This book which I see before me is defined as to size and shape by its relation to its bounding space. In thinking what it fills and what it is, I must think of what it does not fill and what it is not. And if this bounding space and the surrounding objects which it is not were to cease to exist for my thought, the book must cease to exist for me too. This distinction and separation of the book and the not-book implies a relation between the two and requires belief in a unity which includes in it both the book and the not-book. The extreme example of this leading principle in Hegel's philosophy is found in the astounding statement that Being and not-Being are identical. The meaning of this, as Professor Caird † is careful to explain to us, "is not that Being and not-Being are not also distinguished; but it does mean that the distinction is not absolute, and that if it is made absolute, at that very moment it disappears." But without troubling ourselves to grapple with such extremes of the principle, we can probably all conceive, and perhaps assent to, the general statement that, as we can conceive nothing to exist except in relation to thought, so we cannot think of anything except in relation to other things from which it stands distinguished, and the existence of which is necessarily implied by the existence of it.

Now, this law of thought, which as such is a law of existence, applies in its full force to our self-consciousness. We cannot wholly separate off ourselves from that which is not ourselves; for we can only think of self through its distinction from not-self and the distinction necessarily implies a relation between the self and not-self, and a unity of thought and of being in which both are comprehended. Self only exists through finding itself in that which is outward to self, while, again, this outward universe is only known in and through ourselves. And the very nature of human consciousness makes this the law of life: that neither anything that we know nor yet we ourselves can ever be said to *be*, in such a sense as to form a fixed subject of thought independent of a relation to some other thing which the mind must pass to in the very act of thinking of its existence. Thus nothing *is*, but is becoming. We ourselves, in obedience to the ceaseless law of change, pass our lives in a constant development of the self

* Schopenhauer, however, regards the doctrine of the "thing in itself" as Kant's chief service to philosophy (*Die Welt*, etc., vol. i., p. 494). This means for Schopenhauer the dethroning of a supreme intelligence and the substitution, as maker and ruler of life, of a blind unknowing and unknown force, veiled by illusion. Not such was its meaning for Kant.

† Introduction, p. 156.

‡ Introduction, p. 235.

* Hegel, p. 163.

into the not-self and the not-self into the self. "At every stage of its growth and at every minutest portion of that stage the organism not only is, but is passing away from that which it is."

One may assent to this account of consciousness and life as very true so far as it goes, and yet perceive that it is capable of perversion to the grossest absurdity both of theory and practice. It is, as Principal Caird observes, an "obviously absurd assertion that the world only exists as we think it, that our poor thought creates and uncreates the world." This is the exaggeration of one scale of the Hegelian balance. We can only find ourselves in the world by rendering ourselves up with unreserved submission to the outward facts. Our poor thought cannot create the world, and the same principle requires us to allow that we are equally incapable of creating any single fact in the world. But the other scale of the balance, the principle that the not-self gives us the self, is in its own way as liable to error. For it may be so exaggerated as to make us mere sport of the change and flow of things which, taking up ourselves, shall fill it with what contents they please, and make us live as their blind forces order.

The element which can alone preserve the system from these absurdities of extravagant egoism or fatalistic materialism is the principle that our intelligence, in its changeful work of informing the world and being by the world informed, must regard itself as the instrument of an intelligence which is eternal. "Nature, the finite mind, and God or the infinite mind, are not discordant or irreconcilable ideas, but ideas which belong to one organic whole or system of knowledge."*

There is one sentence in the "Prolegomena" of Mr. Green which seems well to express the whole theory upon which his system is founded:—

Either we must deny the reality of relations altogether, and treat them as fictions of our combining intelligence: or we must hold that, being the product of our combining intelligence, they are yet empirically real on the ground that our intelligence is a factor in the real of experience: or if we suppose them to be real otherwise than merely as for us, otherwise than in the "cosmos of our experience," we must recognize as the condition of their reality the action of some unifying principle analogous to our understanding.†

Again:—

Our action in knowledge, the action by which we connect successive phenomena in the unity of a related whole, is an action as absolutely from itself, as little to be accounted for by the phenomena through which it became an intelligent experience, or by anything alien to itself, as is that which we have found to be implied in the existence of the universal order. This action of our mind in knowledge—to say nothing of any other achievement of the human spirit—becomes to us when reflected on, a *causa cognoscendi* in relation to the action of a self-originating mind in the universe: which we then learn to regard as the *causa essendi* to the same action, exercised under whatever limiting conditions, by ourselves.*

To the same effect Professor Caird:—

The process of the liberation of thought from itself is not the mere negation of thought, which would necessarily be the negation of the object of thought also: it is the negation of thought and being alike *as separate from each other*, and the revelation of their implicit unity. . . . That the intelligence can in its utmost self-surrender still maintain itself—that it can rise to a unity which is beyond its distinction from the object and its opposition to the object, is already the pledge that all such opposition and distinction may be overcome and resolved; or in other words, that the world may be shown to be not merely the object but the manifestation of intelligence;

and he proceeds to inform us that "this doctrine, that we need only to cast aside all prepossessions and take the world as it is in order to find intelligence in it, is what Hegel attempts to prove in his logic."†

Professor Green works out an interesting illustration of his philosophy from the common phrase which speaks of us as studying the book of nature.

In reading a sentence we see the words successively, we attend to them successively, and we recall their meaning successively. But throughout that succession there must be present continuously the consciousness that the sentence has a meaning as a whole, . . . and when the reading is over, the consciousness that the sentence has a meaning has become a consciousness of what in particular the meaning is. . . . The reader has then, so far as that sentence is concerned, made the mind of the writer his own. . . . May we not take it to be in a similar way that the system of related facts which forms the objective world reproduces itself partially and gradually in the soul of the individual who in part knows it? That this system implies a mind or consciousness for which it exists as the condition of the union in relation of the related facts is not an arbitrary guess. We have seen that it is the

* Introduction, p. 233.

† Prolegomena, p. 32.

* Prolegomena, p. 82.

† Caird's Hegel, pp. 156-7.

only answer which we have any ground for giving to the question how such a union of the manifold is possible. . . . It would seem that the attainment of the knowledge is only explicable as a reproduction of itself in the human soul, by the consciousness for which the system of related facts exists — a reproduction of itself in which it uses the sentient life of the soul as its organ.*

In this brief account of the philosophical foundation of Hegelianism we necessarily omit the lengthy and difficult discussions in which it is sought to prove that all the categories of thought are involved in the reciprocity of self and not-self; a description which covers equally man's acquisition of knowledge and the work of his desires. But enough has perhaps been said to form an introduction to our chief design, which is to give some account of Hegelianism as a religion.

What, then, is religion according to the school of Hegel? It "is simply," says Principal Caird, "the return of the finite consciousness into union with the infinite, the reconciliation of the human spirit with the divine."† It is the application, upon the deepest and widest scale, of the metaphysical principles just laid down. These principles are the account of human life and thought as it is and must be. Religion is therefore universally and necessarily existent in man's nature; but when this assertion is made it must not be taken to imply either that the religious ideas of all men have been coincident, or that that only is necessary in religion in which all men have concurred. "It is not that which is common to barbarism and civilization which is most truly human, but precisely that in which civilization differs from barbarism." In the same way, "the universal element in religion is not reached by leaving out from the various positive religions the special characteristics which distinguish them from each other, and retaining only those ideas or beliefs which are found to be common to all."‡ The necessary existence of religion means that "the religious relation is involved in the very nature of man."§

The nature of man as a spiritual being involves these two things — (1) the capacity of transcending his own individuality, of finding or realizing himself in that which lies beyond him, and seems to limit him; (2) the latent or implicit consciousness of the absolute unity of thought and being, or of an absolute self-

consciousness on which all finite knowledge and existence rest. In these two principles, the first of which implies the never-ending impulse to transcend ourselves: the second of which points to a Universal or Absolute Mind as that in which the effort to transcend ourselves finds its ultimate explanation, we discern, deep laid in man's nature, that which constitutes the basis of religion.*

But religion cannot be based on the nature of man alone. There must be a corresponding basis in the nature and acts of the divine existence with whom religion brings him in contact. It is accordingly granted by Principal Caird that "the notion of a revelation, nay, rightly understood, of a supernatural revelation, is presupposed in the nature of religion, or forms the indispensable correlative of it."† We naturally inquire further whether this revelation comes in the only way in which we can conceive a revelation coming — by facts. Principal Caird somewhat enigmatically declares that "literally construed one series of facts is of no higher or more spiritual significance than another." But he proceeds to allow that "however we explain the process, the ordinary consciousness can and does read into such outward phenomena of human history conceptions, notions, ideas, which possess something of that universality and self-consistency, that absoluteness and necessity, which are the characteristics of truth."‡

Professor Green, indeed, declares that

The assertion that God exists cannot be verified like any other matter of fact. But what if that be, not because He is so far off, but because He is so near? You cannot know Him as you know a particular fact related to you, but neither can you so know yourself: and it is yourself, not as you are, but as in seeking Him you become, that is His revelation.§

But this may be only a question of words; since Mr. Green would doubtless allow that neither we ourselves nor what we become can be known to us otherwise than by facts in our own history or that of mankind.

We next approach the question, What is it that is revealed? Is it really God? We remember with uneasiness that Hegel at an early portion of his career held that "the objectivity of God has gone hand in hand with the slavery and corruption of men," || and that to the last he probably

* Prolegomena, pp. 76-7.

† Introduction, p. 52.

‡ Ibid. p. 82.

§ Ibid. p. 85.

* Introduction, p. 132.

† Ibid. p. 65.

‡ Ibid. p. 179.

§ Witness of God, p. 95.

|| Caird's Hegel, p. 33.

did not believe in what he here means by the objectivity of God.

Before we stigmatize Hegelianism as not possessing a real God we must, however, remember that the Being in whom "we live and move and have our being" must be allowed to bear to us a relation different from that borne to us by men and things, and that the perception of this difference must not be taken to imply the denial of his reality. We should prefer to say that his existence is to us a fact and can be proved as such, though it is also much more than a fact, since it is the cause of all facts; and that the "forms of imagination" in which after Scripture we express God's relations to us, though inadequate, are true. Holy Scripture, however, itself is wont to express the inadequacy of ideas by denying their truth; even while it claims for man, enlightened by revelation, a power to see God, it yet elsewhere declares that no man hath seen him or can see. We shall not, therefore, be prone to accuse Professor Green of disbelief in a real God, because he asks, "Is there really a Divine Ruler who issues commands which we can obey or disobey; who somehow sees and hears us though not through eye or ear; whom it is possible for us to please or offend?" and replies that "there is undoubtedly a sense in which these questions once asked can only be answered in the negative. The most convinced theist must admit that God is as unimaginable as he is unperceivable."* When we come to the practical working of the system which is, after all, the test, we must in fairness allow that it gives scope for the most thorough belief in God. The genuineness, not merely of Principal Caird's theism but of his Christianity, is undoubted. From Professor Green's views of Christianity we shall have to express strong dissent. But if words have meaning (and he was the last man to use words without meaning) his faith in God was deep and true. God is to him

the eternal Spirit or self-conscious subject which communicates itself in measure and under conditions to beings who through that communication become spiritual. He is not merely the Being who has made us in the sense that we exist as an object of the Divine consciousness in the same way in which we must suppose the system of nature so to exist; but He is a Being in whom we exist: with whom we are in principle one: with whom the human spirit is identical in the sense that He is all which the human spirit is capable of becoming.†

* Prolegomena, p. 347.

† Ibid. pp. 194, 197-8.

In these high matters it is scarcely possible for the most careful thinkers to say anything which may not be assailed in some points of view and defended in others. But we feel more disposed to agree with these principles than with Archbishops King and Whately,* and Dean Mansel, who have seemed to teach that the only way in which God can be reached is through analogical expressions and never as he is. The latter view may be more justly accused of sacrificing the reality of God's connection with our souls than the Hegelian of sacrificing his objective reality for our minds.

Many persons are ready to raise vague accusations of rationalism against any system of thought. But it seems to us that little controversy can justly arise upon the contention of Principal Caird that religion is implicitly rational and is not concerned with the emotions alone; ‡ especially when this is taken in connection with Professor Green's elaborate proof that the exercise of the understanding and the feeling of desire ever accompany and imply each other,§ and with Hegel's conviction that the feelings are not so alien to reason as Kant had supposed, "for love is the analogue of reason." There is nothing in such a claim on the part of reason which has not been repeatedly recognized in Christian theology. Theology has, in fact, been raised upon this basis.

But an impression may probably be felt that Hegelianism is unfavorable to distinct belief in the divine personality. As regards the English branch of the school such an accusation would be wholly untrue. The very principle of the system is that the divine mind is in unity with the human, and that both are personal.

It is clearly [says Professor Green] of the very essence of the doctrine above advanced that the Divine principle which we suppose to be realizing itself in man should be supposed to realize itself in persons as such. But for reflection on our personality, on our consciousness of ourselves as objects to ourselves, we could never dream of there being such a self-realizing principle at all, whether as implied in the world or in ourselves. It is only because we are consciously objects to ourselves that we can conceive a world as an object to a single mind, and thus as a connected whole.§

He adds, with great justice, that person-

* See Archbishop King's discourse appended to Whately's Bampton Lectures (third edition, London, 1833).

† Introduction, pp. 27, 45, 52.

‡ Prolegomena, p. 135 ff.

§ Ibid. p. 191.

ality is a term which has often been fought over without any very precise meaning being attached to it, and explains it to mean for him "the quality in a subject of being consciously an object to itself."

If we were now examining the philosophical basis of Hegelianism, and comparing it with the prevalent doctrines of evolution, we should here raise the question whether self-consciousness which plays so all-important a part in the theory is really anything more than a particular stage in the development of the human intellect, having its commencements even in the lower animals? Must not the intelligence which finds its objects in the world around also in the course of its development make an object of itself and of the other faculties which make up the man? We think it may be gathered from Professor Green that a proof that human self-consciousness is a development of mental powers found in lower creatures would not disturb his belief in the central character and the supreme importance of this self-consciousness as an existing fact, nor in the relationship to the supreme mind which it implies in its possessors. But for our parts we suspect that a good deal of what Professor Green calls our self-consciousness is in fact only an exercise of intellect like others, and implying no more than others, and that the personality, the I, is something which lies behind all these reflections of the mind on itself, and, indeed, behind all human action. The reader will find a brief but very interesting discussion of the point in Professor's Caird's "Hegel"* in reference to an opinion of Kant to this effect, for which we suspect more is to be said than the professor allows.†

If personality be a principle of the system, sociality is equally so.

The existence of a spirit in pure individuality apart from other spirits is not conceivable, for a spiritual being is one that finds itself only in what is other than itself. . . . As no adequate conception of the individual human spirit can be formed apart from its relation to other finite spirits, so must any representation of the finite spirit be inadequate and incomplete apart from its relation to the Infinite‡ And the abstract individual is not truly man . . . the social relations are a necessary part of the being of the individual.§

* P. 146.

† See this whole question ably discussed in *L'idée de la Personnalité dans la Psychologie Moderne*, par Ch. Jeannaire (Paris, 1882). Chap. VI. analyses Kant's doctrine of the *Ego*.

‡ Introduction, p. 199.

§ Ibid. p. 241-2.

While, on the other hand, it is only for the personal development of the individuals who compose it that society exists,

it is only so far as this development and direction of personality is obtained for all who are capable of it (as presumably every one who says "I" is capable) that human society, either in its widest comprehension or in any of its particular groups, can be held to fulfil its function, to realize its idea as it is in God.*

The co-ordinate principles of self-consciousness and self-surrender form the keynote of the system of ethics which Professor Green has bequeathed to us, complete as a doctrine, though not in the details of its application.

The self-conscious spirit of man presents its own perfection to itself as the intrinsically desirable . . . In thinking of ultimate good the educated citizen of Christendom thinks of it indeed necessarily as perfection for himself: as a life in which he shall be fully satisfied through having become all that the spirit within him enables him to become. But he cannot think of himself as satisfied in any life other than a social life, exhibiting the exercise of self-denying will, and in which the "multitude of the redeemed," which is all men, shall participate.†

Thus morality in the Hegelian view has an essentially religious basis. It rests upon the truth concerning our own nature, that of our neighbors, and that of God. Morality may, indeed, be treated in reference to the self-perfection of the individual. But this, as we have just seen, must be an essentially imperfect method; it cannot even be complete within its own sphere, for the individual cannot so much as realize to himself that which he himself is, in solitude and apart.

Equally plain is it that neither individual nor social morality can properly be treated apart from the relations of human nature individually and collectively to God. The relations of the absolute self-consciousness of God to every movement of the human self-consciousness are, if the Hegelian exposition be accepted, too close and of too overwhelming importance ever to be left out of sight. This is abundantly, and with great beauty of thought and style, maintained by Principal Caird.

How can the division in man's nature be healed? . . . We have here the great problem to which morality or the moral life furnishes a partial solution, but which only religion can finally and completely solve.‡ Social morality,

* Prolegomena, p. 202.

† Ibid. pp. 411-414.

‡ Introduction, p. 275.

even at the best: love and sacrifice, even if they reached the point of the extinction of any private self-will, are the identification of our individuality, not with an infinite, but only with an indefinitely progressive life.* To enter on the religious life is to terminate the struggle between my false self and that higher self which is at once mine and infinitely more than mine; it is to realize the latter as that with which my whole spiritual being is identified, so that "it is no longer I that live"—not any I that I can claim as my own—"but God that liveth in me." . . . Religion rises above morality in this, that whilst the ideal of morality is only progressively realized, the ideal of religion is realized here and now. In that act which constitutes the beginning of the religious life—call it faith, or trust, or self-surrender, or, by whatever name you will—there is involved the identification of the finite with a life which is eternally realized.†

Nor are similar declarations by any means wanting in the work of Professor Green. The question, according to him, which "lies at the root of ethical inquiry" is this: "In what relation do we ourselves stand to the one self-distinguishing subject other than nature which we find to be implied in nature."‡ It would be difficult to render a more comprehensive account of human life, and of the supreme end and solution of its struggles, than this: "Self-satisfaction is the form of every object willed; but the filling of that form, the character of that in which self-satisfaction is sought, ranging from sensual pleasure to the fulfilment of a vocation conceived as given by God, makes the object what it really is."§ No words can better interpret the moral consciousness of a religious man, either as regards his personal failures and hopes, or the spirit in which he regards the moral development of the world, than these: "The practical struggle after the better, of which the idea of there being a best has been the spring, has taken such effect in the world of man's affairs as makes the way by which the best is to be more nearly approached plain enough to him that will see." This statement implies the assumption,

that this Best state of man is already present to some divine consciousness, so that it may properly be said to be the vocation of man to attain it; that some unfulfilled and unrealized, but still operative, idea of there being such a state has been the essential influence in the process by which man has so far bettered himself; and that a continued operation of the

same idea in us, with that growing definiteness which is gathered from reflection on the actions and institutions in which it has so far manifested itself, is the condition of character and conduct being morally good in the proper sense of the words.*

And if justification of this belief be required, Professor Green refers us back, as we should expect, to the metaphysical basis upon which in the Hegelian system all knowledge and all thought, moral as well as other, rest:—

We saw reason to hold that the existence of one connected world, which is the presupposition of knowledge, implies the action of one self-conditioning and self-determining mind; and that, as our knowledge, so our moral activity was only explicable on supposition of a certain reproduction of itself, on the part of this eternal mind, as the self of man. . . . Proof of such a doctrine, in the ordinary sense of the word, from the nature of the case there cannot be. It is not a truth deducible from other conceded or established truths. It is not a statement of an event or matter of fact that can be the object of experiment or observation. It represents a conception to which no perceivable or imaginable object can possibly correspond, but one that affords the only means by which, reflecting on our moral and intellectual experience conjointly, taking the world and ourselves into account, we can put the whole thing together and understand how (not *why*, but *how*) we are and do what we consciously are and do. Given this conception, and not without it, we can at any rate express that which it cannot be denied demands expression, the nature of man's reason and man's will, of human progress and human shortcoming, of the effort after good and the failure to gain it, of virtue and vice in their connection and in their distinction, in their essential opposition and in their no less essential unity.†

It may probably appear to some that in these latter sentences the author is doing with great power that which he has just before pronounced impossible: deducing the truth of the existence of the eternal mind from conceded or established truths of our state. In another place he justly rejects as unreasonable the idea of accounting for the truths of our state and nature by evolution. A true and comprehensive history of our nature would be very welcome. "But the same cannot be said for a history which should seem to account for it by ignoring its distinctive character, and by deriving it from forms of animal sympathy from which, because they have no element of identity with it, it

* Introduction, p. 292.

† Ibid. p. 297.

‡ Prolegomena, p. 5.

§ Ibid. p. 161.

* Prolegomena, p. 180-1.

† Ibid. p. 180-182.

cannot in the proper sense have been developed."* The result of the author's investigation of the "history of the just man's conscience" may be stated in the words, "It is a history which does not carry us back to anything beyond reason."†

These are thoughts which it is refreshing to meet in these materialistic days. We can well understand the enthusiasm with which their author was regarded by those who had the happiness of personal intercourse with him. Untimely though his death has been, and grievous though the loss therein to lofty thinking and lofty living in England, yet his friends may reflect with just pride that, even without the further remains which are promised, this work itself, carefully and lovingly edited as it has been, forms no inadequate result of a thinker's life. We learn from the preface that the book is practically complete. A final revision and the addition of twenty or thirty pages at the end are all that the work would have received from its author. We need not, therefore, be restrained from criticism by the posthumous character of the book. But assuredly even had the author been alive, respect for his powers and his knowledge and sympathy with his ethical aims would have made us slow to find fault. We so desire to offer our criticism that the most sympathetic reader of the "Prolegomena" may acquit us of capriciousness. We but ask the admiring student of Professor Green to consider whether his religious views, being what they were and founded as they were, ought not to have led him, and might not have led him if he had lived, to a more thorough union with the Church of Christ than that which with all his good-will to her he was able to attain.

If other readers feel as we do they will close the "Prolegomena" with a certain disappointment. The principles so carefully and securely laid in the earlier part of the work seemed to promise a moral teaching based upon godliness. We were taught in the outset to regard all the movements of the mind of man as the outcome of the movements of a greater and an eternal mind of which the human is the instrument. We were shown that the mind can never find itself in itself, but must die to live, and lose its individuality in order to possess it in the true sense. But as we approach the conclusion of the book we

find our own perfection put before us as the moral criterion. "Reason gives its own end; the self-conscious spirit of man presents its own perfection to itself as the intrinsically desirable."* And we think it is not sufficiently noticed that this statement of the case requires to be balanced, lest it mislead us to spiritual selfishness. Hegelian principles, which find the truth in contradictions, require us also and just as truly to assert that the self-conscious spirit presents its own perfection as that which is never intrinsically desirable. We must work our own perfection by forgetting it in a service that is better and higher than ourselves.

It is not that Professor Green forgets the claims of social life, or supposes that the individual can pursue his own perfection in isolation from his fellow-men. But according to his first principles, as we read them, the truest security against spiritual selfishness, that security which lies most deeply in the very nature of the mind itself, is the sense of the divine union with our spirits. No moral motive can lie so close to us as this, nor require such enforcement on the part of any moral teacher who believes the great truth. And yet, in Professor Green's treatment, the great truth seems as we proceed to become dim and fade away behind the institutions of earthly society; so that we hear more about God in the metaphysical part of the book than we do in the moral: more about God as the guide of human knowledge than of God as the guide of the conscience: a strange reversal of that which we should have looked for.

Hence the differences which the writer lays down between the practical working of his own system and that of utilitarianism are but slight in themselves and stated almost with apology.

It is satisfactory to acknowledge that the theory of the criterion for which we are arguing does not, for practical purposes, differ much from the utilitarian.† To most persons sufficient direction for their pursuits is afforded by claims so well established in conventional morality that they are intuitively recognized, and that a conscience merely responsive to social approbation would reproach us for neglecting them. For all of us it is so in regard to a large part of our lives.‡

Can this ever be the moral condition of one who lives in God?

The insufficient place which the connection of God with the spirit of man holds

* Prolegomena, p. 211; see also pp. 215, 217, 219, 247, 260.

† Ibid. p. 231.

* Prolegomena, p. 411.

† Ibid. p. 398.

‡ Ibid. p. 427.

in Mr. Green's moral teaching we trace to the imperfect hold which he has upon Christianity as a fact in human history. It is true that throughout his work no word unfriendly to Christianity can be found. On the contrary, there is much which it would seem could not have been written but by a believer. If he lays for Greek philosophy a claim, which history hardly verifies, to the statement of those categories of human virtue which are the forms and moulds that Christianity has filled, he yet allows that it was not till

a person had appeared charging himself with the work of establishing a kingdom of God among men, announcing purity of heart as the sole condition of membership of that kingdom, and able to inspire his followers with a belief in the perpetuity of his spiritual presence and work among them, that the time came for the value of the philosopher's work to appear.*

And we read of the "voice fitfully heard within man, which gives meaning to the announcement of a perfect life lived for him and somehow to be made his own." †

Still more unreserved is the adoption of Christian ideas in the little work entitled "The Witness of God and Faith," which has been edited, since the death of Professor Green, by his friend and disciple, Mr. Toynbee — himself, we grieve to say, removed before the book was printed. There the language of St. Paul is adopted, which treats men as "ideally the temple of God," possessed of "the righteousness of God, which is essentially a derived, communicated, and universal righteousness; not of works, but of grace." There we are told that he who gains the true wisdom "receives Christ as his wisdom, and in the new consciousness thus constituted he is redeemed from the bondage of sin, redeemed from the curse of the law, because he is redeemed from himself."

The reader who only makes acquaintance with the book through extracts such as these would perhaps hardly guess that its editor states the aim of it to be "the separation of the spiritual from the supernatural;" and declares that, "while others have assailed the orthodox foundations of religion to overthrow it, Mr. Green assailed them to save it."

With respect to the former statement we would observe that few have so much reason to object to the misuse of the word supernatural as Christians have. To them it is impossible that the word should have

any meaning save that of marking the fact that certain events in their outward form and appearance are different from those which ordinarily happen, and are therefore better fitted to show what the machinery is upon which all events alike depend. They cannot allow that any powers are exerted in miracles other than those which are used in every-day events. So far as the powers exerted are concerned, the lifting of a man's finger is as supernatural an event as the raising of the dead. And if the exertion of novel powers were the only sense of the supernatural, it might be truly said that Christians do not believe that anything ever happens to which the word supernatural can distinctively be applied. But the word is often, and not unjustly, taken to designate those powers and that person, which, while exerted alike in ordinary events and extraordinary, are invisible to man and beyond the outward facts of which he has experience. In this sense of the word every Christian must defend it, but in this sense also there can be no more thorough-going maintainer of the supernatural than Professor Green himself. For the very foundation of his system is an elaborate proof that the understanding of man, and, by parity of reasoning, the eternal understanding which that of man reflects, is not from nature but from a higher source. A writer who excepts both God and the human mind from nature ought certainly to be ranged rather with the supporters than with the opponents of the supernatural.

Accordingly we find other spokesmen of Hegelianism much more guarded upon this point than Mr. Toynbee. We have before quoted the statement of Principal Caird that "rightly understood, a supernatural Revelation is presupposed in the nature of religion;" while as respects Hegel himself, Professor Caird but says that the complete rejection of "ordinary supernaturalism" is involved in the Hegelian interpretation of Christianity.* The significant qualification implied in the word "ordinary" differences the statement very strongly from Mr. Toynbee's broad assertion.

When the assaults of Professor Green upon the orthodox foundations of Christianity (always presuming that such assaults exist) are contrasted with others as designed to save and not destroy, we gladly allow that the preservation of the moral and even of the spiritual essence of

* Prolegomena p. 307.

† Ibid. p. 337; see also pp. 311, 327.

* Hegel, p. 92.

Christianity was most truly the aim of this high-souled man. But it is not in respect of his negative work upon the historic faith that we could allow him any such praise. Mr. Toynbee, when he contrasts the spirit of his friend's assaults with others, appears to have forgotten how commonly negations of the historical forms of Christianity have been accompanied by a show of regard for its spirit, and how little serious meaning the world has attached to such professions.

It is impossible that either Professor Green or his editor should make this profession with greater emphasis than the Hegelian Strauss, whose work upon Christianity the whole world agrees to regard as destructive. Had Professor Green really assailed the orthodox foundations of Christianity, as Strauss in fact did, all the positive religious teaching that he has left would not have hindered the words in which Strauss describes his own position from being an equally exact definition of that of the English Hegelian:—

My meaning agrees with that deep utterance of Spinoza that "it is by no means necessary to salvation to know Christ after the flesh: but it is otherwise with that Everlasting Son of God, namely the Divine Wisdom which displays itself in all things, but especially in the mind of man, and which displayed itself in a conspicuous manner in Jesus Christ: without this no man can be saved, because it alone can teach what is true and what false, what is good and what evil." As Spinoza, so also Kant, distinguished from the historical Person of Christ that ideal of a humanity pleasing to God, of a morality as pure as it can be in a world dependent on wants and desires, which is latent in human Reason. To raise ourselves to this ideal is the universal duty of men: but though we cannot represent this ideal to ourselves otherwise than under the imagination of a perfect man, and though it be not impossible that such a man may have lived, since we all can resemble the idea, yet it is not necessary that we should know of the existence of such a man or believe in it, but only that we keep this ideal before us, recognize it as one which marks our duty, and strive to make ourselves like it. This separation of the historical Christ from the ideal is the inevitable result of the latest developments of the human spirit.*

This, as we suppose, is exactly the meaning of Professor Green when he writes that "to say that Christ as the wisdom of God is an idea or form of intellectual consciousness—and what else can St. Paul mean when he says that Christ is

the spirit which God gives us?—is the very reverse of reducing him to an impotent abstraction."*

Certainly to say that Christ or that any other person or thing is an idea is not to reduce him to an abstraction, unless the idea in question be the idea of an abstraction. All being comes to us as thought; but if this is to be taken to mean that thinking of a mere thought and thinking of a fact are the same, we shall need to correct Professor Green in his own words: "The 'mere idea' of a hundred thalers, to use the familiar illustration, is no doubt quite different from the possession of them, not because it is unreal, but because the relations which form the real nature of the idea are different from those which form the real nature of the possession."† Precisely in the same way the idea of Christ as an ideal is wholly different from the idea of Christ as a real and living possession of mankind.

Nor should the attempt to effect this substitution be represented as an assault merely upon the orthodox foundations of religion, or upon the existing creeds, as if the object of attack were merely a form of religion which came in at a period when the first founders of it had passed away. Professor Green represents himself as holding the belief of St. Paul and St. John in its essence. It is hardly worthy of him to maintain such a paradox. For the conception that Christ and his deeds were not actual facts is one which was perfectly familiar to both St. Paul and St. John, and was by them deliberately rejected: "Every spirit that confesseth not that Jesus Christ is come in the flesh is not of God: and this is that spirit of antichrist." "If Christ be not risen, then is your faith vain; ye are yet in your sins." Yet Professor Green declares that St. Paul "never appeals to any events in our Lord's life—not even to the resurrection—as evidence in the sense which later theology has attached to the word."‡ We fear that *his* later theology, in propounding a Christianity independent of the evidence of the facts which the New Testament records, is rejecting that which the Author and the first preachers of Christianity regarded as essential, if words have any meaning.

Whatever the Hegelian philosophy be, it must, on pain of gross absurdity, recognize some difference between facts and imaginations. Now, it is on the basis of

* Das Leben Jesu für das Deutsche Volk bearbeitet (Leipzig, 1864), p. 624.

* Witness of God, r. 13.

† Prolegomena, p. 27.

‡ Witness of God, p. 57.

facts and not of imaginations that all the spiritual structure was raised which attracts the admiration of Hegelianism itself: that the Lord said, "He that saveth his life shall lose it:" that St. Paul said, "All things are yours and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's:" and that St. John saw the divine thought manifesting itself in human life as truth and love. It would not be easy to say anything more contrary either to the whole spirit of primitive Christianity or to the special method of the apostle who declared what he had seen and heard and his hands had handled of the Word of Life, than to say that this very St. John "took the person of Christ forever out of the region of history and of the doubts which surround all past events, to fix it in the purified conscience as the immanent God."* It is because he is fixed in history as the immanent God that he is fixed as such in the purified conscience. And not one of those great things would have been said or those great lives lived which the Bible records, and which no one better appreciated than Professor Green, if the actors and writers of the Bible had rejected the facts which he would have us reject. It is in the reality of these earthly facts that we find the contest and victory of the life of God, with "the earnestness, the pain, the labor, the patience involved in the negative aspect of things," without which, says Hegel himself, it "is but an edifying truism or even a platitude."

On what ground is it that these facts are to be rejected? Is it that Hegelianism has pierced so deep into the inward reason and reality of things that it is in a position to reject mysteries? On the contrary, in Hegelianism all is mystery. It gives us no cosmos of experience into which the mysteries and miracles of Christianity do not readily fall. It acknowledges that it is a question insoluble to us, why God should have subjected the human spirit and his own to the contest and opposition through which alone it realizes itself. But mystery though it be, the whole connection of God with the world involves for the Hegelian who believes in God a relation in his nature to humanity which may be truly called a tendency towards incarnation. And if this be the mysterious truth in God's whole relation to history, why shrink from the one great incarnation, in which the tendency reaches its actual embodiment and the realization of union with God is henceforth made an object of men's faith as real?

* Witness of God, p. 29.

Because, forsooth, this incarnation is subject to the doubts which surround all past events. We discern, in this objection, an attempt to make religion absolute in a sense which cannot be realized so long as finite beings constitute one of the parties to religion. That in some sense there may be an absolute religion we do not deny. But if religion is to be regarded as existing among men, and as part of their experience, then it is plain that absolute religion is impossible, because the absolute is that which exists out of relation, while religion stands by its name in relation to the nature and life of man. The very beliefs which constitute Hegelian religion in its most sublimated sense — the faith in a divine mind and in an ideal humanity — are in their operation upon men subject to contingencies. Whatever root and foundation they have in human nature, we find that men believe them or disbelieve them, just as they do the doctrines of Christianity. They are questions of evidence for and against, and men show themselves quite capable of believing that the evidence is against them. In vain, therefore, do we strain after a religion which shall be the absolute possession of all men. The very phrase is an inconsistency, for that which is absolute cannot be a possession.

But if we reduce the meaning of our absolute so as to imply only such an absolute as men are capable of grasping, then the Christian incarnation gives us the absolute religion in the highest degree. And though Professor Green despises the work of the Church in framing her creeds, yet it will be found that in rejecting all compromises and explanation short of the acknowledgment of the perfect God and perfect man, she was holding by the absolute religion whose watchword is "Die to live." For the faith that God has given himself to our nature, and for us, alone recognizes self-surrender as the law of the divine mind, while on our part we make a complete surrender of ourselves only when we render ourselves up to the Lord and to the earnestness, the pain, the labor, the patience of the cross, in which he found himself and teaches us to find ourselves. Faith, in the true sense, can be rendered only to the divine mind, of which ours is the image and reflection. In Professor Green's use of the word "faith," it seems to lose that reference to something beyond ourselves which is its most essential meaning.

A man penetrated as Professor Green seems to have been with a profound belief

that the Hegelian system is the deepest truth, metaphysical or moral, to which philosophy can come, must needs admit the utterance which Christianity gives to his principles as evidence of a special work of God; not because the divine voice is heard nowhere else, but because Christianity gathers the universal lessons of God to humanity into so concentrated a form. Here we have a gospel which speaks, not in word only, but in power — that is to say, in reality and in fact. It sets the truth in varied aspects. But there is not one great doctrine of Christianity — the incarnation, the atonement, the sacraments, the life in Christ, the liberty of the Christian or the authority of the Church — which has not its part in making real for man the precept of self-surrender and the gain that comes thereby. Nor is there one of the writers or preachers whose words make up the New Testament — St. Paul, St. James, St. John, or the Lord himself; or a single constituent part of that book — its history, its letters, or its sermons — that has not a varied, but equally effective way of enforcing the same great principle.

How, then, shall one who holds with Hegel's philosophy stand in the presence of this unique practical embodiment of his idea, which not only utters it so wondrously, but, what is far more, gives it action and life? Shall he render himself to it with the absolute self-surrender of true faith, and thereby place himself in that reciprocal relation to God which promises never-ending progress in God? or shall he reserve his faith, and maintain himself in his own theories? If he does he never will attain so true a life in death as the historic faith would have given him.

And we shall conclude by offering two instances of this: two cases in which the doctrine of the Church gives to the great Hegelian principle a completer practical exercise than the conception which Professor Green would substitute for it. Both instances are suggested in his own sermons: they are prayer and the Holy Communion.

In the conclusion of the lay sermon entitled the "Witness of God," amidst precepts of holiness of the deepest spirituality and the most searching purity, we find prayer defined as "a wish referred to God;" while in the sermon on faith we are told that —

In the prayers of the Christian Church, issuing as they do from a consciousness to which the death in Christ to sin and the new life in Him

unto God, a free forgiveness, and the indwelling of the Spirit, represented spiritual experiences, we have modes of utterance which in the development of the same consciousness — and it cannot be developed without utterance — we may properly make our own. The fact that others who use them have beliefs as to historical occurrences which we do not share need not prevent us from sharing with them what is not the expression of an historical belief, but a spiritual aspiration.*

We prefer the former definition. Prayer is not a mere spiritual aspiration, but a wish referred to God. And it is a wish referred to a God who only requires us to refer our will to him because he refers his will to us. We cannot think of prayer as an aspiration towards him without regarding it in its origin as arising in us through union with the God-man whose spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered; and in its effects as drawing a response from him in default of which he would seem to be remaining in himself and refusing to give himself forth to us. And while this response is conditioned by that which Professor Green truly describes as the character of all true good-doing † — namely, the desire to communicate his own good will to us — yet for beings who like us live in the finite, and can receive nothing, even from God himself, except through finite circumstances, it is impossible to think of God as responding to our prayers except through outward as well as inward gifts and providences. The holy spirit and the good will which he confers is to be regarded as the one gift which we are sure is always good and always to be given to prayer; but, in subordination and assistance to this, earthly responses of Providence must not be excluded. This is the Church's doctrine of prayer. An example will serve better to show what we mean than any description. Here, then, is a Christian prayer, written, we need not say, without conscious reference to the theory of Hegelianism: —

Wherefore, O Lord, when I ask anything of Thee, I design to ask nothing except through Thy Son Jesus Christ and in the union of my own poor will with His most holy desires. The will of Thy most blessed Son, my God, willeth, desireth, demandeth, that I be meek and lowly in heart, patient, kind, full of charity: it desireth that I may live to Thee, die to myself. I pray for the clearest enlightening of mind, chiefly for the knowledge of three things. First, that I may most perfectly learn

* Witness of God, pp. 44 and 100.

† Prolegomena, p. 262.

Thy good pleasure and may entirely perform Thy most holy will. Then, that I may know my own vileness, ingratitude, and unworthiness of all good. Finally, that I may have a perfect knowledge of all moral virtues, and may follow after them: so that the simple, pure, and sincere love of Thee, my God, may more and more prevail in me. Lastly, I beseech Thee that it may please Thee to accept my prayers, not as they come from me, but as inspired by Thee; and to unite them with the prayers of Thy Son Jesus Christ, of his most holy Mother, of the holy Angels, Apostles, martyrs, doctors, virgins, confessors, and of the whole Church, as well militant as triumphant, for the attainment of all those graces and gifts, whether of soul or body, both for myself and for my neighbor. Neither do Thou regard my person, O Lord, but the merits of Jesus Christ Thy Son, from whom every just work and every holy desire doth proceed. All which may it tend to the everlasting glory of the all-glorious Trinity. Amen.*

Is it such a prayer as this, or the aspiration of an unhelped and solitary soul bent on self-perfection — an aspiration addressed to no responsive ear — which best carries out the principle of surrendering self that we may regain it, which Hegelianism regards as true alike for God and man?

Professor Green recommends his disciples to frequent the Christian ordinances and especially the holy Eucharist. Can this suggestion be truthfully carried out by one who "separates the spiritual from the supernatural"? We fear that the attempt would, under these conditions, be so untruthful that a man in making it would be obliged either to accept the supernatural in spite of himself, or else to feel that he was being guilty of a mockery.

But the mind in which the Hegelian communicates, if communicate he does, is described as follows: —

If we are really seeking to live as members one of another in the general assembly of the first-born, why do we not gladly approach the table where in the simplest of all rites that mutual membership is expressed? We shall not value such expression the less because to us it is only an expression. It is in the hidden life of the Christian society, as we hold — in pureness, in knowledge, in longsuffering, in love unfeigned — that the true table of the Lord is spread and His cup forever flows. Here is the bloodless altar, the continued sacrifice, because here is the perpetual agapê, the communion of good-will. To this spiritual feast, in which the God-man gradually imparts Himself to the soul, the Holy Communion of bread and wine is related as a mode

of speech to thought. As seasonable utterance is needed to give strength and definiteness to a thought, to bring it back to the individual when he has almost lost it, to quicken the consciousness of its being shared by others, so may this ordinance strengthen and refresh the thought of our common spiritual interest in God.*

The reader who desires on a subject so vital to think and speak with exactness will find some difficulty in making out the precise meaning of these sentences. When the author says that the Holy Communion is related to the true spiritual feast "as a mode of speech to thought," the illustration, if it were really only an illustration, might carry the most orthodox meaning. For it might imply, that, as speech has thought behind it and puts the hearer in possession of thought, so this visible gift of bread and wine, being not a speech but an actual thing given, has behind it and confers an actual thing really given — namely, "the God-man." But while this would be the logical import of the illustration we fear that the context requires us to take the words "as a mode of speech to thought" to express more than comparison, and nothing less than identity. So that the author's meaning is that, as the receiving of the elements is but an expression, so "the God-man" is but a thought. But we ask again, what kind of thought? Is it the thought of a reality or is it the thought of a mere idea? The thought of the hundred thalers as really mine, or of the hundred thalers as imagined? To confound these two things is not more surely an offence against the laws of being than it is an offence against the laws of thought.

But if the self-imparting of the God-man means really more than merely the conception in our own minds of an idea of human union: if the "expression" to which the holy Eucharist gives utterance be not merely our expression of our thought to ourselves but his expression of his thought to us; then obviously the difficulty, if such it be, of the doctrine of the real presence arises under another form. The Hegelian, if he means what he says, recognizes a great and divine reality beyond his own nature which in this ordinance imparts itself to him. If he refuses to acknowledge this, what is there for him in the ordinance but a self trying to give itself to a not-self which is but imaginary: and trying to suppose a not-self imparted when it is not imparted and does not even exist?

* Paradise of the Christian Soul, edited by Dr. Pusey, p. 237.

* Witness of God, p. 49.

How much more true is the Catholic doctrine of the blessed Sacrament to the great principle which is the Hegelian motto! There we have, in that species of thought which is fact and reality, the God-man imparting himself to our nature. There we have the great ordinance of sacrifice which has embodied to the human mind in all ages the ideal of life gained through death. For the law of the divine self-sacrifice which was exemplified once for all upon Calvary is here in the progress and development of the Church's life made her own possession, and that of each of her children again and yet again. And the redeemed respond to him who finds his life in dying for them by offering themselves, their souls and bodies, in him to the Father. In dying with him they find their life.

From The Globe.

THE "VAGABONDS" OF SIBERIA.

SOME interesting information which has just attained publication here gives me an opportunity of supplementing our information on the subject of "man-hunting in Siberia." The terrible *okhota na brodyag* may now be clearly traced to the Russian practice of consigning deported criminals to vast territories over which there can be no pretence of exercising an efficient surveillance. The Siberian vagabond (*brodyag*) is usually a convict who has broken prison or fled from the mines; more rarely he may be a political exile, wandering without leave from the village station assigned as his place of residence. These escaped prisoners number many thousands. Some of them ramble aimlessly about, laboring in the fields when there is work to be had, or living at the expense of the colonist when there are opportunities for plunder. By far the largest number endeavor to return to Europe. The difficulty of the task is enormous, and for a single *brodyag* practically insurmountable. That there is a regular "vagabond road," far off from the ordinary caravan routes, and perfectly safe, so far as the authorities are concerned, is well known. But it is no highway provided with signposts to direct, or vodka-shops to encourage the returning convict on his way to Europe. The road is a simple path through some of the wildest parts of Siberia, and can only be followed with success, if followed at all, by the oldest and most experienced of the vagabonds.

There are signs on the way that sometimes need for their interpretation senses as acute as those of the Red Indian or the aborigine of Australia. Here and there a marked tree indicates the proximity of a village of which the inhabitants lie in wait for vagabonds, kill or capture, and then sell them, alive or dead, to the authorities. At such points the convict gives Siberian civilization as wide a berth as possible. Even when successful in avoiding the man-hunters, the vagabond must cross foaming torrents, too rapid to be forded on horseback, must clamber over mountains capped with eternal snow, and force his way through the tangled growths of primeval forests, where a single false step brings in its wake the punishment of death from hunger. The vagabonds, therefore, traverse their road in bands, and are always led by an old hand who knows the way and its signs well. These convicts who are not fortunate enough to find a leader often wander about until recaptured, conviction for vagabondage being followed by from two to four years' imprisonment with hard labor. To the magistrate, generally an officer improvised for the occasion, the *brodyag* never betrays his real name. To the representative of Siberian justice he is "Michael the Unknown," or "Ivan the Vagabond," hailing from Turkey or from Greece, sometimes even belonging to the Sandwich Islands. For some convicts these terms of hard labor are repeated over and over again, until the subject of them renounces vagabondage forever. The "vagabond road" has friendly as well as hostile points for the fleeing convict. It begins in the Transbaikial Province, not far from the notorious mines of Nertchinsk. First it crosses the inhospitable mountain ranges and elevated plateaux between Ingada and Onon, then goes winding through the heights of the Yablonoi (Apple Mountains), passes the foot of the Pochondo, bends round the wildest edge of Lake Baikal, penetrates the Altai chain as far as a point near the town of Krasnoyarsk ("City of the Red Mountains"), and thence cuts the route to Minusinsk. The "vagabond road" carefully avoids the great caravan routes, such, for example, as the one which, beginning in the Listvenitschuaya-Stanitsa, a village on the edge of the Baikal Lake, passes through Werchne-Udinsk and Chita to Nertschinsk. The vagabonds also keep clear of the Selenza Valley, inhabited by a race of Mongol nomads, the Buriats, who kill wandering convicts

without mercy; but over the adjacent heights the path goes without interruption, for the Buriat has a superstitious dread of mountains. Among the Karagass populations the brodyag is, on the contrary, well received, treated with hospitality, and often escorted by the tribes for miles along his road. After crossing the Zenisei, the vagabonds continue their line of march about twenty miles south of the great caravan route, which joins the two towns of Krasnozarsk and Tomsk, passing through settlements inhabited by genuine Siberians, deported convicts, or their descendants. In the eyes of these people the vagabond is no criminal escaping from justice, but a miserable and unfortunate human being whom it is everybody's duty to befriend. They, therefore, give him refuge, supply him with food, and often enough exchange his tattered rags for warm clothing. From these hospitable regions the vagabond road runs westward as far as the lower course of the Tom, then breaks into two distinct paths. One of these passes between Tomsk and Kolyvan, afterwards between Omsk and Tara, as far as Tinmen — the other heads round the right bank of the Tom to traverse Tartar territory. This latter the vagabond seeks to cross by its narrowest breadth, in order to reach the hunting-ground of the Ostiaks. The Tomsk Tartar is a thorough Mussulman, and if, unlike the Buriat, he does not kill the brodyag, he delights in handing him over to the *ispravnik* (police commissioner). After the vagabond has successfully escaped the anti-Christian Tartar, he comes into the land of the Ostiaks — a race of black-haired, low-browed, oblique-eyed Finnish nomads. There the brodyag is absolute master. He commands whatever he is in need of, and the Ostiak, who invests Europeans with almost divine attributes, and scarcely knows the difference between a vagabond and a Russian officer, faithfully executes the orders of the convict. To foreigners who travel through Siberia with a genuine purpose of exploration, and not to pursue solely a route designated for them by some functionary in St. Petersburg, the vagabond road frequently comes under their notice by the name of "the friends' route." Snowed up for the winter in some village from which exit seems impossible, they are frequently surprised to hear of somebody willing, for a consideration, to take men the "friends' way." A peasant conveys the traveller to "a friend" in the next village, and this friend has "another friend" ready to

continue the route to a third. Where, therefore, the vagabond road is no mere footpath, a good deal of travelling may be done in Siberia when all the caravan routes and post roads are closed for the winter. What becomes of the vagabond road after it leaves the territory of the Ostiaks is unknown. A few of the vagabonds may be tempted to remain with their Finnish friends — more may go wandering about until they fall into the hands of the authorities. Yet it is certain enough that very few indeed of those who take to the "vagabond route" ever succeed in accomplishing the purpose of their flight. For while Russian control in Siberia grows more incomplete every year, owing to administrative development not keeping pace with the growth of the deportation system, the surveillance on the European border increases in strictness, forming a line of police vigilance which can only be broken through under a most exceptional combination of circumstances favorable to the fugitive. If you converse with Russian prison officials on the subject, expressing surprise that the law should be powerless to suppress vagabondage, the reply will be something like this: "Siberia is nothing else than a huge prison, and in which of its cells the convict is confined matters little. The great thing — and this we accomplish pretty successfully — is to prevent him from getting over its walls." In some cases the government even seems to recognize the legitimacy of vagabondage. At times, when highways are to be made and bridges to be constructed, a formal circular is issued to the vagabonds, who are invited to offer their labor. Hundreds respond to the summons, swarming from the woods in every direction. They are paid from one to two roubles a day, and when the "public works" are completed, the vagabonds are allowed several days' grace, in order that they may reach a place of safety. The vagabonds have a language of their own, to some extent formed of Russian words, but containing a large number of expressions not Russian at all, representing the lingual contributions of convicts belonging to nearly all the nationalities of the Russian Empire. The brodyag has a literature of his own, and in the long winter nights he and his fellow-convicts have "literary evenings" as genuine in their way as any that are enjoyed in the *salons* of St. Petersburg or Moscow. But his literature is purely one of song, and would scarcely be "passed" by the official censor, for it is full of the

praises of some prison-breaking brodyag, whose glorious exploits rang through Siberia twenty years ago.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE CLIFF-HOUSES OF CANON DE CHELLY.

THE fourth and most southerly iron link of railway which will soon stretch across the North American continent from ocean to ocean is rapidly approaching completion along the thirty-fifth parallel; already it has reached the San Francisco mountains in its course to the Pacific. While avoiding the chances of blockade by snow, liable in higher latitudes, it has struck through a little-explored region among the vast plains of Arizona and New Mexico. It is not easy at once to realize the extent of table-lands, greater in area than Great Britain and Ireland, upon which no soul has a settled habitation. The sun beats down with terrible force on these dry, undulating plains, where at most times nothing relieves the eye, as it wanders away to the dim horizon, save a few cactus and sage-bush plants. But at seasons, heavy rains change dry gulches into roaring torrents, and parched lowlands into broad lakes, covering the country with a fine grass, on which millions of sheep, horses, and cattle are herded by wandering Navajo and Moqui Indians. To the periodical rains, as well as to geological convulsions, are traced the causes of those wondrous chasms, which in places break abruptly the rolling surface of the prairie, and extend in rocky gorges for many miles. They are called cañons. The grandeur of the scenery found in one of them, Cañon de Chelly, can scarcely be overstated.

Cañon de Chelly — pronounced Canyon de Shay — is in the north of Arizona. It takes its name from a Frenchman, who is said to have been the first white man to set foot within its walls; but except the record of a recent visit by the United States Geological Survey, no account of it seems to have hitherto appeared. The picturesque features of this magnificent ravine are unrivalled; and what lends a more fascinating interest, is the existence, among its rocky walls, of dwellings once occupied by a race of men, who, dropping into the ocean of the past with an unwritten history, are only known to us as cave-dwellers.

In October, 1882, an exploring party, headed by Professor Stevenson of the Ethnological Bureau, Washington, and escorted by a number of soldiers and Indian guides, set out for this remarkable spot. One of the party, Lieutenant T. V. Keam, has furnished the following details of their investigation. After travelling one hundred and twenty miles out from the nearest military post, Fort Defiance, and crossing a desert some twenty miles broad, the entrance to Cañon de Chelly was reached. The bed of the ravine is entirely composed of sand, which is constantly being blown along it, with pitiless force, by sudden gusts of wind. The walls of the cañon are red sandstone; at first but some fifty feet high, they increase gradually, until at eighteen miles they reach an elevation of twelve hundred feet, which is about the highest point, and continue without decreasing for at least thirty miles. The first night Professor Stevenson's party camped three miles from the mouth of the cañon, under a grove of cottonwood-trees, and near a clear-flowing stream of water. Here the scene was an impressive one. A side ravine of great magnitude intersected the main cañon, and at the junction there stood out, like a sentinel, far from the rest of the cliff, one solemn brown stone shaft eight hundred feet high. In the morning, continuing the journey through the awful grandeur of the gorge, the walls still increased in height, some having a smooth and beautifully colored surface reaching to one thousand feet; others, from the action of water, sand storms, and atmospheric effects, cut and broken into grand arches, battlements, and spires of every conceivable shape. At times would be seen an immense opening in the wall, stretching back a quarter of a mile, the sides covered with verdure of different shades, reaching to the summit, where tall firs with giant arms seemed dwarfed to the size of a puny gooseberry bush, and the lordly oak was only distinguished by the beautiful sheen of its leaves.

On the second night the camp was formed at the base of a cliff, in which were descried, planted along a niche at a height of nearly one hundred feet, some cliff-dwellings. Next morning, these were reached after a dangerous climb, by means of a rope thrown across a projecting stick, up the almost perpendicular sides of this stupendous natural fortress. The village was perched on its narrow ledge of rock, facing the south, and was overshadowed by an enormous arch, formed in the solid

side of the cañon. Overlapping the ruins for at least fifty feet, at a height above them of sixty feet, it spread its protecting roof five hundred feet from end to end. No moisture ever penetrated beyond the edge of this red shield of nature; and to its shelter, combined with the dryness of the atmosphere and preserving nature of the sand, is to be attributed the remarkable state of preservation, after such a lapse of time, in which the houses of the cliff-dwellers were found. Some of them still stood three stories high, built in compact form, close together within the extremely limited space, the timber used to support the roof being in some cases perfectly sound. The white stone employed is gypsum, cut with stone implements, but having the outer edges smoothly dressed and evenly laid up; the stones of equal size placed parallel with each other presenting a uniform and pleasing appearance.

No remains of importance were found here, excepting a finely woven sandal, and some pieces of netting made from the fibre of the yucca plant. But on proceeding two miles farther up the cañon, another group of ruins was discovered, which contained relics of a very interesting character. The interior of some of the larger houses was painted with a series of red bands and squares, fresh in color, and contained fragments of ornamented pottery, besides what appeared to be pieces of blankets made from birds' feathers; these, perhaps, in ages past bedecked the shoulders of some red beauty, when the grim old walls echoed the fierce war-songs of a long-lost nation. But the most fortunate find at this spot, and the first of that description made in the country, was a cyst, constructed of timber smoothly plastered on the inside, containing remains of three of the ancient cliff-dwellers. One was in a sitting posture, the skin of the thighs and legs being in a perfect state of preservation. These ruins, as in the former case, were protected from the weather by an overhanging arch of rock.

At several points on the journey through Cañon de Chelly, hieroglyphics were traced, graven on the cliff wall. Most of the designs were unintelligible; but figures of animals, such as the bear and mountain sheep or goat, were prominent. Another cliff village was observed of a considerable size, but planted three hundred feet above the cañon bed, in such a position that it is likely to remain sacred from the foot of man for still further gen-

erations. The same elements which in geologic time fashioned the caves and recesses of the cañon walls, have in later times worn the approaches away, so that to-day they do not even furnish a footing for the bear or coyote. In what remote age and for how many generations the cliff-dwellers lived in these strange fastnesses, will probably never be determined. Faint traces of still older buildings are found here and there in the bed of Cañon de Chelly; and it is conjectured that this region was once densely populated along the watercourses, and that the tribes having been driven from their homes by a powerful foe, the remnant sought refuge in the caves of the cañon walls.

Of the great antiquity of these structures, there is no question. The Indian of to-day knows nothing of their history, has not even traditions concerning them. The Navajo, with a few poles plastered with a heavy deposit of earth, constructs his *hogan* or wigwam, and rarely remains in the same place winter and summer. He has no more idea of constructing a dwelling like those so perfectly preserved in the cliffs, than he has of baking specimens of pottery such as are found in fragments amongst the walls. In the fine quality of paste, in the animal handles—something like old Japanese ware—and in the general ornamentation, these exhibit a high order of excellence. Some specimens of what is called laminated ware are remarkable; threadlike layers of clay are laid one on each other with admirable delicacy and patience. In these fragments may yet be read something of the history of a vanished race. They illuminate a dark corner in the world's history, and seem to indicate a people who once felt civilizing influences higher than anything known by those uncouth figures whose camp-fires now glimmer at night across the silent starlit prairie.

From The Saturday Review.

GERMAN STUDENTS' DUELS.

IN the German *Schläger* combat the position is the same as in back-swording, save that the left arm is kept, as in sabre play, behind the body; commonly the waistband of the trousers is grasped by the left hand. The weapon is a long, narrow blade, like a pointless rapier, but much more flexible. It is sharpened for a length of twenty centimetres (say eight inches) on the true edge, and five on the

false edge. For practice and instruction blunt and rather stouter blades are used. The mask is like an English single-stick mask, but stronger and heavier. A padded leather vest, coming almost down to the knees, covers the body, and the right arm is encased in a sleeve attached to a gauntlet, which may be compared to an elongated Rugby football. In the actual duel there is an even more elaborate system of defence; the right wrist is guarded with a ring of mail, and the arm with folds of silk, which, like the turban of the East, are enough to stop any ordinary cut. Practically, though not according to strict rule, the body is altogether covered. The eyes are protected by iron spectacles, with strong wire net instead of glasses. A padded cap, defending the top of the head, is added to all this for students in their first year, who fight only under the direction of their seniors. The more advanced *Burschen* do not wear these caps, and are thus exposed to much more serious blows. It is known to English readers by many descriptions that the duels are not, as a rule, the outcome of any real quarrel; they are arranged by the leaders of the fighting "Corps" of students, or by the senior members between themselves. At the same time challenges to serious duels with the *Schläger* are not unknown. Such a duel is called "*glacé*," because only town gloves (*glacé-Handschuhe*) may be worn and the ordinary equipment is discarded. It involves very serious danger, and is outside the rules of the game, no man being held bound to accept a challenge in this form. There are, however, sundry degrees of severity in recognized duels. First-year men (*Füchse*) fight with caps for twenty-four rounds (*Gänge*, equivalent to the French *phrase* in fencing) of seven blows each. The regular form of duel for seniors is a quarter of an hour's fighting without caps. This may be made sharper by dispensing with seconds; for the second in a *Schläger* duel has not merely judicial or diplomatic functions. He stands close beside his man, holding an unsharpened *Schläger* with which he may parry as many blows as he thinks fit, and often he does parry a large proportion. As to the manner of play, the cuts are aimed only at the head, and are delivered, not with the centre of percussion, but with the extreme forward part of the blade, which alone, as we have said, is sharpened. It is worth notice that the *Schläger* is derived from the long straight sword of the German Reiters, the force of whose blows made them famous in the sixteenth

century at the battle of St. Quentin and elsewhere. They gave neither sweeping horizontal cuts like Orientals, nor drawing cuts like most European swordsmen, but struck in the line of their own motion with a continuing forward impetus, and did great execution. With the modern *Schläger* the blow comes entirely from the wrist, and (as in English backswording) has no movement of the body or limbs to aid it. Really serious wounds are hardly known, but it is quite possible for the surgeon in attendance to have a troublesome piece of work. Small arteries, for example, may be divided and have to be taken up. On the whole, there is not more danger to life or limb in a *Schläger* duel, for healthy men and with the usual precautions, than in any other rough pastime; probably there is not so much as in the Rugby game of football under the old rules. But the effusion of blood and the necessary presence and use of surgical appliances make it appear a barbarous affair to any one not bred to familiarity with it. And the play is said to be falling off in the skill which was its only justification. Twenty years ago the players hardly ever led off with a direct attack, which was thought too rash, but feinted and watched for their opportunity on a return. Of late years it has become a fashion to discard policy, and try for hits by main force; the weapons are also heavier than they used to be. Some local differences exist, or existed not long ago, in the fashion of the *Schläger*. The *Glockenschläger*, common in the north-German universities, has a peculiar mounting, and is grasped like an Italian foil with a finger round the cross-bar. Formerly the small-sword was used as well; it is mentioned by Crabb Robinson in his diary as being somewhere (at Jena, if our memory serves us) the regular instrument of students' duels. This usage, however, survives only, if it still does survive, at Munich. Possibly some reader may be curious concerning the literature of the *Schläger*. We believe that of technical literature there is little or none. The rules of the duel are preserved in manuscript books, and may probably be found in print. But the art seems to depend wholly upon oral tradition, which is to be regretted. For whatever we may think of *Schläger* duelling, it has been for many generations a singular feature of German university life; and it deserves to have some better record than the casual descriptions of strangers before it goes the way of English backswording.

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TWO SONNETS.

LOVE'S WATCH.

FAIR falls the dawn upon thy face, O sea !
 And from thy furrows, crested white with
 foam,
 The gray mist brightens, and the hollow
 dome
 Of pearly cloud slow-reddens over thee :
 The glee of birds with snowy sun-kissed wings
 Cheerily wakes along thy tremulous waves,
 And blent with echoes of far distant caves,
 Thine own wild voice a deep-toned matin
 sings.
 Eastward, the line of jagged reefs is bright
 With sunshine and white dashings of thy
 spray ;
 And laughing blithely in the golden light,
 The fretted surf runs rippling up the bay ;
 Westward, from night — O bear it safe, fair
 sea ! —
 Slow sails the ship with freighted love to me.

LOVE'S TRANSFIGURATION.

O strange sweet loveliness ! O tender grace,
 That in the light of passion's dayspring
 threw
 Soft splendor on a fair familiar face,
 Changing it, yet unchanged, and old, yet
 new !
 Perfect the portrait in my heart, and true,
 Which traced the smile about that flower-
 like mouth,
 And those gray eyes with just a doubt of blue,
 Yet darkened with the passion of the South,
 And the white arch of thoughtful forehead,
 crowned
 With meeting waves of hair ; but still I found
 Some undreamt light of tenderness that fell
 From the new dawn, and made more fair to
 see
 What was so fair, that now no song can tell
 How lovely seemed thy heart-lit face to me.
 GEORGE LOGAN MOORE, A.B.
 Chambers' Journal.

OLD AGE.

THERE is a beauty Youth can never know,
 With all the lusty radiance of his prime,
 A beauty the sole heritage of time,
 That gilds the fabric with a sunset glow,
 That glorifies the work it soon lays low !
 There is a charm in Age, wellnigh sublime,
 That lends new lustre to the poet's rhyme,
 As mountain peaks are grander crowned with
 snow.
 How gay the laugh of Youth ! but, oh ! how
 brave
 The stately weakness of a reverend Age !
 Be ours the task to solace and to cheer,
 To fondly guide its footsteps to the grave,
 To print a blessing on the final page,
 And cherish memories forever dear !

LORD ROSSLYN.

THE RIVER'S SONG.

THE voice of the river is sweet and strong,
 It sings to the rushes an old, old song.
 The wind is fickle, and varies its tone,
 Sometimes a whisper and sometimes a moan.
 The leaves and the branches rustle and sway,
 Changing their music ten times a day ;
 And the voice of man is a voice of change,
 Mirthful and passionate, loving and strange.
 But be the day cloudy, or brief, or long,
 The river will sing you the same old song.
 'Tis a song of gladness, and rest, and hope,
 Of a brighter life, and a wider scope ;
 Of narrowing channels and wild rocks past,
 And the broad blue sea with its peace at last.
 Sunday Magazine. SARAH DOUDNEY.

THE TWO RIVERS.

SUGGESTED BY "WORDSWORTH'S RIVER DUD-
 DON, WITH CHATTOCK'S ETCHINGS."

UNTO one stream alone may Duddon yield,
 While, from her mountain sources to the sea,
 She speeds along, voiceful of poesy,
 With all her loveliness in verse reveal'd.
 Avon, from battlefield to battlefield —
 Naseby, and Eövesholm, and Tewkesbury —
 Flows on in slow and sad solemnity,
 Her record with the blood of patriot's seal'd.
 But not for this we linger by her shore,
 And love the fragrance of her flowery
 meads :
 The mighty bard, who never named her name,
 Her gentle course with living beauty feeds,
 Bids all the world her wanderings explore,
 And her partake of his immortal fame.
 Spectator. HERBERT NEW.

A DAISY.

O DAISY — "Day's Eye" — on this New Year's
 Day
 Opening thy circlet on our grassy mount
 To greet the low-arch'd sun far south-away,
 As mystically perfect each small ray
 As the vast billow of light and life whose
 fount,
 Glorious beyond conception, yet doth count
 Only as one flow'r in God's garden, — yea,
 Face, little bloom, the sky's lord-paramount !
 Ye both are creatures of one substance wrought,
 In deeps beyond our subtlest exploration,
 Thence into living form and due relation
 Lifted by power that works in beauty ; nought
 So made but with its home too in man's thought,
 Microcosm of the whole divine creation.

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM.

January 1.

Athenæum.

From The London Quarterly Review.
THE UNCERTAINTIES OF SCIENCE.*

It is no part of our purpose to criticise the scientific positions of this work; any such task must be left to scholars with adequate technical knowledge. We simply desire by indicating the argument of our author to note the grave uncertainties which prevail in the realm of science; and then we may proceed to one or two manifest inferences. It may be necessary to say at once that the aim of this book is in no sense whatever theological; it has not been written in the remotest degree in the interests of religion; it is intensely and exclusively scientific; the "metaphysical" and "ontological" are with our author terms of reproach.

The belief is that modern physical science has not only made its escape from the cloudy regions of metaphysical speculation, and discarded its methods of reasoning, but that it has likewise emancipated itself from the control of its fundamental assumptions. It is our conviction that this belief is but partially conformable to the fact, and that the prevailing misconceptions in regard to the true logical and psychological premises of science are prolific of errors, whose reaction upon the character and tendencies of modern thought becomes more apparent from day to day. . . . It will be seen at once, upon a most cursory glance at any one of the chapters of this little book, that it is in no wise intended as an open or covert advocacy of a return to metaphysical methods and aims; but that, on the contrary, its tendency is throughout to eliminate from science its latent metaphysical elements, to foster, and not to repress the spirit of experimental investigation, and to accredit, instead of discrediting, the great endeavor of scientific research to gain a sure foothold on solid empirical ground, where the real data of experience may be reduced without ontological prepossessions.

Our author sets himself to question the validity of the mechanical theory of the universe, as that theory is now held, and with its ordinary assumptions. "The founders of modern physics proceeded upon the tacit, if not upon the declared, assumption that all true explanations of

natural phenomena are mechanical explanations." Very early in the history of modern physics the doctrine that all physical action is mechanical, was stated in terms. All the great scientists — Descartes, Hobbes, Leibnitz, Huygens, Newton — held that everything in nature is effected mechanically; that change is of necessity nothing else than motion of the parts of the body changed, that all motion is caused by impact. The most definite statement, however, of the proposition that the true aim and object of all physical science is a reduction of the phenomena of nature to a coherent mechanical system is found in the scientific writings published during the second half of the present century. Kirchhoff, one of the founders of the theory of spectral analysis, is quoted to this effect: "The highest object at which the natural sciences are constrained to aim . . . is, in one word, the reduction of all the phenomena of nature to mechanics." Helmholtz and Clerk Maxwell are quoted as expressing the identical view. The physiologists are equally explicit with the physicists. Wundt writes: "Physiology thus appears as a branch of applied physics, its problem being a reduction of vital phenomena to general physical laws, and thus ultimately to the fundamental laws of mechanics." Still more broadly Haeckel: "The general theory of evolution . . . assumes that in nature there is a great, unital, continuous, and everlasting process of development, and that all natural phenomena, without exception, from the motion of the celestial bodies and the fall of the rolling stone up to the growth of the plant and the consciousness of man, are subject to the same great law of causation — that they are ultimately to be reduced to atomic mechanics." So Huxley speaks of "that purely mechanical view toward which modern physiology is striving." Our author concludes: —

With few exceptions, scientific men of the present day hold the proposition, that all physical action is mechanical, to be axiomatic, if not in the sense of being self-evident, at least in the sense of being an induction from all past scientific experience. And they deem the validity of the mechanical explanation of

* *Concepts of Modern Physics.* By J. B. STALLO. The International Scientific Series. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. 1882.

the phenomena of nature to be, not only unquestionable, but absolute, exclusive, and final.

Our accomplished author sets himself the task of criticising this approved theory of the universe. He shows that the mechanical theory is inconsistent with itself; that it frequently and manifestly fails to explain the facts for the explanation of which it is propounded, and that its advocates find themselves involved in many grave contradictions. What particular dynamical theory our author is inclined to substitute for the mechanical theory, the imperfections of which he feels so keenly, does not appear; he propounds no alternative method of interpretation, but contents himself with emphasizing the many and glaring defects of the popular theory propounded by modern science for the interpretation of phenomena. His contention is, that some new conception of the constitution of things is necessary, or that the mechanical theory must be subjected to such profound modifications, that it would no longer be capable of identification with the mechanical theory of to-day, or that otherwise science must continue miserably illogical and contradictory. It is our duty to stand by and listen whilst an eminent scientist points out to his brethren to what a large extent their stately house is built upon the sands. Legend says the Tower of Babel rose so high that from its top the singing of the angels might be heard; science boasts truly that it has introduced us to grand harmonies, but whatever glories may be seen or heard from its battlements, there are evidently sad confusions at its base.

Stallo proceeds to consider the first of the four propositions which may be said to constitute the foundation of the atomo-mechanical theory — viz., *the proposition that the elementary units of mass are equal*: "If all the diversities in nature are caused by motion, it follows that mass, the substratum of this motion, is fundamentally homogeneous." The absolute equality of the primordial units of mass is a cardinal necessary doctrine of modern physical science. Herbert Spencer says: "The properties of the different elements result from differences of ar-

rangement, arising by the compounding and recompounding of *ultimate homogeneous units*." Logical necessity constrains the modern physicist to insist upon the fundamental equality of the material elements; that elementary substances possess one and the same ultimate or atomic molecule; that these ultimate atoms are uniform in size and weight; and that these atoms themselves remain as elements utterly devoid of quality.

Now [says our author] while the absolute equality of the primordial units of mass is thus an essential part of the very foundations of the mechanical theory, the whole modern science of chemistry is based upon a principle directly subversive of it — a principle of which it has recently been said that "it holds the same place in chemistry that the law of gravitation does in astronomy." This principle is known as the law of Avogadro or Ampère. It imports that equal volumes of all substances, when in the gaseous state and under like conditions of pressure and temperature, contain the same number of molecules — whence it follows that the weights of the molecules are proportional to the specific gravities of the gases; that, therefore, these being different, the weights of the molecules are different also; and, inasmuch as the molecules of certain elementary substances are monatomic (*i.e.*, consist of but one atom each), while the molecules of various other substances contain the same number of atoms, that the ultimate atoms of such substances are of different weights.

Thus, the cardinal principle of modern theoretical chemistry is in utter and irreconcilable conflict with the first proposition of the atomo-mechanical theory. After considering several hypotheses which have been suggested for the reconciliation of the law of Avogadro with the first proposition of the atomic theory, and declaring the impossibility of such reconciliation, Stallo concludes:—

In view of all this, there seems to be no escape from the conclusion that the claim, according to which modern physical science is throughout a partial and progressive solution of the problem of reducing all physical phenomena to a system of atomic mechanics, is very imperfectly, if at all, countenanced by the actual constitution of theoretical chemistry — that this science, which is peculiarly conversant with atoms and their motions, is founded upon propositions destructive of the

very basis upon which alone a consistent superstructure of atomic mechanics can be reared.

The second part of the atomic theory dealt with is *the proposition that the elementary units of mass are absolutely hard and inelastic*. From the essential disparity of mass and motion and the simplicity of the elementary units of mass, it follows that these units are perfectly hard and inelastic. Elasticity involves motion of parts, and cannot, therefore, be an attribute of truly simple atoms. Our author quotes Professor Wittwer: "The concept 'elastic atom' is a contradiction in terms, because elasticity presupposes parts the distances between which can be increased and diminished." The mechanical theory regards the absolute hardness of the component particles of matter as an essential feature of the original order of nature.

Strangely enough [says Stallo] while the requirement by the mechanical theory of the absolute rigidity of the elementary units of mass is no less imperative than that of their absolute simplicity, it meets with an equally signal denial in modern physics. The most conspicuous among the hypotheses which have been devised since the general adoption of the modern theories of heat, light, electricity, and magnetism, and the establishment of the doctrine of the conservation of energy, in order to afford consistent ground for the mechanical interpretation of physical phenomena, is that known as the kinetic theory of gases.

This theory of gases demands the perfect elasticity of the particles which constitute the gaseous body. The necessity of attributing perfect elasticity to the elementary molecules or atoms in view of the kinetic theory of gases, has been expressly recognized by all its founders. The highest scientific authorities are explicit in declaring that the hypothesis of the atomic, or molecular constitution of matter, is in conflict with the doctrine of the conservation of energy, unless the atoms or molecules are assumed to be perfectly elastic. "We are forbidden," says Sir William Thomson, "by the modern theory of the conservation of energy to assume inelasticity, or anything short of perfect elasticity, of the ultimate molecules, whether of ultra-mundane or mundane matter."

Stallo informs us that eminent advocates of the kinetic hypothesis have taxed their ingenuity in the search of methods for the extrication of the mechanical theory from the dilemma in which it is thus involved. Of the most notable of these efforts, one made by Sir William Thomson, Stallo observes: "While we willingly yield our homage to the sagacity displayed in his attempt to relieve the mechanical theory from one of its most fatal embarrassments, it is to be feared that its success is altogether illusory." Another attempt, somewhat analogous to that of Sir William Thomson, to dispense with the necessity of endowing the elementary atoms with the intrinsic property of elasticity has been made by the distinguished astronomer, A. Secchi. This attempted solution of the difficulty Stallo examines and rejects, observing finally: —

The difficulty, then, appears to be inherent and insoluble. There is no method known to physical science which enables it to renounce the assumption of the perfect elasticity of the particles whereof ponderable bodies and their hypothetical imponderable envelopes are said to be composed, however clearly this assumption conflicts with one of the essential requirements of the mechanical theory.

The proposition that the elementary units of mass are absolutely inert is considered next, and shown to be in conflict with modern science. "Mass and motion being naturally inconvertible, mass is absolutely inert. It can induce motion in another mass only by transferring a part or the whole of its own motion. And, inasmuch as motion cannot exist by itself, but requires mass as its necessary substratum, such transference cannot take place unless the masses between which it occurs are in contact. All physical action, therefore, is by impact; action at a distance is impossible." On this Stallo observes: —

The necessity of reducing all physical action to impact has been a persistent tenet among physicists ever since the birth of modern physical science. And yet, here again, as in the cases discussed in the two preceding chapters, science rises in revolt against its own fundamental assumptions. Its first and greatest achievement was Newton's reduction of all the phenomena of celestial motion to the prin-

ciple of universal gravitation — to the principle that all bodies whatever attract each other with a force proportional directly to their masses and inversely to the squares of the distances between them. That the doctrine of universal gravitation, in the sense of an attraction at a distance without the intervention of a medium capable of propagating mechanical impulses, is at variance with the elements of the mechanical theory, was felt by no one more distinctly than by Newton himself.

Newton believed gravitation to be explicable on the principles of ordinary impact or pressure, and, in common with him, the philosophers and mathematicians of his day protested against the assumption of physical action at a distance. And the repudiation of action at a distance is almost, if not quite as prevalent now as it was two centuries ago. Professor Challis says:—

There is no other kind of force than pressure by contact of one body with another. . . . When, therefore, a body is caused to move without apparent contact and pressure of another body, it must still be concluded that the pressing body, although invisible, exists, unless we are prepared to admit that there are physical operations which are, and ever will be, incomprehensible by us. . . . All physical force being pressure, there must be a medium by which the pressure is exerted.

Secchi protests in almost the same words: "It is impossible to conceive what is called an attractive force in the strict sense of the term; that is, to imagine an active principle having its seat within the molecules and acting without a medium through an absolute void."

If gravity can only act through ponderable matter, philosophers are compelled to assume that all space is filled with a vibrating æther which "is a continuous elastic medium perfectly fluid, and pressing proportionally to its density." Having postulated the æther to meet the requirements of the mechanical theory, a great difficulty emerges. Says our author: "All hydro-dynamical theories of gravitation are obnoxious to the fatal criticism of Arago: 'If attraction is the result of the impulsion of a fluid, its action must employ a finite time in traversing the immense spaces which separate the celestial bodies,' whereas there is now no longer any reason to doubt that the action of gravity is instantaneous." There was a time when the action of gravity was supposed to be progressive, but the instantaneousness of its action is now established. All known modes of physical action that are referred to æthereal undulations, such

as light, radiant heat, and electricity, are propagated with a finite velocity, and if gravitation acted through any similar medium it must also act with a finite velocity, whereas its action is immediate. "On the whole," Stallo affirms, "it may be safely said that the undulations of a supposed cosmical æther cannot be made available as a basis for a physical theory of gravitation," and thus concludes his chapter on this dilemma of the mechanical theory:—

Once more, then, science is in irreconcilable conflict with one of the fundamental postulates of the mechanical theory. Action at a distance, the impossibility of which the theory is constrained to assert, proves to be an ultimate fact inexplicable on the principles of impact and pressure of bodies in immediate contact. And this fact is the foundation of the most magnificent theoretical structure which science has ever erected—a foundation deepening with every new reach of our telescopic vision, and broadening with every further stretch of mathematical analysis.

The fourth proposition of the mechanical theory, viz., *that all potential energy is in reality kinetic*, is next examined. "According to the mechanical theory, motion, like mass, is indestructible and unchangeable; it cannot vanish and reappear. Any change in its rate results from its distribution among a greater or less number of units of mass. And motion and mass being mutually inconvertible, nothing but motion can be the cause of motion. There is, therefore, no potential energy; all energy is in reality kinetic." "But again," says Stallo, "modern science peremptorily refuses its assent. It asserts that all, or nearly all, physical changes in the universe are mutual conversions of kinetic and potential energies — that energy is incessantly stored as virtual power and restored as actual motion." Here is a flagrant contradiction then. The mechanical theory declares there is but one kind of power, that all energy is kinetic; it gives no place for the tranquil form of power called potential energy, yet "modern science teaches that diversity and change in the phenomena of nature are possible only on condition that energy of motion is capable of being stored as energy of position. The relatively permanent concretion of material forms, chemical action and reaction, crystallization, the evolution of vegetal and animal organisms, all depend upon the 'locking-up' of kinetic action in the form of latent energy." He then reviews the history of the doctrine of the

conservation of energy to show that this history is in effect that of a progressive abandonment of the mechanical proposition that all power is kinetic.

Thus the four cardinal propositions of the atomo-mechanical theory are discussed, and it is shown that they are severally denied by the sciences of chemistry, physics, and astronomy.

Our author next inquires into the nature, validity, and scientific value of the hypothesis of the atomic constitution of matter, and shows how many reasons exist for dissatisfaction with that hypothesis. All who advance the atomic hypothesis as a physical theory agree in three propositions:—

1. *Atoms are absolutely simple, unchangeable, indestructible.* This proposition accounts for the indestructibility and impenetrability of matter. After pointing out the unsatisfactory character of the atomic hypothesis for the explanation of the first point, Stallo concludes: "Masses find their one and only measure in the action of forces, and the persistence of the effect of this action is the simple and accurate expression of the fact which is ordinarily described as indestructibility of matter. It is obvious that this persistence is in no sense explained or accounted for by the atomic hypothesis." He argues that the hypothesis is equally inadequate in regard to the impenetrability of matter:

The atomic theory has become next to valueless as an explanation of the impenetrability of matter, since it has been pressed into the service of the undulatory theories of radiance, and assumed the form in which it is now held by the majority of physicists. According to this form of the theory, the atoms are either mere points, wholly without extension, or their dimensions are infinitely small as compared with the distances between them, whatever be the state of aggregation of the substances into which they enter. In this view the resistance which a body, *i.e.*, a system of atoms, offers to the intrusion of another body is due, not to the rigidity or unchangeability of volume of the individual atoms, but to the relation between the attractive and repulsive forces with which they are supposed to be endowed.

2. *Matter consists of discrete parts, the constituent atoms being separated by void interstitial spaces. In contrast to the continuity of space stands the discontinuity of matter.* The advocates of the theory affirm that there is a series of physical phenomena which are inexplicable, unless we assume that the constituent particles of matter are separated by void inter-

spaces. The assumption of "finite intervals" between the particles of the luminiferous æther is intended to relieve the undulatory theory of light from its embarrassments, but Stallo denies its competency to do anything of the sort. To bring the phenomena of dispersion within the dominion of the undulatory theory, it is necessary to assume that the chromatic rays are propagated with different velocities. But Stallo shows how astronomy denies this doctrine of unequal velocities in the movements of the chromatic undulations:—

At certain periods, more than forty-nine minutes are requisite for the transmission of light from Jupiter to the earth. Now, at the moment when one of Jupiter's satellites, which has been eclipsed by that planet, emerges from the shadow, the red rays, if their velocity were the greatest, would evidently reach the eye first, the orange next, and so on through the chromatic scale, until finally the complement of color would be filled by the arrival of the violet ray, whose velocity is supposed to be the least. The satellite, immediately after its emersion, would appear red, and gradually, in proportion to the arrival of other rays, pass into white. Conversely, at the beginning of the eclipse, the violet rays would continue to arrive after the red and other intervening rays, and the satellite, up to the moment of its total disappearance, would gradually shade into violet. Unfortunately for this hypothesis, the most careful observation of the eclipses in question has failed to reveal any such variations of color, either before immersion or after immersion, the transition between light and darkness taking place instantaneously and without chromatic gradations.

Stallo concludes:—

The allegation of a dependence of the velocity of the undulatory movements, which correspond to, or produce, the different colors, upon the length of the waves, is thus at variance with observed fact. The hypothesis of "finite intervals" is unavailable as a supplement to the undulatory theory; other methods will have to be resorted to in order to free this theory from its difficulties.

3. *The atoms composing the different chemical elements are of determinate specific weights, corresponding to their equivalents of combination.* This, Stallo complains, does not explain anything; it is a case of illustrating *idem per idem*. "It says: The large masses combine in definitely proportionate weights because the small masses, the atoms of which they are multiples, are of definitely proportionate weight. It pulverizes the fact, and claims thereby to have sublimated it into a theo-

ry." The truth is, as Sir William Thomson has observed, "that the assumption of atoms can explain no property of a body which has not previously been attributed to the atoms themselves."

The atomic hypothesis has "held its ground more persistently than any other tenet of science and philosophy;" it may be justly said to be the basal theory of modern science; and yet it is being now boldly challenged, and is altogether in a bad way. Some one has said: "The divinity of things is constantly dying out, and every day, like the South Sea Islanders, we split up some old idol or other to boil our pot." Science has to make its sacrifices in this line, in common with all the schools and systems of this mutable sphere; but there is quite a pathos in witnessing the chief divinity of the scientific pantheon being rudely torn from his ancient honored shrine and threatened with limbo. All the attributes of the "atom" are denied one by one, and the divinity declared to be an "idol and nothing in the world."

Stallo says:—

The thoughtlessness with which it is assumed by some of the most eminent physicists that matter is composed of particles which have an absolute primordial weight persisting in all positions and under all circumstances, is one of the most remarkable facts in the history of science. "The absolute weight of atoms," says Professor Redtenbacher, "is unknown"—his meaning being that our ignorance of this absolute weight is due solely to the practical impossibility of insulating an atom, and of contriving instruments delicate enough to weigh it.

Whereas,

The weight of a body is a function, not of its own mass alone, but also of that of the body or bodies by which it is attracted, and of the distance between them. A body whose weight, as ascertained by the spring-balance or pendulum, is a pound on the surface of the earth, would weigh but two ounces on the moon, less than one-fourth of an ounce on several of the smaller planets, about six ounces on Mars, two and a half pounds on Jupiter, and more than twenty-seven pounds on the sun.

He proceeds to show next that the absolute solidity of matter is very questionable, and an assumption altogether at variance with the great doctrine of evolution. John Bernouilli, in the early part of the last century, pointed out the logical and mathematical inadmissibility of the assumption of the absolute solidity of extended atoms or molecules. And that solidity is not the simplest, but the most

complicated, phase of material consistency was urged more than seventy years ago by Fries, who objected to all atomic theories "that they assumed that which is the most difficult—viz., the constitution of definite forms as an original datum, and as the starting-point of explanation, whereas the great difficulty of the mathematical philosophy of nature is the possibility of rigid bodies." That the assumption of the absolute solidity of primordial matter is in direct conflict with the theory of evolution, is unmistakable:—

Philosophers and physicists alike have always placed solidity and impenetrability in the front rank of its primary qualities. . . . It is the general tacit assumption that, of the three molecular states, or states of aggregation, in which matter presents itself to the senses—the solid, the liquid, and the gaseous—the last two are simply disguises or complications of the first. It is supposed that the solid is the primary state of which the liquid and gaseous, or æriform, states are simply derivatives, and that, if these states are considered as evolved the one from the other, the order of evolution is from the solid to the vapor or gas. In this view the solid form of matter is not only the basis and origin of all its further determinations—of all its evolutions and changes—but it is also the tone and typical element of its mental representation and conception.

But, continues our author,—

While this view of the relation between the molecular states of matter is universally prevalent, it is not difficult to show that it is inconsistent with the facts. All evolution proceeds from the relatively Indeterminate to the relatively Determinate, and from the comparatively simple to the comparatively complex. And a comparison of the gaseous with the solid state of matter at once shows that the former is not the end but the beginning of the evolution. . . . Looking to the purely physical aspect of a gas, or regarding it under the chemical aspect, the conclusion is warranted that if there be a typical and primary state of matter, it is not the solid, but the gas. And this being so, it follows that the molecular evolution of matter conforms to the law of all evolution in proceeding from the intermediate to the determinate, from the simple to the complex, from the gaseous to the solid form. Inasmuch, therefore, as the explanation of any phenomenon aims at the exhibition of its genesis from its simplest beginnings, or from its earliest forms, the gaseous form of matter is the true basis for the explanation of the solid form, and not, conversely, the solid form the explanation of the gas.

Here the approved theory of evolution is in contradiction to the foundation principle of the solidity of matter.

Although the opinion that solidity and impenetrability are not only indispensable, but also perfectly simple, attributes of matter is all but universal, there are some thinkers who do not fail to see that it is due to a prejudice of the intellect.

In the hypothesis [says M. Cournot] to which modern physicists have been led . . . there is nothing that compels the conception of atoms as hard or solid little bodies rather than a small, soft, flexible, or liquid mass. The preference which we give to hardness over softness, the tendency to represent the atom or primordial molecule as a miniature of a solid body, rather than as a fluid mass of the same size, are therefore nothing but prejudices of education, resulting from our habits and the conditions of our animal life. Consequently there is nothing more unfounded than the old belief—so deeply rooted in the old Scholastics and perpetuated even in modern doctrines—which makes impenetrability, added to extension, the fundamental property of matter and of bodies. It is, too, clear that atoms which could never come into contact could much less penetrate each other, so that the quality said to be fundamental would, on the contrary, be a useless, idle quality which would never come into play and would never be part of the explanation of any phenomenon, and the assertion of whose existence would be gratuitous.

Many chemists of the present day [said Tyndall] refuse to speak of atoms and molecules as real things. Their caution leads them to stop short of the clear, sharp, mechanically intelligible atomic theory enunciated by Dalton, or any form of that theory. . . . I respect their caution, though I think it is here misplaced. . . . The scientific imagination demands as the origin and cause of a series of æther-waves a particle of vibrating matter. . . . Such a particle we name an atom or a molecule. I think the seeking intellect, when focussed so as to give definition with penumbral haze, is sure to realize this image at the last.

All this the very able scientist before us laughs to scorn. He says:—

It requires but little reflection to see that the realization of definite atoms or molecules, susceptible of, but pre-existing to, motion, in the focus of Tyndall's "seeking intellect," is sheer delusion. Let us, for a moment, contemplate an ultimate particle of matter in its state of existence in advance of all its motion. It is without color, and neither light nor dark; for color and lightness are, according to the theory of which Tyndall is a distinguished champion, simply modes of motion. It is similarly without temperature—neither hot nor cold, since heat, also, is a mode of motion. For the same reason it is without electric, magnetic, and chemical properties—in short, it is destitute of all those qualities, in virtue

of which, irrespective of its magnitude, it could be an appreciable object of sense, unless we except the properties of weight and extension. But weight is a mere play of attractive forces; and extension, too, is known to us only as resistance which, in turn, is a manifestation of force, a phase of motion. Thus the difficulty in grasping these primordial things lies, not in their excessive minuteness, but in their total destitution of quality. The solid, tangible reality, craved by Tyndall's "scientific imagination," is "*nec quid, nec quantum, nec quale*," and wholly vanishes from the "seeking intellect" the moment this intellect attempts to seize it apart from the motion which is said to pre-suppose it as its necessary substratum.

So closely and almost cruelly does our critic press the devotees of the atom. Professor Stallo's views are endorsed by eminent scientists. The late Sir Benjamin C. Brodie, professor of chemistry at Oxford, wrote:—

I cannot but say that I think the atomic doctrine has proved itself inadequate to deal with the complicated system of chemical fact which has been brought to light by the efforts of modern chemists. I do not think that the atomic theory has succeeded in constructing an adequate, a worthy, or even a useful, representation of those facts.

On the whole subject of this particle, which is the groundwork of modern as it was the groundwork of ancient science, Stallo concludes:—

The question, to what extent the atomic theory is still indispensable to the chemist as a "working hypothesis," is at this moment under vigorous discussion among men of the highest scientific authority, many of whom do not hesitate to endorse the declaration of Cournot, that "the belief in atoms is rather a hindrance than a help," not only because, as Cournot complains, it interposes an impassable chasm between the phenomena of the inorganic and those of the organic world, but because even as a representation of the phases and results of the most ordinary chemical processes, it is both inadequate and misleading. The modifications to which it has lately been found necessary to subject it, in order to meet the exigencies of the present state of chemical science, attest the difficulties encountered in the attempt to bring the atomic hypothesis into conformity with the theoretical requirements of the hour. And, in proportion as the attention of the modern chemist is directed to the transference and transformation of energy involved in every instance of chemical "composition" and "decomposition" no less than in every case of allotropic change, its ineptitude as a figurative adumbration of the real nature of chemical processes becomes more and more apparent.

Sir Christopher Wren said of the beautiful chapel of King's College, Cambridge, he would build another like it if any one would show him how to lay the first stone. The great difficulty of the philosopher in building his system of the universe, is the difficulty of the architect — all were easy were it not for this puzzling first stone.

Throughout the work before us we are made to feel how full modern science is of assumptions, contradictions, confusion, and invalid hypotheses. As we have intimated, it is no part of our author's purpose to discredit science: on the contrary, he is a thorough-going enthusiastic scientist; but as the candid friend, he fetches the skeleton out of the closet — indeed he fetches a good many skeletons out — to the instruction of onlookers, although it may vex the scientific soul. A confiding public may regard certain theories as beyond question, but accomplished scientists know the immense difficulties of these plausible theories. On the undulatory theory of light our author observes: —

The multitude of fictitious assumptions embodied in this hypothesis, in conjunction with the failure of the consiliences by which it appeared at first to be distinguished, can hardly be looked upon otherwise than as a standing impeachment of its validity in its present form. However ready we may be to accede to the demands of the theorist when he asks us to grant that all space is pervaded, and all sensible matter is penetrated, by an adamantine solid exerting at each point in space an elastic force, 1,148,000,000,000 times that of air at the earth's surface, and a pressure upon the square inch of 17,000,000,000,000 pounds — a solid which, at the same time, wholly eludes our senses, is utterly impalpable, and offers no appreciable resistance to the motion of ordinary bodies — we are appalled when we are told that the alleged existence of this adamantine medium, the æther, does not, after all, explain the observed irregularities in the periods of comets; that, furthermore, not only is the supposed luminiferous æther unavailable as a medium for the origination and propagation of dielectric phenomena, so that for these a distinct all-pervading electriferous æther must be assumed, but that it is very questionable whether the assumption of a single æthereal medium is competent to account for all the known facts in optics, and that for the adequate explanation of the phenomena of light, it is "necessary to consider what we term the æther as consisting of two media, each possessed of equal and enormous self-repulsion or elasticity, and both existing in equal quantities throughout space, whose vibrations take place in perpendicular planes, the two media being mutually indifferent, neither attracting nor repelling." In this endless superfetation of æthereal media upon

space and ordinary matter, there are ominous suggestions of the three kinds of æthereal substances postulated by Leibnitz and Cartesius alike, as a basis for their vortical systems. There is an impulsive whirl in our thoughts, at least, when we are called upon in the interests of the received form of the undulatory theory, not only to reject all the presumptions arising from our common observations, and all the analogies of experience, but to cumulate hypothesis and æthers indefinitely.

The most conspicuous among the hypotheses which have been devised since the general adoption of the modern theories of heat, etc., for the mechanical interpretation of physical phenomena, is that known as the kinetic theory of gases. "The assumptions of this theory are that a gaseous body consists of a great number of minute solid particles — molecules or atoms — in perpetual rectilinear motion, which, as a whole, is conserved by reason of the absolute elasticity of the moving particles, while the directions of the movements of the individual particles are incessantly changed by their mutual encounters or collisions." This, according to Stallo, is another "fairy-tale of science" — in which if there is little poetry there is less truth. It is full of arbitrary assumptions; to "get rid of one gratuitous feature of the hypothesis it becomes necessary to add another arbitrary feature;" "it is utterly gratuitous, and not wholly unwarranted by experience, but out of all analogy with it;" "There is another very extraordinary and, in the light of all the teachings of science, unwarrantable feature in the assumption respecting the movements of the alleged solid constituent particles," — these are the phrases, this the language, used repeatedly by our author in the examination of this popular theory. He affirms in conclusion: "I do not hesitate to declare that the kinetic hypothesis has none of the characteristics of a legitimate physical theory. Its premises are as inadmissible as the reasoning upon them is inconclusive."

No one can read this remarkable treatise without feeling to what a large extent science is encompassed with difficulty, as other branches of knowledge are. We are sometimes invited to believe that in science we find the definite, the positive, the assured; in the realms of metaphysics and theology we are involved in mystery, but in science we tread a path of light. There is much truth in this so long as science contents herself with describing the facts of nature, with furnishing illus-

trations of the laws and order of the world, with keeping close to phenomena; but as soon as science becomes philosophical, that is, so soon as she takes the larger, deeper view, and attempts to give to herself a consistent account of the universe and its order, she is involved in the shadows which rest upon all who seek to penetrate to the foundations of the world and life. So long as the scientist is a mere experimentalist, confining himself to the observation and exposition of the obvious properties and processes of things, he is lucid enough, and one scientist agrees with another to the letter; but let the scientist go deeper down, let him go farther back, and his clear theories are no longer clear, and the scientists differ among themselves widely and vehemently. What the readers of the work before us will specially note is, that the part of science on which there is least agreement, the part most profoundly implicated in doubt, is exactly the very basis of the scientific system. Her fundamental assumptions are in question; her primary ideas impeached. The argument is, that the present scientific conception of the world is radically at fault. In reading popular scientific works, or in listening to representative scientists, we might easily suppose that the world of science was a realm of demonstration and agreement, that the circle of the sciences was a three-fold cord never to be broken; but we soon find when the surface is quitted the scientist is as full of perplexity as the metaphysician or theologian. If any protest, let science keep on the surface and occupy herself with immediate phenomena, the answer is not far to seek. If science is to be worthy of the name she must not only observe and describe isolated facts of nature merely, she must supply a rational, consistent theory of the physical sphere; and whilst this grander speculation is proposed she must continue puzzled and perplexed. As this work before us shows, in the world of science, accredited theories and stubborn facts do not agree, one startling hypothesis after another is invented as a stop-gap, and the masters of science are not at one on the cardinal elementary propositions of their philosophy. Whilst many suppose that scientific knowledge is clear and assured, and all other knowledge speculative and unsure, it is now proved beyond contradiction that the world of science is full of crudities, guesses, and speculations. Sir William Thomson declares that the

mechanical questions involved in the seemingly simple operation of blowing soap-bubbles are the greatest enigmas to scientific men; and we need hardly, therefore, be surprised to find them fall into endless bewilderment in attempting to explain the vast bubbles radiant with the coloring of time-conditioned sense which float on the stream of eternity.

And the contemplation of the present position of science constrains us to feel how curiously alike are the problems which engage theologians and scientists. The theologian encounters mysteries; questions which he cannot resolve; things which have apparently nothing in common with the existing order of things; propositions which he cannot reason out; and the scientist is equally girdled by mysteries. The whole atomic theory is devised as an explanation of the world, to exhibit its central constitution and harmony; but, in reality, it explains nothing, the mystery is as great in the atom as in the mass.

Even the intellects of men of science are haunted by pre-scientific survivals, not the least of which is the inveterate fancy that the mystery by which a fact is surrounded may be got rid of by minimizing the fact and banishing it to the regions of the extra-sensible. The delusion that the elasticity of a solid atom is in less need of explanation than that of a bulky, gaseous body, is closely related to the conceit that the chasm between the world of matter and that of mind may be narrowed, if not bridged, by a rarefaction of matter, or by its resolution into "forces." The scientific literature of the day teems with theories in the nature of attempts to convert facts into ideas by a process of dwindling or subtilization. All such attempts are nugatory; the intangible spectre proves more troublesome in the end than the tangible presence.

No, the scientist cannot get rid of mystery: he explains the world by the atom; then the atom needs explanation, and if the atom cannot be explained by the world there is as much mystery in the ending as in the beginning. The theologian cannot explain the world of living men without postulating a spiritual Deity in whom all live and move and have their being; and the scientist is haunted by the sense of an invisible and primary kosmos. Stallo argues earnestly for the relativity of all things; there is no absolute whatever; but the human mind refuses to rest in a system of relations; it will believe in the positive, the absolute, the eternal; and the scientist must believe in spiritual real-

ities, forces, atoms, vibrations, attractions, which are, and forever must be, unseen; and if he cannot rest in these he will soon invent their substitutes. The scientist "walks by faith" as much as the religionist does; he is ever looking to the things "unseen and eternal." It is the distinct claim of modern physicists that the mechanical theory rests on the sure foundation of sensible experience, and is thus contradistinguished from metaphysical speculation. This Stallo utterly denies:—

The mechanical theory postulates *mass* and *motion* as the absolutely real and indestructible elements of all forms of physical existence. Now, it is clear that motion in itself is not, and cannot be, an object of sensible experience. We have experiential knowledge of moving bodies, but not of pure motion. And it is equally clear that mass—or, to use the ordinary term, *inert matter*, or *matter per se*—cannot be an object of sensible experience. Things are objects of sensible experience only by virtue of their action and reaction. . . . Inert matter, in the sense of the mechanical theory, is as unknown to experience as it is inconceivable in thought.

The scientist believes in what lies forever beyond his senses, and often finds it difficult to harmonize the theoretical world in which he is constrained to believe with the phenomenal world close to him, and the dilemma is not unlike some perplexities of the metaphysician and the theologian. In fact, the profound scientist is perforce metaphysician and theologian, although he may worship strange divinities. Science of late years has made considerable progress, the area of light has been widened, but the ring of felt mystery is greater than ever, the primal questions are as obscure as ever.

The science of to-day is not the ultimate science. We often reason as if it were. Church cosmography and geography are behind us; the system of Ptolemy belonged to past ages; we have entered into light. So the sciolistic sectional world of mere science-talkers seems to think. But the patient reader of this work before us will understand that our science can only be tentative; that science is full of assumptions and hypotheses as strained and strange as any of the dreams of mediæval philosophy. Our scientists dwell in glass houses which are ever being fractured and removed; it is strangely inconsistent for them to attack religion. The duty of all truth-seekers is to ponder and wait for that perfect day which still seems so far away.

From The Gentleman's Annual.
VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE broad, bare Avenue de Neuilly, with its baby sycamore-trees, its incongruous array of big, five-storied houses, mean, diminutive cabarets, and retiring, railed-in villas, was basking in the light of a glorious autumnal morning at the close of October. The long, straight road stretched away visibly down to the river and up again to the unoccupied granite pedestal with its sculptured laurel wreath and big "N" which crowns the hill above Courbevoie, and even the distant higher ground beyond might be discerned, while in the opposite direction the Arc de Triomphe could be seen rearing its effective mass against the deep, clear blue sky. The bright, though thin, autumnal sunshine was vivifying the many-tinted trees of the Bois de Boulogne, and bestowing beauty even on the rather ragged stalls of the Sablonville Market. The air was fresh and life-giving with a tinge of crispness, and business was at its fullest tide. A very noisy business it was, as work of any kind is apt to be in France. The *marchandes de légumes* strove to out-scream their sisters in fish, flesh, and fowl trade, and even the vendors of human hair unblushingly besought the passers-by to add to their charms by purchasing the long tresses hanging from a string like so many Red Indian trophies.

"Tenez, ma petite dame," called out a big, burly fishwife, the wide expanse of whose white apron was covered with unmistakable "trade marks." "Will you not buy some soles this morning?—beautiful soles, of superb freshness—a franc twenty each?" then, insinuatingly, in a lower key, "A franc ten to you, ma petite dame."

"Why to me?" asked the lady addressed, with a smile. She was by no means a *petite dame*. Above the common height, and still upright, slight, almost youthful in figure, though a rather strong face, iron-grey hair, and certain lines about the mouth bespoke middle age. She was well and suitably dressed in black silk, and from the crown of her head to the sole of her low-heeled boots looked an Englishwoman of the upper class.

"No, thank you; not to-day, nor any day. I am a stranger," she continued, to her vociferous interlocutor.

"N'importe! Madame will recommend

me to her friends. She must have many friends!" The lady nodded and moved on to the flower-stalls. "Is it possible," she said to the young lady who walked beside her, "that woman imagines any one would believe her offer of a reduction to be a special favor? It seems to me a waste of breath."

"Not quite," returned the other. "It is a sort of announcement that she is willing to bargain or *marchander*."

"They have tact though, your people. How graciously she met my refusal to buy!"

"Yes, they can be very charming and sometimes very brutal; and you must remember I do not consider myself French."

The speaker was also tall and slight, but quite young. Her walking-costume of dark green Indian cashmere showed a pretty rounded figure. A fringe of chestnut-brown hair curled over the edge of a black velvet toque, and a pair of large, dark grey, thoughtful eyes looked through a black gauze veil or scarf crossed at the back of her head and brought round again to tie in a large bow beneath a small but firm chin. Her companion did not reply. She was busy choosing some flowers—heliotrope, mignonette, and a fern or two. A lively contest ensued, the elder lady speaking French easily, if not grammatically. Finally, after a due advance and retreat on either side, she became the possessor of three or four plants.

"I am afraid they are rather heavy for you," she said, as her young friend presented a basket to receive them.

"We have such a short distance to go, it is no matter."

"I can take one myself—there, you shall have these three."

"Indeed, dear Miss Riddell, I can manage all."

"Just do as you are bid, my dear. Come, let us leave them at the house, and we shall have time for a little stroll on the Bois before *déjeuner*." They proceeded a few steps down one of the alleys, Miss Riddell's keen black eyes glancing from side to side and gathering, if not honey, at least a fair crop of observation from each stall and group she passed.

"Here is Madame Rosambert!" exclaimed the young lady suddenly, while the soft color deepened on her cheek. "I wish we had gone the other way. She is still quite cross with me, and will be sure to say something disagreeable."

"Don't be weak," returned Miss Riddell. "If your conscience is clear, why

should you heed her? If it is not, take your punishment bravely, and do better in future."

As she spoke, a little woman in a dark-brown cloth mantle and a black velvet hood tied closely over her ears turned away from a counter well heaped with tempting fruit and vegetables, and came towards them.

She was a plump, round little lady with beautiful fluffy nearly white curls accurately arranged at each side of a still pretty face. Her complexion had not yet lost its delicate red and white, nor her step its briskness, and she was altogether a charming picture of active, comely old age. She was followed by a neat *bonne* with a white cap and a shining face, whose aspect, nevertheless, was not cheerful, and who supported a huge market-basket on her arm.

"See how red poor Madeleine's eyes are," said the young lady in a low voice. "She has had an awful scolding, I am sure."

"Bon jour, mesdames!" exclaimed Madame Rosambert. "What a fine morning! Miss Riddell is always energetic. Ah, the beautiful flowers! To decorate your room, miss? It is always a little paradise, so pretty, and in such good order! It were well, Mademoiselle Valerie, if you took example by this dear lady, and ruled yourself with more care and thought, since Miss Riddell honors you by her notice, and it should encourage you to be more exact and regardful of *les bien-séances*. Au revoir, mesdames. Remember *déjeuner* is at noon precisely. Do not be late. Au revoir."

"I told you so," said Mademoiselle Valerie, smiling, as they emerged from the market after this encounter, and crossed the avenue in order to reach a narrow street leading to the Boulevard des Sablons and one entrance of the Bois. They paused at the *porte-cochère* of a corner house, *entre cour et jardin*, over which was inscribed "Pension de Dames." The elder lady rang, and the door opened by a spring. They entered a paved yard, through which was the ordinary entrance; a more ornamental approach led through the garden.

"Will you kindly take these flowers up to my room? I do not like mounting the stairs oftener than I need," said Miss Riddell. "Come down as quickly as you can, and we shall still have half an hour for the Bois."

Valerie ran in and soon returned.

"Here are some letters for you, Miss

Riddell," she cried, holding out three. "They have just come."

"I am sure I wish you had left them where they were," said Miss Riddell, glancing at the addresses as she took them. "I have come to the age not to be in a hurry for letters, and if I stop to read them I shall lose my walk."

"Let me take them away again," returned Valerie.

"No, no! I cannot quite do that," laughing, and putting them in her pocket. "Come, let us go."

They turned into the Boulevard, and, passing the Jardin d'Acclimatation, took the path that leads to the Isle des Cèdres.

For some way they walked in silence, enjoying the delicious air, the rich, mellow tints of the trees, the silence and quiet, rare except at that hour. At length Miss Riddell said with a smile, as she drew one of the letters from her pocket, "I confess that I am puzzled about one of these. The writing is like some I never expected to see again, at least addressed to myself, and yet —"

"Why do you not open it, and ascertain whom it is from?" returned the other as she paused. "Here is a nice seat, and it is yet warm enough to sit out of doors."

Miss Riddell accepted the suggestion, and, opening her letter, was soon absorbed by its contents. Not more, however, than her companion appeared to be in her own thoughts. She untied and removed her veil, as if she wanted to breathe more freely, and her dark eyes darkened and dilated as she gazed away straight before her, seeing nothing of what was present. At last Miss Riddell folded up her letter with a smile — rather a hard smile. "I was right about the handwriting," she said; "but," interrupting herself, "what is the matter with you, Valerie?" for two large tears hung on her eyelashes. "You surely are not such a goose as to cry because that well-meaning, fidgety little Madame Rosambert has scolded you off and on for a day or two?"

"No, not exactly," replied Valerie, laughing, while the tears dropped; "but it has something to do with it. I have been very miserable for a few days, nothing really important, but just an accumulation of trifles. I sometimes feel so oddly worn out! I dare say it is weak. You will think so, I know; yet it does me so much good to talk to you."

"Well, child, take your troubles out and air them! It is wonderful how they

evaporate in the light. First, why is madame so angry with you?"

"It is rather a long story, but I really do not deserve it. You remember we went to see the great funeral at the Madeleine on Wednesday: Sybil and Miss Green, Madame Dupuis and myself. It was a tremendous crush going in, and somehow I was separated from the others; indeed I think I should have been flattened against the base of one of the columns but for the kindness of a gentleman (an Englishman) who stood behind me, and managed to keep off the pressure wonderfully. Well, I tried to find them — Sybil and the rest, I mean — and made myself quite ill with anxiety and vexation. At last I took a Porte Maillot omnibus, and so got back very late, quite two o'clock, and found them all here. Madame was so vexed with me for having missed them, as if she suspected I did it on purpose! She is always suspecting something."

"Her anger certainly seems unjust, but she will come all right. Now go on."

"I have really not much else that is tangible to tell. I feel the routine of my life a little oppressive. My uncle, too, has not been well, and I have so little time to attend to him or to matters at home. Don't you think it was very ill-natured of madame not to let me know the girls were going to the Hôtel Cluny with Mrs. Meyrick this morning? I should have been so glad of these hours for my own work; now I have lost the whole day, for I must wait here, in case Sybil returns in time for her afternoon practice. However, I have had the comfort of a talk with you; that is always a pleasure;" and she looked with so sweet an expression into the face of her listener that a kindly, almost tender smile relaxed Miss Riddell's rather grim mouth.

"Yes," she said; "it was inconsiderate of Madame Rosambert not to let you stay at home this morning. I suppose Sunday is your only free day?"

Valerie made a little *moue*.

"Yes, if it be freedom to look over my uncle's accounts and those of the *femme de ménage* (we are obliged to have a *femme de ménage*, you see, because I start so early). Then my uncle likes me to read to him, but I generally manage a little walk on Sunday."

"Alone?"

"Not always; sometimes with the daughter of our landlord."

"Valerie, my dear, we must go back

now, or Madame Rosambert's wrath will be increased fourfold, but after *déjeuner* come and sit with me in my room; we can have a long talk quite by ourselves; then I shall tell you a scheme I have thought of for you; meanwhile we have only ten minutes left for our walk back."

While the inmates of the Pension Rosambert are discussing the good things set before them, let us ascertain the position of the *dramatis personæ* in the following tale. Madame Rosambert's select pension admitted a few young ladies who wished to perfect themselves in French and study music under Parisian masters, as well as ladies of more mature years who wished for the comforts of a house which united, said madame, English solidity and French elegance.

At present the house was not quite full. Miss Riddell, whose young niece was a *pensionnaire* and student under Madame Rosambert's protection, an English widow, a couple of English girls, and two French ladies of a certain age, made up the party.

To teach French, to direct the practice of music, to walk out with the girls, and be present during the lessons of the masters, Madame Rosambert had secured the services of a certain young lady, Miss Valerie Trevor, the orphan daughter of an English clergyman; she resided with her maternal grand-uncle, a retired *militaire*, and the only relative whom she knew, as her mother (after her widowhood) had resided in Germany, France, and latterly with her uncle, who had some small income besides his pension.

Madame Rosambert was distantly connected with M. le Capitaine, and thought she was bestowing no small benefit on his grand-niece by engaging her to come over every morning from Passy by ten o'clock, and remain till five, so that the dear and venerable uncle should not be left alone in the evening.

Miss Riddell, albeit not much given to pension life, had taken up her abode in the Boulevard Sablonville, in order to watch over her only sister's only child, who had proved herself not too amenable to reason and discipline in previous establishments where she had been sent to acquire European polish and rub off the roughness of her Canadian training; for she had been born and brought up under rather wild surroundings.

Miss Riddell was a type of old maid rarely to be met with, save among English women, and not infrequent even there; cultivated and even refined, yet with a

certain exterior ruggedness; a gentlewoman to her finger's ends, yet simple to plainness, severe and contemptuous to weakness, yet carefully hiding the deep tenderness of heart for which she despised herself; a woman of the world in the best sense of the term, and strong enough to exact respect and attention from the various members of a family all of whom were better off than herself; she led a very independent and wandering life, generally returning for some part of the year to London, where she always had a *pied à terre*.

The *déjeuner* was somewhat prolonged, owing to an animated discussion on the respective merits of the English and French matrimonial systems between Madame Dupuis and Mrs. Meyrick, the English widow, which at one time threatened to become too exciting; but at last Miss Riddell escaped to her room, carrying Miss Trevor with her.

She had been attracted to the diligent, capable, hard-working young governess by some secret sympathy, and was rather surprised at the friendship which had sprung up between her and her niece Sybil Owen, a girl of a totally different stamp, who frequently rubbed her aunt the wrong way and shocked her prejudices, which, though few, were strong.

"The quiet of this room is pleasant after all that clatter," said Miss Riddell, removing a "best" morning cap and replacing it by a simpler one (she was a rigid economist). "Take that chair, Valerie, and sit by me here; first give me my crewel work. Do you mind having the window open? No? that is right. I hate stuffiness and want of air. But we must close it soon; after sundown it grows very chill. Now go on with your complaints."

"I do not think I have much more to say about them," returned Valerie thoughtfully; "I fancied I had a mountain-load, but it has nearly melted away."

She had put aside her hat and cape, and looking very graceful and ladylike as she bent over some lacework with which she was generally provided.

"That comes of putting your imaginings into words; and yet I do not fancy you have a very bright or easy life of it."

"I have not; but I see no way of escape, so I had better not dwell upon the inevitable. I am very necessary to my uncle, and while he lives I can make no change and indulge no ambition."

"You have ambition, then? What may it be?"

"A very humble one; to make a little more money — a little more assured position. I really can teach fairly well, and I understand music, though I do not play brilliantly."

"I hate musical gymnastics! Tell me (I do not ask from impertinent curiosity) what does Madame Rosambert give you?"

"Seventy-five francs a month."

"What an unconscionable old slaveholder!" cried Miss Riddell. "Why do you submit to such an imposition?"

"Because," said Valerie, leaning her elbow on the table and her head on her hand, in a pretty, pensive pose, "I doubt if I should do better elsewhere. You see I have no one to put me forward — no one but myself to rely upon; and then my poor old uncle is a tie — I must take care of him."

"What is his claim upon you?" asked Miss Riddell, twisting her thread round her needle rather viciously.

"What claim has he? Oh, of course, every claim! After my dear mother and I had been at various schools in Germany — she always went to school with me, and used to teach English and music, the dear, dear mother! — Ah! if she had been spared to me, life would always have been bright! — well, after that, we came to Paris, and her uncle offered to come and live with us, and pay his share of the housekeeping. My mother was delighted, because she thought it would be such a protection. We got on pretty well for more than two years, then she took a fever, and —" Valerie broke off abruptly. "Nothing has seemed the same since. I am glad, however, to have my uncle to live with and for. My mother had left a little, a very little, money to me — some she had had, and a trifle she had saved — and my uncle thought to make a fortune with this for me; so he gave it to some one to speculate with, and it was all lost. Since then he has been very miserable, and says his efforts to serve me have embittered the remainder of his days. You see, then, that I am really bound to look after him, and I know my mother wished me to do so."

"Do you know, Valerie, it strikes me this uncle of yours is a selfish old man?"

"Don't say that," said Valerie, shrinking as if from a blow. "He is growing very old now, and does not, I think, mean to be selfish; but he is more exacting and difficult than he used to be."

"God knows what one may come to when age dulls the reason and the heart! I trust some kind friend will give me a

'cup of cold p'isen' before I reach that stage! But, Valerie, I will tell you my plan, though I fear this uncle of yours will interfere. I have a very general acquaintance in England, and I think I might get you a good engagement in a family or a school, where you might lay by a little money, or even find some man disinterested enough to marry you. I do not think too highly of my own country; but there is a better chance for a penniless woman marrying there than elsewhere; and I am rather an advocate for marriage, as, on the whole, the less of two evils."

"I can truly say it is a matter I never think of," said Valerie calmly. "Not that I pretend to despise it — a happy marriage must be delightful — but simply because it is utterly out of the question for a girl situated as I am." She smiled as she spoke, and a sweet, faint blush rose to her cheek, as if from some memory which belied her next words. "Nor have I ever had the ghost of an admirer!"

"Humph!" said Miss Riddell, looking keenly at her. "Don't commit yourself to rash assertions. Well, do you think you would like to try your luck in England?"

"Yes, very, very much; but I fear it is out of the question."

"I do not see that it need be."

"Ah! it is hard to put yourself in another's place. But to go to England — to be, perhaps, near you — would be very delightful."

"Do not be too sure of that; I am sometimes a cross, rugged old woman."

"Possibly you are not always amiable," returned Valerie frankly. "But I'm sure you are always true; and though I do like to be with you, I should never throw myself on you."

"I believe that," shortly and emphatically. "But just think of its feasibility. I suppose it would not break your heart to leave your uncle?"

"N—no; but I could not be at rest if I thought him lonely and uncomfortable. He depends so much upon me — more than he himself knows. It is this that makes it impossible for me to break away."

"I see — I understand," cried Miss Riddell. "Good heavens! What a heavy tax the strong pay to the weak sometimes; and youth goes so quickly! Yet it is only in the dawn of our lives we can store up sunshine to keep our memories green. I had a glorious youth; and, though it was suddenly turned into premature maturity

at a blow, I have always found it a source of satisfaction that, come what may, I have enjoyed it. I wish I could ensure the same to you, for I like you, child, better than any of the people I have met lately."

"Well, that is a charming bit of brightness for me," exclaimed Valerie laughing, while tears of gratitude sprang to her eyes, but she suppressed any exhibition of feeling.

For a short time Miss Riddell seemed lost in thought. Then suddenly turning to Valerie she said, "There is one thing that puzzles me, and even irritates me in you, Valerie. (It is imprudent in me to say it, but I know how guarded you can be.) I cannot understand your liking for, your intimacy with my niece, Sybil Owen; she is so completely your opposite, bold, thoughtless, obstinate; empty-headed, idle; the image of her weak, good-looking father, who was not fit to dust my sister's shoes, and married again before she was cold in her grave! I am half ashamed of myself for not liking her better, but I cannot!"

"Until you do like her, love her as I do, you will never understand her," said Valerie earnestly. "I know how provoking she is at times, but she really has a strain of nobility under all her flightiness; and how brave she is! Do not be angry, but I cannot help fancying that you must have been very like her when you were a girl."

"How dare you say so!" cried Miss Riddell, laughing. "I assure you I had always some sense, some taste for self-improvement; she is a mere tomboy."

"Consider her rough up-bringing. If you knew how she brought life and color and kindness into the dull routine of my existence before you came to comfort me, dear Miss Riddell, you would not wonder at my liking her. If she thought you loved her you would find her quite different. Wait till she marries a man she loves, and you will see what a capital wife she will make."

"You really think so? Curiously enough, that letter which puzzled me this morning contained an offer of marriage for her. Not from the principal, but from his father, an old acquaintance; in short, an old sweetheart of my own, whom I have not heard of for years. Sybil was brought up a good deal with his children, and he knows she has a fortune independent of her father. Now his eldest son is coming to Paris. He has established himself in a farm or a territory somewhere at

the 'back of God-speed,' in Canada, and is coming to have a peep at civilization for once in his life, and the father has the impudence to ask me to throw him and Sybil together. I shall do nothing of the kind. He may come and see me—I should rather like to see him—but——"

"But do nothing against him," interrupted Valerie eagerly. "I imagine I have heard her speak of this gentleman. He has rather an odd name, has he not?"

"Yes. Eric—Eric Floyd. Preposterous nonsense to christen an English boy by such a heathenish name."

"Do you know I think Sybil makes rather a hero of——"

Here the door was burst open boisterously, and a small, plump, dark-eyed girl of perhaps nineteen came quickly into the room. She was richly dressed in deep red cashmere and plush, and wore a large Cavalier hat with feathers of the same color, under which a quantity of almost black hair was tied carelessly back into a big, untidy knot. Exceedingly short petticoats showed a neat little foot in a cruelly high-heeled boot, and as she advanced into the room, leaving the door wide open, she began to pull off a many-buttoned, tawny Swedish glove.

"I am so glad you are not gone off home," she cried to Valerie. "I want to talk to you as soon as I have had something to eat. I'm right down starving. That stingy old Mrs. Meyrick would not go into a cake-shop, though I offered to stand treat, and now madame is in a fury because she has to get us some *gâteau*. She and Mrs. Meyrick are at it, hammer and tongs, down-stairs."

"I really wish, Sybil, you would shut the door. You know I hate an open door."

"All right, aunty," springing back to close it. "I wish you had been with us, Val. There are no end of lovely things at Cluny, but such queer, ugly concerns too; and, aunty, whom do you think I met there? Major Hartwell and the two girls. And there was a gentleman with them whose face I thought I knew. So I did. It was Captain Grey. He was a great deal with papa the winter we were at Montreal, and won the ladies' prize at the spring races. Do you know he remembered me quite well, though that was four years ago. He is coming to see me—that is, you. He says he knew you and Uncle James Riddell in London, oh, some time ago." All this was uttered with immense volubility.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to him," said Miss Riddell drily.

"I am sure I am," said her niece. "It will cheer us up to see an English gentleman in this miserable place — eh, Val?"

"I really wish you would not spoil Valerie's name by that horrible contraction."

"Don't you like Val?" innocently. "Oh, I do! It sounds like 'ein guter Kamerad.' You can't think how beautifully Captain Grey was dressed; such a coat! He looked as if he had been born in it; and such gloves! And not a bit of dandy withal! Oh, there's nothing like an English gentleman, though they think too much of themselves! Aunt, the Hartwells are coming to call on you; they have an apartment in the Rue de L—— just off the Champs Elysées. I think old Hartwell must have come into money, for the girls were no end of swells; such lovely sable trimming to their jackets! I will look up my sables this very afternoon; you must help me, Val! No, I'll not practise one note! Nor Miss Green either; she has agreed to have headache and go to bed with a novel of Ouida's; she bought it on the sly! Mrs. Meyrick thinks it a religious work because it is called 'Held in Bondage;' and Carrie Smith has her drawing to do, so we will turn out all my boxes. Madeleine! Madeleine! je meurs de faim," running to the door; and a voice from the depths answered, —

"Tout de suite, mademoiselle."

"Your greatest danger is that you will talk yourself to death, Sybil," said her aunt grimly.

"Oh, I am equal to a lot of that," said Sybil with a knowing look. "There, I hear the sound of plates. I will gobble up all I want in a quarter of an hour. Val, dear, would you mind going across to Chauvot's for some chocolate? I do love rummaging my boxes and eating chocolate. Get a piece for aunt, too; I know she likes it. Will you mind my leaving my hat here?" She threw it and the little cape which transformed her dress into an out-door costume on the sofa and ran out of the room.

"Good heavens, what a hurricane!" exclaimed Miss Riddell, leaning back in her chair as if exhausted. "Do, pray, spend the rest of the afternoon with her, or I shall be only fit for a lunatic asylum at the end of it."

The fast-falling shades of night only put an end to Miss Owen's strict examination into the condition of her reserves — an occupation which, it must be con-

fessed, was by no means uncongenial to Valerie Trevor, who was a true woman in her love of pretty things and fine materials. It required some resolution to resist being loaded with gifts, old and new, by her impetuous friend, whose delicacy was not of the highest order, and who could not understand Valerie's rejection of what suited her and was no great loss to the giver. "You are too queer and fanciful!" she said. "I'm sure if you were to offer me the gown off your back, and I thought I looked pretty in it, I couldn't bring myself to refuse. I don't think I am a fright, Val; anyhow, Captain Grey didn't seem to think so" (she gave a funny little click with her tongue, expressive of much satisfaction), "and he is quite a man of the world! I am going to dine at the Hartwells', and I am sure he will be there; I must have a new dinner-dress! Oh, there is that abominable dinner-bell and you must go! Here then, take the rest of the chocolate and come early to-morrow."

"Good-bye," said Miss Riddell, meeting Valerie on the stairs as she went down to dinner. "How late Sybil has kept you! and it has turned very cold. You are not sufficiently clad. I must insist on your taking my shawl again."

"I have only just brought it back, Miss Riddell; and I fully intended bringing my cloak also, but forgot it. I am ashamed of taking your shawl so often."

"Nonsense! your health is of the last importance to you; think of what a business even a bad cold would be!"

She turned quickly back to her room, and, returning with a large, soft shawl of shepherd's plaid, wrapped it carefully round her *protégée*. "There, good-night! do not quite give up our English plan yet."

CHAPTER II.

MRS. HARTWELL lost no time in performing the promise made in her name by her daughters. The day after Miss Owen had met them at the Hôtel Cluny, Miss Riddell on her return from a severe day's shopping at the Louvre, in performance of sundry commissions for her sister-in-law (she never entered that emporium on her own account), found their cards with a few pencilled lines, begging her to come on the following Tuesday and partake of afternoon tea in the Rue de L. Sybil Owen grumbled a good deal because her music lesson occurred that day at an hour which interfered with the visit. But her aunt made short work of her murmurs.

"You will have plenty of time to chatter nonsense with the girls," she said. "Try and get some profit of those costly lessons. You have really some ability for music, which is more than I can say of other things."

Tuesday was cold and raw. November was upon them. "It is quite miserable out of doors," said Valerie Trevor to her patroness, as she was about to sally forth. "I advise you to take that delightful shawl of yours to wrap up in on your return, for I have finally restored it. I am sure I have worn it for a week."

"And what have you now?"

"Oh, I have had my last winter's cloak done up; it looks very nice."

"Very well," returned Miss Riddell, "I will take your advice; for my last winter's cloak is by no means smart enough for a prim visit, and I am not going to buy a new one this year."

Although a clever, indeed an intellectual, woman, Miss Riddell was by no means above being amused by a little general gossip, especially if it touched on public characters and events.

As the Hartwells were fresh from England, and had spent the season in London, they had much to tell which was new to Miss Riddell, who had wintered in Munich and stopped in Paris, in order to oblige her brother by looking after their niece, who had been consigned to his care.

The minutes sped on unheeded in the agreeable occupation of drinking tea and talking, the outside cold and drizzle forgotten, in the pleasant, flower-scented room and the glow of a noble fire mingled of wood and coal.

Miss Riddell was a good talker. She had a touch of originality in her views, a pleasant, piquant acidity in her expressions. Moreover, she could listen as well as talk, and, if not rich, she never wanted anything from any one. She was always welcome to those who liked to have their ideas stirred, though considered a little formidable by mediocre philistines and the "goody-goody."

"It is quite reviving to have a talk with you, dear Miss Riddell," said Mrs. Hartwell, as her guest exclaimed on finding it was six o'clock. "Do not be in a hurry; we all dine at seven, I suppose, and it is not so far to your pension. What induced you to banish yourself to such a wilderness as Neuilly?"

"My niece, you know —"

"Oh yes, I had forgotten. I am sorry she could not come with you to-day. She is greatly improved, really a very pretty

girl. I hope we shall see a good deal of you both this winter."

"You are very kind. I hope so too."

"Can you and Miss Owen dine with us on Thursday? We shall be alone; but in the evening some friends are coming, among them a man you know, Captain Grey."

"I used to know his mother, and I am afraid he gave her a great deal of trouble. He has been very wild."

"Not worse than other people, I fancy. He is a far-away cousin of ours, and is quite steady now; they say he has exchanged into a regiment in India."

"Well, I must be off, and on Thursday I shall be very happy to dine with you, and Sybil also. The pension is not lively. Pension life is generally odious, and our presidentess worries frightfully about punctuality."

It was a very miserable evening when Miss Riddell turned out into the damp streets, raw and misty, the lamps showing like little blurred stars, only making darkness visible.

"I hope Madeleine has not forgotten my fire," murmured Miss Riddell, as she walked with a swift and still elastic step down the Champs Elysées. "Such evenings as these one wants a welcome home. Mark Tapley himself could scarcely be jolly in such weather. I hope Sybil will not think it necessary to keep me company," she mused, reflecting that a fresh *Fortnightly* awaited her; "she cannot hold her tongue. I hope that poor child Valerie got away in time. It must be rather hard, after a day spent in that magpie's nest of a pension, to amuse or attend to her crotchety uncle all the evening. I am sure he is crotchety. Men are selfish wretches. I must see if I can bring him to reason. I would not mind having a daughter like Valerie." So cogitating, she reached the Place de l'Etoile to find a steam tram just starting, and the one succeeding already *complet*.

"What a nuisance!" exclaimed Miss Riddell; "I shall be late after all."

She wrapped her warm shawl round her, and took a turn to and fro, not liking to wait in the stuffy, crowded bureau, and watching eagerly for the green light of the up-tram.

"Although I am half afraid to disobey your commands, I cannot resist the temptation to speak to you again," said a deep but pleasant voice close to her.

"Is he talking to me?" thought Miss Riddell, turning to look at the speaker — a very tall man in a huge loose overcoat,

and a fur cap, from under which a pair of very fine eager brown eyes gleamed brightly. "I grant," he continued, "that my conduct must seem eccentric, but you leave me no other means of approaching you; if you would give me the slightest clue to your name, your surroundings, I should find some more orthodox means of making your acquaintance; I am tenacious by nature and I cannot relinquish the —"

"Sir, you mistake me," interrupted Miss Riddell very quietly, and, lifting the thick veil she had drawn over her face, she stepped under the nearest lamp.

"A thousand pardons!" he exclaimed, his bronzed cheek flushing. "It is strange that I should be mistaken! I entreat you to forgive me."

Miss Riddell bowed, and the stranger turned quickly away into the gloom among the trees behind the bureau. "This is curious," thought Miss Riddell. "I wonder who he is? He is not a foreigner, yet he does not seem quite English. He has a charming voice — the obdurate fair one must be unusually hard-hearted for a Parisienne. Perhaps she is not French!" and Miss Riddell dwelt on the occurrence in a vague, half-conscious way till the tardy tram came up and she found a place therein.

On reaching the "Maison Rosambert," as madame usually termed it with much majesty, Miss Riddell found she had barely time to prepare for dinner, but noticed with pleasure that her fire was bright, her hearth swept up, her lamp lit, a little vase with some fresh wall-flowers set on her writing-table, and her neat house shoes put to warm.

"This is more than Madeleine would think of doing," she said to herself as she made a hasty toilet. "I fancy Valerie has been here." On her table she perceived a little note. "I must not wait longer," it said; "I am free after *déjeuner*; I leave you a few flowers. — VALERIE."

Miss Riddell's keen, dark eyes softened.

"I really believe that child likes me; at any rate she understands me. Of course I will go and see the uncle. Not that it will do much good. There is no one so hard and selfish as a sentimental Frenchman."

So soon as dinner was over Miss Riddell escaped to her own room, assuring her niece that she wanted no company, and settled to the enjoyments of a biting article in the *Fortnightly*.

"Company indeed!" she said to herself, "as if the thoughts in this were not worth all the mere prate in Christendom." Yet is it not from the prate, the follies, the impulses, the errors of mere ordinary man and womankind that matter accumulates to furnish poets and philosophers the wherewithal to build their theories and deduce their reasons, as the earth-worm's labor creates the substratum from which so much of nature's loveliness springs?

Miss Riddell read and enjoyed in a leisurely manner, pausing now and then to digest the mental pabulum. But through all her interest and attention she did not and could not forget the eyes and voice of the stranger who had addressed her that evening. There was something in both that captivated her imagination. "I suppose the weakness of sex never quite leaves one," she thought. "I can't help fancying the unknown is an honest fellow, his tone was so natural and hearty. But Heaven only knows! the heart of man is desperately wicked, and I am not sure that woman's is much better." Turning to draw her lamp a little nearer, her eyes fell upon her shawl which she had thrown over a chair. With a flash of sudden inspiration the idea came to her: "Was I mistaken for Valerie? We are about the same height, and she has been wearing my shawl. Could it be the man who spoke to her in the Madeleine? If so, there may have been reason in madame's wrath. She may not have sought for her companions! It is strange her not having told the whole circumstance to me. I fear she has been less prudent than she ought to be. I must question her. Without being absolutely pretty she is what may truly be called attractive. I always believed her to be so steady. Were it Sybil now, I could imagine her chattering away to any chance acquaintance. But Valerie! I must question her; girls are all geese together; yet, after all, I may be quite wrong."

The notion worried and distracted her and spoiled the rest of her evening, so much so that she made her appearance again in the *salle-à-manger* where the evenings were generally spent, and even played a game of piquet with monsieur, a very diminutive gentleman with a grizzled beard and rather a handsome little face, who lived in a braided dressing-gown and smoking-cap (though he never smoked). He devoted himself to a very infirm, snuffing, shabby little white lapdog called Lulu, much troubled with indigestion and

doubtful of every one save monsieur and madame. Monsieur, when allowed to talk, was not unintelligent or uninstructed, and he was always flattered by any notice from "Mees Riddell," while the game furnished her with a good excuse for silence.

Miss Riddell resolved to keep her queries for a *tête-à-tête* walk on Thursday, and saw little of her *protégée* in the interim; but when they did meet she imagined she observed an air of depression, a pallor, a languor, not usual in her favorite.

Thursday, the usual half-holiday in France, was dull but dry, and soon after *déjeuner* the inmates of the Maison Rosambert scattered to their various engagements. The Miss Hartwells called at two to take Sybil for a drive to Sèvres and then to their house for dinner, a letter received that morning having obliged Miss Riddell to excuse herself from keeping her promise, as she found she was obliged to meet a friend from England at the Gare du Nord, and, as the friend's health and French were equally weak, Miss Riddell felt she could not desert her.

"Come, my dear," said Miss Riddell, as Valerie and herself issued from the house, "it is just the day for a nice walk; is there not a way to Passy across the Bois?"

"Oh yes, a pleasant walk! I often come by it in the morning if it is fine, but I am afraid to return in the dusk."

They walked on for a little while with but a rare exchange of words. "Have you been quite well, dear Miss Riddell?" asked Valerie at length. "You have been so silent all yesterday and this morning."

"Have I?" said Miss Riddell, and continued after a minute's pause: "and you have seemed depressed to me; is there anything the matter with you?"

"Oh no, nothing!" with slight hesitation. They had now crossed the Avenue de Longchamps, and entered the path that leads through the thicket to the lakes. The trees had lost the greater part of their leaves in the gusty wet weather of the past week; still the tints of those which remained and the many hues of those which mingled with the sheltered herbage gave beauty to the way.

"How charming these by-paths of the Bois are!" exclaimed Valerie; "and how few Parisians know anything of their beauties!"

Miss Riddell made no immediate reply, but after a moment's silence exclaimed

abruptly, "I had an adventure the evening before last, Valerie. I am very much puzzled about it. Can you give me any explanation?" And she proceeded to describe the man who had spoken to her and repeated his words, keeping her eyes fixed upon her young friend's face. Valerie turned red and white while she was speaking, and when she ceased still kept silence.

"My theory is," resumed Miss Riddell, "that my poor old shawl led to the rencontre, and that I was mistaken for yourself."

"You were," said Valerie in a low voice, "and I am almost glad of it."

"Valerie!" cried Miss Riddell indignantly; "how long has this vulgar nonsense been going on? Why did you not tell me? How did this man come to speak to you?"

"I have been ashamed to tell you," cried Valerie; "and I thought, too, it was a mere passing whim, that each rencontre would be the last, and so it has gone on; then I feared you would blame me for not speaking before; now I will tell you the whole story." And she proceeded to relate that on the morning they had gone to the funeral at the Madeleine they had been caught between two contending streams of ingoers and she was separated from her companions. To her great alarm she found herself borne against the base of one of the columns, and dreaded every moment some serious injury, when, much to her relief, she felt an arm passed above her shoulder, and perceived that some gentleman had thrust his hand against the stonework so as to hold off the pressure of the crowd. "If you keep quiet for a few moments," said a voice behind her, "I can save you from any hurt, and the crush will soon be over." While still in that position he spoke to her from time to time, and she answered frankly, unhesitatingly, attracted by something kindly and strong in the tone of his voice. When at length the crowd had thinned enough to permit of her turning to thank her protector, she was surprised to see so young a man—why, she could not say. He was very tall and brown and bony. His clothes were certainly not Parisian, and his whole aspect was grave and massive. He received her thanks with much composure and a sort of indulgent smile, that somehow induced her to tell him with complete confidence that she had lost her friends and must not return without them. "I had better stay with you till you do find them," said the stranger. "It is not very

nice for a young lady to be alone in such a crowd." And when (not sorry to have his companionship) she murmured something about trespassing on his time, he replied with an air of great sincerity that he had nothing to do and was happy to be of any use. They continued to talk in the same easy strain, Valerie being so taken up with the effort to find Madame Dupuis and the young ladies under their joint charge that she did not stop to think of the proprieties; moreover, there was nothing in the stranger's simple, kindly, perfectly respectful manner, to suggest them. At length as the crowd dispersed and time went on, Valerie was obliged to give up all hope of success in her search, and began to wish her new acquaintance would leave her.

"I am greatly obliged to you," she said, smiling. "I am sure my friends have gone away, so I shall return as fast as I can."

"Very well," said the stranger; "I will see you home."

"Oh no, thank you!" cried Valerie, terrified at the idea of madame beholding her so escorted. "That would never do. I am sure you are very kind, but I must wish you good-morning now;" and she began to walk rapidly towards the Place de la Concorde, intending to catch a Porte Maillot omnibus. The brown stranger, however, though he seemed to move slowly, kept beside her.

"I think you had better let me come with you than go alone. You are English, are you not? You haven't the nonsensical notions of French women."

"But I live among French people and must do as they do — and — and I assure you there is no need to come with me. I can go quite safely. I am accustomed to take care of myself."

"Well, I do not like to intrude upon you," he replied very gravely, "neither do I like to lose sight of you; where do you live?"

"Oh, at Passy," replied Valerie mechanically. There was that in his voice and manner which she unconsciously trusted.

"Where is Passy?" he asked.

"Oh, ever so far away."

"Can you reach it before nightfall? because, if you cannot, I will certainly come with you."

"I can reach it in an hour."

"Good! then, at any rate I will see you into an omnibus."

"Thank you; even that is not necessary."

"Must you walk so fast?" he said presently. "You are not afraid of anything?"

"Of course not," said Valerie loftily, "unless, indeed, a scolding."

"Who will scold you? Your mother?" Valerie shook her head.

"Not your husband? No — I do not fancy you have one; if you had, he would not let you go into such a crowd without him."

Valerie could not help laughing, there was something so strangely familiar, yet not in the least presumptuous, in her companion. They had now reached the corner of the Rue Royale.

"There!" cried Valerie, "there is my omnibus, that great white one." The stranger hailed it, and at that hour there was more than one vacant place. "Once more, good-bye and many thanks," exclaimed Valerie, springing on the step. An old woman, next the door, had placed her basket at her feet, and Valerie could not get to her seat until it was removed, by which time the lumbering machine was in motion, and had swung round the bend of the Place towards the Champs Elysées, so Valerie could see no more of her brown friend. This was of course far better, and yet she was a little sorry.

Arrived at Porte Maillot, what was Valerie's surprise and dismay to find her protector of the Madeleine waiting to hand her down the steps! "I hope you are not vexed," he said earnestly, "but I am quite sure your father, or your aunt, or whoever you live with will be better pleased to find you have been taken care of than allowed to come home alone."

"But I have no aunt or father or any one to care about it, and I shall only get into a scrape," cried Valerie.

"What! have you no relations? do you live alone?" he exclaimed with the liveliest interest.

"I cannot tell you anything more about myself; pray leave me."

"If I do how shall I find you again?" asked her persecutor. "I do not want to annoy you, but I cannot and will not lose sight of you. If you will tell me your name and address I will tell you mine, and I shall find some way of making your acquaintance *selon les règles*."

"No, no! I will not tell you my name and I do not want to know yours. You cannot understand. It would be impossible for me to have any acquaintance with you; pray go away. I am very sorry to seem so rude. I am sure you don't deserve it, but I cannot help myself; pray leave me."

"If I really cause you pain or trouble I will, but I shall see you again; I cannot give up that hope." He gave her a long, searching glance that finished her distress and confusion, and then stopping with a low bow, let her pass on. Valerie, however, had an uneasy consciousness that she was followed, and carefully avoided looking back, walking swiftly till she reached the shelter of the Maison Rosambert, where she felt strangely guilty and cast down by the reproaches of madame.

Having told her story in a more condensed form to this point, Valerie paused.

"Well," said Miss Riddell, "go on. What more have you seen of your friend?"

"Oh, I have met him several times, first near Porte Maillot, when I begged him earnestly never to come there again. Then—I think really by accident—at the Tram Bureau in the Place de l'Etoile; and after, not by accident, in the same place. Sometimes he speaks—always the same thing, begging to know my name and to be allowed to see my people, and last night I think—I am afraid—I saw him near our house at Passy. If he comes to my uncle, what a frightful disturbance it will create!"

"This is very curious," exclaimed Miss Riddell, "and must be put a stop to. According to your own account you have been very imprudent. It would have been better had you dismissed him as soon as the crowd dispersed."

"But I could not, dear Miss Riddell," cried Valerie; "he would not go."

"There is something rather remarkable about the man," resumed Miss Riddell. "I wish I could speak to him. To-day I go into Paris and dine at Richard's, to be *en route* to the Gare du Nord; but to-morrow I will walk with you to the Porte, or the bureau, and if we meet him I will accost him and explain how impossible it is for a young lady to give her name and address to a total stranger. Why, it would be like saying, Come and court me. Where has the man lived? Do you think he is a gentleman?"

"Yes, I think he is quite a gentleman, but unconventional. How good you are, dear Miss Riddell, to think of speaking to him! A woman like you would make an impression on him; he would trouble me no more."

"Does he really trouble you, Valerie?"

"Yes, really. I am frightened and nervous when I go out, and I am always thinking of him, which disturbs me more than anything else. I almost wish I had

never seen him." Her pretty red lips quivered, and her dark grey eyes grew dim as she spoke.

"Good heavens, Valerie!" cried her friend, "these are awful symptoms. Whatever you do, do not fall in love with him. When a girl loses her heart she generally loses her head, too, her grasp of life, everything, and there is very little in the best love you get to make up for these losses!"

"What!" exclaimed Valerie indignantly. "Do you think I should be so weak and stupid as to fall in love with a man I have only just spoken to, that I know nothing about? Believe me, there is no danger. Only I cannot help fancying he is what Sybil would call a good fellow; and somehow since he asked me so often if I had this or that relation, it makes me feel wretchedly sad and desolate, and—dear, dear Miss Riddell, do speak to him and tell him never to address me again," she burst out passionately.

"Valerie Trevor," returned her companion, "I begin to think you are in a very bad way."

Valerie laughed at this, even while she was obliged to press her handkerchief against her eyes.

They were now in the main street of Passy, and Valerie began hastily to give Miss Riddell a few hints how best to manage her uncle. "He is an intense Bonapartist," she said. "You must let him talk away about the great Napoleon and 'La Gloire.' His father was an officer of the Grande Armée, and died in Russia. Talk of my going to England as only for a short time. God knows I will never desert him! I will come back to him faithfully, only I do want to get away more than ever."

"I have no doubt you do," replied Miss Riddell.

Valerie now turned into a narrow street on the right that led down a steep descent, and, stopping at a large, old-fashioned house which stood end to the road, entered a tolerably well-kept garden, where a feeble old man in a blouse and round cap was collecting the fallen leaves of some large chestnut-trees which adorned it. He raised himself stiffly and lifted his cap to Valerie with a smile.

"Bon jour, Monsieur Claude! is my uncle in the house?"

"Mais oui, Mademoiselle Valerie, he has just come in."

"They are all monsieur, madame, and mademoiselle here," growled Miss Rid-

dell; "really republicanism is very ridiculous."

"It does no one any harm, and pleases the people," said Valerie.

"It is a preposterous perversion of terms."

"I am afraid," returned Valerie, not caring to argue, "that you will have a fatiguing ascent; we live *au quatrième*."

"Give me time, and I shall manage it easily."

Arrived at the summit, the door was opened by M. Le Capitaine Latour himself *en grande tenue*. A tightly buttoned frock-coat threw out into conspicuous relief a couple of orders and displayed his gaunt figure, once in his own opinion the pride and ornament of his regiment; his still abundant nearly white hair was carefully brushed and parted, his moustache waxed, his shirt-cuffs were dazzlingly white.

She replied to the ex-militaire's address in a suitable and complimentary strain, and then admired the prospect from his window. She further commented on the portrait of the great captain, and gave M. le Capitaine his head while he enlarged on his own and his father's exploits. Then, seeing no chance of sliding into the subject uppermost in her mind, she boldly attacked it. "Valerie, my dear, leave me a while with your uncle; I wish to speak to him about yourself."

Valerie rose and left the room, and Captain Latour composed himself to listen, pulling his moustaches with an air of wisdom.

With some trepidation Miss Riddell plunged into her subject, setting forth her interest in and admiration of Valerie, her conviction that a far better opening could be found for her in England, an improved position in every way; she offered her own escort when she returned to London after Christmas, and hinted that youth lasted but a short space, and now was the time to provide for the future.

Captain Latour made many exclamations and attempts at interruption, but the word was with Miss Riddell, and she held steadily to the thread of her discourse. When she had made an end her auditor burst forth in eloquent thanks for her kindness, her disinterested friendship, her valued regard for his dear Valerie, who was his idol, his one ray of sunshine, his one comfort here on earth! If anything could tempt him to part with that beloved child it would be the fact of her having the distinguished protection of mademoiselle. But no! his niece was a

sacred charge, he would never part with her; and see, she was doing well in Paris; besides her excellent engagement with the amiable Madame Rosambert, she had lately obtained music pupils there in that very house; an American lady, excessively *distinguée, au premier*, had implored her to give instruction to her two charming little girls, and no doubt in time her *clientèle* would increase. No, he would be too desolate without his Valerie, his beloved child.

"But, monsieur," returned Miss Riddell, "we must think of the future. Valerie is very young. In time she may be deprived of the affectionate protection which now shelters her."

"*Chère dame!* I have faced death too often not to be prepared for the grim foe. I have thought of my Valerie's future. In short, listen, dear lady, it is at present a secret, but I am in treaty with the widow of an ancient comrade who has demanded the hand of my beloved Valerie for her only son, an excellent young man, a musician too, and rising in his profession. It has occurred to us both, that as the adjoining *appartement* in this *étage* will be vacant next Easter, it would be charming if our dear children were united and we formed one family. Theirs would be the gracious task to soothe our declining years; ours the happy office to guide their steps through the first difficulties of life's rough road. I, myself, think the scheme perfect." He threw himself back in his chair and contemplated Miss Riddell with a supreme smile.

She was thunderstruck.

"And what does Valerie say to the scheme?"

"*Chut!*" laying his finger on his lip; "we must not disturb her virgin thoughts with a question of marriage until all difficulties are solved and matters are finally arranged. Then she shall know the happiness which awaits her. Valerie, come hither, my beloved one"—and, as Valerie entered—"thou wouldst not like to desert thy poor old uncle, even for the gold of England. This dear lady wishes to rob me of thee, my beautiful Valerie; thou wouldst not leave me to die alone?"

"No—no—certainly not, dear uncle. I will never leave you; still, London is but nine hours from Paris; and if I could do better there, might you not come to me?"

"What! live in London! Where they cannot make an omelette or a *petit plat au choix*, or—grand Dieu! Valerie, I trust thou hast allowed no impossible

follies to take possession of thy mind. London! Dieu m'en garde!"

"Let us say no more about it," said Valerie gently, with a little nod to Miss Riddell, who took the hint, and by a judicious question or two started the old gentleman on one of his favorite topics, the infamy of the republican government.

After a little inspection of Valerie's fancy-work, the portrait of her mother, and one or two treasures of china and lace, Miss Riddell took leave, as she wished to dine before going to the Gare du Nord, and Valerie proposed to accompany her to the Passy-Bourse omnibus.

M. le Capitaine wished Miss Riddell a very elaborate adieu, and excused himself profusely for not escorting her personally, but he was slightly *enrhumé* and bound to take care of himself for that dear child's sake.

They had descended a few steps when the captain's voice was heard calling Valerie with some eagerness: "Thou wilt pass by Aubert's in going with the charming mees! fetch me a *petit plat, poulet aux cressons, or riz de veau, sauce tomate, and a demi-bouteille de Pommard!* I will make myself a little fête in honor of this agreeable visit to-day; bring them yourself, *ma mie*, for thy poor old uncle!"

Valerie replied cheerfully, and ran on after Miss Riddell, who had nearly reached the foot of the stairs. "Pray," asked the latter cynically, "are *you* to share the feast, Valerie?"

"Oh, I have dined, you know," said Valerie, as they issued into the street. After walking a few paces Miss Riddell exclaimed, "I am afraid there is no chance of your uncle consenting to my plan at present, but I shall try again."

"It will be very hard to persuade him. But I feel desperately inclined to run away." She stopped abruptly and caught Miss Riddell's arm.

"What is the matter?" asked that lady startled.

"There — there — walking away towards La Muette — there he is!"

"The man of the Madeleine!" cried Miss Riddell. Looking eagerly through the gathering gloom she dimly discerned a tall, stately figure in a loose overcoat, walking away from them. "Are you sure? I only saw him for an instant, and could not recognize his back."

"I am quite sure," said Valerie gravely. "It is the second time I have seen him down here."

"Never mind, I will attack him to-morrow. I am she that will bell the cat!"

exclaimed Miss Riddell, laughing. "I wish you were coming with me, Valerie. What shall you do when you have fetched your uncle's *plat*, and served his dinner?"

"Oh, I have plenty to do — needlework, or rather machine-work if my uncle can bear the noise. Good-bye, dear Miss Riddell, a thousand thanks. A demain!"

From The Church Quarterly Review.

FRAY GERUNDIO—A CLERICAL DON QUIXOTE.*

OF the many readers who enjoy the story of Don Quixote de la Mancha, only a few, probably, realize that it was written for a distinct purpose beyond that of affording amusement. The originality and *naïveté* of the characters draws the attention; the exquisite humor, set off by a simple and pellucid style, retains and delights the mind. That the story is the keenest of satires upon the decaying institutions of chivalry occurs but to comparatively a few readers. Knight-errantry, after long lingering in a world which had outgrown the need of it, has at last disappeared utterly. It was an institution that died hard, partly because it had great traditions and noble memories, and partly also because the combative instinct upon which it was originally planted is one of the permanent forces of human nature. But by the beginning of the seventeenth century, when Cervantes wrote, it had outlived its usefulness, and was altogether out of harmony with the facts of life. When, therefore, Miguel de Cervantes set himself to ridicule the unreality of the chivalric ideal, as it was known in that day, the fantastic point of honor of the knight himself, the absurd machinery of giants, enchanters, "gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire," Dulcineas of marvellous loveliness, to be humbly adored at a far distance, and doughty deeds far surpassing commonplace limits of likelihood, which satisfied well enough the robust appetite for wonders enjoyed by the people in the dark ages, the materials for such a satire lay temptingly before him. Spain was one of the few countries in

* 1. *Historia del Fray Gerundio*. By FRANCIS LOBAN DE SALAZAR, Minister of the Parish of S. Peter in Villagarcia [Father Joseph Francis Isla, of the Society of Jesus]. Vol. I. Madrid, 1758.

2. *The History of the Famous Preacher Friar Gerund de Campazas, otherwise Gerund Zotes*. Translated from the Spanish. In Two Volumes. London, 1772.

which the institution still lingered, while yet the public mind was sufficiently detached from it to appreciate the rich vein of absurdity in which its system abounded. A half-century earlier and Spaniards would have felt indignant instead of amused at an attack upon chivalry; while a half-century later the satire would have lost half its force, because of the disappearance of the object aimed at. Coming when it did, however, the mock-heroic epic of Cervantes speedily attained an unexampled popularity. Four editions of it were printed within the first year after its publication (1605)—two at Madrid, one at Valencia, and one at Lisbon. An imitation of it, by some other hand, was published in 1614, even before the second part appeared: two facts which show the great popularity which the work instantly attained. A still more convincing proof of this is the influence it exerted over Spanish literature of its own and subsequent ages. It affected the national mind so powerfully as to become the accepted model for writers who sought popularity, and other publications were cast more or less upon the method of composition which its example afforded.

Such an imitation is the "*Historia del Fray Gerundio*." At the distance of more than a hundred years from the publication of "*Don Quixote*," it affords so strong a resemblance to the manner of that work that its author was styled the "modern Cervantes," and his work "put upon a par in many respects" with the former. Father Joseph Francis Isla, its putative author, was a Jesuit priest, and wrote "*Friar Gerund*," under an assumed name, with the laudable intention of correcting the bad style of preaching then prevalent and popular in Spain, by holding up to ridicule those who practised and those who applauded it. Whether under any circumstances a work of that kind could, in any case, have done much towards the accomplishment of his object may be doubted. Probably the public would have laughed over its pages, and still gone on flocking to hear their favorite sermons, by which they were better amused than by any of the public shows. But the fact is that the author's pen was altogether too sharply pointed for his purpose, and it was dipped too frequently in gall. The ridicule directed upon the peccant preachers cut so deeply as to rouse the offenders to fury. Notwithstanding, therefore, the approbation of the Inquisition, and of several of the most learned of the Spanish clergy, some orders, espe-

cially the Dominican and Mendicant, raised a clamor against the book as soon as it was printed, "representing to the king that the respect due to the ministers of the Gospel would be too much diminished by such a piece of merciless criticism, and all religious orders rendered ridiculous in the eyes of the vulgar; the consequence of which would be a relaxation, if not a subversion, of the religion of the country." Several of the bishops joined in this representation, and the first volume of the book, which was all that was at the time published, was suppressed by the Council of Castile, "rather," says Baretti in his "*Proposals*," "for the sake of peace than from any other motive."

No one likes to be laughed at, and the more lifelike is the caricature the more insufferable is the ridicule. The author knew his models so well, and they were essentially so diverting, that he did not need even materially to exaggerate their peculiarities. Truth unadorned was the fittest for his purpose, because the reality was in itself so exquisitely absurd. The features of *Friar Gerund* and of *Friar Blas*, the *predicador mayor*, were of a very familiar type indeed, and needed no heightening; and the whole was set as gravely as possible in a frame of fact and locality so true to the Spain of that day that the vulgar recognized it without difficulty. It would probably be an injustice to the book to call it coarse; but undoubtedly it describes the unrefined manners of remote country districts with more than sufficient plainness; and this ranges sometimes on the confines of coarseness. The general humor of the work is not a little counteracted by frequent dissertations, long and dull, on matters generally trifling, sometimes well-nigh unintelligible. The author lays himself out so laboriously to be continuously humorous that he sometimes tires and vexes his reader; and it is obviously the case that his chief literary talent was the power to describe, with a sort of prosaic accuracy, the people and the manners which were before his eyes. But it is much more the accuracy of a catalogue, or of the photograph, that he displays, than the accuracy of an artist. He, good man, had no faculty for grouping his characters and selecting their surroundings so as to obtain a striking picture, and whatever picturesque scenes his volumes contain are due more to nature than to art—more, that is, to the things described than to any remarkable degree of graphic skill in the describer. But if he is not uniformly amus-

ing, it is not for want of huge efforts to be so, or, as he would himself say, from any fault of his own. The description he gives of his hero's birthplace is a piece of very elaborate fooling indeed:—

Campazas is a place of which Ptolemy has made no mention in his Geography; probably because he had no knowledge of it, owing to its having been founded twelve hundred years after the death of this illustrious geographer, as appears by an ancient instrument preserved in the famous archives of Cotanes. It is situated in the province of Campos, between the west and the north, looking directly towards the east from that part which is opposite to the south. Campazas certainly is not one of the most celebrated or most populous towns of Old Castile; but it might be so, and it is not its own fault that it is not as large as Madrid, Paris, London, or Constantinople, it having been clearly proved that it might have been extended ten or a dozen leagues towards any of the four quarters without any impediment whatever. And if its most renowned founders (whose names are not known), instead of contenting themselves with raising in it twenty or thirty cottages, which by a misnomer they call houses, had been able, and been willing, to build two hundred thousand sumptuous palaces, with their domes and turrets, with squares, fountains, obelisks, and other public edifices, without doubt it might have been at this day the greatest city in the world.

He continues in this style for six or seven pages, and after a further digression or two arrives at a description of the village where, and the house in which, his hero is to be born, a house distinguished from all the rest in the village as "being the only one which had a covering of tiles." "One approached it," he continues,—

by a large courtyard, flanked with piazzas, in the language of that country called ox-stalls, outhouses, etc., covered with thatch; and over the door of the house projected a coving in the form of an upper eyelid when it hangs horizontally, well whitewashed on the inside; and being streaked at distances with red ochre, it looked like the skirt of a disciplinant on Maundy-Thursday.

He has something more to say about "disciplinants" further on, as we shall see. In this place he rambles on with his story, if that term may be applied when the story makes little progress on account of the innumerable digressions. Chapter II. is introduced with a marvellous composition, having some resemblance to Latin, which the author entitles a "Dedication." He gravely defends it as a very fine composition indeed, and protests that what "cannot, before God and in conscience,

be forgiven" to an assailant vaguely indicated is

the unjust and insipid criticism which he makes upon the said Dedication, treating it as the most perverse, ridiculous, and extravagant thing imaginable, and adding that the language, though it seems to sound like Latin, is of a barbarous, monstrous, and savage Latinity. But, with leave of his surliness, I shall tell him flatly to his face that he does not know what is your true Latin, and that it is plain he never in his life saluted the Christs in genuine Latinity; for I give him to know that neither Cicero, nor Quintilian, nor Titus Livius, nor Sallust, ever made such a thing, or were ever capable of making it.

Here, however, is a piece of it for the reader's wonderment. The sly *double entendre* of the last sentence we quoted is fully justified, though we do not suppose that "this most polished Dedication" is very much worse than a good deal of the jargon of colloquial and even official Latin which did duty in the fifteenth century; and it would not be difficult to pick out of all the Low Latin charters, addresses, etc., to be found in the collections of Isidore and Du Cange parallels to its most barbarous compounds. The originals have *some* meaning, however; the parody seems to dispense with that superfluity:—

Hactenus me intra virgam animi litescentis inipitum tua heritudo instar mihi luminis extimandea denormam redubiare compellet sed antistar gerras meas anitas diributa et posartium nasonem quasi agredula: quibusdam lacunis, baburram stridorem averruncandas oblatero. Vos etiam, optimi viri, ne mihi in anginam vestræ hispiditatis arnanticataclum carmen irreptet. At ribiem meam magico-pertit: cicuresque conspiciate ut alimones meas carnatoresis quam censianes extetis. Igitur conramo sensu meam returem quamvis vasculum Pieridem actutum de vobis lamponem comtulam spero.

After this the father and mother of the hero are introduced; and the author proceeds to explain, with the utmost simplicity, that what is called "the discipline" was responsible for their marriage. It was, we are to understand, a practice of piety for men to *faire pénitence* on Maundy-Thursday, for the sake of mortification; and this practice, which in times of greater religious earnestness may possibly have been productive of nothing adverse to a deepened devotion, either in the actors or spectators of it, had degenerated at the time to which we are referring, into a rather indelicate stage-play, made use of as a scene of gallantry, so that the author

observes, with his habitual simplicity, under which an arch glance is now and then shot, that "it is a very old observation that the greatest part of the marriages are concerted on Maundy-Thursday, the day of the Cross of the May." Thus he describes with a very apparent amusement:—

Figure to yourself this disciplinant, with his great cap of five quarters of a yard, starched, upright, and pyramidal; his hood covering the face as well as the head, with the eye-holes neatly stitched, and terminating in a point below his chin like the wattle of a turkey-cock; with his smooth waistcoat of strong linen nicely smoothed, fitted to the shape, and buttoning very tight over the breast, by which two pieces of dry, firm, elevated flesh show themselves out of the two large holes cut in the back of the waistcoat. . . . Then consider that this disciplinant whom we are describing takes out his little ball of wax, stuck with points of glass, and hanging, securely fastened, to the end of a small cord, which he measures with much gravity and composure from his hand to his elbow, in order to have the just length; that he takes hold, with his left hand, of the point of his hood hanging below his chin; that he fixes his right elbow to the hip of the same side (unless, indeed, he be left-handed, and then, it is necessary to observe, all these postures will be directly contrary); that without moving the elbow, and playing only the lower half of his right arm, he begins to work himself with this ball, swinging it on one side and the other, knowing certainly that in this manner it will fall nearly on the central points of the two posterior carnosities, by infallible rules of anatomy left in writing by a young surgeon of Villamayor, who had been apprenticed to another at Villarramiel. Finally, let it be observed how the blood begins to start. . . . Let this object, I say, be contemplated as it deserves, and let the most envious of the glories of Campos tell me serenely if there can be in the world a more gallant and airy spectacle.

"But I forgot," as Tristram Shandy observes (much such another bizarre character as our hero), "all this time *I am not yet born.*" Indeed, our author, occupied by these very interesting observations, which are probably intended to amuse and engage the attention of the reader, gets through a good portion of his first volume before he comes to his hero's birth at all. Born, however, in due time he is; and having had the name of Gerund bestowed upon him, to commemorate the fact that his father, when a boy at school, had for the first and last time in his life taken six places in his class, and that for a *gerund*, proceeds to grow up with all convenient speed. His father was a hospitable man, particularly to the clergy and to friars;

and his house was accordingly a favorite place of resort for them, particularly "those of the begging and messenger kind, the Sabatine preachers,* and those who in time of Lent and Advent went about preaching at the neighboring market-towns." These good men, accordingly, would not unfrequently bring out their papers, and rehearse the contents of them at the farmhouse table, to the great edification of their gaping country auditory; and this unfortunate circumstance, we are told, must he considered to have given the young Gerund his first unhappy bias to a perverse style of preaching, since he "took great pleasure in hearing, and afterwards in imitating them, imprinting most readily on his memory their greatest absurdities, inasmuch that these absurdities only seemed retainable by him, and that, if by miracle any good thing dropped from them, he had not a faculty to take it." Here the author commences to carry out his professed purpose of holding up to ridicule the stilted and bombastic style of preaching then prevalent. An impartial contempt for propriety, and almost for decency, seems to have marked it throughout. Scraps of threadbare Latin were dragged in perpetually, which had no other than a verbal connection with the thing treated of: a kind of ponderous punning upon the subject of the discourse was considered exquisite taste, and the most absurd and astonishing doctrinal deductions were made. The object was to *amuse* the audience; the sermon had sunk to be a public show, and edification was the last thing thought of in it. Friars vied with each other in producing the most *outré* "effects" in the pulpit. A "father predicador" would dispose himself to preach as a player to make his appearance upon the stage, "much shaved, much spruced, much *touppéed*; with a glossy cloak, his best habit, plaited skirts; new, nice, curious shoes," with a handkerchief of some striking color; "as if he thought that the delicate spruceness of his person could atone for the filthy grossness of his performance." Such preachers had no other purpose in their minds during their discourse than "to solicit applauses, to conquer hearts, and to make money." They were known "to make a traffic of their ministry, to preach for interest, and to canvas and bustle for functions † of the greatest pay."

to preach only on *Saturdays* and other week-days.
* A Sabatine (*Saturday*) preacher is one whose abilities are but small, and who therefore is appointed when the congregations are not large.

† *I. e.*, sermons.

Accordingly the grossest ignorance in necessary matters of fact, and of the subjects even of their sermons, was to be observed in preachers of this class.

It often happens that he who has the least knowledge of the saint that is preached upon is the very preacher himself, making it his pride to take such abstracted subjects that one and the same sermon may serve for S. Liborius, for S. Roque, for S. Cosmo, for S. Damian, for the Virgin of Sorrows, and, upon a pinch, for the Blessed Souls in Purgatory.

They strove by any and by all means to make a sensation, though it were a ludicrous one, and by acting as jesters to astonish, at all events, and divert the audience, if they could not edify them. Here, for example, is a sketch of a sermon for All Souls' Day:—

Fire! fire! fire! The house is on fire! *Domus mea domus orationis vocabitur.* Now, sexton, touch the loud-sounding bells. *In cymbalis bene sonantibus.* Do it so; for to toll for the dead and to toll for fire is the same thing, as the judicious Picinelus remarks: *Lazarus amicus noster dormit.* Water, sirs, water! for the world is burning: *quis dabit capiti meo aquam?* the interlineal, *qui erant in hoc mundo;* Pagninus, *et mundus eum non cognovit.* But what do I see? Alas! Christians. The souls of the faithful are in flames! *Fidelium anima!* and the voracious element flows on flowing pitch. *Requiescant in pace, id est, in pice,* as Vatablus explains it. Fire of God, how it burns! *ignis a Deo illatus.* But now rejoice with me; for, behold, there descends the Virgin del Carmen to deliver those who have worn her holy scapularies; *scapulis suis.* "Let justice be done," says Christ. "Mercy defend us!" says the Virgin. *Ave Maria.*

It will probably be thought that the "Father ex-Provincial's" estimate of such productions was not at all over-charged—

that his style, instead of being an elevated one, was nothing but a swoln, bombastical, sesquipedalian rant, made up of leaves without any fruit; that his affected cadences are as inconsistent with good prose as full and numerous sentences, but void of measure, are to good verse; that this kind of style causes laughter, or rather loathing, to those who know how to speak and write; that the expressions which are called lively were only of noise and bawling; that such a method of feeling and expressing the affections was that which is proper rather to a player than a preacher, laudable on the stage, but insufferable in the pulpit; that the objections were such as would never enter into any but his own idle head, and the solutions of them as arbitrary as futile; that the thoughts were all to be reduced to little, colloquial, juvenile sayings, jingling and playing upon words, and

poetical conceits without marrow or solidity; that in all the sermon there was not to be discovered a grain of oratorical salt, as it had not the most distant appearance of a methodical and arranged discourse, nothing of a concatenation, nothing of connexion, nothing of ratiocination, nothing of the pathetic; in short, that it was an untied besom, a parcel of little quaint conceits spread abroad, trifling thoughts scattered here and there, and this was the sum and substance of the whole business.

But we are to understand, nevertheless, that this kind of preaching was excessively popular. An offender of this kind is represented as saying, "I see that I attain [applause] by the means I use; for I likewise make a noise in the world: I am followed, I am applauded, I am admired."

Among such a kind of preachers Father Isla makes his hero's boyhood to be spent, as if to account in the most natural manner for the results which followed. Nor was Gerundio less unfortunate in his schoolmasters. The first had a quaint notion that, in writing, a small thing should always be written with a small letter, and a great conception with a great letter:—

For instance, can anything be more impertinent than, speaking of a Leg of Beef, to write it with an *l* as small as if I was speaking of the leg of a lark; or, when treating of a Mountain, to make use of such a little scoundrel *m* as if I was talking of a mouse? This is not to be borne, and has been a most gross and fatal inadvertency in all who hitherto have written. A pleasant thing indeed, or, to speak properly, most ridiculous, to equal Zaccheus in the Z with Zabulon and with Zorobabel! The first, it is plain from Scripture, was a little tiny fellow, almost a dwarf, and the two others any person of judgment conceives to be at least as great and corpulent as the biggest giant on the Day of Corpus. And to think that they did not fill as much space of air as they fill of the mouth, *proportione servata*, is an idle story. Now behold: let zaccheus and Zabulon go forth on paper, and being or having been so unequal in their bulk, is it just, is it reasonable, they appear equal in the writing? It can never be; 'tis most highly ridiculous.

Nor was the next preceptor to whose care he was consigned any less odd. "His conversation," observes the author, "was inlaid work of Latin upon Spanish, quoting at every turn sayings, sentences, hemistichs, and whole verses of the ancient and modern Latin poets, orators, historians, and grammarians, in support of any nonsensical position."

And this worthy doctor had not one but entire shoals of odd notions, every one of which he transferred to the too willing brain of his pupil. His discourse bristles

with paradoxes even when the sentiments are in themselves unexceptionable. Here, for example, where he is enunciating the excellent rule that praise to the living is dangerous:—

“Non laudes hominem in vitâ sua, lauda post mortem,” said the Domine gravely: “these are the words of the Holy Spirit; but the heathen poet hath better said—

Post fatum laudare decet, dum gloria certa.”

“Better than the Holy Spirit, sir?” asked Anthony in a fright. “What! are you scandalized at this, sir?” said the Domine. “How often must you have heard in the very pulpit, from preachers who soar out of sight, ‘Thus says the royal prophet, thus Jeremiah, thus Paul, but *I* say it in another manner.’ What is this but to tell us, ‘*I* say it better?’ *Præterquam quod*, I do not assert that the saying is better, but that it is better said, because the words of the Holy Scripture are but little suitable to confirm the rules of grammar, *verba sacræ scripturæ grammaticis exemplis confirmandis parum sunt idonea.*”

The youth Gerund would have been very much “out of keeping” with the gallery of originals which our author has here represented, had he not shown himself in due time a veritable pickle. The author ironically compliments him:—

Do not suppose that our Gerund was wont to stand turning his head idly from side to side like a weathercock, or to be pulling the boy who stood before him by the cloak, or moistening the end of a straw to lay it gently in the ear of the said boy, or to tickle his neck with it, as if it had been a fly; nor much less to be entertaining himself in making a sort of chain-work with the remaining part of the lace with which his waistcoat was drawn together before, and when it was all involved in this chain-work giving it a pull by the end and undoing it at once; all these tricks with which boys usually beguile their time at church, he was much scandalized at, and consequently shunned the practice of. No; motionless did our Gerund always stand, with his face reverently towards the altar, and his eyes nailed on an *Æsop’s Fables* in his hand, which he construed over and over with the greatest devotion.

He is enticed into becoming a monk, at length, by stories that “neither king nor the pope lived a better, at least not more happy,” life. The license and laxity then and for long after prevailing in the religious houses of Spain are effectively held up to censure in the sketches of this part of the book. Admitted, then, into the monastery, Friar Gerund did not fail to keep up his school reputation as a scapegrace. Anything more contrary to the conventional idea of a religious house

cannot be conceived; and we must suppose our author to be here intimating his opinion that things had very much run to seed in the Spanish monasteries of his day:—

The master of the novices was a good soul, devout and pious to the last degree, and equally candid and simple. If he saw a novice go with downcast eyes, with his hood pulled over his head, his hands under his scapulary, of a sneaking gait, and creeping always under the wall, punctual in all the acts of the community, silent, devout, and even in his recreations speaking always of God and Christ—but what if he was naturally modest and ingenuous? If he asked his leave to inflict upon himself extraordinary penances and mortifications, though he never did them? If he was forever running to him to communicate his spiritual concerns, and give him account of his feelings and experiences in the mental prayer or meditation that was enjoined him, especially if there was anything which smelt of imaginary vision? If, above all, he came with a tone of charity, scrupulousness, and zeal to tell him of the faults he had remarked, which perhaps his malice only had the ingenuity to discover, in his companions? ’Twas enough, ’twas abundant; the good master could require no more; he could believe no ill of such a novice, though declared to him by the barefooted friars themselves; and if any one accused him of any little trespass he would place it to the account of envy or emulation, saying, with almost tears in his eyes, that virtue, Divine virtue was persecuted in the very cloisters. The rogues of novices, though for the most part but mere boys, were cunning enough to see this weakness or goodness of their master, and of course the most artful cheated him into the belief of their being the greatest saints. Our Gerund was not behindhand with the slyest fox of them all, but rather exceeded them in playing his part in this farce.

The reader must imagine a novice so promising to have been approved by all who had to judge of it, and Friar Gerund, without study (for he “had imbibed the utmost horror for all scholastic studies, to which he could not be brought to apply, neither by private admonition nor public reprehension, neither by confinement to bread and water, by discipline, nor by any other chastisements of holy use in the community”), to have bloomed into a preacher, as much applauded, caressed, and run after as his great model, the “Father Predicador Mayor” himself. In this latter no less than in Gerund the prevailing faults of the Spanish pulpit were held up in the gravest manner to the view of the reader. It is he whose example and instructions, more than any other cause, confirm Gerund in the vicious style

of preaching which he himself practised. He is introduced as giving his too willing pupil four rules for writing sermons, which embody what is most objectionable in his practice:—

The first rule: The choice of books. Every good preacher should have in his cell, or at least in the library of his convent, the following books: the Bible, Concordance, "Polianthea" or "Theatrum Vitæ Humanæ" of Beyerlink, "Theatre of the Gods," "Fasti" by Musculus or "Pagan Kalendar" of Mafejan, "Mythology" of Natalis Comes, Aulus Gellius, "Symbolical World" of Picinelus, and above all the poets Virgil, Ovid, Martial, Catullus, and Horace. As to sermons, there is need only of the "Florilegium Sacrum," which is in itself an India. There is no occasion for any editions of the fathers or expositors. Whenever thou wouldst support any position or thought of thy own by the authority of any holy father, say roundly at once, Thus says the Eagle of Doctors, thus the Golden Mouth, thus the Honeycomb of Milan, thus the Oracle of Seleucia; and put in the mouth of S. Augustine, S. John Chrysostom, S. Ambrose, or S. Basil, whatever thou hast a mind, for these two reasons: first, because no one will go to look for and compare the citation; secondly, because though what thou sayest never entered into the heads of the holy fathers, yet it might have entered them. As to expositors, never mind them; but expound thou the Scripture as thou plearest, or as it turns most to account, for thou hast as much authority to interpret it as they. . . . Because I know it is necessary to cite many expositors in order to appear a well-read and Scriptural man, I would not prevent thy citing them whenever thou plearest. I rather advise thee to cite them by wholesale; but in order to cite them it is by no means necessary to read them, and therefore do by them as thou dost by the holy fathers; father on them whatever thou wilt, taking great care that the Latin has no solecisms in it, and my word for it they will never discover the bastardy to thy face. . . .

The third rule: Let the title or subject of the sermon be always something jocular, or sonorous, or professional, or theatrical, or quibbling.

The fourth rule: Let thy style be always pompous, swollen, bristling with Greek or Latin, altisonant, and with as graceful a cadence as possible.

And so on, with examples *ad libitum*.

Those who are not weary already of these varieties of folly may like to have some further specimens:—

He was one of those polite preachers who never cite the holy fathers, nor even the sacred Evangelists, by their proper names, thinking that this is vulgar. S. Matthew he called the *Historian Angel*, S. Mark the *Evangelic Bull*, S. Luke the *most Divine Brush*, S. John the

Eagle of Patmos, S. Jerome the *Purple of Belen*, S. Ambrose the *Honeycomb of Doctors*, and S. Gregory the *Allegorical Tiara*. It is not to be supposed that in naming a text he would tell you simply and naturally the Gospel and chapter from whence he took it. No; that he thought was enough to brand him for a Sabatine preacher. It was well known that he would always say, "*Ex Evangelica lectione Matthæi vel Johannis capite quarto-decimo*," and sometimes, for a more sonorous colloca-tion of words, "*quarto-decimo ex capite*."

The following wonderful effusion is from Friar Gerund's own sermon of St. Ann's Day:—

Ann, as we all know, was the mother of our Lady, and grave authors affirm that she carried her in her womb twenty months, "*Hic mensis sextus est illi*;" and others add that she wept, "*Plorans ploravit in noctem*;" whence I infer that Mary was a *Zahori*,* "*Et gratia ejus in me vacua non fuit*." But let the orator attend to argument. S. Ann was the mother of Mary, but Mary was the mother of Christ; therefore S. Ann is the grandmother of the most Holy Trinity, "*Et Trinitatem in unitate veneremur*." On this account is she celebrated in this her house, "*Hæc requies mea in sæculum sæculi*." And what can be given thee, O Ann, in retribution for thy compendious benefits? "*Quid retribuam Domino?*" What parallels can express my words in the speaking thy praises? "*Laudo vos? In hoc non laudo*." Thou art that mysterious net in whose opaque meshes remain captivated the silly fishes, "*Sagenæ missæ in mari*." Thou art that stone of the desert which the lover of Rachel erected in the Damascan field to give water to his flock. "*Mulier, da mihi aquam*." But I shall say better, following the text of the Gospel, S. Ann is that precious pearl which, fecundated by the insults of the horizon, makes those who seek it blind, "*Querentibus bonas margaritas*." She is that treasure, now hidden, *thesaurus absconditus*, now occult, *nihil occultum*, which the holy soul reserved for the utmost ends of the earth, "*De ultimis finibus pretium ejus*." She is that hidden God, as Philo said, "*Tuus Deus absconditus*;" and she is the greatest of miracles, as Thomas said, "*Miraculorum ab ipso factorum maximum*."

Of course Gerund's superiors were divided between amusement at his extravagances and concern for the misuse made of a serious function, as his inferiors were lost in admiration of the sermon as "a most valiant performance." "The absurdities which he strings together," said the former, "are insufferable, and are all owing, first to the want of study, and sec-

* There is a popular idea in Spain that some persons were born with a power of seeing clearly anything that was covered, even although it were buried in the earth, so that it were not covered with a blue cloth. These were called *zahoris*, i.e., *clairvoyants*.

only to the muddy fountains at which he drinks, or the accursed models he proposes for his imitation, than which there cannot be worse either in mode or substance." And endeavors were made, accordingly, to induce Gerund to change his style of preaching; but he proved unexpectedly obstinate, and at length declared roundly to the head of his monastery, "If this be to preach ill, and in a bad style, I must tell your paternity very plainly that I never think of preaching in any other style, or any other manner, as long as God shall grant me the use of my understanding" — a declaration for the boldness of which he had like to have been put in the dungeon of the convent. Nor did a certain beneficiary succeed any better in the endeavor to induce him to apply himself in some degree to necessary studies: —

Gerund tells him, with great candor and coolness, that God never intended him for a professor's chair, but for the pulpit, and that he will as much apply to scholastic studies as it now rains pack-saddles. To which the Beneficiary replies that if it should rain pack-saddles every one would be ill spent which did not fall upon the back of such an ass as his worship, and takes his leave.

Gerund then holds on his way throughout the rest of this volume and the whole of the next; and it conducts him through a variety of adventures, some grave and some gay, but all amusing. Like its prototype, "Don Quixote," the story preserves the reader's liking, and even a measure of respect, for its hero, notwithstanding the succession of follies he perpetrates, and which place him in one ridiculous station after another. In freshness of tone, natural and simple incident, and in the number and novelty of the types of character described in its pages, it is no unworthy successor of the great mock-heroic romance of Cervantes. But it has this drawback to popularity among the general public, that a professional flavor pervades its humor. The depth of its incongruities, the force of its irony, the *sal Atticum* of its sarcasm, can be fully appreciated only by the clergy, though there is enough mirth even on the surface to delight the general reader.

But its special purpose of scourging faulty methods of preaching, and of instructing both congregations and preachers what are the conditions and qualities upon which goodness depends in discourses to be spoken from the pulpit, is by no means even now obsolete. It is not every oration that happens to hit the

popular fancy of the moment that is necessarily excellent in itself. Average congregations are not discriminating in the matter of sermons, and our experience is that they have, as a rule, rather bad taste than good. They know, as people commonly say, what they "like," and very often they see little more deeply into the matter than that. Now "Gerund" is a very *malleus prædicatorum* for the silly, the vulgar, the pretentious, the tawdry, and the profane style in preaching. If England should ever be threatened with an outbreak of so-called "popular" preaching marred by the presence of any or all of these qualities in unbearable degree (and some recent displays in connection with the Salvation Army and similar organizations have seemed to show that this is by no means a very remote possibility), then this veracious history of Friar Gerund may prove even now not to have outlived its usefulness.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND NOW IT WAS ALL OVER.

"Alas! silly fool that I was,"

(Thus, sadly complaining, he cried), —

"When first I beheld that fair face,

'Twere better by far I had died."

Rowe.

Two hundred miles did the cruel train bear Challoner away from Overton at last.

Two hundred miles did that inhuman monster carry a reluctant wretched man; and faster and faster it sped with him away from love, delight, enchantment, — and nearer and nearer it hurried him towards despair, deceit, and misery; further from where he would be, nearer to where he would not be; further from Eden, nearer to the wilderness.

He sat with his face backwards, emblematically. By instinct he had thrown himself into a seat which commanded the last view of the woods and uplands now so familiar, and to all time so dear, — and upon these he gazed as long as they remained in sight. They vanished, and still he looked on; he had nothing else, it seemed, to do. Newspapers, magazines, and the usual accompaniments of a traveller had been neglected or forgotten. He had nothing to read, nor did he want anything; he had the carriage to himself, but he hardly noticed that it was so; and

there was a hot-water tin, but he did not put his feet on it; and cigars in his pocket, but he did not smoke them.

Hour after hour went by and found the solitary man still in the same position, still dead to all that passed, still with eyes turned absently, softly, and tenderly towards an unseen spot, which to memory and love was yet visible.

Of what really came and went Challoner beheld nothing.

Now and again an impatient movement, a frown or a sigh would burst forth to betray that the day-dream which proved so overmastering had its moments of perturbation, its thorns among the rose-leaves; now and again the dreamer would start forward, sit up, pull himself together with a passing expression of the lip and motion of the hand that seemed to betoken a commencement of something new, of a resolution and decision that had not been there before, — but ever as it rose would the momentary impulse fade away again, its cold, unwelcome presence thrust out by some too powerful, too exquisite rival, — and Challoner, a willing slave to the latter, would once more sink back on the luxurious cushion, lost, revelling in musings that needed no effort, and that, alas! were not to be dispelled by an effort. He was living the past month over again.

From first to last he had been a month at Overton. Excuses and arguments for thus prolonging an accidental stay, a mere detention for a single night, had been so acceptable both to himself and his hosts, that the continually postponed day of departure had almost seemed as though it never would come, never could really and actually arrive; and when at length it had, it had seen him depart, well-nigh in silence, and well-nigh mad with the wild longing for a reprieve in any shape and from any quarter.

Yet would he not reprieve himself; and the brothers had had to let him go, less concerned than he it is true, but still grudgingly, reluctantly, flatteringly, with many an injunction to "Come again," — and what Lady Matilda had felt she had kept to herself.

And now it was all over, and he had only to look back upon it.

Never again must he cross that friendly threshold and hear that pleasant welcome; he had touched for the last time that fair hand, had met for the last time that dark eye, had heard a final farewell in that gentle voice. No sign had Matilda made; in no wise could he or any other see that she had been expectant, or surprised, or

grieved, or wounded, — and yet he felt, he felt he might have won her.

He might at any rate have tried his chance. He would not have been waved aside, smiled down, nipped in the bud and laid low in the dust as Whewell had been, and as he had himself seen Whewell be. Tush! he had already gone farther, dared more and gained more, than Whewell had ever dreamed of. What of those wild sea walks over the moaning cliffs, up the lonely glen, along the unfrequented woodland paths? Who saw the arm which held the slender form beneath the cliff on the brink of the foaming waterfall? Whose presence marred the twilight hour in the dim old gallery? For whom alone was the soft strain of music when the light was gone? And there had been a day when her flowers had been worn by him, and her song had been sung for him, — when Overton had stopped short in his speech and held his breath as though struck all at once by a truth too strange for fancy, and Teddy had flung himself out of the room, and had scarce been seen or spoken to for days after.

It had been Challoner, Challoner himself, the conscious cause of it all, who had brought back the penitent to Matilda's side eventually.

He had come on Challoner's arm, looking on Challoner as his friend, indebted to Challoner as the peacemaker — and Challoner had lain awake half the night afterwards. Not even the angrily affectionate beseechings of this brother had prevailed to make him stay on at Overton after this. With a letter which came in at breakfast in his hand, and with its urgency as his plea, he broke or tore aside the fetters which bound him at last, and told himself that he had broken them forever.

He had got it over. That at first was Challoner's principal thought. He had done the thing properly, and had not made a fool of himself. They could see that he had been moved, as he ought to have been moved; that he had felt grateful, and nervous, and wretched, and had devoutly wished himself at the moment anywhere but where he was. So far, well. He had wrung Overton's hand, and muttered a something in Overton's ear of which it was impossible for any one to make out a syllable, and he had broken down — yes, actually and palpably broken down — in accepting a remembrance from Teddy. But this was all natural enough under the circumstances, while the supreme ordeal, the parting with Matilda, found him out-

wardly so calm that he caught himself wondering at himself, and unduly elated all too soon. The internal convulsion had come and gone unperceived, and he saw that he had lost nothing in his lady's eyes. Up to a certain point she had assuredly understood him — that is to say, she had seen that he must fly, though she knew not how good was the cause he had for doing so. She had probably taken it that he would not abuse the extraordinary kindness and confidence wherewith he had been treated, and that his modesty had told him he was already doing so in his heart. He knew that he had pleased Matilda, as in truth he had pleased every woman he had ever cared to please. She had wanted no eager, assiduous, in-season and out-of-season prating lover. She had turned against the lively Whewell from the moment that "lover" appeared written on his brow, and had turned, as it happened, straight to Challoner; soon she had ceased to ask herself how or why, but had hung upon his words, and listened for his footstep, and fretted when he was absent, and shone out like a star when he was by. And of all this he had scarcely been ignorant; there had been moments when he had divined it all.

She must have known why he had gone, and she must have been proud of him for going as he did.

From one long reverie of mingled pain and pleasure, it seemed to Challoner that he was at length somewhat harshly aroused by familiar voices proceeding from familiar lips. The train had reached its destination — or rather our traveller's destination, — and he was slowly and with a heavy heart stepping out of the carriage, when he became aware of a group of girls on the platform close to his elbow, and heard three tongues all together exclaim in the liveliest accents and almost in a breath, "What a pity we came!"

"Nonsense!"

"Here he is!"

Challoner shook hands with all three.

"Well, now that you have come, I shan't say any more," continued the last speaker, a tall, fresh-colored damsel with a bright handkerchief protruding from the front of her tight-fitting Newmarket. "As you are here, I shan't grudge our wait, though we have been here for an age or more, and have lost the best of the afternoon. Mary would have it we should be late. I knew we should not be late. Catch us! We are always before the time for everything nowadays, between Mary

and Emily. *You* are late, though, Jem; how is that?"

"Are we late?" said Challoner absently.

"The train is due at four, you know. Mary looked it out."

"Oh, trains are never in to their time," said Mary, "and it is all nonsense about our waiting; I did not mind waiting."

"Oh, of course not: *she* did not mind waiting; that is a good one, I must say," laughed her sister. "Do you hear that, Jem? That is for your benefit. Well, thank heaven, I retain my senses, whatever Mary and Emily may do. Emily was dying to go to cathedral this afternoon (we are turned so direfully devout nowadays, you must know, Jem); since Herbert came after Emily —"

"Do hush," said Emily with a nudge; "how you do run on, Bertha! and can't you see that Jem is not attending to you one little bit? He is wondering where his baggage is, are you not, Jem? What part was it put in? Where is the van? Back, or front?"

"Back, I think."

He had no idea, but he had to say one or the other.

"Well, if it is back, what do you go front for?" inquired Miss Emily innocently.

She thought it very amusing, as did they all, to see the solitary portmanteau extracted, at length, from beneath the very seat whereon Challoner had been sitting, and to note how little he either knew or cared about it; she insisted on jumping into the carriage herself to see what else he had left behind, not being at all clear, she protested, whether an arm or a leg might not be found missing presently. And she searched, and inquired, and made merry over the subject, till his rueful smile faded away from sheer impatience, and the disgust of his soul was almost visible on his countenance. What had brought the girls there? He had never dreamed of their meeting him at the station, and at the best of times would have dispensed with the attention, while *to-day* — They stood about enjoying themselves and the attention they attracted, and they put their little hands in their pockets, and stamped their smart little feet, and shuddered and shook their shoulders, and all spoke at once, and rather too eagerly to their distinguished friend, their six-feet-two of straw-colored Harris cloth; and they were in the porters' way and the passengers' way, and jostled by one and another, and remarked upon by

everybody — so that though no harm was done, and there was nothing actually reprehensible in the scene, it jarred terribly on a man who had been thinking for the last six or seven hours, nay, for the last three or four weeks, of a Lady Matilda. Lady Matilda, had she seen his present company, would have passed them by as though she saw them not; but she would have thought — too well he knew what she would have thought: all at once it seemed to flash upon him as a revelation that Matilda was the very proudest woman he had ever known.

"He's napping!"

"He is not well."

"Boh!" cried the third close to his ear.

"Behave, Bertha," remonstrated both of Bertha's sisters, tittering, with their fingers before their mouths; "behave, can't you, you bad girl!" continued Mary; "don't you see people are looking? Jem, do tell her."

Oh, if he could: if there had been any question of telling; if he could only have ordered them off the platform, out of sight and out of hearing! But no; where they went he must go: and though they might, and at length did lead the way, the victim had to follow, and to follow close behind. Had they been his sisters — but they were not his sisters; and as the quartet march out of the station and up to the town — for it was agreed to walk rather than drive — we may, without farther mystery or circumlocution, inform our readers who and what were these new arrivals on the scene. They were the daughters of worthy William Tufnell, the principal banker of Clinkton, to which place Challoner had now come, — and one of the three was his betrothed bride.

Now Challoner had not found any particular fault with the eldest Miss Tufnell either in face, figure, or demeanor, when, a few months previously, it had been suggested by a careful elder sister that a wife for him might be found in the family of the wealthy banker. He had met Mary Tufnell at his sister's house. She was pretty, well-dressed, and sprightly — perhaps over-sprightly; but being a grave man, whom chatter did not repel merely because it was chatter, he saw in the somewhat fatiguing flow of spirits which never failed, only the light-heartedness of extreme youth, and willing to be amiable, fell in with the notion of matrimony tolerably soon and tolerably easily. He was getting on in life, as Lady Fairleigh said. He would rather like to show his friends

that he could do something yet, and something with a flavor of thirty thousand pounds, moreover: since Tufnell was known to be worth ninety thousand if he were worth a penny, and the three daughters who have already been introduced in this chapter, were his sole children and heirs.

Then Lady Fairleigh had been able to point out that homely as was their origin, there attached both respect and credit to the family; that no one ever had, or ever would have, a word to say against the match; that the proposed bride was barely twenty years of age, at which time of life she would soon unlearn all that it was desirable should be unlearned — whereas with equal speed she might be counted upon to pick up all that it was requisite to know; that she appeared to be good-humored, well educated, and adaptable, — in fine, that for a younger son, a son who had abandoned his profession, and had never had any prospects — for Jem Challoner, in short, her dear, good, kind, improvident brother Jem — nothing could be better than to offer his heart and hand with all convenient speed in such a convenient quarter.

Jem thought so too — with regard to the hand at least; as to the heart, he was over forty years of age, and supposed his falling-in-love days were over.

But he had a high opinion of Lady Fairleigh's judgment, and on this occasion it jumped with his own too entirely not to double its value. He would certainly act upon it, make hay while the sun shone, and take to his domestic hearth, if fortune favored, the cheerful, smiling lassie provided for him.

Was he to know that in her, as in himself, he had been grossly, terrible mistaken? Was he to tell her that in her own home and among her own folks the Mary he knew, or thought he knew, would develop into another Mary, and a Mary that affrighted his inmost soul? Was he to suspect that the lively banter, necessarily kept in check at Lady Fairleigh's table and in Lady Fairleigh's drawing-room, would run riot in the unrestraint of home, and would resolve itself into chaff, chaff, chaff from morning till night? It was said of the Miss Tufnells that they would chaff a man till he did not know which was his head and which were his heels; but alas! Challoner found nothing to admire in the gift.

A great mistake had been made — a mistake which could never be unmade; and of one thing he was speedily con-

vinced, that it could only be away from Clinkton, from her native place, with its native associations, surroundings, and dialect, that he could hope to regain any measure of the complacency with which he had at first regarded his *fiancée*. He stayed at Clinkton a week, and left without fixing the wedding-day.

But then, as Mary's mother observed, that was just like his thoughtfulness. He did not wish to hurry anybody, and he knew what a piece of work it would be when once it came to taking away from her and papa their Mary. And to be sure, Mary was young enough, and there was time enough, and she could not be thankful enough, nor think enough of Mr. Jem for his consideration.

Such consideration even won upon the old banker himself. He had been both gruff and grumpy at the first demand for his daughter's hand; he had eyed Jem Challoner's letter — for the thing had been done by letter — with mistrust, and had hummed and hawed, and not known very well whether to say yes or no. But one thing and another, in particular Mrs. Tufnell's anxiety to get her daughters married, or, as she phrased it, "off," carried the day. A neighbor had got two daughters "off," each at the age of eighteen, and this had caused even Tufnell's broad bosom to share his wife's chagrin after a fashion. So that what with the timely remembrance, and the knowing that he was now sued by a member of one of the oldest of the county families, and that the match, if agreed to, would at once lift him and his into the county set — the set just above his, the step just beyond him — it was impossible to be quite as independent and indifferent as he would have liked to appear.

Moreover, he knew about Jem, and knew that there were worse men. Supposing his girl were to set her heart upon a worse man — upon one of those silly, noisy, vamping, elbowing, ridiculous apes at the barracks, for instance! There were plenty of them about; and if he had not snapped his teeth at every single grinning face that grinned behind its hairy horns upon his doorsteps, the moustachioed gentlemen would have crept up the girls' sleeves, and carried them off by hook or by crook before now. He had had a time of it, since Mary and Emily grew up, that he had; but he had kept the red-coats off somehow: they cut out of his way like greyhounds if he came across them nowadays.

But James Challoner was different, and

in the end the banker gave Challoner a fairly cordial reply.

Then the two met, and the good impression deepened. Hitherto they had only occasionally seen each other, or a part of each other; and Challoner had known that the burly pair of shoulders in front of him belonged to Tufnell the banker, and the banker had been aware that the hat which towered high above the other hats in the busy street pertained to old Mr. Challoner's youngest son — and that was all. Now, face to face, all went well.

All might have gone ill very easily. Had the suitor shown himself keen, or sharp, or pressing; had he, on the other hand, affected ignorance of Mr. Tufnell's affairs, and declined to be enlightened; had he, in heroic mood, raved and protested — had he even talked of his Mary as "his," he had undone all.

But by no such means had Challoner sought to strengthen his position. He had been perfectly moderate and truthful. He liked the young lady, and thought that they could be happy together; he should be glad to find that a marriage with her was likely to meet with the approval of both families. In almost as few words as these, the state of his mind had been set forth, and such laconic simplicity and straightforwardness had gone down wonderfully with an old gentleman who was ever on the lookout for artifice and exaggeration. At the end of their first interview, he had risen and held fast Challoner's hand. "You shall have my daughter, sir; and you shall have her fortune. Mr. Challoner, I shall be proud and content to give them both into your hands." Indeed he thought as much of the one as the other; and perhaps there are other people in the world besides the worthy Tufnell who consider thirty thousand pounds a very fair equivalent to an amiable, ordinary, pretty daughter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE FRIENDS OF HIS FRIENDS.

"The outward forms the hidden man reveal —
We guess the pulp before we cut the peel."

HOLMES.

STILL better pleased had been Challoner's future father-in-law as time had gone on. That there had been no word of a speedy union, no hinting at settlements, and no urging him to fix a day or even a time, had been all that was needed to fill up the measure of the regard in which he held Mary's lover. *There was a man for*

you! *there* was sense and stamina! If the girl had set her heart upon one of those ridiculous apes at the barracks now, how different it would have been! He would have been worried out of his life about the folly of long engagements, and the necessity for making arrangements, and the uncertainty of their movements, — and certes, they and such as they, who might have to pack their traps and tramp at any moment, would have had some reason on their side for looking sharp and making the money-bags sure; but see, here was Mr. Challoner, quite pleased to be as he was, to come and go, and court Mary like a gentleman, — and he should not lose by it; he should see that, when the lawyers were called in. And a right noisy, jolly, old-fashioned hullabaloo of a wedding they would have when wedding-time came, — that was to say, when his busy season had passed, and he could have time to think about it, and when the old dean's cough was better, and he could tie the knot himself.

And then Challoner had departed in November, it being understood that he was to return for Christmas, but that even then nothing need definitely be settled about bringing the engagement to a close, all being of one mind on the subject. He had gone, and we know what had befallen him. His falling-in-love days over? They had never rightly begun until he saw and heard Matilda. Alas! alas!

In the absence of one suitor, however, another appeared at the banker's house. This was Mr. Mildmay, a minor canon of the cathedral, who had come to Clinkton in the summer, and had made a favorable impression on the Clinkton people in general. He was an amiable young clergyman, kind-hearted, unassuming, and indefatigable. Like Challoner, he was superior to the Tufnells in point of birth, and, again like him, inferior to them in the matter of worldly goods; but whatever he was, he was not, according to Mr. Tufnell, one of the ridiculous apes at the barracks, and he was permitted to engage himself to Emily Tufnell. Hence her sister's playful references to the devoutness and the cathedral.

Mr. Mildmay now fell in with the party on their way up from the station, and it was evident that so agreeable an acquisition to their number was not altogether unexpected by the young ladies, who, all greeting and introducing at once, blocked up the narrow footpath in a way that Challoner would fain have pointed out,

but instead had to find himself the recipient of a vigorous shake of the hand, and sympathetic congratulatory "How are you?" of the warmest description; to which, I am sorry to say, he replied by a jerk of his head, and a "How do?" in a tone never heard at Overton Hall.

Of this, however, his fair companions, happily unconscious, took no note; for all their attention being diverted by Herbert's appearance into a fresh channel, Herbert and not Jem was for the moment everything.

"Well, Herbert?"

"What news, Herbert?"

"Will the room be full, Herbert?"

Herbert thought the room would be full; he also thought the night would be fine, and that the sky would be clear; furthermore, he proceeded to fear that the lecture, which it was explained to Challoner he was to deliver that evening in the town-hall of Clinkton on the valleys of Palestine, would bore him sadly, and kindly hoped that he would not think it necessary to turn out to hear it. His friends had let him in for the lecture, but that was no reason — with a cheerful laugh — why he should let his friends in for listening to it: he was afraid he should be dreadfully prosy.

As he trotted along, off and on the pavement every moment, answering every question, responding to every remark, warning the ladies of the nearness of vehicles, finding clean crossings in the muddy streets — all devotion, good temper, and urbanity — he did wonder a little in his heart at Mr. Challoner's manners. Challoner heard as though he heard not, walked as though he saw not, stalked through and round obstacles as though they did not exist, and only replied to observations when they could not be ignored. What sort of a fellow could Emily's sister have got hold of?

The girls, however, started a new idea. Poor Jem was tired. Poor Jem had been ill while he was in the south, and the journey had been too much for him, and he ought never to have walked up, — and now how naughty of him not to have said so before! When the house was reached, good Mrs. Tufnell was concerned to the degree of scolding everybody all round, and could not really have believed it possible, after their preventing her sending the carriage as she had wanted to do, that they could not even have taken a cab, when there were scores of cabs at the station, but must needs make that poor dear walk up all the way, and he quite knocked

up with travelling for seven hours on end. And the upshot was, that the outraged and insulted giant had actually to lie down full length upon the sofa, and submit to having a pillow shaken up under his head, and tea and muffins brought to him and placed upon a chair by his side.

Humor was not in Challoner's way, but he did see the irony of this. It did not make him merry, but it saved him from being rude. He could have pitched the sofa out of the window, and the tea and muffins after it; but he lay on the one, and swallowed the others, and he only laughed to himself rather an ugly laugh as he did so.

The rest of the party were, however, in excellent spirits. The lecture was, as it should have been, the principal theme for conversation; and hopes and fears regarding the weather, speculations as to the audience, and reckoning up the tickets gone and the tickets likely to go, filled up the time till the dinner-gong sounded. "And we dine early because of the lecture, Mr. Jem," explained the elderly lady, turning to him her flushed and bonneted face warm with the warm room and the warm tea, and the excitement of the evening in prospect. How like, oh how like Mary she was, or would be when a few years should have amplified Mary's form and deepened the red on Mary's cheek! he saw her now before him, he saw — "We dine at six," continued the speaker, as the others left the room, — "at six punctually, as we shall have to be off before seven. I wish we could have made it sooner; and indeed I could have done very well without my dinner at all, for we are to have a bit of supper when we come back; and really, with tea now, and all — However, papa does not like to be put out of his way — not much, at least. Papa is very kind when you take him the right side, but half an hour sooner for dinner he thinks a good deal of; and so we just took the half-hour, and asked no more."

"I suppose you would like me to go?" said Challoner. To almost any other person he would have said flatly, "Nothing will induce me to go;" but he had never received anything but kindness from Mary's mother, and the rebellious speech stuck in his throat.

Even as it was, he startled her.

"My dear, are you really ill?" she cried. "Oh, I am sure you must be really ill, or you never would have thought of it. Dear me! And Mary, who has been so pleased at your being here in

time, she will be so let down; but if you are really ill —"

He disclaimed the idea.

"You think the lecture will be no great thing? And between ourselves," nodding portentously, and sinking her voice, "between ourse'ves, papa is of your opinion. But then, you know, poor young man, he'll do his best; and as he is to be one of ourselves very soon — indeed we look upon him, and upon you too as quite one of ourselves already — why, we are bound to make the best of him. So I have ordered the flowers and flags, and papa pays for the hall. And to be sure, if it pleases Emily — and she will take it all for gospel — and I dare say it will be nice enough, poor dear; but don't you mind, Mr. Jem," tapping him kindly on the arm, — "don't you mind, but just go and sleep if you like; we can all say you are tired out, — and I shouldn't wonder if papa naps too. Bless me! it would never do to stay away though."

From The Nineteenth Century.

A WALK TO COOMASSIE.

As one stands on the bare sandy shores of a tropical country, under a sweltering sun, and views the distant dark and shady forest, there is an almost irresistible inclination to rush into it and hide away from the powerful penetrating rays that almost bear one down, as well as from the bright glare of sea and sparkling sand, so trying to the optics of Europeans.

Nor is it less tempting to flee from the noisy tumult of a surf bound shore, lashed to fury by great Atlantic rollers; for, though pleasing enough at first to watch the snowy wreaths of spray curling up the beach, the great sound becomes alternately monotonous, unpleasant, and detestable, in proportion as the coast malaria and its remedies work upon the nerves and lower the system.

On reaching the summit of any of the several eminences around Cape Coast Castle — one of the chief towns of the Gold Coast Colony — a noble forest is displayed to view, the horizon being occasionally broken by clusters of monster trees topping patches of rising ground, whilst greeting the eye for many a long mile northward is an unbroken wall of green, softened, and eventually shrouded, by hanging grey mists.

On an afternoon towards the end of October, between the sets of a game of lawn

tennis on Connor's Hill — the military sanitarium — I got a first view of the dense forest, then wrapped in mist, shaded by sombre hazy clouds, through which the sun was making vain efforts of a setting show, but only succeeded in diffusing a sallow complexion around, until, on reaching the horizon, it burst into a brilliant red for a brief space before abruptly retiring for the night. Inland to the east and north long dark lines radiating downwards showed that heavy rain was falling, and ominous features here and there in the landscape made it more or less apparent where tornadoes raged. The aspect, so dark and dreary, was not so enchanting at first sight as an intending traveller might wish; yet, with all its imaginary drawbacks, there is a certain charm in penetrating the great primeval forest full of so many quaint ways and customs not to be met with on the beaten tracks of civilization.

It was at the period of the "latter rains" and rather warm — 4' N. lat. — that with a few unarmed Fantee and Crepi carriers and interpreters I started for a walk through the Ashantee country to Coomassie, taking a few necessary tinned stores, a hammock in case of illness, a fox terrier, materials for collecting specimens, animal and vegetable, together with some loads of presents for kings and chiefs; the latter an absolute necessity — the passport, in fact.

On emerging from Cape Coast the road immediately narrows to a footpath, winding through stunted bush over undulating ground, crested by clumps of large trees, the lower levels being wet, with a covering of tall, sedgy grass, through which many long-tailed humming-birds of rich plumage are constantly to be seen flitting, and dragon-flies, amongst numerous worthy representatives of their order (*Neuroptera*), are seen to immense advantage as they hover round the variegated wild flowers that grow there in rich profusion. Native villages are numerous. About every half-hour their presence is betokened by groves of palm and cocoanut-trees under which thrive plantain and banana, which constitute the food and wealth of those living in proximity to the coast. As a matter of course, these villages are vastly superior to those further north, many houses being constructed on regular lines, with an upper floor, doors that lock, and framed pictures on the walls. This is in a great measure due to the fact that the boys who travel to the coast towns often remain there as ser-

vants, whence they merge into the artisan and skilled laborer, returning after a while to renovate their old villages with plumb-line and square.

Four hours from Cape Coast is the village of Brofu-yedo, the first of a series so named by the Ashantees in the war of 1873-4, meaning "The English are heavy." Time after time, when the Ashantees recoiled before the invincible advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley's force, they were constrained to use that expression to denote where they were worsted or overwhelmed. North-west from Assayboo branches a small path to Abrakrampa, where the enemy made a prolonged and vigorous attack upon a British garrison. Though unsuccessful, it tended to show the pluck and determination of the Ashantees, who had wandered thus far from their country to beard the white man in his den.

N.N.E. of Assayboo stands Acroful, a large village prettily situated, now as salient a point as a Wesleyan (native) mission station as it was a strategical one during the war. The missionary, who speaks a little English, has a large mission house, and, in addition to his own services, is continually making a circuit of the outlying villages, in conjunction with a brother missionary stationed at Dunquah, a day's march north.

These native gentlemen are hospitable, and delighted to see a white man. They are keen for news, and love to get a newspaper. I gave an old copy of the *Times* to one of them, who, with great difficulty and much pleasure spelled half through the front advertisement sheet during the evening; he would probably finish the paper in the course of a week or two, and then he would have not only a feast of conversation on circuit, but a covering for the bare walls and literature for the children, until the ants devoured it. On my asking him how he amused himself generally, he replied that he read sermons, of which his collection was old and odd. Around his bush mansion were some very fine cocoanut-trees, of which he "dashed" me some of the fruit; refreshing it is, too, after a tramp to have a draught of the milk, always cool and sweet.

On leaving Acroful the scene changes from low bush to the great primeval forest in all its glory; gigantic trees, from two to three hundred feet in height, with branchless boles, hold perpetual sway, each one with outstretched arms appearing a very forest in itself. The path threads its way through everlasting shade, which gives

the trellised green foliage a sombre hue, ever and anon brightened and intensified by gleams of sunshine peeping through the verdant labyrinth.

Frequent villages are seen on the way to Dunquah and Yankoomassie, both of which are large, the former possessing a missionary and the latter a king, who was the first to relieve me of some of my presents and lighten the carriers' loads.

Native carriers are a terrible nuisance, but they are a necessary evil, for it is the only means of transport in this country. Draught animals won't live; there are no roads for wheeled traffic, neither are there vehicles, so the traveller must perforce pack his goods in small bundles and see them mounted on the heads of native grumblers. First they complain of the weight, then of weather, distance, and *chop*, as all food on the coast is designated, and very often refuse to budge. But the sight of a whip acts like spurs to a horse—they are often effective as persuaders without being used.

A few hours further on lies the pleasant and somewhat populous village of Incran, where resides a genial and autocratic chief. By repute he is wealthy and well-to-do, possessing, amongst other treasures, two looking-glasses, eight umbrellas, a hammock, a real bed, crockery, an armory of ancient firelocks, two framed pictures of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and a colored group of her Majesty the Queen and royal family, of which he is very proud. The latter were purchased at a coast town years ago, probably in exchange for a valuable tusk of ivory or parcel of gold dust.

The "latter rains" which prevail in the forest at this time of year are by no means pleasant, being cold and heavy, though fortunately of short duration. Generally speaking, a sudden and brilliant flash or two of lightning, accompanied by loud peals of thunder, usher in the storm that breaks immediately overhead; a whisp or two of cold wind scudding up the path precede the roaring tornado and terminal deluge which are in full swing before there is scarce time to don the oilskin. Forest tornadoes are unique. The most powerful current of wind, having absorbed the counter currents, gravitates downwards, and thence by wild vagaries through the bush, snatching up an occasional cloud of dead leaves, which are again left to meander back again; saplings sway to each other for support; the strong bend and recover, the weak succumb and are laid at rest, as it were, in the

arms of some monster parent. Finally, there is a great gathering of strength, and the mighty current hurls itself with irresistible fury at some worthy monarch, which, with a mighty crash, is borne to its eternal rest in the soft forest bed, there to lie in state, shrouded by lichens, under nature's great mantle, until a generation's leaves have raised their monument over fallen majesty. Lying across the track such sights are frequently to be seen, rather favoring the theory that the vacuum of a path cut in the bush, small though it be, inducts the motive power that does its direful work.

It is remarkable to observe, too, the effect of multitudinous footmarks which the natives have planted in crossing these fallen trees, in many cases the indentations being clearly defined, as if a model foot had been moulded into the trunk.

Half an hour from Incran the welcome and somewhat unusual sound of running water greets the ear—unusual, because there is nothing but stagnant water along the coast and a paucity of springs inland. The little river Wanquah, here trending east and south, is typical of all the Ashantee rivers, in which stony reaches, tiny cascades, and deep, shady pools alternate. Here the natives ply their nets successfully, obtaining an amply supply of fish, which, with plantains, constitute their daily food. Isaac Walton is unknown to them; when they saw me trying a venture with an improvised hook and bamboo cane they expressed their thoughts in unmistakable looks—"A fool at one end and worm at the other;" nor were they very far wrong, for my sport was *nil*, though possibly the bait—parrot's leg—had something to do with it.

En route to Mansue the scene presents a striking picture of woodland hills and ravines, threaded by innumerable small streams nestling in huge groves of bamboo, so huge and dark, indeed, that it is like entering a tunnel as the path courses through them. The rains soon find their level in this region; consequently the path is, as a rule, clear. Its edges are lined with such a fringe of wild flora as would gladden the heart of a professional botanist, to whom a large field for investigation is open. Bluebells predominate; but tulips, lilies, convolvuluses, hyacinths, and forget-me-nots are continually to be seen. Orchids and ferns pursue an unchecked career, the sight of them becoming almost monotonous by reason of their luxuriant growth. Altogether, the solid wall of green foliage on either side of the

wayfarer imparts a prison-like aspect — a prison of leaves instead of stone, though not less irksome. Not less striking are the entrances to many of the villages in this district; regular groves of wild laurel and croton-oil trees line the winding way, and the whole scene so resembles a big English park that the traveller is in momentary expectation of seeing a keeper's lodge round the corner, or hearing the inevitable black dog strike up a warning note of "Who goes there?"

Mansue is a large clearing, with huts in the centre for a detachment of Houssas stationed there. It was a prominent place during the war, and contains a Fantee king, who paid me the usual complimentary visit, bringing yams and palm wine by way of "dash," for which I gave him, in return, umbrellas, cloth, and gin. He was very anxious to let me see the ancient skull of an Ashantee acquired by some of his people in war — a great achievement, as the Ashantees are essentially warriors, and have rarely been known to let their dead be captured by Fantees.

Topping a picturesque little valley a few miles on, I observed for the first time some flat, sandstone rocks, slightly exposed only, apparently part of an inclined stratum; but even here it was impossible to find a loose stone, the absence of which throughout the forest is remarkable. These rocks were worn almost smooth by continual effusion of rain-water over them, and must have been walked over for many years, to judge by the well-defined footmarks thereon. The natives have a habit of marching along in single file, stepping almost in the same identical spots, so that in time series of ruts are formed and maintained by pedestrians until heavy rains render them impracticable.

Hereabouts and elsewhere in patches grow what the natives call ton-ton trees, small and of a sort of cactus growth, resembling in shape a large umbrella half shut down. The leaves are long — about six feet — having sharp-pointed blades, barbed sides, and resupinate bark, that scales readily. From these trees mats of every size, color, and description are ingeniously made, and taken to the coast for sale.

One of the most extraordinary features of the forest is to see, or, rather, to hear it wake. Till about an hour prior to dawn a most perfect stillness reigns; then nature's existence is manifested by faint pulsations, which grow in strength until, with a rush, light extinguishes the darkness.

It seemed difficult to credit a sound that came stealing through the bush one early morning, viz., the sound of a saw. With some little difficulty and scrambling I traced the origin, and there found in all reality two natives plying a double-handed weapon through an immense beam of ironwood, which seemed to defy all their efforts. They had ruled lines to work upon, wedges and grindstone, rough though they were, and were not inclined to hurry themselves; probably a week would see them through it, and six months' indolence follow the sale of it on the coast. Their wives, who had just brought them some chop, promptly decamped into the bush, nor could any assurance induce them to leave their hiding-places. Possibly they had never seen a white man before. I was anxious to get some wood specimens, and offered to wait an hour or two if the sawyers would supply me with blocks; but, as with all these tribes, it was the old story — *manana* (tomorrow), and so on my return homewards.

The discolored river Akkie — about fifty feet from bank to bank — was much swollen by late rains, and seemed in a great hurry to get down to the sea. A tree that had fallen across in some by-gone tornado was too slippery to scale, so there was nothing left but to wade. Hammock men are both excellent fellows and most sure-footed animals, and they are always willing to carry their master aloft through the water; but there is something inglorious in being pitchforked headfirst into it, which the slightest *faux pas* may cause. A little extra liquid is no great hardship when one is more or less soaked by dew-drippings and wet grass in the morning, thunder-storms in the afternoon, and dew-damp at night, added to continual ploughing through swamps and sloughs; the latter infuse a little color into the picture. Yet, with all this liquid, there is an almost entire lack of decent drinking-water, for, after both filtering and boiling, it retains a sediment and has a soapy flavor, which combine to make it unpalatable otherwise than in the dark.

Resting on the banks of the Akkie was a corporal's guard of some native chief carrying, *mirabile dictu*, a coffin of curious darkey workmanship, studded with brass-headed nails, having a thong-hinged cover wrought with various devices and fastened by a thole pin; over all lay an unblemished mat by way of pall. After much palavering, the officer in charge permitted me a view of the interior of

this rough-hewn cavern, which contained, to my surprise, monkey-skins, plantains, tobacco, and the usual bottle of trade gin. It is the fashion for those potentates who can afford it to be consigned to their rest in such manner, and not unusual to send many leagues in order to obtain the necessary sacred wood.

From Mansue to Prahsu is about twenty-four hours actual going, though with less mud and slush it might be reduced. Prominent in this region are monster trees feathered with fern from base to summit, laced and interlaced with leafless creepers whose adventitious roots, after subterranean wanderings, shoot up again in weird forms and angular lines like the rigging of a full-masted ship. How the ferns attain unassisted to such altitude, though at first a mystery, is soon discovered by watching the forest ants, whose history well deserves the study of some enthusiastic entomologist keen enough to pursue his labors long enough in the midst of a poisonous malaria that pervades the atmosphere and insinuates itself into the human system.

These insects are generally to be seen in regular marshalled armies of two lines—going and returning—on paths obscured from view by flanking walls of their own kin; officers, sentries, vedettes, advance and rear guards, columns and corps are visible to the most casual observer, and woe be to the unfortunate traveller whose fate it is to be invaded at night. Nothing will turn them; you may break but cannot bend them, and *lex talionis* is their motto. They may constantly be seen on the march with loads from one point to another, often enough their termini being the apex of some lofty bole where, after depositing their cargo, it is welded together in crusted clumps by skilled laborers in waiting. In course of time various seeds and articles of root capable of germination are transported and matured, and then the tree presents more the appearance of a huge overgrown tower. On my drawing with the butt end of a gun a line through the armies, an immediate halt took place, files of skirmishers were sent out, and the casualties carried away as if by organized ambulance corps. The lines were then re-formed and proceeded as before.

Prahsu, formerly the boundary of the British protectorate, and memorable in the annals of the war, is now, as it then was, the key to Ashantee.

It may be described as a fine large clearing on the banks of the great river

Prah—great, for this part of Africa—which, when full of water, affords an imposing appearance as it rolls muddily along a serpent's course through the forest. On the south bank are a few huts for the Houssa constabulary, and an officer's bungalow *vis-à-vis* to a native village. An apology for a punt does duty as ferry in charge of an old Methuselah, who plies a sort of fishing-rod pole in a feeble manner, so that by dint of luck the craft is navigated more perforce of current than of strength or skill. The currents are most irregular and deceptive, due in great measure to the backwaters caused by windings, and in lesser measure to the obstruction offered to natural flow by accumulations around submerged trees that either through tornadoes or shelving banks have fallen across the river. This, of course, renders navigation, especially up stream, a difficult matter. It was only after the greatest labor that in a rough but light canoe paddled by three natives, we were able to head the races that spun out from submerged trees, and then when once above, there was still greater labor to avoid being drawn into the line of draught and locked in the network of exposed branches.

Both up and down stream are innumerable creeks capable of admitting a small craft; but progress is tedious, and the smell from putrid slime water and loathsome swamps intensely disagreeable, though not less so than the continual switching across one's face of what the Dutch Boers in South Africa call "wait-a-bit" brambles. These are the undisturbed haunts of the crocodile and other amphibizæ which are readily seen when once in motion, but hard to distinguish otherwise by reason of their sympathetic coloring. They are scarcely ever molested by the natives, whose sole ideas seem centred in fishing and growing plantains. Fish, both in the river and creeks, are plentiful—barbel, eels, shrimps, crabs, flat-fish, and some species of the carp family falling freely to the native net and tice-basket.

The Prah is, perhaps, best seen to advantage at sunset, when it is possible to catch a glimpse of glorious mellow tints—a rare sight in this country of perpetual green. As a rule, the banks bear down in gradual slopes that are wooded to the water's edge by large trees whose massive branches cast an everlasting shade, under which a boat might creep unsunned, but for recumbent trees imbedded in the deep. Above the bends

are grand sweeping reaches and rich woodland scenery of the finest description, a fine field for the artist.

N.N.W. by compass from Prah-su to Foomusu* is a good hard day's tramp from dawn to dusk, passing Essiaman midway and a few hunting villages here and there. North of the Prah the path deteriorates, becoming overgrown and little less than a quagmire, slippery and treacherous. Trudging carelessly along in front on one occasion, looking for specimens, I had the misfortune to flounce unsuspectedly into a mud hole mantled by a green, flowerless plant whose chief functions may have been to delude the unwary traveller with an idea that he was going to get a sure foothold. It was a trivial enough circumstance, only resulting in my gun and self getting well primed with a black, turbid mixture, but there was a lesson to be learnt from it. I proceeded to scrape away diligently on the far side until the native carriers came up, in order to watch their discomfiture; to my infinite surprise, however, as each approached, without apparently scanning the foreground even, they were warned by pure instinct, and deviated accordingly amidst much quiet merriment at my plight.

Foomusu is pleasantly situated on the banks of the Foom, a rippling, stony river "born," as the natives naively express it, in Akim, and draped throughout its course in foliage.

The chief informed me that he was much frightened of the English; that he and his people hid from our army of 1874, and that his son was being educated by the Wesleyan missionaries with a view to being gathered to their flock. Still the old man continued steadfast in the faith of his forefathers, on the subject of which he was good enough to discourse as we sat in dim twilight under "the village tree" surrounded by his people. He stated amongst other things that he had only to ask his fetische for good health or gold, and would get it, provided the spirit was not "vexed." Upon my asking if the fetische would also supply me with gold, he said "Yes, if you give me some more present, and some chop for fetische, when you go live for Cape Coast one time more you shall get queen gold."

These people have all a great idea of her Most Gracious Majesty, to whom they assign the powers and position of a

supernaturalist. In the same way the Magwamba tribes north of the Drakensburg, in South Africa, entertaining the same views, manufactured a long aristocratic name for her Majesty, meaning in their figurative language, "The woman with the long ears because she hears everything."

I told the chief that it would be impossible for me to wait so long; my anxiety was to make the acquaintance of Monsieur Fetische at once; would he be so good as to relieve me of a wearying attack of neuralgia? If so, my present was ready, together with chop, for monsieur. The chief agreed readily to accept the present; and, further, undertook to afford me relief, for which purpose he placed a hen's egg on the far side of the river, in conjunction with a pot of plantain and palm oil. It is needless to say that they remained untouched by the spirit, — and so did the neuralgia.

Having been unable to obtain any itineraries beyond Prah-su, it now became a rather difficult matter to gauge the distance of favorable halting-places ahead, more especially as one's own servants invariably throw obstacles in the way of moving on, and interpret "intelligence" replies as best suits their inclinations. I had nevertheless an excellent interpreter, whose intentions, however, were far better than his idea of time or distance; in fact, it seems almost impossible for a native to become a judge of either. For instance, it nearly always happened that his "mile and a bit" meant that the "bit" was three times as long as the mile; nor shall I forget his memorable answer to me later on approaching Coomassie, that it was about *two hours or twenty minutes'* walk. So when they informed me that Fomannah, the capital of Adansi, whose king had sent to say he would be ready to receive at 5 P.M. on November 9, was "just over the hill," I took a leisurely view of the matter, and jogged quietly along from Foomusu until a sudden view of the mountain dispelled the happy illusion.

It was late in the afternoon when, tired, wet, and hungry, we started to scale the precipitous Moinsi Hill, rising from a picturesque valley coursed by a crystal stream — the first — near which nestled a hunting village built upon the lines of store huts erected there by the army of '74.

On the amphitheatre is another village of larger dimensions — a sort of fashionable suburb, whose aristocracy are said to

* "Su" means top, hence Prah-su, top of Prah, top of Foom, etc.

speak disparagingly of the folks "over there" (pointing to the hill). From this point to a parallel one of the amphitheatre on the far side it entailed three hours' incessant climbing of an arduous nature, the descent being the most trying ordeal, as the narrow path was thorny, wet, and slippery, and twilight had sped away, leaving us to circle and dip in the dark with Fomannah sighted, lost and resighted, like a "will-o'-the-wisp" in the distance. The night was well advanced ere I struggled into the town after fourteen hours' tramp, footsore and feverish. Nothing produces fever so much as over-fatigue and wet, both of which had fallen to my lot this day in consequence of wrong information. However, the worst had to come, for the king had issued his "At home," and there was no alternative but to accept. His Majesty was all courtesy and benignity as he sat by torchlight under mighty umbrellas, proffering the hand of friendship, nor was he satisfied until I had sat me down six yards distant, and received his return call in all solemnity. As many as liked of his followers wrung my hand held out in feverish despair, and then, dragging my steps to the traveller's hut, I sank upon a hard, chilly bench to revel for the night in wild, sleepless dreams. These trivialities are mentioned, not by way of illustrating hardships, but simply to show what is entailed upon travel in this country.

The next day happened to be Yam Customs — a harvest festival to celebrate the maturity of young fruits. Fomannah was *en fête* from dawn to midnight, nor did the young bloods lose an opportunity of letting the stranger know that there was an abundance of tomtoms and lusty arms to beat them. In quiet nooks on the outskirts lay consecrated calabashes of palm oil, mashed yams, and plantains deposited upon altars to propitiate the fetiches, whose appetites must certainly have failed, to judge from the length of time the food remained untouched. In time it disappeared, probably through the medium of birds and wild animals, for I do not believe the most famished native — a believer in the woodland sprites — would touch one morsel dedicated to the deities.

The festival is a signal for all work to be laid aside in substitution for the following entertainments: furious beating of drums, tin pots, and oil-cans, bell-ringing, singing, dancing, and drinking for so long a time as the liquor lasts.

The king regales his chiefs and headmen with rum or gin, and each chief sup-

plies his adherents so far as lies in his power, the women and even children taking their nip as opportunity offers. The drums are quaint and effective, varying as much in size as they do in sound; they are generally made of buckskin strained across elongated wooden or knitted bark tubes, and are played with a stick cut in the form of the letter L. The band is superintended by one fetischeman, whose particular province it is to ensure that no drum shall burst on Customs Day; he also has charge of the orchestral refreshment, which he turns to good account on his own behalf.

During the evening his Majesty sat umbrella'd under a large reception tree, surrounded by his retainers and a body-guard of twenty soldiers, armed with somewhat obsolete muskets; his grateful people then presented him with palm wine, after spilling some on the ground as libations to the fetiches; they then danced out the evening, the queen (Victoria, as my interpreter expressed it) leading off with a walk round, remarkable alike for contortions of body and face, which her dutiful subjects most successfully emulated. On retirement of the royal party the people formed into knots and broke out into boisterous mirth, suspended only when some popular chorus was struck, and they united in one strong voice to fill the forest with strange mysterious chants — weird in sound and rhythm — harmonious though they contrived it not.

As night wore on, a fierce tornado broke over the great Adansi hill; peals of crackling thunder followed quick on the bright tropical lightning, which lingered amongst the trees like a fixed illumination whence imaginary glades and avenues were revealed, lacking only the remnant of a grey ruin cresting the eminence to complete a thrilling picture.

Fomannah is damp to a degree in consequence of deep prevailing swamps, caused by the accumulation of rain water from the surrounding hills. It is quite a large town in its way, long and straggling in appearance, with fair buildings of the usual bamboo and mud. The king is kind and his people are happy; Quatucoe — the prime minister — is a most hearty old gentleman, beaming with smiles and good nature, to whom I was indebted for good advice and useful information, as well as for a duck and some yams, with which he supplemented the king's presents to me.

From Fomannah north the path is intersected by many small streams, which

overflow after heavy rains, and convert the country into a morass — at times almost impassable. Captain Barrow and Mr. Kirby, who were unfortunate enough to be travelling there in the rainy season, experienced throughout their journey frightful difficulties, and were often delayed days together until some river had fallen or the morasses hardened. It is useless to calculate upon bridges, though many there are, constructed neatly out of bamboo poles transversely crossed upon joists planted in the river beds, and oftentimes bound together by old telegraph wire, left behind by the royal engineers after the war. When a heavy flood comes down, away goes everything, even the stone culverts constructed south of the Prah by practical surveyors. In these floods great fallen trees are even forced along until they become tightly wedged or blocked by some immovable objects. The height of these floods may be traced months afterwards by observing the deposit of water refuse upon the branches of trees, and a most unaccountable height it is sometimes.

Many uprooted trees lie across the path to Amoaful, a clear, open village selected by the Ashantees for their most determined stand against our army. The neighboring villages show a great falling off in style and finish, the paths leading to them being overgrown and neglected, rendering passage a matter of labor and difficulty.

The chief of Amoaful is a fine, handsome young man about six feet three inches in height. *In puris naturalibus* he was as fine a specimen as one could wish to see, and a sound sportsman in the bargain, though sadly incommoded by that curse of the country, guinea-worm. This is an insect supposed by some people to be acquired by contact with impure water, as it is not infrequently found in the shoulders, where water carried on the head in bowls has been allowed to drip. It is generally to be found, however, established by burrowing in the feet and legs, which contract so soon as the painful inflammation sets in; the skin then gets tense and shiny, and when an abscess-like head is revealed the native doctors make a rough crucial incision with an ordinary chop-knife, sharpened upon the nearest stone, through which one end of the worm is drawn, fastened to a stick and wound up till completely extracted. The young chief informed me with a grave face that the fetische had sent him the worm. On my asking why, he replied, "I tink

fetische no live for like me, so he send me guinea-worm to harm. What can I do? I no can make palaver with fetische. I dash him chop, but he no like, so I must pain."

One cannot help being struck, too, at the sight of so many toeless people, suffering from the ravages of jiggers, also burrowing insects, which generally insinuate themselves through the thickened epidermis at the sides of the nails or on the sole of the foot. Their presence is detected by the feeling as of a thorn; if the part affected is not at once pricked and thoroughly squeezed, there follows a deposit of ova, which, upon maturity, cause the infected limb to wither and drop off.

The popular food in Ashanteeland is the plantain, on which they can not only subsist but thrive and work hard; native carriers, for instance, fed upon them can easily cover from twenty to thirty miles a day, carrying loads of fifty pounds weight. It can be baked, boiled, stewed, or eaten raw, the skins serving as food for sheep, the leaves as thatch, and an essential oil obtained from the stem is not only marketable, but valuable to the ladies as a shiny cosmetic for physiognomy and coiffure. The latter is made quite a scientific study; groups of girls may often be seen of an afternoon squatting on a village green having their wool trimmed and trained in all the fantastic devices of bunch, tuft, knobs, and horns, to each of which lead a maze of white partings like the arcs of a circle.

Besides plantains the country produces in various parts bananas, paw-paws, limes, oranges, water-melons, grenadillas, maize, sweet potatoes, cocoanuts, cocoa plant, cola nuts, yams, cassava, beans, pepper, okero, ground-nut, palm-kernels wine and oil, croton and castor oil. When industrious enough the people trade in monkey and other skins, sandals, mats, indigo blue, ochre, and cloths made from cotton of the country. The latter are manufactured by the men with remarkable looms of their own invention; they are dyed all manner of colors, and when completed are excellent specimens of workmanship.

A day's march from Amoaful, situate on a rise between two small valleys, is the cosy little village of Adwabim, of which my interpreter innocently informed me the headman was a woman.

The little queen, as they called her, was of prepossessing appearance, and claimed to be a near relative of the royal family, her husband being a nonentity. She and her people were in a most rueful condition

in consequence of raids by the Coomassie chiefs, who were said to have robbed, slain, and devastated in the hamlet. "Therefore," said the chiefess, with tears in her eyes, "I want to come for English government. Coomassie people too much spoil me; my young men, they all kill! my old men, they all kill! What I must do? I live for vex."

I could only tell her what I had already told many others who had appealed to me in distress, that my mission was not a political one.

In her poverty she brought me a fowl and some yams, in return for which she received a handsome piece of cloth intended for some exalted potentate. My admiration for the brave little woman was increased from the fact that she had just personally stopped a hand-to-hand fight between two of her men subjects, and had ordered an arbitration of the quarrel, at which she invited me to preside. I declined. Curiosity, however, tempted me to watch the proceedings, which were carried out in the most orderly manner until announcement of the decision, whereupon the friends of both parties fell to cudgelling each other vigorously, in which the arbitrator freely joined.

Shortly after leaving Adwabim we were met by gold cane-bearers, whom the king had despatched from Coomassie with a message of welcome, in reply to mine apprising him of the visit. The king's message ran: "The Englishman must come one time (at once) in charge of guides waiting at Akassie." On reaching Akassie the guides presented themselves, and we started at 3 P.M. for the great city. An hour later the path bifurcated, one fork looking cleared, the other uncleared, our steps being directed to the latter by the guides, who, in spite of all remonstrances, signified their inability to take the direct and open course. Their action was governed by various considerations: first, orders from the king; second, the rule never to introduce strangers by the direct route; third, the medicine-men had made fetische along the road I was to travel, evidence of which was visible from time to time in the deposit of certain phylacteries calculated to ensure the discomfiture of any evil spirit.

We were therefore led through a perfect maze, requiring in many cases to be cut through, and eventually reached the south-eastern corner of the town just as the sun was sinking in all its tropical glory through the forest on the far side. For a few moments, whilst news of our

arrival was travelling to the palace, I had leisure to scan the aspect from this point of view, and a most disappointing one it was: Instead of a great city of streets, containing the palatial residences of the great Ashantee nobility, it appeared little more than an ordinary native town—a conglomeration of insignificant bamboo huts; not one striking object was apparent, except it were a certain dark-looking cluster of trees hovered over by a cloud of vultures, that may have been routed from their foul mortuary or were airing themselves after being satiated with carrion.

In half an hour messengers returned with the king's permission to move on, guns were fired, drums beat, horns blown, and a number of people lined the so-called streets leading to the one where a hut set apart for my use was situated. Chief Dussumburu, the owner, a genial and kind old man, was deputed to be my guardian, and received me with all the dignified urbanity characteristic of a true Ashantee noble. Though no warm bath or cup of tea awaited me, there was the old man's warm welcome and a refreshing smile upon his face as he said, "Thank you, thank you." (How are you?) Furthermore, the clay floor was clean-stained, a new straw mat lay on the threshold, and hanging on the walls were the remains of a looking-glass streaked through by some wondering "Alice" curious to know what mystery lay behind the mercury. This, with the addition of an illustrated advertisement page of the *Field* newspaper, and a half-used bottle of pain-killer, constituted the furniture.

Almost before there was time to change my torn and stained accoutrements, intelligence arrived that the king was ready to "receive." It was then dark, but torches had been provided, and, preceded by a file of the guard, we started for the royal trysting-place, with Bussumburu as chief of the staff.

On emerging from the so-called street into an open plot a blaze of torchlight was revealed upon an eminence hard by the centre of the town, to which we were guided with slow and cautious steps, in order to avoid stumbling into the ruts and ravines—ravages of rain—grown to an alarming extent since the senators of Coomassie have neglected their city and centred all their energies in civil strife.

Upon the illumined eminence, under a canopy of huge umbrellas, begirt by his retainers, sat his Majesty Quacoe Duah, a fledgling king, who but a few days be-

fore had been invested with the sceptre * of Ashantee, *vice* his deposed uncle, Osai Mensah. His hands were loaded with rings, his feet cased in gold-decked sandals, and a rich green and gold-spangled toga enveloped his body. Of medium height, well-built, with a large head, open forehead, close beard, and placid, meaningless countenance, he bore an almost striking resemblance in face to the present Tewfik Pasha, quasi-khedive of Egypt. Around him in tiers sat his nobles and chiefs, each invested in his own state, and a vast concourse of people whom curiosity had beguiled to come and see the white man. Preceded by Bussumburu, I walked around the amphitheatre, shaking hands with the king and others whom he indicated, and was greeted throughout by the same simple expression, "Thank you." This ended the reception. We then retired to an apposite eminence at some distance, and there awaited the return visit, in conformity with Ashantee etiquette. In the course of some minutes a dozen elephant-horns heralded forth that the royal party were in motion, just as the moon dallied upwards in silver streaks through the trees, whose lower leafless branches stood out in bold relief like demons with outstretched arms. Amidst all the revelry of all their barbarous music, the waving of torches and umbrellas (a curious custom), came the king in full pageant, preceded by his courtiers, and followed only by Owusu Kokor—the Bismarck of Ashantee—a fine, intelligent-looking man, full of characteristic feature, the whole company of magnates, from prime minister to chief executioner and king's eunuch, shaking my hand until it was well-nigh paralysed.

The same night, at 11 P.M., when I had scarce lain down to rest, tired and feverish, the king was suddenly announced, and, with a portion of his retinue, including a slave child of ex-king Koffee Kalkalli, crowded the little room almost to suffocation. He had come on a private visit, to ask what "palaver" had brought me to Ashantee, without escort or ostentation. In a few simple words I informed him that my mission was actuated purely by a desire to see the Ashantee people and their country, and was in no way whatever connected with government. The only question his Majesty put was, "When is Captain Barrow coming to settle our palaver?"

Early next morning the horns sounded the assembly, and a summons arrived for me to attend the council. On arriving at the council courtyard, a large umbrella was sent for my benefit, and after the usual formalities I was called upon to make an explanatory "palaver" to the king, chiefs, and people assembled. My standing up to do so was the signal for loud applause, subdued eventually by officers of the court loudly shouting "T'jéa," resembling in English the sound of "Cha-ir." When silence was restored I reiterated the statement made overnight to the king, which my interpreter addressed to the royal interpreter, and he again to his majesty and the people. A bevy of chiefs, who sat next the king's interpreter, expressed their approval of his rendering by the word "Yeouw," meaning "Yes," continually repeated. Such was the procedure. They then said, "How is this? no white man comes here except for queen's palaver." On being pressed for some proof of my words, I could only think of one thing, viz., the production of my collections, ornithological, entomological, and botanical; so round they went, from hand to hand, plants and ferns, butterflies, beetles, and birds. They certainly caused much diversion, but did not clear me, for I was marched back to my quarters, and there maintained in captivity for five days—though it mattered little, for I was down with fever the whole time and callous to everything.

Meanwhile died the sister of Osoo An-sah, a prince of the blood, now under pension at Cape Coast. After the usual protracted ceremonies of dancing, gun-firing, rum-drinking, and mourning, she was laid to her rest within the precincts of the palace.

On the sixth day the king and his mother, *i.e.*, the queen (in Ashantee the royal descent runs in the female line), called to see me, bringing presents, together with an announcement of the royal pleasure that I was free again to roam—a generous offer that was generously accepted. After six days' additional residence with the freedom of the city, I started homewards, visiting *en route* the kings of Kokufu and Becquoi, who were good enough to institute special carnivals.

Being but an amateur in natural history, I can offer no professional opinions upon the characteristics of the country in that respect. The *Lepidoptera* are, however, a distinguishing feature; crowds of brilliant butterflies jostled each other for

* The emblem of kingship in Ashantee is the *Golden Siool*.

supremacy everywhere, in many instances tilting against me and flying straight into my bright green net, settling there as if pleased with the novelty. Prominent in the insect world are *Orthoptera*, especially *Mantidæ* and *Hymenoptera*; but *Coleoptera* are, as far as I could judge, but feebly represented. But few wild animals are to be seen or heard, except at night, and then only small ones: jackals, leopards, antelopes, wild pigs, wild-cats, foxes, armadilloes, monkeys, and a small animal (name unknown) that makes night hideous with its screechings, are numerous. A specimen of the *Perodictus potto*, presented by me to the Zoological Society, was pronounced a rare animal (now dead). The birds of this region are considerably inferior, both in plumage and number, to those generally found in the tropics.

Coomassie of to-day needs little description: a large, ill-built, ill-regulated town, overgrown with weeds and grass; a dejected, demoralized people, scattered amongst a mass of almost tenantless houses, the homes once of a large population, now sadly reduced by war, the knife, and desertion. A perpetual terror pervades the population, a terror in marked contrast to the calm of their brethren in the Protectorate, who, untaught, untaxed, and protected, wallow through life in peaceful contentment.

The government, if such it is, may be described as *imperium in imperio*. What was formerly the great Ashantee monarchy is now a host of tributary states, united in one common bond to resist oppression and cast off the yoke that the king and chiefs of Coomassie are vainly trying to reimpose. Yet, though so bonded, and bound by ties of similar kindred, there is a vein of tribal animosity pervading their whole system—king against king, and chief against chief. Bloodshed and retaliation, strife and misery, are hidden from the world in that deep, dark forest, which, for all we know, owns not a worthy deed nor a noble action. Its denizens are alike indifferent to death and glory; a wife is valued at six shillings, which her mother receives as the price of her wedding to slavery.

Bantama, the royal mausoleum and executioner's retreat, stands in the distance, reeking of murders—sacrifices to the gods, fiends, and policy. Nearer at hand, in their very midst, but hidden from public gaze, is a hideous, noisome den, which receives what is left of Bantama's victims. But each day leads to a brighter future;

each germ of civilization infused into the country must bear its good fruit, and tend to propagate the sentiment that human life is sacred.

GODFREY Y. LAGDEN.

From All The Year Round.

"CHINESE GORDON." *

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

THE author of this book—one of the most moving and heroic romances of real life ever given to the world—is specially qualified for his undertaking in that he is a kinsman of Gordon; and has, therefore, been able to command information not easily accessible to a writer less favorably placed. To a personal knowledge of Gordon's character and life, he has been able to add a close acquaintance with his private and official correspondence, and the disposal of a mass of documents of the highest significance. These are great advantages, and Mr. Hake has turned them to excellent account. But if in these respects his kinship was a benefit, in others it has been a drawback. For one thing it was a considerable curb to that freedom which as a man and a writer he must have felt to be appropriate to his great subject; with the result that many episodes in the drama of Gordon's career are treated with a reticence which we must both admire and regret. Further than this, he has been checked to some extent by respect for one of the strongest points in Gordon's character—his almost morbid modesty. Publicity he loathes; and Mr. Hake in his preface apologizes to him for giving his life to the world, not merely without his consent, but without his knowledge. To have asked his permission to publish, or to have let him suspect that a volume was being written of which he was the subject, would have been to court a passionate veto which could not be gainsaid; consequently the world must have remained in that state of mingled curiosity and misapprehension, which existed prior to the appearance of this book. The author's courage in this matter indeed claims our gratitude; and it is impossible not to feel that in thus risking Gordon's displeasure, both he and those other

* *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. Egmont Hake, author of "Paris Originals," "Flattering Tales," etc. With two portraits and two maps. London: Remington and Co., 1884.

members of the family who share, in one way or another, the responsibility of the work, have done a wise and useful thing.

Two books, previously published, have partially acquainted a certain number of people with the greatness of Gordon's character, and with some of the astonishing events of his career—to wit, "The Ever-Victorious Army," by the late Andrew Wilson; and "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa," by Dr. Birkbeck Hill. It was inevitable that the facts therein treated should be included in Mr. Hake's study; but in his hands they take clearer shape, fuller significance, and their proper places in the story of Gordon's life.

Much of Mr. Hake's material is new, and most of it bears very valuably on three of the most urgent matters now troubling the world. These are the war between France and China, the wild chaos in the Soudan, and the complicated dangers in South Africa. In this connection the book is full of teaching, and explains many things that, without it, were understood but dimly, if at all. And besides this it is particularly interesting because it contains a large number of Gordon's familiar letters. In the first half of the book, indeed, these and other documents are quoted at such length and so often, that in some degree they disturb the current of the narrative; and, from the literary point of view, this portion contrasts a little unfavorably with the rest. The second part, dealing chiefly with Gordon's work in Africa, is an excellent piece of writing, full of graphic vigor, and touched with something of the wonderful romance of Gordon's life. Criticism aside, however, the book is, for the vast majority, one of absorbing interest. Whilst those who already know something of Gordon and his career will read it for the further light it gives them, and whilst many will read it for its teaching on current affairs, the mass of people will read it for its affecting and astonishing story, and for the sake of its hero, who, so simple, true, and strong, and so sincerely Christian, is one of the greatest men of any time.

Gordon's family has made a respectable figure in history. Ancestors of his fought on either side at Preston-Pans, and the son of one of them served in the Fortieth, Seventy-second, and Eleventh Regiments; fighting valiantly at Minorca and Louisburg, and with Wolfe on the Plains of Abraham. This gentleman had three sons, who all entered the army. Two died in the service; the third, William Henry Gordon, who was born in 1786,

entered the Royal Artillery, became a lieutenant-general, and, by his marriage with a daughter of the late Samuel Enderby, of Blackheath, was the father of Chinese Gordon. Gordon's grandfather, on the mother's side, was a merchant and ship-owner of ability and enterprise. His ships took to Boston that unhappy tea, which, so to speak, fired the mine of the War of Independence. His boldness and tenacity largely aided the exploration and colonization of the southern hemisphere. He ballasted his whalers with convicts for Botany Bay, and carried the earliest settlers to Australia and New Zealand. His ships were the first to round Cape Horn and trade in the archipelagos of the Pacific; and they were his whalers who first fished in Japanese waters, and did their best to build a commerce with the middle kingdom. Not every firm can show a record like to this.

Gordon's father was a man of memorable qualities. A good and cultivated soldier, he was firm and humorous, generous and robust. In his presence none could be dull, neither could the careless or neglectful escape his severity. His figure was striking; his individuality was strong; the twinkle of his clear blue eye was not to be forgotten. And Gordon's mother was no less remarkable in character and spirit. Cheerful under difficulties, which she conquered with no show of effort, she possessed a perfect temper, and a genius for making the best of everything.

Charles Gordon was educated at Taunton and at Woolwich. His early life presents little of note. Of no great physical strength, he appears to have done little either at school or at the Royal Military Academy. Still, we are told that in the record of these early years there was "always humor," and an occasional burst of fire and resolution. One incident only is given by Mr. Hake. Once during his cadetship he was told "he would never make an officer." He tore the epaulets from his shoulders and flung them at his superior's feet.

In 1854 he was gazetted an officer of engineers; and, after a narrow escape from duty elsewhere, was ordered to the Crimea. Forced inaction at Balaklava gave place to arduous and dangerous work in the trenches at Sebastopol. Of this period we shall only say that it is figurative of his later career; that he was slightly wounded, and more than once all but killed; that he showed himself a fatalist; and that his intelligence and zeal won the admiration of his superiors. Colonel

Chesney, indeed, affirms that his personal knowledge of the enemy's movements was such as no other officer attained. He had already made his mark.

The Taiping rebellion was a climax of discontent and religious fanaticism. The province of Kwang-tung had become a Tom Tiddler's Ground for every sort of blackguard and pirate; it was rotten with secret societies; its suffering and rebellious people had learned the use of arms; the result was the worst of anarchy. Hereupon there came from enlightened Europe an individual who, possibly at risk of his head, preached the Gospel of Christ. He met an obscure schoolmaster, one Hung-tsu-Schuen, to whom he presented a choice collection of tracts, telling him, at the same time, that he, the obscure schoolmaster, would attain to the highest rank in the Celestial Empire. Schoolmasters, we know, occasionally cherish ambitions, and they are often very shrewd fellows indeed. But in these matters never did schoolmaster in any land equal Hung of China. He conceived a great scheme; he trusted to his ability to carry it out; time and people were ripe. Straightway he went forth, proclaiming that he had seen the Lord God Almighty, who had, he said, appealed to him as the Second Celestial Brother. The schoolmaster became the prophet — a prophet of freedom and vengeance, an agent of divine wrath. Wise in his generation he stood forth in a land of poor and oppressed, as the champion of the oppressed and the poor. Superior persons — who, it seems, exist in the Flowery Land as elsewhere — said in their mild way that he was mad. His madness centred in a determination to usurp the Dragon Throne, to exterminate the hated Manchos, and to restore to power and glory the degraded Mings, and he very nearly succeeded. The people, filled with hope and fire by his propaganda, flocked to his standard, and in a little while he and twenty thousand followers were stalking through the land, breaking idols in the temples, and effacing Confucian texts from the schools. Open war with the authorities duly followed, and Hung, full of ability and resource, had pretty much his own way; defeat swelled his ranks and his influence equally with victory. At last he formally declared himself the Heavenly King, the Emperor of the Great Peace, and at the head of hundreds of thousands of barbaric desperadoes — women and men together — pirates from the coast, bandits from the mountains, with a vast horde of scum of

the earth, armed with knife and cutlass, decked in tawdry dress, and maddened on by flutter of gaudy flags and banners; he passed from province to province, robbery and murder before him, and fire and famine in his train. After a march of seven hundred miles he captured the city of Nanking, and there, under the shadow of the Porcelain Tower, set up a monstrous worship and tyrannic state, and made his kinsmen kings.

A conflict, desultory in its conduct, but unspeakably savage in its incidents, was waged between the Taipings and the Chinese authorities. The Pekin government was powerful but supine, and hampered by interior politics and unfriendly relations with France and England. Its policy had been to drive the rebels towards the sea. The policy was bad, for the rebels had everything to gain from the cities of the coast — wealth, and munition, and arms. The government discovered its folly, and with truly Celestial cunning, persevered in it. It saw that the foreign communities would defend themselves and their possessions, and thus the rebels would be caught between two fires. Shanghai, for long an asylum for the destitute and distracted fugitives from the stricken inlands, was soon attacked by the Faithful One himself; but he got a bad beating from the allied French and English troops. That was in 1860, in which year Gordon, after doing valuable service on the frontier commission in Bessarabia and Armenia, left home for China. He was present at the sack and burning of the Summer Palace at Pekin, and there or thereabouts he remained as commanding engineer till the spring of 1862, and gained great knowledge of the country and the people. When the Taipings grew troublesome at Shanghai, Gordon was appointed to the district command. He drove them from the neighborhood; and then — quiet for a few months — employed his time in surveying a thirty mile radius round the port. Every town and village in that radius, and we dare say every creek and path in that flat network of paths and creeks, became known to him, and the knowledge was presently of the utmost value.

The Shanghai traders had commissioned two American adventurers, Ward and Burgevine, to raise a foreign force for defence against the rebels. Ward was killed, and Burgevine being cashiered for corrupt practices, the British governor was asked to provide a captain. The

choice fell on Gordon. He did not rush upon his task, however, but asked that he might first finish his thirty-mile survey, as it would be of the utmost service in the campaign. This granted, the temporary command was given to Captain Holland, of the Marines. This officer was overconfident and ill-informed; he was severely defeated in an attack on the rebel city of Taitsan. The Taipings triumphed over the "foreign devils," and Mr. Hake gives a curious account of the battle, written by one of the principal *wangs*, or warrior chiefs. The result was that Gordon left his survey unfinished, and hastened to the head of the ever-victorious army.

He determined to strike at the heart of the rebellion, and decided instantly upon a complete change of tactics. Petty operations, confined to a thirty-mile radius, gave place to a large strategic plan, which involved a capture of a great number of rebel posts, ending with the great city of Soochow, the fall of which would crush the Taipings, and ensure the ultimate surrender of Nanking. In a few days he moved (by two steamers) about one thousand men to Fushan, on the southern bank of the Yangtze estuary. He landed under cover of an imperial force entrenched near by, and, watched by a large body of Taipings, reached Fushan on April 3rd, 1863, and attacked forthwith. A smart action ended in evacuation by the rebels; thus Fushan was gained, and Chanzu, a loyal city hard pressed, ten miles inland, was relieved. The mandarins at the latter city received Gordon and his officers in state. Leaving three hundred men in the stockade, the young commander returned to headquarters at Sung Kiang. Here he set to work to discipline his army, which was terribly disorganized and demoralized. Under Burgevine and Ward it was customary to bargain for the performance of special service, reward being full license to loot a fallen city. Gordon established regular pay on a liberal scale, and broke the habit of plunder. His force, three or four thousand strong, consisted of infantry and artillery: the infantry being armed with smooth-bore muskets, save a chosen few who were entrusted with Enfield rifles. The rank and file were Chinese; the officers all foreign, and mostly adventurers—brave, reckless, quarrelsome. The artillery—siege and field alike—was good; the equipment of it, and transport, and general provision for rapid movement, were complete; wherein we

see the brain of the true commander. His army organized, his steamers and gunboats ready, Gordon was prepared to take the field.

A line drawn on the map from Taitsan to Soochow will pass through Quinsan. These, the three leading strongholds of the rebels, were connected by a road. Before the end of April, Gordon started with his little force to Quinsan, the centre of the three centres, and, therefore, the strategic key of the situation. On his way, however, he heard that the rebel commander at Taitsan had played a terrible trick on the imperial forces. This treacherous rebel chief made proposals of surrender to Governor Li Hung Chang, the Bismarck of China, as he has been called, and accordingly a native force was sent to take over the place. That force was treacherously imprisoned, and two hundred men were beheaded. On hearing this, Gordon instantly changed his plan, and marched rapidly on Taitsan. The rebel force numbered ten thousand, of whom a fifth were picked warriors, with several English, French, and American renegades working the guns. Gordon's army numbered three thousand of all arms. He laid siege to the place at once. The outlying stockades fell immediately; he then seized the bridges of the main canal; and, working round out of gunshot, captured the forts protecting the Quinsan road, and so isolated the town. He opened fire at six hundred yards; in two hours the walls were breached; the moat was then bridged with gunboats, and the stormers under Captain Bannen crossed to the attack. A tremendous conflict ensued; fireballs pelted the bridge, bullets the column, which, however, held its way into the breach, where it was met and repulsed. Then Gordon bombarded the breach for twenty minutes; once more the stormers charged, the breach was crowned, the city won; and in their hurry to escape the enemy trampled each other to death.

Gordon's troops had broken rule, and plundered. He punished them by marching straight to the siege of Quinsan before they could sell their loot. At Quinsan Gordon ordered the mandarins to front the walls with strong stockades, and man them with their own troops, whilst he marched his own men back to headquarters to reorganize. There he complained, in a general order, of laxity amongst the officers; and to improve the force, filled vacancies with certain officers of the Ninety-ninth Regiment, who had been

allowed to volunteer. But when starting again for Quinsan, his majors struck for increased pay. Gordon refused point-blank. They resigned, with a request that they should be allowed to serve on the pending expedition. Their resignations were accepted, their services declined. The majors, finding there was "only one commander in that army," submitted.

The story of the capture of Quinsan is a sort of wonder. The place, as we have said, was the key to the military situation; it was captured in the most brilliant and original manner—particulars of which, however, must be sought in Mr. Hake's pages. It became the headquarters of the ever-victorious army, a change which caused a mutiny; for at Quinsan the men could not do as they did at Sung Kiang—sell their loot. The artillery refused to fall in, and threatened to blow all the officers to pieces, of which Gordon was informed by written proclamation. The non-commissioned officers were the instigators; he called them up, and asked who wrote the proclamation. They professed entire ignorance. Gordon replied that one in every five would be shot. They groaned, and Gordon noticing a corporal who groaned louder and longer than the rest, with his own hand dragged him from the ranks, and ordered two soldiers standing by to shoot him on the spot. It was done. Gordon confined the rest for one hour, telling them that within that time if the men had not paraded, and if the writer's name were not given up, every fifth man among them would be shot. The men "fell in;" the writer of the proclamation was disclosed; he was the executed corporal.

Quinsan captured, it remained to invest Soochow, which means that a number of minor places clustering round it had first to be carried. But Gordon was hampered and disheartened—even to the point of throwing up his command—by the bad faith of the Chinese authorities, who broke their promise to pay his troops regularly, and even fired on them occasionally by way of proving their sense of humor. But Gordon had barely reached Shanghai, full of his determination to resign, than he heard that Burgevine, whose intrigue and bluster never ceased, had collected a well-armed band of foreign rowdies, declared for the Taipings, and seized a Chinese war-steamer, in which he and his desperadoes made their way into Soochow. In this Gordon recognized the birth of another and more desperate phase

of the campaign. To resign was to abandon a suffering people not merely to the Taipings, whose dominion was one of blight and murder, but to a most unscrupulous and violent filibuster. Moreover, Burgevine had commanded Gordon's own troops, had plundered treasuries and temples with them; and they, with present pay in arrear, and future prospect of unlimited loot, were ready to desert to the enemy. Under these conditions, Gordon was hard pressed by the rebels at Quinsan and Kahpoo. "I am," he writes, "in a very isolated position, and have to do most of the work myself." He was, in fact, in the hands of traitors, and could trust no one. Desperate fighting continued, and some neat negotiations with Burgevine's "scum of Shanghai," which ended in their defection from the rebel cause; and in the latter, Gordon's great character shines in a curious way. The chiefs in Soochow suspected Burgevine, and imprisoned him; whereupon Gordon wrote begging them to spare his life. Yet all this while Burgevine was planning to cut up Gordon, and would have succeeded but for a companion, not less desperate, but infinitely more honest. In the multitudinous engagements, too, Gordon had always to be in the front, and often to lead in person. He would take one or other of his officers by the arm, and lead him into the thickest of the fire. He was never armed, and carried only a little cane which the natives called "Gordon's magic wand of victory."

Two heroic attacks and some curious negotiation ended in the capitulation of Soochow, whereupon occurred one of the most tremendous events in Gordon's career. The capture of Soochow, as we have explained, was the vital blow to the rebellion. The fighting which made it possible had all been planned by Gordon, and executed by Gordon's three or four thousand troops; yet no sooner was the end achieved than the Chinese authorities betrayed him. They refused to pay his troops; the rebel wangs, or warrior-kings, for whose lives he had pleaded, were treacherously murdered, and the fallen city was given over to be looted by the imperial troops of Governor Li Hung Chang.

The murder of the five kings, with its accompaniments of treachery and cold-blooded horror, made a great impression in this country at the time. The faddists charged Gordon with the deed; but the faddists were confuted by the facts elicited in an official enquiry. Gordon, as we

have said, pleaded for the lives of those men, and he was promised they should be honorably dealt with. We see him enter the fallen city of Soochow, alone, and innocent of what was being done; the gates are shut upon him by the Taipings; he is a prisoner for twenty-four hours among the thousands of men he had conquered. He escapes — to find the city sacked, and to weep over the mangled bodies of the kings for whose safety he had pledged himself. For the first time during the war he armed — armed and went forth to seek Li, the traitor. There is not the least doubt that if he had met his enemy he would have shot him on the spot. But Li had been informed of Gordon's terrible anger, and hid. For many days Gordon was "hot and instant in his trace;" but in vain. Back he came to Quinsan with his troops, whom he had ordered to assist in the pursuit, and there with deep emotion read to them an account of what had happened.

The massacre placed him in unparalleled difficulty. On the one hand the clamor of Europe to desist, on the other the call of his conscience and the mute appeal of the people to finish the work he had begun and so brilliantly carried on. "To waver was to fail." He ignored the world's opinion, and resumed command. Some "final victories" crushed the rebellion forever; the provinces were restored to peace and prosperity; the empire was rescued from an age of civil war. The destiny of China had depended on him, and he saved it.

Even to this day China, the treacherous, the matter-of-fact, the mercenary, is grateful, as well she may be. The campaign against the Taipings is one of the great chapters in military history; the part that Gordon played in it is altogether singular and heroic.

From *All The Year Round*.

RECREATIONS OF MEN OF LETTERS.

LITERARY men, as a rule, do not devote enough time to outdoor recreation. They are eloquent advocates of it in others. They lay down rules for the guidance of the public, but do not practise what they preach. Indeed, the question of recreation is very much like the question of stimulants. It is impossible to lay down rules for brain-workers, because it is impossible to know the temperament and circumstances of each individual case;

but the conditions under which most literary men work prevent them from taking even a little recreation. Their toil is pretty equal to that of the galley-slave, as Mr. Clark Russell says, in these days of severe competition, and some of them, in consequence, break down before their time. But many cases might be cited showing that excessive mental work is not hostile to health. The most striking is that of the octogenarian scientist, the Abbé Moigno, who seems to have chained himself to his desk. "I have published," he says, "already a hundred and fifty volumes, small and large. I scarcely ever leave my work-table, and never take walking exercise, yet I have not experienced any trace of headache or brain-weariness, or constipation, or any other trouble." This case is no doubt exceptional, though the famous lexicographer, Littré, could put in a strong claim for the non-necessity of rest. For at least thirteen years, whilst he was engaged upon his dictionary, he never allowed himself more than five hours' rest out of the twenty-four, and he worked Sunday and week-day alike all the year round. Even whilst order was being restored in his bedroom, which also served as his workshop, he took some work downstairs. In the intervals thus employed he composed the preface to his dictionary. The great age which he attained — he was eighty when he died — is a striking proof of the enormous amount of brain-work it takes to break down a good constitution, but the value of the testimony is lessened by the fact that on the completion of his dictionary he was left in a very feeble state of health.

It may be taken for granted that the men who can work uninterruptedly for years are few in number, and that those who neglect recreation pay the penalty either in sleeplessness, in a long illness, or in an early death. It was want of recreation which killed Bayard Taylor. His ancestors were long-lived, and nature had given him a stalwart frame; but the possession of extraordinary strength led him to neglect the precautions adopted by his less-favored brethren. He did, it is said, the work of two able-bodied men every day. In consequence, his health gave way, and he was cut off at the comparatively early age of fifty-three. Hugh Miller's death was brought about by a self-inflicted blow, when reason reeled under the exertion of an overworked brain. Rosetti, after his wife's death, shut himself up alone amid mediæval relics in a large, gloomy house. Instead of taking

daily exercise or travelling, he sought relief from grief and sleeplessness in chloral, which became his familiar friend. Such cases might be multiplied indefinitely, and furnish a strong plea for the necessity of bodily exercise.

Anthony Trollope's recreation took a form not very common among men of letters. For many years of his life he gave a large part of his time to the recreations of a country gentleman. He loved to gallop across country, and to follow the hounds. Hunting, he said, was one of the great joys of his life, but he followed the pursuit under very great disadvantages. "I am too blind to see the hounds turning," he confessed, "and cannot therefore tell whether the fox has gone this way or that. Indeed, all the notice I take of hounds is not to run over them. My eyes are so constituted that I cannot see the nature of a fence. I either follow some one or ride at it with the full conviction that I may be going into a horse-pond or a gravel-pit. I have jumped into both one and the other." He regarded it as a duty to ride to hounds, and for thirty years he performed this duty. Mr. Trollope's sporting proclivities, as a matter of course, displeased Mr. E. A. Freeman, the enemy of field-sports in general. "Was it possible," asked Mr. Freeman, quoting from Cicero, "that any educated man should find delight in so coarse a pursuit?" Alas! many educated men have found amusement in sports neither elevating nor gentle. Was not cock-fighting the favorite diversion of Roger Ascham? It is true the practice was condemned by some of his admirers, not because it was cruel, but because it was unscholarly. "Few, if any, in the sixteenth century," wrote Hartley Coleridge, "condemned any sport because it involved the pain or destruction of animals, and none would call the pastime of monarchs low. At a more advanced age, Izaak Walton, when in describing the best method of stitching a frog's thigh to a pike-hook, cautions you 'to use him as if you loved him,' never suspected that the time would come when his instruction would expose him to a charge of cruelty, of which there was not a particle in his whole composition, or in Roger Ascham's either. Angling is doubtless much fitter recreation for a 'contemplative man,' besides being much cheaper for a poor man than cock-fighting; but it is equally opposite to the poet's rule, which bids us —

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels,

Hartley Coleridge did not deny that Ascham showed a strange taste, but said that it was a taste he had himself known to exist in men of the kindest hearts and most powerful minds. No doubt he had in his thoughts Christopher North, who was, unquestionably, fond of cock-fighting as well as of wrestling.

Mr. Trollope's methods of work and recreation closely resembled those of Sir Walter Scott, who, like Trollope, began the day's work at five o'clock. When the weather was bad, Lockhart tells us, it was the practice of Scott to labor all the morning; but the general rule was to be out and on horseback by one o'clock at the latest; while, if a more distant excursion had been proposed overnight, he was ready to start on it by ten; his occasional rainy days of unintermitted study forming a fund in his favor out of which he drew whenever the sun shone with special brightness. At that time the chief sport was coursing, of which Scott seems to have been very fond. Sometimes he exchanged coursing for fishing. Later in life his recreation took a form more in harmony with Mr. Freeman's tastes. "Planting and pruning trees," Sir Walter said, "I could work at from morning till night. There is a sort of self-congratulation, a little tickling self-flattery, in the idea that while you are pleasing and amusing yourself, you are seriously contributing to the future welfare of the country." The American historian, George Bancroft, finds equal pleasure and relief in gardening. His garden at Newport is said to contain every variety of rose worth raising, and although he keeps a gardener, he understands all about their care himself, and engages in the work whenever he feels inclined. But his chief form of recreation is horseback-riding. He is still engaged in revising the great work of his life, his history of the United States, and still begins his work at five o'clock. After a light breakfast he resumes his work, which he continues until one or two o'clock. At four he is mounted on his horse, and usually spends three hours in the saddle. Although in his eighty-fourth year, he declares that he has vigor enough to ride all day, and he attributes it entirely to the way in which he regulates his work and his recreation.

Unfortunately, every author cannot afford to keep a horse, but those who cannot, may find consolation in the medical declaration that walking is the best form of exercise. As a matter of fact, most of our best-known authors have been satis-

fied with this form of recreation, which is not without its advantages. It is safe, as well as favorable to contemplation. Wordsworth composed his verses whilst walking, carried them in his memory, and got his wife or daughter to write them down on his return. When a visitor at Rydal Mount asked to see the poet's study, the maid is reported to have shown him a little room containing a handful of books lying about on the table, sofa, and shelves, and to have remarked: "This is the master's library where he keeps his books, but," returning to the door, "his study is out of doors," whereupon she curtsied the visitor into the garden again. Landor also used to compose whilst walking, and therefore always preferred to walk alone. Buckle walked every morning for a quarter of an hour before breakfast, and said that having adopted this custom upon medical advice, it had become necessary. "Heat or cold, sunshine or rain, made no difference to him either for that morning stroll, or for the afternoon walk which had its appointed time and length, and which he would rarely allow himself to curtail, either for business or for visits." Equally careful was Longfellow in the preservation of his health. He persisted in out-door exercise, even when the weather was the reverse of pleasant. Both in the spring and autumn, when raw and blustering winds prevailed, he never omitted his daily walk, though he might go no farther than the bounds of his garden. Darwin was at one time fond of horseback exercise, but after the death of his favorite horse, some ten or twelve years ago, he never rode again, but preferred to walk round his garden, or along the pleasant footpaths through the lovely fields of Kent.

Walking was Macaulay's favorite recreation, but, like Leigh Hunt, he seems to have been unable to sever himself from his books. He once said that he would like nothing so well as to bury himself in some great library, and never pass a waking hour without a book before him. Certainly he could never walk without his book. "He walked about London reading; he roamed through the lanes of Surrey reading; and even the new and surprising spectacle of the sea — so suggestive of reverie and brooding thought — could not seduce him from his books." Macaulay reminds us of Thirlwall, who, whether eating, walking, or riding, was never to be seen without a book.

The favorite recreation of Charles Dickens was walking. By day, Professor

Ward points out, Dickens found in the London thoroughfares stimulative variety; and by night, in seasons of intellectual excitement, he found in these same streets the refreshment of isolation among crowds. "But the walks he loved best were long stretches on the cliffs, or across the downs by the sea, where, following the track of his 'breathers,' one half expects to meet him coming along against the wind at four and a half miles an hour, the very embodiment of energy and brimful of life."

Carlyle usually took a vigorous walk of several miles, enough to get himself into a glow, before he commenced the day's labor. Whether the spirit moved him or not, he entered his workshop at ten, toiled until three, when he answered his letters, saw friends, read, and sometimes had a second walk. Victor Hugo loves to ride outside an omnibus; Carlyle was fond of riding inside. Apparently, neither walking in the streets, nor riding in a rickety, bone-shaking omnibus, aided Carlyle's digestion; for a more dyspeptic and ill-natured author never breathed. It was he who called Charles Lamb and Mary a "very sorry pair of phenomena," and pronounced his talk "contemptibly small, indicating wondrous ignorance and shallowness." Never did men of such dissimilar tastes meet before; but they had one taste in common, and that was walking, for which Lamb confessed a restless impulse. How he loved London! Though he liked to pluck buttercups and daisies at times in the country, his sympathies were entirely with London. Like Dr. Johnson, he believed that when a man was tired of London he was tired of life, and he seems never to have grown weary of sounding the praises of that wonderful city, "London, whose dirtiest arab-frequented alley, and her lowest-bowing tradesman," he told Wordsworth, he would not exchange for Skiddaw and Helvellyn, James Walter, and the parson into the bargain. He loved not only the print-shops, the theatres, the bookstalls, but the crowds of human faces. "The wonder of these sights," he says, "impels me into night-walks about her crowded streets, and I often shed tears in the motley Strand, from fulness of joy at so much life." But his walks along that lively thoroughfare and elsewhere were not without their drawbacks. "I cannot walk home from office," he said, "but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me." In many of his letters he complains "of being a

little over-companied," and the only way of escape from his tormentors was to walk into the country. He was not altogether free from them at Edmonton and Enfield. He seems to have been as fond of walking as Scott was of riding, and the prospect of an early release from the drudgery of the desk tempted him to enlarge upon the pleasure his favorite pursuit would bring him. He had thought, in a green old age, of retiring to Ponder's End, "emblematic name, how beautiful! in the Ware Road, there to have made up my accounts with Heaven and the company, toddling between it and Cheshunt, anon stretching, on some fine Izaak Walton morning, to Hoddesden or Amwell, careless as a beggar, but walking, walking even till I fairly walked myself off my legs, dying walking!" Three years later he was released from the drudgery of the desk, and he then tells us that "Mary walks her twelve miles a day some days, and I my twenty on others." The change worked admirably, but only for a time. "The spur and discipline of regular hours being taken away," remarks the Rev. Alfred Ainger, "Lamb had to make occupation, or else to find amusement in its stead. He had always been fond of walking, and he now tried the experiment of a companion in the shape of a dog, Dash, that Hood had given him. But the dog proved unmanageable, and was fond of running away down any other street than those intended by his master, and Lamb had to part with him a year or two later in despair." Lamb's wish that he might die walking was almost realized. Whilst taking his daily morning walk on the London road, as far as the inn where John Gilpin's ride is pictured, he stumbled against a stone, fell, and slightly cut his face. Erysipelas set in, and Lamb died after a day or two's illness.

The interest of a walk in the country is considerably enhanced by a taste for botany; but literary men know comparatively little of the science. Botanizing was John Stuart Mill's favorite recreation. "His taste for plant-collecting," says Dr. Bain, "began in France, under George Bentham, and was continued through life. It served him in those limited excursions in the neighborhood of London, that he habitually kept up the needs of recreation. I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that this taste belongs to a character joyous by nature, and, therefore, easily amused, or perhaps nothing more stimulating is to be had."

Recently, a new form of exercise has

been commended to brain-workers by Dr. Richardson, who contends that tricycling will enable them to obtain the change of thought and scene which they need. Tricycles are, unfortunately, awkward machines to stow away, and cannot with safety be used after dark. Stabling accommodation for them is hard to find in London, as well as dear, and they are scarcely suitable ornaments for a drawing-room, or even a back parlor. Dr. Richardson stables his machine in the lobby of his house in Manchester Square. An arrangement of this kind is convenient for the rider, but would be tolerated by few wives. As everybody knows the learned doctor is a good deal heavier than Fred Archer, yet he can travel with ease fifty miles a day on his tricycle, and, therefore, he is enthusiastic in his praise of tricycling. The popularity of the pursuit is shown in the crowded state of all the roads out of London through eight or nine months of the year, and is becoming popular with literary men.

Some men, however, need neither a horse nor a tricycle. They are so exceptionally constituted as to be able to do with very little outdoor recreation. They find rest in change of occupation or of subject. Sir John Lubbock, for instance, banker and politician, occupies his hours of recreation in studying the habits of ants and bees. Southey found recreation in changing the subject of study. He had six tables in his library—one for poetry, one for criticism, one for biography, and so on; and he said that so long as he could shift from one to the other, he could work for fifteen hours a day easily. But if he were confined to one subject he said that he should have broken down. Leigh Hunt followed the same plan. Sir Richard Alison declared, with much enthusiasm, that the composition of five-and-thirty large volumes in less than as many years, simultaneously with the discharge of exhausting and continual judicial duties, left him at the age of seventy nearly as strong as he was at five-and-twenty. The secret of this circumstance was to be found, he is persuaded, in the diversity of the objects which occupied his mind. Half of each day, he says, is devoted to law, and half to literature; but his residence compelled him to walk six or eight miles a day. Either singly would, he considers, have ruined his health, or terminated his life; but the two together saved him. Recreation to an active mind is, he points out, to be sought not so much in rest as in change

of occupation. "I never found," he adds, "that I could do more, either at law or literature, by working at it alone the whole day than by devoting half my time to the other. The fatigue of the two was quite different, and neither disqualified for undergoing the opposite one. Often on returning home after sitting twelve hours in the Small Debt Court, and finding no alleviation of the sense of fatigue by lying on the sofa, I rose up and said: 'I am too tired to rest; I must go and write my history.'"

From The English Illustrated Magazine.
THE CHARACTER OF DOGS.

THE civilization, the manners, and the morals of dog-kind are to a great extent subordinated to those of his ancestral master, man. This animal, in many ways so superior, has accepted a position of inferiority, shares the domestic life, and humors the caprices of the tyrant. But the potentate, like the British in India, pays small regard to the character of his willing client, judges him with listless glances, and condemns him in a bye-word. Listless have been the looks of his admirers, who have exhausted idle terms of praise, and buried the poor soul below exaggerations. And yet more idle and, if possible, more unintelligent has been the attitude of his express detractors: those who are very fond of dogs "but in their proper place;" who say "poo' fellow, poo' fellow," and are themselves far poorer; who whet the knife of the vivisectionist or heat his oven; who are not ashamed to admire "the creature's instinct;" and flying far beyond folly, have dared to resuscitate the theory of animal machines. The "dog's instinct" and the "automaton-dog," in this age of psychology and science, sound like strange anachronisms. An automaton, he certainly is: a machine working independently of his control, the heart like the mill-wheel, keeping all in motion, and the consciousness, like a person shut in the mill garret, enjoying the view out of the window and shaken by the thunder of the stones: an automaton in one corner of which a living spirit is confined: an automaton like man. Instinct again, he certainly possesses. Inherited aptitudes are his, inherited frailties. Some things he at once views and understands, as though he were awakened from a sleep, as though he came "trailing clouds of glory." But with him,

as with man, the field of instinct is limited; its utterances are obscure and occasional; and about the far larger part of life both the dog and his master must conduct their steps by deduction and observation.

The leading distinction between dog and man, after and perhaps before the different duration of their lives, is that the one can speak and that the other cannot. The absence of the power of speech confines the dog in the development of his intellect; it hinders him from many speculations, for words are the beginning of metaphysic; at the same blow it saves him from many superstitions; and his silence has won for him a higher name for virtue than his conduct justifies. The faults of the dog are many. He is vainer than man, singularly greedy of notice, singularly intolerant of ridicule, suspicious like the deaf, jealous to the degree of frenzy, and radically devoid of truth. The day of an intelligent small dog is passed in the manufacture and the laborious communication of falsehood; he lies with his tail, he lies with his eye, he lies with his protesting paw; and when he rattles his dish or scratches at the door his purpose is other than appears. But he has some apology to offer for the vice. Many of the signs which form his dialect have come to bear an arbitrary meaning, clearly understood both by his master and himself; yet when a new want arises he must either invent a new vehicle of meaning or wrest an old one to a different purpose; and this necessity, frequently recurring, must tend to lessen his idea of the sanctity of symbols. Meanwhile the dog is clear in his own conscience, and draws, with a human nicety, the distinction between formal and essential truth. Of his punning perversions, his legitimate dexterity with symbols, he is even vain; but when he has told or been detected in a lie, there is not a hair upon his body but confesses guilt. To a dog of gentlemanly feeling, theft and falsehood are disgraceful vices. The canine, like the human, gentleman demands in his misdemeanors Montaigne's "*je ne sais quoi de généreux*." He is never more than half ashamed of having barked or bitten; and for those faults into which he has been led by the desire to shine before a lady of his race, he retains, even under physical correction, a share of pride. But to be caught lying, if he understands it, instantly uncurls his fleece.

Just as among dull observers he preserves a name for truth, the dog has been

credited with modesty. It is amazing how the use of language blunts the faculties of man — that because vainglory finds no vent in words, creatures supplied with eyes have been unable to detect a fault so gross and obvious. If a small spoiled dog were suddenly to be endowed with speech, he would prate interminably, and still about himself: when we had friends, we should be forced to lock him in a garret; and what with his whining jealousies and his foible for falsehood, in a year's time he would have gone far to weary out our love. I was about to compare him to Sir Willoughby Patterne, but the Patternes have a manlier sense of their own merits; and the parallel, besides, is ready. Hans Christian Andersen, as we behold him in his startling memoirs, thrilling from top to toe with an excruciating vanity, and scouting even along the street for shadows of offence — here was the talking dog.

It is just this rage for consideration that has betrayed the dog into his satellite position as the friend of man. The cat, an animal of franker appetites, preserves his independence. But the dog, with one eye ever on the audience, has been wheedled into slavery, and praised and patted into the renunciation of his nature. Once he ceased hunting and became man's plate-licker, the Rubicon was crossed. Thenceforth he was a gentleman of leisure; and except the few whom we keep working, the whole race grew more and more self-conscious, mannered, and affected. The number of things that a small dog does naturally is strangely small. Enjoying better spirits and not crushed under material cares, he is far more theatrical than average man. His whole life, if he be a dog of any pretension to gallantry, is spent in a vain show, and in the hot pursuit of admiration. Take out your puppy for a walk, and you will find the little ball of fur clumsy, stupid, bewildered, but natural. Let but a few months pass, and when you repeat the process you will find nature buried in convention. He will do nothing plainly; but the simplest processes of our material life will all be bent into the forms of an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. Instinct, says the fool, has awakened. But it is not so. Some dogs — some, at the very least — if they be kept separate from others, remain quite natural; and these, when at length they meet with a companion of experience, and have the game explained to them, distinguish themselves by the severity of their devotion to its

rules. I wish I were allowed to tell a story which would radiantly illuminate the point; but men, like dogs, have an elaborate and mysterious etiquette. It is their bond of sympathy that both are the children of convention.

The person, man, or dog, who has a conscience is eternally condemned to some degree of humbug; the sense of the law in their members fatally precipitates either towards a frozen and affected bearing. And the converse is true; and in the elaborate and conscious manners of the dog, moral opinions and the love of the ideal stand confessed. To follow for ten minutes in the street some swaggering canine cavalier, is to receive a lesson in dramatic art and the cultured conduct of the body; in every act and gesture you see him true to a refined conception; and the dullest cur, beholding him, pricks up his ear and proceeds to imitate and parody that charming ease. For to be a high-mannered and high-minded gentleman, careless, affable, and gay, is the inborn pretension of the dog. The large dog, so much lazier, so much more weighed upon with matter, so majestic in repose, so beautiful in effort, is born with the dramatic means to wholly represent the part. And it is more pathetic and perhaps more instructive to consider the small dog in his conscientious and imperfect efforts to outdo Sir Philip Sidney. For the ideal of the dog is feudal and religious; the ever-present polytheism, the whip-bearing Olympus of mankind, rules them on the one hand; on the other their singular difference of size and strength among themselves effectually prevents the appearance of the democratic notion. Or we might more exactly compare their society to the curious spectacle presented by a school — ushers, monitors, and big and little boys — qualified by one circumstance, the introduction of the other sex. In each, we should observe a somewhat similar tension of manner, and somewhat similar points of honor. In each, the larger animal keeps a contemptuous good humor; in each the smaller annoys him with wasplike impudence, certain of practical immunity; in each we shall find a double life producing double characters, and an excursive and noisy heroism combined with a fair amount of practical timidity. I have known dogs, and I have known school heroes that, set aside the fur, could hardly have been told apart; and if we desire to understand the chivalry of old, we must turn to the school playfields or the dunghheap where the dogs are trooping.

Woman, with the dog, has been long enfranchised. Incessant massacre of female innocents has changed the proportions of the sexes and perverted their relations. Thus, when we regard the manners of the dog, we see a romantic and monogamous animal, once perhaps as delicate as the cat, at war with impossible conditions. Man has much to answer for; and the part he plays is yet more damnable and parlous than Corin's in the eyes of Touchstone. But his intervention has, at least, created an imperial situation for the rare surviving ladies. In that society they reign without a rival: conscious queens; and in the only instance of a canine wife-beater that has ever fallen under my notice, the criminal was somewhat excused by the circumstances of his story. He is a little, very alert, well-bred, intelligent Skye, as black as a hat, with a wet bramble for a nose and two cairngorms for eyes. To the human observer, he is decidedly well-looking; but to the ladies of his race he seems abhorrent. A thorough, elaborate gentleman, of the plume and sword-knot order, he was born with a nice sense of gallantry to women. He took at their hands the most outrageous treatment; I have heard him bleating like a sheep, I have seen him streaming blood, and his ear tattered like a regimental banner; and yet he would scorn to make reprisals. Nay more, when a human lady upraised the contumelious whip against the very dame who had been so cruelly misusing him, my little Great-heart gave but one hoarse cry and fell upon the tyrant, tooth and nail. This is the tale of a soul's tragedy. After three years of unavailing chivalry, he suddenly, in one hour, threw off the yoke of obligation; had he been Shakespeare he would then have written "*Troilus and Cressida*" to brand the offending sex; but being only a little dog, he began to bite them. The surprise of the ladies whom he attacked indicated the monstrosity of his offence; but he had fairly beaten off his better angel, fairly committed moral suicide; for almost in the same hour, throwing aside the last rags of decency, he proceeded to attack the aged also. The fact is worth remark, showing, as it does, that ethical laws are common both to dogs and men; and that with both a single deliberate violation of the conscience loosens all. "But while the lamp holds on to burn," says the paraphrase, "the greatest sinner may return." I have been cheered to see symptoms of effectual penitence in my

sweet ruffian; and by the handling that he accepted uncomplainingly the other day from an indignant fair one, I begin to hope the period of *Sturm und Drang* is closed.

All these little gentlemen are subtle casuists. The duty to the female dog is plain; but where competing duties rise, down they will sit and study them out, like Jesuit confessors. I knew another little Skye, somewhat plain in manner and appearance, but a creature compact of amiability and solid wisdom. His family going abroad for a winter, he was received for that period by an uncle in the same city. The winter over, his own family home again, and his own house (of which he was very proud) re-opened, he found himself in a dilemma between two conflicting duties of loyalty and gratitude. His old friends were not to be neglected, but it seemed hardly decent to desert the new. This was how he solved the problem. Every morning, as soon as the door was opened, off posted Coolin to his uncle's, visited the children in the nursery, saluted the whole family, and was back at home in time for breakfast and his bit of fish. Nor was this done without a sacrifice on his part, sharply felt; for he had to forego the particular honor and jewel of his day — his morning's walk with my father. And perhaps from this cause he gradually wearied of and relaxed the practice, and at length returned entirely to his ancient habits. But the same decision served him in another and more distressing case of divided duty, which happened not long after. He was not at all a kitchen dog, but the cook had nursed him with unusual kindness during the distemper; and though he did not adore her as he adored my father — although (born snob) he was critically conscious of her position as "only a servant" — he still cherished for her a special gratitude. Well, the cook left, and retired some streets away to lodgings of her own; and there was Coolin in precisely the same situation with any young gentleman who has had the inestimable benefit of a faithful nurse. The canine conscience did not solve the problem with a pound of tea at Christmas. No longer content to pay a flying visit, it was the whole forenoon that he dedicated to his solitary friend. And so, day by day, he continued to comfort her solitude until (for some reason which I could never understand and cannot approve) he was kept locked up to break him of the graceful habit. Here, it is not

the similarity, it is the difference, that is worthy of remark; the clearly marked degrees of gratitude and the proportional duration of his visits. Anything farther removed from instinct it were hard to fancy; and one is even stirred to a certain impatience with a character so destitute of spontaneity, so passionless in justice, and so priggishly obedient to the voice of reason.

There are not many dogs like this good Coolin, and not many people. But the type is one well marked, both in the human and the canine family. Gallantry was not his aim, but a solid and somewhat oppressive respectability. He was a sworn foe to the unusual and the conspicuous, a praiser of the golden mean, a kind of city uncle modified by Cheeryble. And as he was precise and conscientious in all the steps of his own blameless course, he looked for the same precision and an even greater gravity in the bearing of his deity, my father. It was no sinecure to be Coolin's idol; he was exacting like a rigid parent; and at every sign of levity in the man whom he respected, he announced loudly the death of virtue and the proximate fall of the pillars of the earth. I have called him a snob; but all dogs are so, though in varying degrees. It is hard to follow their snobbery among themselves; for though I think we can perceive distinctions of rank, we cannot grasp what is the criterion. Thus in Edinburgh, in a good part of the town, there were several distinct societies or clubs that met in the morning to—the phrase is technical—to “rake the back-ets” in a troop. A friend of mine, the master of three dogs, was one day surprised to observe that they had left one club and joined another; but whether it was a rise or a fall, and the result of an invitation or an expulsion, was more than he could guess. And this illustrates pointedly our ignorance of the real life of dogs, their social ambitions and their social hierarchies. At least, in their dealings with men they are not only conscious of sex, but of the difference of station. And that in the most snobbish manner; for the poor man's dog is not offended by the notice of the rich, and keeps all his ugly feeling for those poorer or more ragged than his master. And again, for every station they have an ideal of behavior, to which the master, under pain of derogation, will do wisely to conform. How often has not a cold glance of an eye informed me that my dog was disappoint-

ed; and how much more gladly would he not have taken a beating than to be thus wounded in the seat of piety!

I knew one disresponsible dog. He was far liker a cat; cared little or nothing for men, with whom he merely co-existed as we do with cattle, and was entirely devoted to the art of poaching. A house would not hold him, and to live in a town was what he refused. He led, I believe, a life of troubled but genuine pleasure, and perished beyond all question in a trap. But this was an exception, a marked reversion to the ancestral type; like the hairy human infant. The true dog of the nineteenth century, to judge by the remainder of my fairly large acquaintance, is in love with respectability. A street-dog was once adopted by a lady. While still an Arab, he had done as Arabs do, gambling in the mud, charging into butchers' stalls, a cat-hunter, a sturdy beggar, a common rogue and vagabond; but with his rise into society, he laid aside these inconsistent pleasures. He stole no more, he hunted no more cats; and conscious of his collar, he ignored his old companions. Yet the canine upper class was never brought to recognize the upstart, and from that hour, except for human countenance, he was alone. Friendless, shorn of his sports and the habits of a lifetime, he still lived in a glory of happiness, content with his acquired respectability, and with no care but to support it solemnly. Are we to condemn or praise this self-made dog? We praise his human brother. And thus to conquer vicious habits is as rare with dogs as with men. With the more part, for all their scruple-mongering and moral thought, the vices that are born with them remain invincible throughout; and they live all their years, glorying in their virtues, but still the slaves of their defects. Thus the sage Coolin was a thief to the last; among a thousand peccadilloes, a whole goose and a whole cold leg of mutton lay upon his conscience; but Woggs, whose soul's shipwreck in the matter of gallantry I have recounted above, has only twice been known to steal, and has often nobly conquered the temptation. The eighth is his favorite commandment. There is something painfully human in these unequal virtues and mortal frailties of the best. Still more painful is the bearing of those “stammering professors” in the house of sickness and under the terror of death. It is beyond a doubt to me that, somehow or other, the dog connects together, or confounds, the uneasi-

ness of sickness and the consciousness of guilt. To the pains of the body he often adds the tortures of the conscience; and at these times his haggard protestations form, in regard to the human deathbed, a dreadful parody or parallel.

I once supposed that I had found an inverse relation between the double etiquette which dogs obey; and that those who were most addicted to the showy street life among other dogs were less careful in the practice of home virtues for the tyrant man. But the female dog, that mass of carneying affectations, shines equally in either sphere; rules her rough posse of attendant swains with unwearying tact and gusto; and with her master and mistress pushes the arts of insinuation to their crowning point. The attention of man and the regard of other dogs flatter (it would thus appear) the same sensibility, but perhaps, if we could read the canine heart, they would be found to flatter it in very different degrees. Dogs live with man as courtiers round a monarch, steeped in the flattery of his notice and enriched with sinecures. To push their favor in this world of pickings and caresses is, perhaps, the business of their lives; and their joys may lie outside. I am in despair at our persistent ignorance. I read in the lives of our companions the same processes of reason, the same antique and fatal conflicts of the right against the wrong, and of unbitted nature with too rigid custom; I see them with our weaknesses, vain, false, inconstant against appetite, and with our one stalk of virtue, devoted to the dream of an ideal; and yet, as they hurry by me on the street with tail in air, or come singly to solicit my regard, I must own the secret purport of their lives is still inscrutable to man. Is man the friend, or is he the patron only? Have they indeed forgotten nature's voice? or are those moments snatched from courtiership when they touch noses with the tinker's mongrel, the brief reward and pleasure of their artificial lives? Doubtless, when man shares with his dog the toils of a profession and the pleasures of an art, as with the shepherd or the poacher, the affection warms and strengthens till it fills the soul. But doubtless, also, the masters are, in many cases, the object of a merely interested cultus, sitting aloft like Louis Quatorze, giving and receiving flattery and favor; and the dogs, like the majority of men, have but foregone their true existence and become the dupes of their ambition.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

From The Spectator.

CHRISTIANITY AND POLITICS.

WE have recently been occupied in the attempt to answer the question whether that scheme of society known as Socialism derives any special sanction from Christianity. We would to-day return upon the relation between politics and religion from a wider point of view, and attempt to answer the question which several recent utterances must have suggested to our readers, — In what relation does political duty stand to Christian teaching? The noble protest against the notion that religion stands out of relation to political duty, which was elicited from the warden of Keble College by Mr. Harrison's account of the Positivist worship in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, must have met with a welcome from many who felt indignant at having it assumed that this was a specially Christian notion: although they may have been quite ready to allow both that the behavior of many Christians has encouraged it, and also that the behavior of many Positivists is an excellent rebuke to it. And the wish recently expressed in Mr. Seeley's lectures on the "Expansion of England" that history should become more political must have carried many thoughts in the same direction, if not exactly to the same goal. How far can those who consider that the most important truth is that which concerns the relation of God to man join in the wish that a record of human life should ally itself with the political spirit?

It must be admitted at once that if by Christianity we mean something of divine origin, and if by politics we mean a theory of the relation between the governors and the governed, the idea that any connection exists between these two things would be confuted by history. There is no disputable theory of government which has not been defended by true Christians, and also opposed by them, at some time or other. If we confine our attention to our own time, it is, of course, possible to fancy that some such connection exists. We live on the edge of a great uprising against authority which was combined with a rejection of Christianity, and it is natural that two things opposed together should be remembered together; but if we had lived in the England of two hundred years ago, we should have seen an uprising against authority which was combined with a strong and marked assertion of Christianity, and should have been inclined to look upon religious enthusiasm

as dangerous to civil order and secular rule rather than to liberty. And if in the fifteen centuries since Christianity was dominant it has oftener been in alliance with the spirit of authority than the spirit of freedom, that fact tells us nothing whatever of its own character, only of the tendency of mankind to mix the assertion of truth with claims for their own authority. About the result of any scheme of government Christian men are, it is plain, promised no supernatural illumination. They may be mistaken about what tends to true liberty, as they may be mistaken about what tends to true order. But they are as much the less Christians if they fail in sympathy with liberty, as if they fail in sympathy with order. We cannot say that one principle is more sacred than the other. The Christian teacher should most urgently insist on that, whichever it be, which Christians are most likely to forget, and he may be as much mistaken on that point as any one else may.

Nevertheless, to allow that Christianity had no influence on politics would be simply to allow that Christianity was false. Does our duty to our neighbor need a less potent sanction when its object changes from one to many? Do we require a divine wisdom to enlighten us as to the duties which concern the happiness of two or three, and can we dispense with it when we come to duties which concern the happiness of millions? The question answers itself. If a man be not a better citizen for being a Christian, then Christianity is a dream. It might be argued, with much plausibility, and not without some truth, that no other relation affords so sure a test of a man's moral condition as does that which he holds to the community of which he forms a part. Before we condemn a man who has failed, however unquestionably, as son or husband, we have to learn the character of the other member of the relation; but if he is a bad citizen, he cannot expect the community to divide the blame with him. We do not mean to deny that other points in the comparison suggest an opposite conclusion; but still it is true, on the whole, that while few duties are so important as political duties, there are none in which a man's responsibility is so absolute, as far as it goes. To ask whether political duty should be influenced by religion is like asking whether Scotland is a part of Great Britain. But if we defined Great Britain as stopping short at Edinburgh, and Scotland as bounded on the south by the Grampians, Scotland would form no part

of Great Britain. And the ordinary conception of Christianity is not a more shrunken fragment of the region which that word should mark out than is the ordinary conception of politics. "General Christians," as Lord Palmerston called them, are no better illustrations of the meaning of Christianity, than is the ordinary Tory or Radical of that science which deals with the duties of a citizen. Our participation in the relations of civil life varies greatly, but not more than our participation in individual relations does, and it would not be easy to decide which are the most important of the two. Conceive, for instance, the change that would come over the world if only one single political duty were rightly fulfilled, if no one either gave or withheld his gift for any needy claimant without a sense of responsibility. So miserably has the very idea of politics shrunk, that it will sound odd to reckon our duty to the poor as a political duty; yet of all the duties that belong to a *polity*, surely it is the one to which ordinary individuals would do best to give heed.

We are far from urging that the ordinary meaning of politics refers to something unimportant. It may be the duty of every man of influence to stand by that party whose principles, on the whole, he deems nearest the truth, and whose influence, on the whole, appears to him most useful to the community. And the struggle between the two armies whose watchwords are respectively "freedom" and "order," however we may regret it, is one which we are forced to regard as a permanent incident of national life. Although between the ideas of freedom and of order *themselves* there is no opposition, yet, as the whole of history shows us that the men who make each of these things their object are actually enlisted under different banners, this battle seems a part of the system of things, which we have to accept and make the best of. Loyalty to a party is, in many cases, a duty; and there is no doubt that it may be sacrificed to many things much lower than itself. But it may be at once confessed that this is a duty which Christianity tends to make more difficult. Christian belief has no tendency to endow a man either with political knowledge or political ability, any more than it has a tendency to endow him with arithmetical accuracy. It makes him wish to be an honest man, and, so far, it helps him to keep his accounts accurately, — and that wish is a real help. And so it is a real help towards party loyalty, to a certain extent. But a religious faith tends

to increase the claimants on a man's loyalty; and no true claimant to loyalty—and we fully allow the claim—comes so low down in the scale as a party does. No kind of valid claim is so much subject to revision from the side of considerations that spring from Christian ground. Christianity is, in reference to what many people call politics, a disturbing element. The attitude which a profoundly Christian mind is apt to take towards party questions was well illustrated in all the political utterances of Mr. Maurice. He would always seek for the true principle at the root of any outgrowth of party feeling, would point out the distortion to which it was liable, and the failure which awaited it just so far as it admitted any influence from this distortion, and there he would stop. He never led his hearers to see that one side was right and the other wrong. And that is just what a politician has to see,—a politician, that is to say, in this narrow sense of the word, which we are obliged to give in to, even while we protest against it.

However, in all this there is nothing specially characteristic of Christianity, except so far as Christianity has been the moral faith which men have felt most earnestly. All such faith originates sympathies and beliefs which tend to confuse and trouble party union. The very protest from which we have taken our text fully allows that Christians owe to Comtists a most valuable reminder of that side of their political duties, however we name it, by which party feeling is cast into the shade. No body of men have done more to uphold the claims on politicians of "morality touched with emotion" than the Positivists have; and if they have not had to meet the accusation of "humanitarianism," "want of patriotism," and the like, it is only because it has not been felt worth while to make it. They have shown the truest patriotism in urging the duties of their country on those who represent its external action, and are as much bound to consider its duties as each one of us is to consider our own duties; but they have shown also exactly that *interference* of religious feeling with party feeling which provokes most hostility on the part of politicians. We may call it religious feeling, since it is their religion, though its object is humanity; and we may call the feeling with which it interferes party feeling, though its object is a country; for patriotism sinks to the level of party feeling when our country is regarded as a corporate being with claims, and without duties. And if Christians had been as

true to their creed as Positivists had been to theirs (they are no worse men, but the task has been more difficult), they would have been better politicians in the larger sense, and worse in the narrower sense. Humanity is not the object of their worship. But it is the object of sympathies touched with new life from their creed, and of duties taking a new sanction from the same source. Who can doubt, for instance, that if Christianity had been a living, predominant influence, the anti-slavery movement would have been a distinctly Church movement? And who doubts now, whatever be his political creed, that the abolition of slavery was a great political step, and that every one who helped it on was not only a better Christian, but a better politician,—a soldier fighting on the right side, even if you mean by the right side nothing but the side which is going to win? At the same time, it must have happened more than once that this question weakened a party, even when a party was working for good. Nothing in Macaulay's prosperous life is so interesting as the sacrifices which he made to his father's principles, but at the time it must have seemed to many, and, perhaps, sometimes even to himself, as if he were sacrificing not so much his interest to his duty, as his political feeling to his personal feeling. Yet now there is no act of his life which would be felt so conspicuously right, in a political sense, by every one.

There is no subject which more distinctly exhibits the difference between the amalgam of Christian belief with ecclesiastical feelings which represents Christianity to the world, and its true spirit, as the history of slavery does. We must confess that there have been men who would have laid down their lives to make other men Christians, and did all they could to keep them slaves; perhaps this must be said, for instance, of Whitefield. Of course, the very motives which make men cowardly about giving offence and careful of preserving their influence take strength from sources that call themselves Christian. But there can be no doubt in an unprejudiced mind what has been the influence of Christianity on slavery. "Ce n'est pas Spartacus qui a supprimé l'esclavage, c'est bien plutôt Blandine," says a historian whose testimony to anything Christian will not be received with suspicion,—M. Renan. It is surprising that that tribute to the martyred slave-girl has not aroused more attention. It is a tribute not to this or that form of Christianity, but to the teaching of Jesus. He said,

"Resist not evil." We say, "That is an unpractical, exaggerated doctrine; we must pare down its meaning to some much smaller, before we can make any use of it. M. Renan says this was the teaching that put an end to slavery. A pagan hero refused to be "butchered to make a Roman holiday," fired his oppressed brethren with the passion for liberty, and taught slaves to die in the strength of that passion. We cannot say that the genius and courage which it taxed the utmost strength of Rome to subdue did anything towards ending slavery. The quelled revolt of Spartacus riveted the chains of his brethren, sharpened the scourge under which they groaned, and hardened against them the heart of the most humane of the Romans. Then came a faith which appealed with special promise to the slave, which offered duties he could fulfil and rights that he could claim; he accepted it, he believed the words of Christ literally, he feared not them which could kill the body, and after that had no more they could do; he accepted death and torture at their hands with unresisting hope, and when the storm of persecution was past slavery had become impossible. Slaves had taught freemen how to die, they were enrolled among the saints, and it was impossible that humanity could continue to recognize a distinction which was thrown into the shade as much by common memories as by common hopes. We do not say that this is the way all historians would narrate the facts, but certainly the one from whom we have taken this view is not a prejudiced advocate of Christianity.

The records of history might be made to yield very different answers to our question, no doubt. The worst crimes it commemorates have been committed in the service of something that the criminals sincerely believed to be Christianity, and it is no unnatural inference to conclude that its teachings were not intended to be applied to the region where they were capable of so hideous a distortion. At times every Christian student of history must have felt an enormous relief in turning from modern to ancient history, and escaping from the atmosphere of something which calls itself by the name of his faith, but which must have seemed to him more nearly a complete antithesis to everything to which his faith bears witness than any kind of belief and feeling that was in the world before it existed. And then, of course, it is easy to go on to the wish that men should live politically as they did live before it existed,

that the whole world of political relation should remain as untouched by the aims associated with Christianity as is the life of the men one reads of in Thucydides. At times, indeed, it appears as if this aim were to be realized in our day. We do not believe it can be realized in any day. But what we may say decidedly is that it will be something new in the world if it ever does come to pass that Christianity gives no color to political life. History shows us an endless complexity of alliance between Christian feeling and that against which Christian feeling should be a perpetual struggle; but the modern idea of private life regulated by one code, and public by another, — this, whatever else there is to be said for it, is not a conception that can be illustrated from the life of the past. History may help us to understand how it arose. The Church was born in an age when civil virtue was as impossible as to an individual is filial piety in old age. It became the rival, not the ally, of a life which was younger than itself. A national life grew up beneath its shelter, and was not easily recognized as its equal. Yet it is the most theological of all poets, and the one in whom the spirit of the Middle Ages is most completely expressed, who gives a most emphatic sanction to the belief that these powers are equals. No ideal of life is more political than Dante's. The emperor and the pope are correlative authorities, performing functions equally sacred, alike agents in giving Christendom a unity which in this mediæval ideal it was to possess in a much higher degree than our modern thinkers dare to dream of. From this point of view, the modern condition of a congeries of States struggling through some vague conceptions of international law to attain a certain approximation to the organic unity which was, according to the earlier view, to be something coherent and definite, would appear an enormous retrogression, a process the very reverse of evolution. It may be said that this ideal was never realized; nevertheless, it remains an important fact that it existed. The religious conception of European civilization was a far more organic thing than is that of our secular age. And whether or not any one can hope for the return of any similar ideal, whether or not we may believe that faith shall ever again be a bond of national union, we must surely allow that in this function it has no obvious rival; and that the unity of Christendom, if it is not to be achieved by Christian faith, seems likely, from all we can see, to remain a mere dream.

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PESSIMISM.

Is life worth living? — Well, to tell you true,
It scarcely is, if all men were like you.

BRIGHT-FACED maiden, bright-souled maiden,
What is this that I must hear?
Is thy heart with sorrow laden,
Is thine eye dimmed with a tear?
Can it be that lips so sweetly
Rounded to be kindly kissed,
Could be twisted indiscreetly
To that vile word *Pessimist*?
Not for thine own ills thou wepest;
Softly feathered is thy nest;
When thou wakest, when thou sleepest,
Thou art fortun'd with the best.
But thy sisters and thy brothers
Pierced with many a woful smart,
Dying children, wailing mothers,
Fret thy nerve, and stab thy heart.
In the country, in the city,
Godless deeds, a loveless list
Stir thy blood and move thy pity;
And thou art a PESSIMIST.
Storms and wars and tribulations,
Fevered passions' reainless tide,
With insane hallucinations
Mingled travel far and wide.
Can it be an Eye inspecting
Things so tumbling in pell-mell,
With a cool control directing
Such a hotbed, such a hell?
Nay, sweet maid, but think more slowly;
Though this thing and that be sad,
'Tis a logic most unholy
That the gross of things is bad;
'Tis a trick of melancholy,
Tainting life with death's alloy;
Or in wisdom, or in folly,
Nature still delights in joy.
Dost thou hear of starving sinners?
Nine and ten or ninety-nine,
Many thousands eat good dinners,
Many hundreds quaff good wine.
Hast thou seen a score of cripples?
Equal legs are not uncommon;
If you know one fool that tipples,
Thousands drink not — man and woman;
Tell me, if you know, how many
Murders happen in the town?
One a year, perhaps, if any;
Should that weigh your heart quite down?
No doubt, if you read the papers,
You will find a strange hotch-potch, —
Doting dreams, delirious capers,
Many a blunder, blot, and blotch;
Bags of windy speculation,
Babblement of small and great,
Cheating, swindling, peculation,
Squabblement of Church and State;
Miners blown up, humbugs shown up,
Beaten wives, insulted brides,
Raving preachers, witless teachers,
Lunatics and suicides.
Drains and cesspools, faintings, fevers,
Poisoned cats and stolen collies,
Simple women, gay deceivers,
Every sort and size of follies,
Wandering M.P.'s brainless babble,
Deputations, meetings, dinners,

Riots of the lawless rabble,
Purple sins of West-End sinners;
Driving, dicing, drinking, dancing,
Spit-rapping, ghostly stuff,
Bubble schemes, and daft financing,
When the shares are blown enough.
All this is true; when men cut capers
That make the people talk or stare,
To-morrow, when you ope the papers,
You're sure to find your antics there.
But you and I and all our neighbors,
Meanwhile in pure and peaceful ways,
With link on link of fruitful labors,
Draw out our chain of happy days.
See things as they are; be sober;
Balance well life's loss and gain:
If to-day be chill October,
Summer suns will come again.
Are bleak winds forever sighing?
Do dark clouds forever lower?
Are your friends all dead and dying?
All your sweetness turned to sour?
Great men no doubt have sometimes small
ways,
But a horse is not an ass,
And a black snake is not always
Lurking in the soft green grass.
Don't be hasty, gentle lady;
In this whirl of diverse things
Keep your footing, and with steady
Poise control your equal wings.
All things can't to all be pleasant,
I love bitter, you love sweet;
Some faint when a cat is present,
Rats find babies' cheeks a treat.
If all tiny things were tall things,
If all petty things were grand,
Where would greatness be, when all things
On one common level stand?
Do you think the winged breezes
Fraught with healthy ventilation,
When a tender infant sneezes
Should retreat with trepidation?
When dry Earth to Heaven is calling
For soft rain and freshening dew,
Shall the rain refrain from falling
Lest my lady wet her shoe?
Fools still rush to rash conclusions,
And the mole-eyed minion man
Talks of troubles and confusions,
When he sees not half the plan.
Spare to blame and fear to caviel,
With short leave dismiss your pain,
Let no fretful fancies revel
In the sanctum of your brain.
Use no magnifying glasses
To change molehills into mountains,
Nor on every ill that passes
Pour hot tears from bitter fountains.
Trust in God and know your duty,
Some good things are in your power;
Every day will bring its booty
From the labor of the hour.
Never reckon what fools are prating,
Work and wait, let sorrow lie;
Live and love; have done with hating,
Goethe says — and so say I.

J. S. B.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH IN THE
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.*

IN spite of the numerous books which have been written to illustrate its history, political, social, and intellectual; in spite also of its nearness to ourselves; it is perhaps true that the eighteenth century is less known to us than either of those immediately preceding it. There is no Revolution, Rebellion, or Reformation, to compel attention by the greatness of the issues involved. There are but few striking and commanding characters — but few incidents of absorbing interest. In short, there are wanting in the eighteenth century the elements of the romantic and the picturesque. Hence the view taken of that period is, for the most part, rapid and superficial. It is looked upon as a feeble duplicate of our own times, with the advantage all in favor of ourselves. Its literature is but little read. Its school of poetry has fallen into disrepute. Its essays are voted dry and jejune. Its architectural efforts are viewed with a shudder. Its philosophy is regarded as incipient and undeveloped.

But in no respect, perhaps, has the eighteenth century been so superficially and hastily judged as in the matter of religion, and in the estimate of the amount of earnestness to be found in the Church and the sects. The caricature types of Fielding and the novelists have furnished the ideas prevalent as to the social status of the clergy. Some stray volumes of dry sermons have suggested the estimate of pulpit oratory; and, for the rest, exaggerated and untruthful stories as to the Wesleys and the Revivalists have created the notion, that practical religion was scarcely to be found in the land before

their appearance. This ignorance as to the conditions of religious life in the eighteenth century is in a great measure excusable. Until very recently no attempt had even been made to narrate the history of the Church of England during this period. Historians were content to write the history of the Reformation, or at any rate to break off their narrative at the Revolution, leaving all between that date and modern days a blank. But that there is very much to tell of the religious life of England in that century, recent writers have abundantly shown. The volumes which represent the joint labors of Messrs. Abbey and Overton are a welcome and valuable contribution towards the history of the period. They do not, indeed, in themselves constitute a history. The essay form into which they are cast involves gaps and omissions in the narrative, while it often produces repetition and undue prolixity. We cannot think the form of the book judicious. But the essays are ably written, and replete with valuable information. Still higher praise may be given to Mr. Overton's "Life of William Law." This is an admirable biography up to the period when the subject of it gets lost in a cloud of mysticism, into which the writer is unfortunately tempted to follow him. Aided by these helps, and by others which it is not necessary to particularize, we propose now to attempt to indicate some of the chief points of interest in the religious life of England during the eighteenth century.

The century opens in a storm. Convocation, silenced since the Revolution, had at last met. A controversy had been raised as to its right to meet concurrently with the Parliament, and the clergy had become so excited, that King William's last ministry made it a condition of their taking office that it should be allowed to meet and deliberate. Its deliberations consisted in a series of squabbles and recriminations between the Upper and Lower Houses. The bishops were Whigs, the presbyters were Tories. Atterbury, whose book had been the chief exciting cause of the movement, was the ruling spirit in the Lower House, and was never tired of thwarting and decrying the House

* 1. *The English Church in the Eighteenth Century.* By Charles J. Abbey, M.A., Rector of Checkenden, late Fellow of University College, Oxford; and John H. Overton, M.A., Vicar of Legbourne, late Scholar of Lincoln College, Oxford. 2 vols. London, 1878.

2. *William Law: Nonjuror and Mystic.* By John H. Overton, M.A. London, 1881.

3. *The Student's English Church History. From the Accession of Henry VIII. to the Silencing of Convocation in the XVIIIth Century.* By G. G. Perry, M.A., Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington. Second edition. London, 1880.

of Bishops. Throughout the whole of the succeeding reign the bitterness between the two Houses prevailed. An enquiry into the cause of this may furnish us with a clue to many false notions which have prevailed as to the English Church at this period.

At the Revolution it is unquestionable that the hearts of the great majority of the clergy were with the expelled king. A momentary exasperation against him had prevailed among them — due to his tyranny and proselytizing — but this was not enough to induce them to accept the principle of a change of dynasty. They would have acquiesced in a regency, but they would not go further. Hence the same bishops who went to the Tower became nonjurors. The four hundred clergy who refused to take the oaths to King William were not a tithe of those who disliked his accession. They were simply the men who had the courage of their opinions; but the great mass of clergy, holding the same opinions, remained grumbling and discontented on their cures. They were Tories and Jacobites in heart, and the measures taken by William's government did not tend to make them less so. For it was the policy of William's government to select carefully for bishops men who were known to be thoroughly Whig and upholders of the Revolution. This was done after Queen Mary's death by a committee of Whig bishops appointed for this purpose, among whom Burnet was the ruling spirit. Tory presbyters, however distinguished for learning or devotion, knew well that promotion was absolutely impossible for them. Thus the bishops became, as it were, a class hostile to the clergy, and hence when bishops and presbyters met face to face came the explosions of ill-will and bitterness. It follows from this, that it is utterly unfair to judge the clergy of that day by the bishops — which, it is believed, is what is ordinarily done. The bishops were courtiers, fine gentlemen, of liberal and latitudinarian views. They were to be seen at St. James's, or at "the Bath," or occasionally in a stately procession through their dioceses. The clergy were altogether of a different class —

with different habits, tastes, principles. And if the clergy of the eighteenth century are not to be judged fairly by the bishops, neither is their character and value to be estimated by the controversialists. It was indeed a controversial age, and a large number of clergy took part in the various controversies which were rife, displaying no inconsiderable amount of learning in their writings. But the great mass of the clergy were not controversialists. They were living quiet, unobtrusive lives in the midst of their flocks; men indeed often of the type of the rector sketched by George Eliot, "who had no lofty aims, no theological enthusiasm" — content to give practical lessons on the duties of life — but men also in many cases with much of earnestness and spiritual-mindedness. The preservation of these good qualities among the lower clergy, qualities which were conspicuously absent in some of the most prominent of their order, was in a great measure due to the religious societies, which were established at the end of the seventeenth century, and which gradually extended their organization through the land. The history of these societies has never been adequately written, and their importance has been greatly overlooked. When the subject is fully investigated, it will be found that not only were these organizations the means of preserving spiritual religion in the land, but that the revival movement of the Wesleys was entirely founded on them, and would not have been possible but for their co-operation. We look in vain in Messrs. Abbey and Overton's volumes for any account of these societies. We must endeavor to supply the omission from other sources.

It was in the year 1678, when the most appalling profligacy was rife, that certain young men who had been impressed by the sermons of Dr. Anthony Horneck, Mr. Smithies, and Dr. Beveridge, formed themselves into an association or guild for religious purposes. They had weekly meetings for prayer, singing hymns, and religious conference. They gave alms for the poor on a fixed ratio, undertook to attend daily service at the church, and the holy communion weekly and on all

festivals. They procured also the establishment of preparation lectures. The clergy and some of the bishops supported this association, and the scheme of organization spread rapidly. Forty-two of these societies were soon in existence in London and Westminster. Similar associations were quickly to be found in every town of England and Ireland. In all of them the greatest loyalty to the Church was a fundamental rule. Every Church service was to be attended, while "counsels of perfection" were given, that the members should use prayers seven times a day, and exert themselves to the utmost in good works. The great effect produced by these organizations is witnessed to by a Dissenting writer. "They so improved their finances by collections, that they were able to remunerate the attendance of many clergymen to read prayers: these aids to devotion were in a short time afforded at so many different hours, and extended to so many places, as to include every hour of the day. On every Lord's day there were constant sacraments in many churches. Greater numbers attended at prayers and sacraments, and greater appearances of devotion were diffused through the city, than had been observed in the memory of man."* It will be seen that, when John and Charles Wesley established their religious coterie at Oxford, they were doing nothing more than starting among the undergraduates one of these religious societies, which were then everywhere well known. The practices of the "Methodist Club" were exactly identical with those of the other kindred bodies. The success of these religious societies led, about the beginning of the eighteenth century, to the formation of another class of societies, called "Societies for Reformation of Manners." These were intended to be aggressive, and to enforce the laws which then existed against profanity and immorality. To these societies the clergy generally belonged, and they met here on common ground not only with laymen but also with Dissenting teachers. In his essay on Robert Nelson, Mr. Abbey says:

He had taken an active interest in the religious operations of young men, which sprang up in London and other towns and villages about 1678. A few years later, when "Societies for the Reformation of Manners" were formed to check the immorality and profaneness which were gaining alarming ground, he gave his hearty co-operation both to Churchmen and Dissenters in a movement which he held essential to the welfare of the country. (English Church, i. 109.)

But the fact that clergy and Dissenters were joined in this work excited the most lively apprehensions in some of the bishops. In the correspondence of William Nicolson (then archdeacon, afterwards Bishop of Carlisle) we have the most vigorous protests against the clergy taking any part in this work. Yet in one of his letters he describes the "articles" subscribed by the members as "such as were legal and commendable; obliging them to reform their own families, to inspect the conversation of their neighbors, to reprove the vicious, to inform against the obstinate, and to meet weekly to consult how most effectually to carry on so good a work."* It would seem that these societies were very generally accepted by the clergy. We find them simultaneously in Cumberland, Cheshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, as well as in London. Archbishop Sharp, who could not bring himself altogether to approve of them, says: "They are on foot everywhere."† In the market-towns the clergy preached a lecture on the first market-day of the month, before which they read the act against profane cursing and swearing, with the proclamation against immorality. In some places the meetings were conducted on strict Church principles,‡ in others the clergy seem to have fraternized with the Dissenting teachers. Whether or no the proceedings were always strictly in order, at any rate the very general establishment and activity of these societies testifies to a considerable amount of activity among the country clergy at the beginning of the century. Of the other class of societies, previously spoken of,

* Nicolson's Correspondence, p. 147.

† Ibid. p. 155.

‡ Wotton to Nicolson, Correspondence, p. 168.

* Toulmin, History of Dissenters, p. 416.

in which also the clergy were engaged, the organization was more enduring and the effects more important. For a testimony of their close connection with the revival movement we turn to the latest historian of John Wesley.

The religious societies formed in the days of Dr. Horneck, and revived in the reign of Queen Mary, were not confined to London and Westminster, but existed in different towns throughout the kingdom. We find them in Oxford, Nottingham, Gloucester, Bristol, Newcastle, Dublin, Kilkenny, and other places, and all acting substantially according to the same rules and regulations. They met to pray, sing psalms, and read the Scriptures together; and to reprove, exhort, and edify one another by religious conference. They also carried out designs of charity, such as supporting lectures and daily prayers in churches, releasing imprisoned debtors, relieving the poor, and sending their children to school. . . . Such were the religious societies which existed for more than half a century before the formation of the united societies of the people called Methodists, and in whose rooms and meetings in London, Bristol, and elsewhere, Whitefield and the Wesley brothers, for a few years, were accustomed to read and explain the Scriptures almost every night. On arriving in Bristol, Wesley found such societies as these assembling in Castle Street, in Gloucester Lane, in Weavers' Hall, in Nicholas Street, in the Back Lane, and in Baldwin Street, and at once began expounding to them the Epistle to the Romans and other portions of the New Testament. (*Life and Times of Wesley*, by Rev. L. Tyerman, i. 254.)

The vigorous vitality exhibited by these religious societies, and the widespread influence exercised by them in preparing the way for what is called the Evangelical revival, invite a closer attention to their constitution and history than they have yet received. Of devout books calculated to be of use to them the eighteenth century was not unfruitful. The "Private Thoughts on Religion" of one who was almost their founder* would no doubt be highly valued. So also, we are quite sure, was Robert Nelson's "Fasts and Festivals," of which ten thousand copies were sold in a very short time. But probably no books were more frequently in the hands of the members, and none would be more frequently given to their flocks by the clergy, than the devout works of William Law, "Christian Perfection" and the "Serious Call." A very good account of these works, so celebrated in their day, is given by Mr. Overton in his "Life of Law." Of the first he writes:—

Intending the work to be exclusively what he termed it, "a practical treatise," Law carefully avoided all nice points of doctrine, and defined "Christian perfection" at the outset in a way to which no one who accepted Christianity at all could take exception, viz., as "the right performance of our necessary duties;" it is "such as men in cloisters and religious retirements cannot add more, and at the same time such as Christians in all states of the world must not be content with less."* Of the value of the "Serious Call"—one of those books which sets its mark upon an age—we can have no more striking testimony than that of the historian Gibbon. He says of it: "Its precepts are rigid; but they are founded on the Gospel; its satire is sharp, but it is drawn from the knowledge of human life, and many of his portraits are not unworthy the pen of La Bruyère. If he finds a spark of piety in his reader's mind, he will soon kindle it to a flame; and a philosopher must allow that he exposes with equal severity and truth the strange contradiction between the faith and practice of the Christian world." (*Life of Law*, p. 111.)

Scarce any religious book has had a more remarkable effect than this. It first influenced and awakened John Wesley, who, though he was afterwards much at variance with Law, never ceased to admire it. Charles Wesley and Whitefield were also greatly impressed by it. Among those who have borne testimony to its searching power, may be reckoned Henry Venn, Thomas Scott, John Newton, and Thomas Adam. Dr. Johnson has left it on record that Law was "an overmatch" for him. Bishop Horne and William Jones of Nayland have borne emphatic witness to its merits. This book was very widely read, and highly valued by the clergy. Dr. Bray's libraries for clergy existed in considerable numbers. Keble, in his "Life of Bishop Wilson," mentions the bishop's "enriching the clerical libraries" with copies of Law's works.† Mr. Overton quotes a case of a clergyman having presented every parishioner with a copy of the "Serious Call."‡ But when William Law quitted the safe ground of practical teaching, and allowed himself to plunge into the unfathomable depths of mystical religion, his influence over his age was lost. "The eighteenth century," says Mr. Abbey, "was an age when sober religion would hear of no competitor." "It may be said, without any disparagement of a host of eminent English divines of the eighteenth century, that their entire sympathies were with the reasonable

* *Life of Law*, p. 42.

† Keble's *Life of Wilson*, p. 716.

‡ *Life of Law*, p. 112.

* Bishop Beveridge.

rather than with the spiritual side of religion.* It is, in our judgment, exactly this special characteristic of the clergy of the eighteenth century that has caused them to be so undervalued and underestimated. Practical religion—the recommendation of the duties of life—cannot be put into the attractive form in which spiritual rhapsodies may be clothed. The clergy of the eighteenth century were rather diligent pastors than popular preachers. They did not perhaps deliver “awakening” sermons, but they guided their people in the way of godliness, without which all “awakening” is a mere farce. “The whole theology of the eighteenth century,” says Mr. Leslie Stephen, “has a specially moral turn. Religion was regarded far less as providing expression for our deepest emotions, or as a body of old traditions invested with the most touching poetical associations, than as a practical rule of life.”† Many of the clergy were, no doubt, too secular; many were negligent of their work. But as a class they have been far too generally condemned. One special reason for this is well put by Mr. Abbey:—

The leaders of the Evangelical revival, who were misunderstood and in many cases cruelly treated by the clergy of their day, could scarcely help taking the gloomiest possible view of the state of the Church at large, and were hardly in a position to appreciate the really good points of men who were violently prejudiced against themselves, while their biographers in later times have been perhaps a little too apt to bring out in stronger relief the brightness of their heroes’ portraits by making the background as dark as possible. (*English Church*, ii. 3.)

“There were,” says one who will not be suspected of over-great tenderness for the clergy, “during the first half of the century, many religious leaders whose devotion has not been exceeded in more recent times.”‡ This observation is not intended to apply to the Wesleys and the Revivalists, whose triumphs have been sufficiently glorified in numerous books in these modern days; but to others less known to fame, but not less useful in their generation. Of these we select one who is scarcely mentioned in the two ponderous volumes of Messrs. Abbey and Overton, but who assuredly deserves a different treatment in any account of the English Church of the eighteenth century—William Jones of Nayland. As a controver-

sialist, Mr. Jones is quite equal in learning, acuteness, humor, and point, to William Law. But it is not in that capacity that we desire to speak of him. He was also admirable as a parish priest, but it is especially as a censor of the follies and evil habits of the day that we admire him. Thus he raises his voice against the heathenish taste which transformed churches into hideous mausoleums:—

The fabulous objects of the Grecian mythology have even got possession of our churches; in one of which I have seen a monument with elegant figures as large as life of the three Fates—Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos—spinning and clipping the thread of a great man’s life. . . . In our rural ornaments we have temples to all the Pagan-deities; and in the city a pantheon wherein there is a general assembly of all the sons and daughters of pleasure under the auspices of heathen demons. How strange it would have been if, while the temples of the heathens had been dedicated to Venus, Mars, and Bacchus, their gardens had been adorned with statues of Moses and Aaron, and the walls of their houses painted with the destruction of Sodom, the overthrow of Pharaoh, the delivery of the two tables on Mount Sinai, and such-like subjects of sacred history! Who would not have inferred in such a case that their temples were frequented out of form, while their inclinations were towards the law of Moses and the God of the Hebrews? But alas! no heathens were ever found to be so inconsistent. (Jones, *On the Growth of Heathenism*.)

Not less severe is he on the prevailing taste in poetry:—

If a stranger were to judge of our religion from the practice of our poets and tragedians, he would take Paganism to be the established religion of the country; for besides hymns to Venus and Bacchus, and wood-nymphs, and water-nymphs, we see virtues and attributes impersonated and deified as of old. We have odes to Liberty, odes to Health, odes to Contentment; in which Health is prayed to for health, and Contentment is intreated to give contentment, that is to be the cause of itself. If the nativity and genius of some learned man is to be celebrated, Lucina presides at his birth, Minerva teaches, Phœbus inspires him. When his death is to be lamented, what can his surviving friend say for him but wish himself Orpheus, that so with his lyre he might go down to hell and prevail on Pluto (the keeper of all dead Christians!) to restore him back again. (*Ibid.*)

With his fine vein of humor and his facile pen Mr. Jones stood ready to assail every form of mischief and folly which appeared in his day. Lord Chesterfield’s miserable book was gibbeted by him, as was also Archdeacon Blackburne’s Latitudinarianism. The eccentricities of the

* *English Church*, i. 554, 3.

† *English Thought*, ii. 2.

‡ *Leslie Stephen*, *English Thought*, ii. 384.

Methodists did not escape him, and he has a pungent word for the mysticism of Mr. Law, whose practical works he had greatly admired. We must venture, at the risk of wearying our readers, to exhibit the antidote which he provided to the mischievous novel literature of his day:—

The end of a novel is to please, and, how is this end to be obtained? Nothing will please loose people but intrigues and loose adventures; nothing will please the unlettered profligate but blasphemous sneers upon religion and the Holy Scriptures; nothing will please the vicious but the palliation of vice and the contempt of virtue; therefore novelists and comic writers, who study popularity either for praise or profit, mix up vice with amiable qualities to cover and recommend, while virtue is compounded with such ingredients as have a natural tendency to make it odious. I have sometimes been struck with the reflection, that few writers who forge a series of events, look upon their attempt in a serious light and consider the hazard of the undertaking; how they are in continual danger of giving us false notions of the consequences of human actions, and of misrepresenting the ways of Divine Providence. (Jones, *Letters of a Tutor to his Pupils*.)

Of a similar spirit to Mr. Jones, uniting keen practical insight to earnest Christian principle, was George Horne, afterwards Bishop of Norwich. He also is only slightly mentioned by Messrs. Abbey and Overton, though pronounced in his day to be “without exception the best preacher in England.” Horne, in his “Apology,” made an admirable defence of true, sound Scriptural teaching, in which the moral duty and its religious basis are not allowed for a moment to be severed. It is curious to observe that Horne in his day strongly objected to an attempt at making a revised version of Scripture, which was advocated by Dr. Kennicott, the famous Hebrew scholar, on the ground that it would unsettle men’s minds. He also much disliked the practice of illustrating and supporting Scripture from heathen mythologies and fables. We shall have something to say presently on the unwarranted assertion that the Methodists were driven out of the Church, but in passing we may note that this charge cannot at any rate be brought against Bishop Horne, who authorized his clergy to allow the Wesleys, or any ordained clergymen, the use of their pulpits if they thought fit. The great enemies of the Wesleys were not the genuine Church of England men, but the Calvinistic Evangelicals.

In noting the indications of sound prac-

tical religion in the Church of England of the eighteenth century, apart from the labors of the Wesleys and the Revivalists, we are brought, curiously enough, to the rectory of Epworth, the home of the future apostles, where their good father was content to live and labor for the souls of his people on the old lines of the Church of England. It is well observed by Mr. Overton that—

The picture given us of the family at Epworth Rectory is an illustration of the remark, that the wholesale censure of the whole body of the parochial clergy in the early part of the eighteenth century has been far too sweeping and severe. Here is an instance, and it is not spoken of as a unique or even as an exceptional instance, of a worthy clergyman, who was with his whole family living an exemplary life, and adorning the profession to which he belonged. (*English Church*, ii. 66.)

But the enquirers after genuine religion and its upholders will find perhaps their richest treasure in the good Bishop Wilson and his island diocese. It is singular—indeed passing strange—that in a series of essays on the Church of England in the eighteenth century, so little should be said of its most saintly bishop. Wilson is only mentioned casually and incidentally in Messrs. Abbey and Overton’s volumes, while an inordinate amount of space is given to Tillotson—the Hobbes of the pulpit. The references also when Wilson is mentioned are to Cruttwell’s life of the bishop. It would almost seem as though the writers were entirely unacquainted with the long and elaborate life, the composition of which was for so many years to John Keble a labor of love. We turn to one, from whom perhaps we might least expect it, for a really appreciative notice of Wilson:—

Wilson, the Apostolic, was a man of the old sacerdotal type, full of simplicity, tenderness, devotion, and with a sincere belief (inoffensive because allayed with no tincture of pride or ambition) in the sacred privileges of the Church. His superstitions (for he is superstitious) no more provoke anger, than the simple fancies of a child; and we honor him as we should honor all men whose life and thoughts were in perfect harmony, and guided by noble motives. To read him is to love him; he helps us to recognize the fact, that many of the thoughts which supported his noble nature in its journey through this life may be applicable in a different costume to the sorrows and trials which also change their form rather than their character. His example proves conclusively that a genuine Christian theologian, in the most characteristic sense of the term, might still be found under the reign of George II. in

the Isle of Man. (Leslie Stephen, *English Thought*, ii. 384.)

Bishop Willson was an admirable specimen of the genuine Church of England man, who, without seeking for excitement, labored diligently for the edification of his people according to the doctrines and standard of the Church to which he belonged; and of this type, we contend, there were many specimens to be found in the eighteenth century through the towns and villages of England. They were not Revivalists. They were not a part of what were called the "serious" clergy, *i.e.* the Calvinistic Evangelicals. They were quiet, simple men, who taught practical truths and loved the Prayer-book which embodied them. That the great body of the clergy were really attached to the Prayer-book, no more convincing proof could be given than the entire failure of the movement in which Archdeacon Blackburne bore the most prominent part. To understand this fully, and to estimate the light which it sheds on the character of the clergy of this period, we must recur to an earlier date, and sketch the history of what was known as the Latitudinarian movement.

From the days of Hales and Chillingworth there had existed within the Church of England a school of divines, who held that opinions were of minor importance, and ought not to be made the ground of censure. This school received a great impetus after the Restoration by the writings of those who are known as the Cambridge Platonists, and at the era of the Revolution it was stimulated by certain other special causes. For at that time there was a sudden outburst of anti-Trinitarian or Arian views; and it thus became a serious and pressing question with some of the clergy, whether, holding these views, they could continue to retain preferment in the Church of England. Some, by adopting the Latitudinarian theory, persuaded themselves that they might do this. Others, more honest or more logical, became Dissenters. So much being thus staked on the upholding of the Latitudinarian view, we are not surprised at finding a considerable number of writers trying to support it. It is singular to meet with the argument of the famous Tract 90 anticipated by Dr. Clarke, who writes that "every person may reasonably agree to forms whenever he can in any sense at all reconcile them with Scripture." It was to refute the preposterous notion, that Arians could find a proper home within a Trinitarian Church, that

Waterland wrote his "Case of Arian Subscription Examined," which Dr. Sykes had the assurance to answer.* From records of the time we gather that there were here and there clergy who, holding Arian views, ventured to alter the Liturgy to suit them.† This was done by Mr. Wasse, rector of Aynhoe, by Dr. Chambers, rector of Achurch, and others. But this course was perilous when there was anything like episcopal supervision. And the pure Latitudinarian theory, that an Arian could quietly acquiesce in Trinitarian formulæ, could really satisfy but few minds. Hence an attempt to alter, by authority, the formularies of the Church naturally resulted. The first step was made by the publication of a book called "Free and Candid Disquisitions," by Mr. Jones, vicar of Alconbury. This was a collection of pieces by various hands, all advocating a trenchant review of the Liturgy. The extreme terror of being found out, displayed by the compiler, proves clearly enough that the idea was by no means a popular one.† Mr. Abbey is of opinion that it was written in a "moderate and judicious spirit" (i. 434). It is probable, however, that not many English Churchmen of the present day, who should wade through "The Expediency and necessity of revising and improving the Public Liturgy," "A blow at the Root," etc., would agree with him. The book, however, had important consequences. It produced some spirited replies, and it was eagerly defended by Francis Blackburne, rector of Richmond in Yorkshire. Blackburne went much further than the original writer, and by his extreme views so pleased Hutton, Archbishop of York, that he made him Archdeacon of Cleveland. Thus encouraged, he resolved to organize a determined movement against clerical subscription. He published (in 1766) a book called the "Confessional," in which he advocates the view that "all imposed subscriptions to articles of faith and religious doctrines, conceived in non-scriptural terms and enforced by human authority, are utterly unwarrantable;" and associating with himself some men of like views, they prepared a petition to Parliament for releasing the clergy from all obligations of subscription. The whole of the clergy, and the laymen who had signed the Articles, were canvassed for signatures, but

* Lindsey, *History of Unitarian Doctrine*, p. 489.

† See his letters to Dr. Birch, printed in Nichols's *Literary Anecdotes*, i. 585, where his trepidation is most amusing.

only a total of two hundred and fifty signatures could be procured, many being those of laymen. No more complete proof than this could be afforded, that the clergy as a body were really attached to the Prayer-book, and valued the formularies from which the archdeacon sought to release them. Several of the bishops gave a feeble support to the movement, but the heart of the presbyters was sound. Mr. Abbey, in his long and somewhat rambling essay on the Latitudinarians, seems inclined to excuse the movement,* but it was very differently spoken of when the petition was presented in the House of Commons:—

These gentlemen [said Edmund Burke] want to be preferred clergymen in the Church of England as by law established, but their consciences will not allow them to conform to the doctrines and practices of that Church, that is, they want to be teachers in a Church to which they don't belong. This is an odd sort of hardship. They want to receive the emoluments appropriated for teaching one set of doctrines, while they are teaching another. If they do not like the establishment, there are an hundred different modes of dissent in which they may teach. But even if they are so unfortunately circumstanced that of all that variety none will please them, they have free liberty to assemble a congregation of their own, and if any persons think their fancies worth paying for, they are at liberty to maintain them as their clergy—nothing hinders it. But if they cannot get an hundred people together who will pay for their reading a Liturgy after their form, with what face can they insist on the nation's conforming to their ideas, for no other visible purpose than for enabling them to receive with a good conscience the tenth part of your lands? (Parliamentary History, xvii. 245-297.)

The petition was rejected by a large majority, much to the satisfaction, no doubt, both of the High Churchmen and of the "serious" clergy, or Evangelicals, who were as much opposed to the movement as any of their brethren. The failure of the anti-subscription movement caused some of the clergy, who were unorthodox in their views on the doctrine of the Trinity, to quit the Church, which was a decided gain and increase of strength to the cause of religion in the land. For these men had been occupying an untenable position, misleading and perplexing their congregations, and ministering with uneasy consciences. Freed from the trammels which had oppressed them, they would be able to work with

honesty and earnestness in upholding what they thought to be the truth. Thus the effect of the anti-subscription movement was to make the clergy as a body more orthodox, and more attached to the Prayer-book.

In a pleasant, gossiping essay on "Church Abuses," Mr. Overton offers some kindly, if not very vigorous, protests against the indiscriminating abuse which has been heaped on the clergy of the eighteenth century. His words may help us not only to answer the charges which have been made, but also to account for the fact of their having been made. "There was a strong and growing tendency," he writes, "in the Georgian era to make the very worst of clerical delinquencies. For it is a curious fact that, while the Church as an establishment was most popular, her ministers were most unpopular."* We think that this fact is a strong testimony in favor of the clergy. The age, without doubt, was a grossly immoral one. Had the clergy been as bad as the laity, they would not have been unpopular, but the reverse. The very fact of their giving countenance to the irregularities of the laity, by sharing in them, would have made them popular. When, therefore, we are assured that "there had never been a time when the ministers of religion were held in so much contempt as in the Hanoverian period, or when satire on Churchmen was so congenial to the general feeling,"† we put this down to the credit of the clergy—"malis displicere laudari est." To be scoffed at by such writers as Lord Hervey, Lord Chesterfield, and Horace Walpole, is no discredit. But it is a remarkable fact that, though the clergy of this period were so unpopular, and though all the wits exercised their ingenuity in holding them up to ridicule, "we find singularly few charges of gross immorality brought against them. Excessive love of preferment, and culpable inactivity in performing the duties of their office, are the worst accusations that are brought against them."‡

It would be absurd to contend that the clergy of the eighteenth century had the energy, activity, and general earnestness, of those of to-day. But their age was not suited for it. What good could be done, must be done quietly, unostentatiously. There was no machinery for producing

* English Church, ii. 20.

† Mr. Patteson in Essays and Reviews, quoted in English Church, ii. 20.

‡ English Church, ii. 46.

* English Church, i. 440.

great and striking results, no religious papers, no great organizations, no missions. The parish priest had to trust to his own unaided labors. Neglected by his bishops, despised by the great and rich, miserably underpaid, with but few comforts in life, he yet might often be found leading a laborious life among his people, striving both by precept and example to raise them somewhat above the low tone of the prevailing immorality. But, it may be said, how can this estimate of the clergy of that day be reconciled with the attitude which they took towards the Methodists, and the sturdy and violent opposition with which, in many cases, they met the work of the Wesleys and Whitefield? Were not the Wesleys thrust out of the Church because they were too spiritual-minded, too earnest, for the low standard then prevailing among the clergy? We answer that there was no thrusting out of the Wesleys by the Church. The whole thing is a dream. The simple truth is, that John Wesley commenced a system which, after a time, led of necessity, and by the natural laws of growth and expansion, to a separation from the Church. This was soon perceived by all those who were principally concerned in leading the movement. The Wesleys were at first assisted by many of the clergy. These men went with John Wesley as far as they lawfully could, and then they drew back. They were able to accept the Methodist view of doctrine, that conversion is to be tested by inward assurance; and of discipline, that bishops were to be obeyed by them only when their consciences agreed to their order; but when it came to the administration of the holy communion by the lay preachers, they could go no further. There can scarcely be a doubt that, had it not been for his affection to his brother, Charles Wesley would have quitted the movement at this point.* Mr. Grimshaw, a clergyman who had acted much with the Wesleys, did, in fact, withdraw, declaring that "the Methodists are no longer members of the Church of England. They are as real a body of Dissenters from her as the Presbyterians, Baptists, Quakers, or any body of Independents."† But though strongly appealed to on this vital matter, John Wesley made no sign. He did not approve the practice of laymen administering the holy communion, but he would not hin-

der it, which, with the autocratic power which he possessed, he might easily have done. By permitting this schismatical practice, and by the no less schismatical act of consecrating bishops for America, John Wesley did, in fact, separate from the Church of his own will, and was in no sense driven out.* From henceforth the clergy could not properly sanction the Methodists, nor allow Mr. Wesley the use of their pulpits. Sober ministers of the Church of England also could not but be offended at the wild subjectivity of the views of the Methodists, and the hysterical paroxysms which were often witnessed at their services.

But (it is contended) John Wesley remained a High Churchman to the end of his days. There are indeed abundance of well-known utterances of his in favor of the Church; but when we come to contrast these with his acts, we shall find somewhat of discordance. For instance, when told by the Bishop of Bristol that he had no license to preach in his diocese, he quietly informed the bishop that he should preach where he thought it best to preach.† When James Harvey remonstrated with him on his irregularities as being opposed to Catholic principles, he answered, "If by Catholic principles you mean any other than Scriptural, they weigh nothing with me."‡ The following represents his view of schism: "These steps — not of choice, but of necessity — I have slowly and deliberately taken. If any one is pleased to call this separating from the Church, he may. But *the law of England does not call it so*, nor can any one be properly said to do so, unless out of conscience he refuses to join in the service and partake of the sacraments administered therein."§ So, then, no amount of schismatical acts was to be regarded as constituting schism, unless the doer of the acts chose to regard himself as schismatic. We can easily understand that a clergyman of real Church principles would find it hard to act with the Methodists; but as to the leaders of Methodism being driven out of the Church, the assertion is altogether preposterous. With regard to the controversial persecution, Bishops Gibson, Lavington, and Warburton, and Dr. Waterland, only did their bounden duty in defending the Catholic doctrine from the

* When John Wesley ordained Coke and Asbury to be "superintendents," and Whatcoat and Vasey to be elders, he to all intents and purposes crossed the Rubicon. (English Church, ii. 83.)

† Tyerman, i. 245.

‡ English Church, ii. 76.

§ Ibid. ii. 83.

* See Tyerman's Life of Wesley, ii. 382.

† Tyerman's Life of Wesley, quoted — Student's English Church History, p. 591.

mistaken subjectivity of the Revivalists; and in the later controversy with the Evangelicals, the Wesleyans and Arminian school were quite able to hold their own. There is no trace of any harsh treatment of the Wesleys by the bishops. Bishop Horne of Norwich, as has been already stated, told his clergy to admit them to their churches. Bishop Lowth seems to have flattered John Wesley somewhat inordinately. The Bishop of Exeter entertained him at dinner. Archbishop Potter was "very affectionate to him."* Indeed, the fault of the Church seems to have been on the opposite side to that on which it is usually blamed. It ought to have taken a firm and united stand against the eccentricities of the Methodists. But the abeyance of Convocation rendered this impossible. Meantime the clergy had to stand by powerless, and see the utmost confusion introduced into their parishes, the parochial system utterly ignored, and even in those parishes where it was acknowledged that the "Gospel" was most fully preached, the chapel set up as a rival to the church.† It was natural that they should feel some annoyance at this; and though the Wesleys never spoke bitterly of the clergy, yet the railings of George Whitefield were notorious, and sufficiently exasperating. The clergy also would be apt to consider that there was, after all, nothing so very wonderful in the results of the labors of the Methodists, inasmuch as they kept up a continual excitement, and by rapidly shifting from one place to another, provided novelty both for the hearers and the preachers. John Wesley himself had never had the charge of a parish, and he utterly undervalued parochial work.

He was of opinion — surely a most erroneous opinion — that if he were confined to one spot he should preach himself and his whole congregation asleep in a twelvemonth. He never estimated at its proper value the real solid work which others were doing in their respective parishes. He bitterly regretted that Fletcher would persist in wasting his sweetness on the desert air of Madeley. He had little faith in the permanency of the good which the Apostolic Walker was doing at Truro. Much as he esteemed Venn of Huddersfield, he could not be content to leave the parish in his hands. He expressed himself very strongly to Adams of Winteringham on the futility of

his work in his parish. He utterly rejected Walker's advice, that he should induce some of his itinerant preachers to be ordained, and to settle in country parishes. He thought that this would not only narrow their sphere of usefulness, but also cripple their energies even in their contracted sphere. (English Church, ii. 75.)

It might be thought, not unnaturally, by the clergy, that a system which required all this novelty and sensationalism was hardly based upon a very sure foundation, and that the results of it, though numerically striking, might often be spurious and transitory. Hence they might not feel themselves powerfully moved by the numbers of "conversions" reported to them, but, judging that the prevailing excitement would account for a good deal, they might determine to wait for the ultimate results. Somewhat may therefore be said in excuse of the attitude of the clergy towards the Wesleyans, though no doubt some things were done which were not excusable. The Church, indeed, owes much to the Revivalists, but that could not be seen so clearly by the men of that generation as it can be now. We must endeavor, in judging of this matter, to put ourselves in the place of the parish priest of the eighteenth century — one who had been carefully building up through a long life sober practical religion among his people, but who suddenly finds his parish invaded, his church emptied, and himself despised; and hears fanatical ravings and hysterical convulsions quoted as marks of the Spirit's presence — before we can be in a position to arbitrate aright. We are used to these things now, and the phenomenon of Church and Chapel going on amicably side by side may be seen in every village; but then it was new and strange. To doctrinal dissent and systematic schism the clergy had of course been long accustomed, but here was a new development. Here was a profession of complete doctrinal agreement, and a disclaiming of schism, and yet all the effects of most complete antagonism produced. Surely there was something to excuse, though not to justify, bitterness and roughness.

To a considerable number of the clergy the teaching of Whitefield was much more acceptable than that of the Wesleys. The Calvinism of the Puritans was still the favored creed of many, and these were greatly scandalized by the "full and free salvation" on which John Wesley delighted to dwell. Whitefield adopted the Calvinistic views, and on this ground a

* English Church, ii. 9, note.

† This was the case at Huddersfield, where Mr. Venn was "loved, esteemed, and constantly attended" by the Methodists.

practical separation took place between him and the Wesleys. In the earlier days of the Wesleyan movement there had been much uncertainty in their teaching as to the place to be occupied by good works, but when after the Conference of 1771 a declaration as to their *necessity* was published by the Methodists, all the Calvinistical clergy were at once set against them. Of these, some co-operated with the irregular proceedings of Whitefield and his patroness, Lady Huntingdon. Some held aloof from their ministrations as judging them illegal, but none of them attacked Whitefield with the fierce and truculent onslaughts which were made by Mr. Toplady and Rowland Hill upon the Wesleys. Singularly enough, the opposition to Whitefield came from the side of the Dissenters, and one of his chief opponents was Dr. Watts. Towards the close of the century the school of clergy who favored the theology of Whitefield had increased to a very considerable extent, and had gained for themselves the name of the Evangelicals. We need only mention the well-known names of the Venns, Newton, Knight, Cecil, Simeon, Scott, Unwin, Shirley, Robinson, Romaine. These divines, being given to public demonstrations and frequent preaching, and being ready to show by divers outward peculiarities the zeal which unquestionably animated them, attracted general attention, and are usually regarded as the best representatives of the Church of England of their day, and as being the salt which saved the mass from corruption. With this view we are not disposed altogether to agree. We believe that there were many clergy in the Church of England at the close of the century less known and regarded than these good men, who yet were much better representatives than they were of the true Church of England type — men, many of whom "have left no memorial," but to whose fostering care and preservation of ancient traditions we owe the vigorous Churchmanship of the present day.

And if the clergy of the eighteenth century are not to be condemned so hastily, as is sometimes done, for lack of religious earnestness, it would be still more rash and reprehensible to condemn them for lack of learning. We must, of course, make allowance for the special situation in which the Church of England found itself at the beginning of the century.

There can be no question that it suffered an immense loss by the secession of the nonjurors, and that in divers ways.

The seceding clergy took with them not only much of the devotion and earnestness, but also very much of the learning of the English Church. And the learning, which by their departure they made useless to the Church of England, was of that special character which a Church peculiarly needs. It was ecclesiastical and patristic learning — a knowledge of and familiar acquaintance with Fathers, Liturgies, and primitive usage and thought. This in a great measure was lost to the English Church by the cession of such men as Hicks and Kettlewell, Leslie and Dodwell, Collier and Brett. These divines were the legitimate successors of Andrewes and Hammond, Mede and Taylor, but they themselves left no successors in the Church of England. A new school of theologians came to the front. The ancient faith of the Church was assailed, not by outsiders or unbelievers, but by divines in full communion with her. Clarke and Jackson, Whitby and Sykes, attacked with more or less skill and success the doctrine of the Trinity, the Athanasian Creed, subscription to the Articles, the doctrine of the Eucharist. The Bangorian controversy seemed to have set a host of pens in motion, and the perfect freedom allowed to all after the Hanoverian succession seemed at once to bring forth from her own bowels an array of enemies to the system of the Church. These men wrote vigorously and well. There was no lack of talent or learning. But they wrote in altogether a different spirit, and from a different point of view, from that of the older divines of the Church of England. They had no special regard for antiquity. They quoted the Fathers argumentatively, but not with reverence or respect for their authority. They reasoned from the nature of things, and would have everything subjected to logical proof. They were met on their own ground, with their own weapons, in their own manner, by one who has earned for himself the lasting gratitude of the Church of England — Daniel Waterland. Waterland argued and wrote against Arians, Latitudinarians, and Sacramentalists, and with equal success in all subjects. His greatest works were on the doctrine of the Trinity, but there was not one of his works which was not timely and useful. His works do not, any more than those of his opponents, bear the character of our earlier English theology, but they were probably far more valuable in their day than Hammond, Andrewes, or Mede, would have been. They are less massive,

less imaginative, but more strictly to the point.

Not only from his profound learning and acuteness, but from the general cast of his mind, Waterland was singularly adapted for the work which he undertook. He always knew exactly what he meant, and he also knew how to convey his meaning to his readers. His style was nervous and lucid, and he never sacrifices clearness to the graces of diction. No one can ever complain that Waterland is obscure. (English Church, i. 507.)

Considered strictly as a controversialist, Waterland has no equal among the divines of the Church of England. To the eighteenth century must be conceded this honor of having raised up the most able and dexterous defender of the faith that our Church has known. Waterland's work was directed against writers within the Church, or at any rate within the pale of Christianity; but another and perhaps a more dangerous class of assailants had to be met — the deistical writers — with whom arguments drawn from Scripture and fathers would have no weight. To this controversy two divines of the English Church made monumental contributions. Bishop Butler put forth the most elaborate and unanswerable *argumentum ad verecundiam* which has perhaps ever appeared. Bishop Warburton constructed and worked out with immense learning a huge *reductio ad absurdum*. Neither of these great writers has had successors. The complete demonstration made by Butler, that precisely the same difficulties are to be found in nature as are to be found in revelation, left that part of the argument against deism complete as far as it goes; and no one has ventured to follow Warburton over the somewhat perilous ground of the absurdity of supposing that the Israelites were governed merely by human sanctions and human laws. Butler and Warburton stand apart, as it were, in this controversy, through the special character of their subjects, and their peculiar method of treatment; but of treatises against the deists the literature of the eighteenth century is full, from the sparkling dialogue of Bishop Berkeley, to the heavy good sense of Leland. It cannot be alleged against the English Church of this period, that it was backward or deficient in providing champions for the faith when assault and battery was suddenly opened upon it from this new ground.

In two departments of theology a vast advance has been made in modern times, those, namely, of textual criticism and

exegesis of the Scriptures. The earliest cultivator of the first of these two important fields of study was Richard Bentley, the greatest word-critic that has ever been known in this country. In the latter subject it must be confessed that the eighteenth century can furnish no distinguished luminary. We can hardly claim so high a place for the learning of Dr. Whitby, or the devout lucubrations of Adam Clarke and Thomas Scott. But it must be remembered that the conditions under which these men wrote were altogether different from those which belong to writers of the present day. They were hampered by the hopeless dogma of verbal inspiration. Under these circumstances critical exegesis was scarcely possible. The commentator either evaded the crux altogether, or shrouded his weakness in a cloud of words. This difficulty did not hamper so much another method of Christian exegesis, namely, that of sermons. Here there was freedom in the selection of subjects, and no need to enter upon unnecessary difficulties. The very mention of eighteenth-century sermons is apt to cause a shudder in a reader of to-day. But they were very differently regarded in their own time. We are inclined to doubt Mr. Abbey's assertion, that "at the opening of the eighteenth century the pulpit was no longer the power it had been in past days."* It is true that the style of sermons had changed. They were no longer the discursive, imaginative, and somewhat overloaded discourses of the Caroline era. The immense influence and popularity of Tillotson had sufficed to revolutionize sermon-writing, and to form a new standard of criticism for sermons. Atterbury and the High Churchmen, while eschewing Tillotson's dangerous principles, nevertheless formed their discourses on his model. The discourses were suited to the age, and were highly appreciated. A writer in "The Tatler," speaking of Atterbury, says of him that "he adds to the propriety of speech which might pass the criticism of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He never attempts your passions till he has convinced your reason. All the objections which he can form are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart."† From the days of Tillotson to the days of

* English Church, ii. 490.

† Tatler, No. 66.

the Calvinistic Evangelicals was the era of "rational" discourses. The subject was argued out: appeals were made to the reasoning faculty. This was the popular sort of theology and the taste of the age. Sermons such as Sherlock's and Blair's, and Horne's and Horsley's, were enjoyed as an intellectual treat. It is unfair to judge them by the standard of to-day. Sermons must needs be adapted to the tone of thought, feeling, and sentiment of their time. The age was unsentimental, prosaic, and rational. The sermons followed suit. "It was some credit to the age," writes Mr. Abbey, "that the preaching which it chiefly valued should have been of a sort whose characteristic excellence was that it ever sought in plain, unaffected language to commend the Christian faith to the sober reasoning of thinking people."* But if the sermons of the eighteenth century are undervalued in the present day, the same can hardly be said of the essayists. It is pretty generally admitted that the art of putting obvious truths into a neat and telling form, so as to be read and remembered by the masses, has never flourished in such perfection as in the earlier part of the eighteenth century. As Swift, the most pungent of the essay-writers, was also a divine, the Church may claim some share in the reputation which this class of writers has acquired. Mr. Overton very properly defends Swift from the charge of irreligion.† We may go farther than this, and say that no man did in his day better service in upholding religion against the scoffer and the infidel. His inimitable irony was exactly suited to take effect upon a class of minds which would have been perfectly callous to exhortation or moving appeal. It is superfluous to say that Swift has had no successor. Never since his time has English prose, rich in all the beauties of style, been made the instrument for discharging such barbed shafts of wit and sarcasm. As the century advances, literature becomes more prosaic. More and more is it borne in upon the mind, that the great defect of this period is the lack of imagination. The poets are satirists, and occupied with the affairs of daily life. There is no lack of learned divines: such, in addition to those already named, were Bingham, Wall, Prideaux, Balguy, and a host of others. There is no lack of devout men: such as were William Law, Thomas Wil-

son, Samuel Wesley. But there is a grievous lack of men who can give the poetical element to religion, embody it in striking and attractive prose, or still more attractive verse. There are no sacred poets. Addison, perhaps, comes the nearest to being one, but there is a lack of warmth in his well-known hymns. In Pope's handling of religious subjects "there is no depth of feeling; no grandeur of sentiment; no imaginative power."* Thomson's popular poem has, however, more of the religious spirit in it. What tortures were inflicted upon the Psalms of David it is needless to mention.† What Swift writes of one of these torturers may be applied to all:—

Poor David never could acquit
A criminal like thee.
Against his Psalms who could commit
Such wicked poetry.‡

At length the utter unsuitableness of the Psalms for English metrical rendering set the hymn-writers in motion, and it must be confessed that many very beautiful hymns were produced in that unimaginative time. Among the multitude of collections of these lyrics which our day has seen and welcomed, the verses of Watts and Doddridge, of C. Wesley and Toplady, of Newton and Cowper, still hold their place, and, it may be added, are not overshadowed by any more recent effusions.

No sketch of the religion of the Church of England during the eighteenth century would be at all complete, without some account of the Church observances and Church services of that day. A chapter on these subjects is given us in the volumes under consideration, and contains much interesting information. As to the fabrics of the churches, but little care was shown for their preservation and adornment, and but little reverence was felt for the sacredness of the building and its separation from profane uses. But we must be careful, in all fairness, not to blame the age too severely for this. This state of things was not peculiar to that age. Indeed, matters were far worse in this respect in the Middle Ages. Then it was customary to hold law-courts, fairs, and markets, in churches—to eat, drink, and sleep in them—to act plays and interludes within their walls, and to allow in them church-ales and drinking-bouts. It

* English Church, ii. 492.

† Ibid. i. 451.

* English Church, ii. 263.

† It is said that sixty-five versions of them in poetry were made in the eighteenth century.

‡ Swift's Remarks on Gibbs's Psalms.

is probable that the custom of setting up pews in churches was due originally to the common and unseemly uses to which the naves of churches were put. The system of enclosed boxes soon became the established rule, and not only spoilt the architectural effect of the building, but, by isolating the congregation into a number of little family parties, destroyed the notion of united worship, and of any hearty joining in the responses and psalmody. Under this system the Church of the eighteenth century suffered heavily.

The horrible taste in decoration prevalent in the Georgian era — the doves, the cherubs, the huge eyes, the painted curtains, the gaudy altar-pieces — seem to us in the present day enough to have made their churches insufferable. But it should be remembered that it was not so to the men and women of that day. The decoration displayed in churches was all of a piece with that which was to be seen in houses, in dress, in equipages, in liveries, in uniforms. It was all heavy, massive, and ugly together. But it was the deliberate taste of the age, and perhaps not so very much inferior to the neat uniformity of the compo-Gothic church of the beginning of this century. But however ugly the eighteenth-century churches were, it is certain that they were used, at least in the earlier part of the century, with much zeal. The author of the "Defence of the Church and Clergy of England" (1709) says: "It is a great ease and comfort to good Christians within the cities of London and Westminster, and the suburbs of them, that in most churches there be constant prayers morning and evening." He adds that in country places prayers were ordinarily said on Wednesdays and Fridays. The author of "*Pietas Londinensis*" tells us that many churches had, besides the daily service, weekly communion and preparation lectures. There was a good deal of ritual observance, such as would have delighted St. Alban's or Margaret Street. "Some would not go to their seats in church till they had kneeled and prayed at the rails of the communion table; they would not be content to receive the sacrament there kneeling, but with prostration and striking of the breast and kissing of the ground, as if there were an host to be adored."* There were services at five or six o'clock in the morning, at which might sometimes be seen as many as five hun-

dred attendants. Those who were influenced by Mr. Law's teaching in his "Serious Call" (and they were a very large number) would be especially observant of the external duties of religion. His model character, Miranda, has her scheme of devotion so regularly marked out that "she does not know what it is to have a dull half day."* The record of his own life at King's Cliffe, with that of the two good ladies who lived under his direction, may serve to show what was the ideal of religious life in the eighteenth century. There was the rising at five in the morning, the long family devotions morning and evening, the attendance at the Church service, the systematic mapping out of time for good works. "Law had described in the 'Serious Call' the sort of life a Christian, in his opinion, ought to live; and that life he strove to live himself to the very letter."† It may fairly be said that religion in the eighteenth century was more full of outward observance than it is to-day.

It must have been a rude shock to many a devout soul when William Law, the great prophet of this observant religion, glided into mysticism, the very essence of which is to undervalue the external and the visible. Mr. Overton gives us a chapter to explain mysticism. We cannot say that he is very successful. The impression left upon our minds is that mysticism is any nonsense that a man calling himself a mystic chooses to talk or write, and certainly William Law as a mystic contrived to write and talk the wildest nonsense. John Wesley, who had broken from the Moravians on the ground of their mysticism, felt himself called upon to oppose his instructor on the same ground, and there were some very sharp passages between the two. Wesley wrote a pamphlet against Law, which the friends of the latter thought "unchristian" and "wicked," and Law described the attack as "a juvenile composition of emptiness and pertness, below the character of any man who had been serious in religion but half a month."‡ And as Law's mysticism was distasteful to the Wesleys, so was it also to the Calvinistic Evangelicals, for Law was ever, even in his wildest utterances, a strong anti-Calvinist. Had this good man continued to write in the style and on the principles of the "Serious Call," the effect which his earlier writings had produced might have continued far into the

* Law's Life, p. 103.

† Ibid. p. 232.

‡ Ibid. p. 383.

* Kennett's Life, p. 127.

century. His later utterances, however, breathed only a hopeless melancholy and an utter despair of human nature. In his "Address to the Clergy" he says: "All that can be called your own is mere helpless sin and misery, and nothing that is good can come from you, but as it is done by the continual and immediate breathing and inspiration of another Spirit, given by God to overrule your own, to save and deliver you from all your own goodness, wisdom, and learning, which always were and always will be as corrupt and impure, as earthly and sensual, as your own flesh and blood."* This sad utterance was about coincident in point of time with Bishop Butler's noble sermons on human nature, but it is to be feared that the antidote was not known so widely as the mischief which it might have cured. Law in his mysticism had a certain amount of followers both among clergy and laity. And thus a new antagonism was raised up to genuine Church of England religion from a quarter where it might have found its best support. Between the mysticism which despised all externals—the Wesleyanism which relied upon feelings and trances and dreams—the Evangelicals who disparaged good works—it was hard indeed for the principles of Herbert and Hammond, of Ken and Wilson, to find a congenial home; and it is scarcely to be wondered at, that comparatively little of true spiritual Churchmanship is to be met with in the later part of the century. But this was not extinct, nor indeed nearly so scarce as some would have us believe. The subjectivity of the Evangelicals had its day, but the sacramental doctrine of the Church was still cherished and taught by many a genuine son of the Church of England, until the great Oxford movement fifty years ago gave it a new expression, and stirred it up to the obtaining of more widely felt results.

* Law's Works, ix. 17.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLVI.

WHILE Oona was standing on the verge of these mysteries a trial of a very different kind had fallen to Walter. They had exchanged parts in this beginning of their union. It was his to lead the two elder ladies into those rooms which were to him connected with the most painful mo-

ments of his life, but to them conveyed no idea beyond the matter of fact that they were more comfortably furnished and inhabitable than was to be expected in such a ruin. Even to Mrs. Methven, who was interrogating his looks all the time, in an anxious endeavor to know what his feelings were, there seemed nothing extraordinary in the place save this. She seated herself calmly in the chair, which he had seen occupied by so different a tenant, and looking smiling towards him, though always with a question in her eyes, began to express her wonder why, with Auchnasheen so near, it had been thought necessary to retain a dwelling-place among these ruins; but since Walter did from time to time inhabit them, his mother found it pleasant that they were so habitable, so almost comfortable, and answered old Macalister's apologies for the want of a fire or any preparations for their coming with smiling assurances that all was very well, that she could not have hoped to find rooms in such careful repair. Mrs. Forrester was a great deal more effusive. She was pleased beyond measure to see everything, which was what nobody on the loch had done for many years. Even on the occasion when the Williamsons invaded Lord Erradeen's solitude they had not been admitted to any investigation of this part of the house; and she examined everything with a flow of cheerful remark, divided between Lord Erradeen and his old servant, with whom, as with everybody on the loch, she had the acquaintance of a lifetime.

"I must see your wife, Macalister," she said, "and make her my compliment on the way she has kept everything. It is really just a triumph, and I would like to know how she has done it. To keep down the damp even in my little house, where there are always fires going, and every room full, is a constant thought—and how she does it here, where it is so seldom occupied—the rooms are just wonderfully nice rooms, Lord Erradeen, but I would not say they were a cheerful dwelling—above all, for a young man like you."

"No, they are not a very cheerful dwelling," said Walter with a smile, which to his mother, watching him so closely, told a tale of pain which she did not understand indeed, yet entered into with instinctive sympathy. The place began to breathe out suffering and mystery to her; she could not tell why. It was cold, both in reality and sentiment, the light coming into it from the cold north-east, from the

mountains which stood up dark and chill above the low shining of the setting sun. And the cold affected her from his eyes, and made her shiver.

"I think," she said, "we must not stay too long. The sun is getting low, and the cold —"

"But where is Oona?" said Mrs. Forrester. "I would not like to go away till she has had the pleasure too. Oh, yes, it is a pleasure, Lord Erradeen — for you see we cannot look out at our own door without the sight of your old castle before our eyes, and it is a satisfaction to know what there is within. She must have stayed outside, among the ruins that she was always partial to. Perhaps Macalister will go and look for her — or, oh! Lord Erradeen, but I could not ask you to take that trouble."

"My lord," said old Macalister aside, "if it had been any other young lady I wad have been after her before now. Miss Oona is just wonderful for sense and judgment; but when I think upon yon wall —"

"I will go," said Walter. Amid all the associations of this place, the thought of Oona had threaded through every movement of his mind. He thought now that she had stayed behind out of sympathy, now that it was indifference, now — he could not tell what to think. But no alarm had crossed his thoughts. He made a rapid step towards the door, then paused, with a bewildering sense that he was leaving two innocent women without protection in a place full of dangers which they knew nothing of. Was it possible that his enemy could assail him through these unsuspecting simple visitors? He turned back to them with a strange pang of pity and regret, which he himself did not understand. "Mother," he said, "you will forgive me — it is only for a moment?"

"Walter!" she cried, full of surprise; then waved her hand to him with a smile, bidding him "Go, go — and bring Miss Forrester." Her attitude, her smile of perfect security and pleasure, went with him like a little picture as he went down the spiral stairs. Mrs. Forrester was in it also, in all her pretty faded color and animation, begging him — "Dear me, not to take the trouble; for no doubt Oona was just at the door, or among the ruins, or saying a word to Hamish about the boat."

A peaceful little picture — no shadow upon it; the light a little cold, but the atmosphere so serene and still. Strange

contrast to all that he had seen there — the conflict, the anguish, which seemed to have left their traces upon the very walls. He hurried down-stairs with this in his mind, and a lingering of all his thoughts upon the wistful smiling of his mother's face — though why at this moment he should dwell upon that was a wonder to himself. Oona was not on the grassy slope before the door, nor talking to Hamish at the landing-place, as her mother suggested. There was no trace of her among the ruins. Then, but not till then, Walter began to feel a tremor of alarm. There came suddenly into his mind the recollection of that catastrophe of which he had been told in Edinburgh by its victim; it sent a shiver through him, but even yet he did not seriously fear; for Oona was no stranger to lose herself upon the dangerous places of the ruin. He went hurriedly up the steps to the battlements, where he himself had passed through so many internal struggles, thinking nothing less than to find her in one of the embrasures, where he had sat and looked out upon the loch. He had been startled, as he came out of the shadow of the house, by a faint cry, which seemed to issue from the distance, from the other extremity of the water, and which was indeed the cry for help to which Oona had given utterance when she felt the wall crumbling under her feet, which the wind had carried far down the loch, and which came back in a distant echo. Walter began to remember this cry as he searched in vain for any trace of her. And when he reached the spot where the danger began and saw the traces that some other steps had been there before him, and that a shower of crumbling mortar and fragments of stone had fallen, his heart leaped to his throat with sudden horror, but it was calmed by the instant reassurance that had she fallen there he must have found her below. He looked round him bewildered, unable to conceive what had become of her. Where had she gone? The boat lay at the landing-place, with Hamish in waiting; not a flutter of a veil was to be seen to afford any trace of her; all was silence about and around. "Oona!" he cried, but the wind caught his voice too, and carried it away to the village on the other bank, to her own isle away upon the glistening water, where Oona was not. Where was she? His throat began to grow parched, his breath to labor with the hurry of his heart. He stood on the verge of the precipice of broken masonry, looking now to the stony

pinnacles above, where nothing but a bird (he thought) could have found the way; now over the ruined battlements to the ledge of rock upon which the waters rose and fell; now down, with an agonized gaze, into the interior, where — thank Heaven for so much certainty — she could not have fallen, but saw nothing, heard nothing, save the rustle of the awful silence which wounded his ear, and the vacancy that made his eyes ache with a feverish strain.

The two mothers meanwhile talked calmly in the room below, where Macalister had lighted the fire, and where, in the cheerful blaze and glow, everything became still more cosy and tranquil and calm. Perhaps even the absence of the young pair whose high strain of existence at the moment could not but disturb the elder souls with sympathy, made the quiet waiting, the pleasant talk, more natural. Mrs. Methven had been deeply touched by her son's all unneeded apology for leaving her. She could have laughed over it, and cried, it was so kind, so tender of Walter, yet unlike him, the late awakening of thought and tenderness to which she had never been accustomed, which penetrated her with a sweet and delightful amusement as well as happiness. She had no reason to apprehend any evil, neither was Mrs. Forrester afraid for Oona. "Oh no, she is well used to going about by herself. There is nobody near but knows my Oona. Her family and all her belongings have been on the loch I might say since ever it was a loch; and if any stranger took it upon him to say an uncivil word, there is neither man nor woman for ten miles round but would stand up for her — if such a thing could be," Mrs. Forrester added with dignity, "which is just impossible and not to be thought of. And as for rough roads or the hillside, I would trust her as soon as the strongest man. But I would like her to see the books and what a nice room Lord Erradeen has here, for often we have been sorry for him, and wondered what kind of accommodation there was, and what good it could do to drag the poor young man out of his comfortable house, if it was only once in the year —"

"And why should he come here once in the year?" Mrs. Methven asked with a smile.

"That is just the strange story: but I could not take upon myself to say, for I know nothing except the common talk, which is nonsense, no doubt. You will never have been in the north before?"

said Mrs. Forrester, thinking it judicious to change the subject.

"Never before," Mrs. Methven replied, perceiving equally on her side that the secrets of the family were not to be gleaned from a stranger; and she added, "My son himself has not yet seen his other houses, though this is the second time he has come here."

"It is to be hoped," said the other, "that now he will think less of that weary London, which I hear is just an endless traffic of parties and pleasure, and settle down to be a Scots lord. We must make excuses for a young man that naturally likes to be among his own kind, and finds more pleasure in an endless on-going than ladies always understand. Though I will not say but I like society very well myself, and would be proud to see my friends about me, if it were not for the quiet way that Oona and I are living upon a little bit isle, which makes it always needful to consider the weather, and if there is a moon, and all that; and besides that, I have no gentleman in the house."

"I never had a daughter," said Mrs. Methven; "there can be no companion so sweet."

"You mean Oona? Her and me," said Mrs. Forrester, with Scotch grammar and a smile, "we are but one; and you do not expect me to praise myself? When I say we have no gentleman in the house, it is because we cannot be of the use we would wish to our friends. To offer a cup of tea is just all I have in my power, and that is nothing to ask a gentleman to; but for all that it is wonderful how constantly we are seeing our neighbors, especially in the summer time, when the days are long. But bless me, what is that?" Mrs. Forrester cried. The end of her words was lost in a tumult and horror of sound such as Loch Houran had never heard before.

Walter was half distracted with wonder and alarm. He had looked in every corner where it was possible she could have taken refuge. He sprang now upon the very edge of the battlement, where there was precarious footing though the platform within had crumbled away, and stood out there between earth and sky, eagerly scanning the higher points of the ruin. Could she have ventured there, up upon those airy heights, where, so far as he knew, no one had climbed before for ages? Every kind of horrible fear overtook him as he stood and searched everywhere with his eyes. She might have fallen through

some of the crevices into the honeycomb of ruin, half filled up, yet affording pits and chasms innumerable. She might, which was more terrible still, have been met by the master of those gloomy ruins and been driven to madness and disaster by the meeting. He stood up, poised between earth and sky, the loch sheer below lapping against the foundations of the castle, the tower rising grey and inaccessible above. Already from the village his figure was seen in mid-air, rousing an idle little group round the inn door to amazement and dismay. While he stood thus, it seemed to him that sounds suddenly broke forth from above — a voice bursting out, high, indignant, in words indistinguishable to him: and the voice was not recognizable. It was a human voice, and quivered with passion and vehemence, but that was all. The horrible question crossed his mind, was Oona there at the mercy of his enemy? when suddenly, without an interval, the sound changed into Oona's own voice, and into words of which he could distinguish one only and that was pardon. And before he had time to draw breath there suddenly flashed upon Walter's eyes a vision — was it madness coming upon him? for it could not be true — a vision, — Oona, her dress and her hair streaming behind her, in the impulse of flight, passing like the wind within the ruinous balustrade, her light figure flashing across the dark openings, her foot scarcely touching the stones over which she flew. With a loud cry he threw out his arms to her, knowing it to be a vision, yet true. Behind her flying figure there flashed out, as if in pursuit, a great sudden blaze, the red, mad gleam of fire in the sunshine, fire that flamed up to the sky and rolled along the masonry in a liquid wave of flame. He flung himself towards her he did not know how, and clutched at her wildly as she came flying over the ridges of ruin. Then sense and hearing and consciousness itself were lost in a roar as of all the elements let loose, a great, dizzy upheaving as of an earthquake. The whole world darkened around him; there was a sudden rush of air and whirl of giddy sensation, and nothing more.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE explosion startled the whole country for miles around.

The old castle was at all times the centre of the landscape, standing sombre in its ruin amid all the smiling existence of to-day. It flashed in a moment into an

importance more wonderful, blazing up to the sky in fire and flame and clouds of smoke like a great battle. The whole neighborhood, as far as sight could carry, saw this new wonder, and sprang into sudden excitement, alarm, and terror. Every soul rushed out of the village on the bank; servants appeared half frantic in front of Auchnasheen, pushing out in skiffs and fishing-cobbles upon the water which seemed to share the sudden passion of alarm, and became but one great reflection, red and terrible, of the flames which seemed to burst in a moment from every point. Some yachtsmen, whose little vessel had been lying at anchor, and who had been watching with great curiosity the moving figure on the height of the gallery round the tower, and afterwards the second adventurer on the battlement, with much laughing discussion among themselves as to the ghost and its movements, were suddenly brought to seriousness in a moment as the yacht bounded under their feet with the concussion of the air, and the idle sail flapping from the mast grew blood red in the sudden glare. It was the work of another moment to leap into their boat and speed as fast as the oars could plough through the water, to the rescue, if rescue were needed. Who could be there? they asked each other. Only old Macalister with his wife, who, safe in the lower story, would have full time to escape. But then, what was that white figure on the tower? The young men almost laughed again as they said to each other, "The warlock lord!" "Let's hope he's blown himself up and made an end of all that nonsense," said the sceptic of the party. But just then the stalwart boat-load came across a wild skiff dashing through the water, old Symington like a ghost in the stern, and red-haired Duncan, with bare arms and throat, rowing as for life and death.

"My lord is there!" cried the old man with quivering lips. "The leddies are there!"

"And Hamish and Miss Oona!" fell stammering from Duncan, half dumb with horror.

The young yachtsmen never said a word, but looked at each other and flew along over the blood-red water. Oona! It was natural they should think of her first in her sweetness and youth.

The two mothers in their tranquil talk sat still for a moment and looked at each other with pale awe on their faces, when that wild tumult enveloped them, paralyzing every other sense. They thought

they were lost, and instinctively looked in each other's faces, and put out their hands to each other. They were alone—even the old servant had left them—and there they sat breathless, expecting death. For a moment the floor and walls so quivered about them that nothing else seemed possible; but no catastrophe followed, and their faculties returned. They rose with one impulse and made their way together to the door, then, the awe of death passing, life rising in them, flew down the staircase with the lightness of youth, and out to the air, which already was full of the red flicker of the rising flames. But once there, a worse thing befell these two poor women. They had been still in the face of death, but now, with life saved, came a sense of something more terrible than death. They cried out in one voice the names of their children. "My boy!" "Oona!" Old Macalister, speechless, dragging his old wife after him, came out and joined them, the two old people looking like owls suddenly scared by the outburst of lurid light.

"Oh, what will be happening?" said the old woman, her dazed astonishment contrasting strangely with the excitement and terror of the others.

Mrs. Forrester answered her in wild and feverish volubility.

"Nothing will have happened," she said. "Oona, my darling! What would happen? She knows her way: she would not go a step too far. Oh, Oona, where are you? why will you not answer me? They will just be bewildered like ourselves, and she will be in a sore fright; but that will be for me. Oona! Oona! She will be frightened—but only for me. Oona! Oh, Hamish, man, can ye not find your young lady? The fire—I am not afraid of the fire. She will just be wild with terror—for me. Oona! Oona! Oona!" cried the poor lady, her voice ending in a shriek.

Mrs. Methven stood by her side, but did not speak. Her pale face was raised to the flaming tower, which threw an illumination of red light over everything. She did not know that it was supposed to be inaccessible. For anything she knew, her boy might be there, perishing within her sight; and she could do nothing. The anguish of the helpless and hopeless gave her a sort of terrible calm. She looked at the flames as she might have looked at executioners who were putting her son to death. She had no hope.

Into the midst of this distracted group came a sudden rush of men from the

boats, which were arriving every minute, the young yachtsmen at their head. Mrs. Forrester flung herself upon these young men, catching hold of them as they came up.

"My Oona's among the ruins," she said breathlessly. "Oh, no fear but you'll find her. Find her! find her! for I'm going out of my senses, I think. I know that she's safe, oh, quite safe! but I'm silly, silly, and my nerves are all wrong. Oh, Harry, for the love of God, and Patrick, Patrick, my fine lad! And not a brother to look after my bairn!"

"We are all her brothers," cried the youths, struggling past the poor lady, who clung to them and hindered their progress, her voice coming shrill through the roar of the flames and the bustle and commotion below. Amid this tumult her piercing "Oona! Oona!" came in from time to time, sharp with the derision of tragedy for anything so ineffectual and vain. Before many minutes had passed the open space in front of the house which stood intact and as yet unthreatened, was crowded with men, none of them, however, knowing what to do, nor, indeed, what had happened. The information that Lord Erradeen and Oona were missing was handed about among them, repeated with shakings of the head to every new-comer. Mrs. Methven standing in the midst, whom nobody knew, received all the comments like so many stabs into her heart. "Was it them that were seen on the walls just before? Then nothing could have saved them." "The wall's all breached to the loch: no cannon could have done it cleaner. It's there you'll find them." "Find them! Oh, hon! oh, hon! The bodies of them. Let's hope their souls are in a better place." The unfortunate mother heard what everybody said. She stood among strangers, with nobody who had any compassion upon her, receiving over and over again the assurance of his fate.

The first difficulty here, as in every other case of the kind, was that no one knew what to do; there were hurried consultations, advices called out on every hand, suggestions—many of them impossible—but no authoritative guide to say what was to be done. Mrs. Methven, turning her miserable looks from one to another, saw standing by her side a man of commanding appearance, who seemed to take no share in either advice or action, but stood calmly looking on. He was so different from the rest, that she appealed to him instinctively.

"Oh, sir!" she cried, "you must know what is best to be done — tell them."

He started a little when she spoke; his face, when he turned it towards her, was full of strange expression. There was sadness in it, and mortification, and wounded pride. She said after that he was like a man disappointed, defeated, full of dejection and indignation. He gave her a look of keen wonder, and then said with a sort of smile, —

"Ah, that is true!" Then in a moment his voice was heard over the crowd. "The thing to be done," he said, in a voice which was not loud, but which immediately silenced all the discussions and agitations round, "is to clear away the ruins. The fire will not burn downward — it has no food that way — it will exhaust itself. The young lady fell with the wall. If she is to be found, she will be found there."

The men around all crowded about the spot from which the voice came.

"Wha's that that's speaking?"

"I see nobody."

"What were you saying, sir?"

"Whoever it is, it is good advice," cried young Patrick from the yacht. "Harry, keep you the hose going on the house. I'll take the other work; and thank you for the advice, whoever you are."

Mrs. Forrester too had heard this voice, and the command and calm in it gave to her troubled soul a new hope. She pushed her way through the crowd to the spot from whence it came.

"Oh," she cried, "did you see my Oona fall? Did you see my Oona? No, no, it would not be her that fell. You are just deceived. Where is my Oona? Oh, sir, tell them where she is that they may find her, and we'll pray for you on our bended knees, night and morning, every day."

She threw herself on her knees, as she spoke, on the grass, putting up her quivering, feverish hands. The other mother, with a horror which she felt even in the midst of her misery, saw the man to whom this heartrending prayer was addressed, without casting even a glance at the suppliant at his feet, or with any appearance of interest in the proceedings he had advised, turn quietly on his heel and walk away. He walked slowly across the open space and disappeared upon the edge of the water with one glance upward to the blazing tower, taking no more note of the anxious crowd collected there than if they had not existed. Nor did any one notice this strange spectator going away at the height of the catastrophe, when everybody

far and near was roused to help. The men running hurriedly to work did not seem to see him. The two old servants of the house, Symington and Macalister, stood crowding together out of reach of the stream of water which was being directed upon the house. But Mrs. Methven took no note of them. The only thing that touched her with a strange surprise in the midst of her anguish was to see that while her Walter's fate still hung in the balance, there was one who could calmly go away.

By this time the sun had set; the evening, so strangely different from any other that ever had fallen on the loch, was beginning to darken on the hills, bringing out with wilder brilliancy the flaming of the great fire, which turned the tower of Kinloch-houran into a lantern, and blazed upwards in a great pennon of crimson and orange against the blue of the skies. For miles down the loch the whole population was out upon the roads gazing at this wonderful sight; the hillsides were crimsoned by the reflection, as if the heather had bloomed again; the water glowed red under the cool calm of the evening sky. Round about Birkenbraes was a little crowd, the visitors and servants occupying every spot from which this portent could be seen, and Mr. Williamson himself, with his daughter, standing at the gate to glean what information might be attainable from the passers-by. Katie, full of agitation, unable to undergo the common babble inside, had walked on, scarcely knowing what she did, in her in-door dress, shivering with cold and excitement. They had all said to each other that there could be no danger to life in that uninhabited place.

"Toots, no danger at all!" Mr. Williamson had said, with great satisfaction in the spectacle. "Old Macalister and his wife are just like rats in their hole, the fire will never come near them; and the ruin will be none the worse — it will just be more a ruin than ever."

There was something in Katie's mind which revolted against this easy treatment of so extraordinary a catastrophe. It seemed to her connected, she could not tell how, with the scene which had passed in her own room so short a time before. But for shame she would have walked on to Auchnasheen to make sure that Walter was in no danger. But what would he think of her — what would everybody think? Katie went on, however, abstracted from herself, her eyes upon the blaze in the distance, her heart full of dis-

turbed thoughts. All at once she heard the firm, quick step of some one advancing to meet her. She looked up eagerly; it might be Walter himself — it might be — When she saw who it was, she came to a sudden pause. Her limbs refused to carry her, her very breath seemed to stop. She looked up at him and trembled. The question that formed on her lips could not get utterance. He was perfectly calm and courteous, with a smile that bewildered her and filled her with terror.

"Is there any one in danger?" he said, answering as if she had spoken. "I think not. There is no one in danger now. It is a fine spectacle. We are at liberty to enjoy it without any drawback — now."

"Oh, sir," said Katie, her very lips quivering, "you speak strangely. Are you sure that there was no one there?"

"I am sure of nothing," he said, with a strange smile.

And then Mr. Williamson, delighted to see a stranger, drew near.

"You need not be so keen with your explanations, Katie. Of course it is the gentleman we met at Kinloch-houran. Alas! poor Kinloch-houran, we will never meet there again. You will just stay to dinner now that we have got you? Come, Katie, where are your manners? You say nothing. Indeed we will consider it a great honor — just ourselves and a few people that are staying in the house; and as for dress, what does that matter? It is a thing that happens every day. Neighbors in the country will look in without preparation; and for my part, I say always, the more the merrier," said the open-hearted millionaire.

The stranger's face lighted up with a gleam of scornful amusement.

"The kindness is great," he said, "but I am on my way to the other end of the loch."

"You are never walking?" cried Mr. Williamson. "Lord bless us! that was a thing that used to be done in my young days, but nobody thinks of now. Your servant will have gone on with your baggage? and you would have a delicacy — I can easily understand — in asking for a carriage in the excitement of the moment; but ye shall not walk past my house where there are conveyances of all kinds that it is just a charity to use. Now, I'll take no denial; there's the boat. In ten minutes they'll get up steam. I had ordered it, ready to send up to Auchnasheen for news. But as a friend would never be leaving if the family was in trouble, it is little use to do that now. I will just make

a sign to the boat, and they'll have ye down in no time; it will be the greatest pleasure, if you are sure you will not stay to your dinner in the mean time, which is what I would like best."

He stood looking down upon them both from his great height; his look had been sad and grave when he had met Katie, a look full of expression which she could not fathom. There came now a gleam of amusement over his countenance. He laughed out.

"That would be admirable," he said, offering no thanks. "I will take your boat," like a prince according, rather than receiving a favor.

Mr. Williamson looked at his daughter with a confused air of astonishment and perplexity, but he sent a messenger off in a boat to warn the steamer, which lay with its lights glimmering white in the midst of the red reflections on the loch. The father and daughter stood there silenced, and with a strange sensation of alarm, beside this stranger. They exchanged another frightened look.

"You'll be going a long journey," Mr. Williamson said, faltering, scarcely knowing what he said.

"In any case," said the stranger, "I am leaving this place."

He seemed to put aside their curiosity as something trifling, unworthy to be answered, and with a wave of his hand to them, took the path leading towards the beach.

They turned and looked after him, drawing close to each other for mutual comfort. It was twilight, when everything is confusing and uncertain. They lost sight of him, then saw him again, like a tall pillar on the edge of the water. There was a confusion of boats coming and going, in which they could not trace whither he went or how.

Katie and her father stood watching, taking no account of the progress of time, or of the cold wind of the night which came in gusts from the hills. They both drew a long sigh of relief when the steamer was put in motion, and went off down the loch with its lights like glowworms on the yards and the masts. Nor did they say a word to each other as they turned and went home. When inquiries were made afterwards, nothing but the most confused account could be given of the embarkation. The boatmen had seen the stranger, but none among them would say that he had conveyed him to the steamer; and on the steamer the men were equally confused, answering at random, with

strange glances at each other. Had they carried that passenger down to the foot of the loch? Not even Katie's keen questioning could elicit a clear reply.

But when the boat had steamed away, carrying into the silence the rustle of its machinery and the twinkling of its lights, there was another great explosion from the tower of Kinloch-houran, a loud report which seemed to roar away into the hollows of the mountains, and came back in a thousand rolling echoes. A great column of flame shot up into the sky, the stones fell like a cannonade, and then all was darkness and silence. The loch fell into sudden gloom; the men who were laboring at the ruins stopped short, and groped about to find each other through the dust and smoke which hung over them like a cloud. The bravest stood still, as if paralyzed, and for a moment, through all this strange scene of desolation and terror, there was but one sound audible, the sound of a voice which cried "Oona! Oona!" now shrill, now hoarse with exhaustion and misery, "Oona! Oona!" to earth and heaven.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

WHEN the curious and the inefficient dropped away, as they did by degrees as night fell, there were left the three youths from the yacht, Hamish, Duncan, and two or three men from the village, enough to do a greater work than that which lay before them: but the darkness and the consternation, and even their very eagerness and anxiety confused their proceedings. Such lamps as they could get from Macalister were fastened up among the heaps of ruins, and made a series of wild Rembrandt-like pictures in the gloom, but afforded little guidance to their work. The masses of masonry which they labored to clear away seemed to increase rather than diminish under their picks and spades — new angles of the wall giving way when they seemed to have come nearly to the foundation. And now and then from above a mass of stones penetrated through and through by the fire, and kept in their place only by mere balance, would topple down without warning, dangerously near their heads, risking the very lives of the workers; upon whom discouragement gained as the night wore on, and no result was obtained. After a while, with a mournful unanimity they stopped work and consulted in whispers what was to be done. Not a sound had replied to their cries. They had stopped a hundred times to listen, one more imag-

inative than the rest, thinking he heard an answering cry; but no such response had ever come, how was it possible, from under the choking, suffocating mass, which rolled down upon them as they worked, almost stopping their breath? They gave up altogether in the middle of the night in dejection and hopelessness. The moon had risen and shone all round them, appearing through the great chasms in the wall, making a glory upon the loch, but lending no help here, the shadow of the lower part of the house lying black over the new-made ruin. What was the use? No mortal could have fallen below those powdery heaps and yet live. They stood disconsolately consulting on the possibilities. If Walter and Oona were under those heaps of ruin, it was impossible that they could be alive, and the men asked each other, shaking their heads, what chance there was of any of those fortunate accidents which sometimes save the victims of such a calamity. The wall had been already worn by time, there were no beams, no archways which could have sheltered them — everything had come down in one mass of ruin. After many and troubled discussions they prepared reluctantly to abandon the hopeless work. "Perhaps, in the morning" — it was all that any one could say. The young yachtsmen made a last effort, calling out Walter's name. "If you can speak, for God's sake speak; any sign and we'll have you out. Erradeen! Erradeen!" they cried. But the silence was as that of the grave. A fall of powdery fragments now and then from the heap, sometimes a great stone solemnly bounding downwards from point to point, the light blown about by the night air lighting up the dark group, and the solitary figure of Hamish, apart from them, who was working with a sort of rage, never pausing, pulling away the stones with his hands. This was all; not a moan, not a cry, not a sound of existence under those shapeless piles of ruin. The only thing that broke the silence, and which came now with a heartrending monotony, because almost mechanical, was the cry of "Oona! Oona!" which Oona's mother, scarcely conscious, sent out into the night.

The men stole softly round the corner of the house which remained untouched, to get to their boats, stealing away like culprits, though there was no want of good-will in them. But they were not prepared for the scene that met them there. The little platform before the door, and the landing-place, were bright almost as

day with the shining of the moon, the water one sheet of silver, upon which the boats lay black; the grassy space below all white and clear. In the midst of this space, seated on a stone, was Mrs. Methven. She had scarcely stirred all night. Her companion in sorrow had been taken into the shelter of the house, but she, unknown and half forgotten, and strong with all the vigor of misery, had remained there, avoiding speech of any one. With all her senses absorbed in listening, not a stroke had escaped her, scarcely a word — for a long time she had stood and walked about, not asking a question, observing, seeing, hearing all that was done. But as the awful hours went on, she had dropped down upon this rough seat, little elevated above the ground, where her figure now struck the troubled gaze of the young men, as if it had been that of a sentinel watching to see that they did not abandon their work. No such thought was in her mind. She was conscious of every movement they had made. For a moment she had thought that this call upon her son meant that they had found some trace of him — but that was a mere instantaneous thrill, which her understanding was too clear to continue to entertain. She had said to herself from the beginning that there was no hope; she had said from the first what the men had said to each other reluctantly after hours of exertion. What was the good? since nothing could be done. Yet all the while as she said this, she was nursing within her bosom, concealing it even from her own consciousness, covering up the smouldering, dying fire in her heart, a hope that would not altogether die. She would not even go towards the workers when they called out her son's name to know what it was; but only waited, waited with a desperate, secret, half-heathen thought, that perhaps if she did not cry and importune, but was silent, letting God do what he would, he might yet relent and bring her back her boy. Oh be patient! put on at least the guise of patience! and perhaps he would be touched by the silence of her misery — he who had not heard her prayers. She sat going over a hundred things in her heart. That Walter should have come back to her, called her to him, opened his heart to her, as a preparation for being thus snatched from her forever! She said to herself that by-and-by she would thank God for this great mercy, and that she had thus found her son again if only for two days: but in the mean time her heart

bled all the more for the thought, and bereavement became more impossible, more intolerable, even from that, which afterwards would make it almost sweet. As she kept that terrible vigil and heard the sound of the implements with which — oh, what was it? — not him, his body, the mangled remains of him — were being sought, she seemed to see him, standing before her, leaning upon her, the strong on the weak, pouring his troubles into her bosom — as he had not done since he was a child; and now he was lying crushed beneath those stones. Oh no, no. Oh no, no — it was not possible. God was not like that, holding the cup of blessing to a woman's lips and then snatching it away. And then with an effort she would say to herself what she had said from the first, what she had never wavered in saying, that there was no hope. How could there be any hope? crushed beneath tons of falling stones — oh, crushed out of recognition, out of humanity! her imagination spared her nothing. When they found him they would tell her it was better, better, she the mother that bore him, that she should not see him again. And all the while the moon shining and God looking on. She was callous to the cry that came continually, mechanically, now stronger, now fainter, from the rooms above. "Oona, Oona!" Sometimes it made her impatient. Why should the woman cry, as if her voice could reach her child under those masses of ruin? And *she* could not cry who had lost her all; her only one! Why should the other have that relief and she none — nor any hope? But all the sounds about her caught her ear with a feverish distinctness. When she heard the steps approaching after the pause of which she had divined the meaning, they seemed to go over her heart, treading it down into the dust. She raised her head and looked at them as they came up, most of the band stealing behind to escape her eye. "I heard you," she said, "call — my son."

"It was only to try; it was to make an effort; it was a last chance."

"A last —" though she was so composed there was a catch in her breath as she said this word; but she added, with the quiet of despair, "You are going away?"

The young man who was the spokesman stood before her like a culprit with his cap in his hand.

"My brothers and I," he said, "would gladly stay if it was any use; but there is

no light to work by, and I fear — I fear — that by this time —”

“There is no more hope?” she said. “I have no hope. I never had any hope.”

The young man turned away with a despairing gesture, and then returned to her humbly, as if she had been a queen.

“We are all grieved — more grieved than words can say; and gladly would we stay if we could be of any use. But what can we do? for we are all convinced —”

“No me,” cried Hamish, coming forward into the moonlight. “No me!” his bleeding hands left marks on his forehead as he wiped the heavy moisture from it; his eyes shone wildly beneath his shaggy brows. “I was against it,” he cried, “from the first! I said what would they be doing here? But convinced, that I never will be, no till I find — Mem, if ye tell them they’ll bide. Tell them to bide. As sure as God is in heaven that was all her thought, we will find her yet.”

The other men had slunk away, and were softly getting into their boats. The three young yachtsmen alone waited, a group of dark figures about her. She looked up at them standing together in the moonlight, her face hollowed out as if by the work of years.

“He is my only one,” she said, “my only one. And you — you — you are all the sons of one mother.”

Her voice had a shrill anguish in it, insupportable to hear; and when she paused there came shrilly into the air, with a renewed passion, “Oona! Oona!” the cry that had not ceased for hours. The young man who was called Patrick flung his clenched hand into the air; he gave a cry of pity and pain unendurable.

“Go and lie you down an hour or two,” he said to the others, “and come back with the dawn. Don’t say a word. I’ll stay; it’s more than a man can bear.”

When the others were gone, this young fellow implored the poor lady to go in, to lie down a little, to try and take some rest. What good could she do, he faltered, and she might want all her strength for to-morrow — using all those familiar pleas with which the miserable are mocked. Something like a smile came over her wan face.

“You are very kind,” she said, “oh, very kind!” but no more. But when he returned and pressed the same arguments upon her, she turned away almost with impatience. “I will watch with my son to-night,” she said, putting him away with her hand. And thus the night passed.

Mrs. Forrester had been taken only

half-conscious into Walter’s room early in the evening. Her cry had become mechanical, not to be stopped; but she, it was hoped, was but half aware of what was passing, the unwonted and incredible anguish having exhausted her simple being, unfamiliar with suffering. Mr. Cameron, the minister from the village, had come over on the first news, and Mysie from the isle to take care of her mistress. Together they kept watch over the poor mother, who lay sometimes with her eyes half closed in a sort of stupor, sometimes springing up wildly, to go to Oona who was ill, and wanting her, she cried, distraught. “Oona! Oona!” she continued to cry through this all. Mysie had removed her bonnet, and her light, faded hair was all dishevelled, without the decent covering of the habitual cap, her pretty color gone. Sorrow seems to lie harder on such a gentle soul. It is cruel; there is nothing in it that is akin to the mild level of a being so easy and common. It was torture that prostrated the soul — not the passion of love and anguish which gave to the other mother the power of absolute self-control, and strength which could endure all things. Mr. Cameron himself, struck to the heart, for Oona was as dear to him as a child of his own, gave up his longing to be out among the workers in order to soothe and subdue her; and though she scarcely understood what he was saying, his presence did soothe her. It was natural that the minister should be there, holding her up in this fiery passage, though she could not tell how. And thus the night went on. The moonlight faded outside; the candles paled and took a sickly hue within as the blue dawn came stealing over the world. At that chilliest, most awful moment of all the circle of time, Mrs. Forrester had sunk into half-unconsciousness. She was not asleep, but exhaustion had almost done the part of sleep, and she lay on the sofa in a stupor, not moving, and for the first time intermitting that terrible cry. The minister stole down-stairs in that moment of repose. He was himself an old man and shaken beyond measure by the incidents of the night. His heart was bleeding for the child of his spirit, the young creature to whom he had been tutor, counsellor, almost father from her childhood. He went out with his heart full, feeling the vigil insupportable in the miserable room above, yet almost less supportable when he came out to the company of the grey hills growing visible, a stern circle of spectators round about,

and realized with a still deeper pang, the terrible unmitigated fact of the catastrophe. It was with horror that he saw the other mother sitting patient upon the stone outside. He did not know her, and had forgotten that such a person existed as Lord Erradeen's mother. Had she been there all night? "God help us," he said to himself; "how selfish we are, even to the sharers of our calamity!" She looked up at him as he passed, but said nothing. And what could he say to her? For the first time he behaved himself like a coward, and fled from his duty; for what could he say to comfort her? and why insult her misery with vain attempts? Young Patrick had pressed shelter and rest upon her, being young and knowing no better. But the minister could not tell Walter's mother to lie down and rest; to think of her own life. What was her life to her? He passed her by with the acute and aching sympathy which bears a share of the suffering it cannot relieve. For his own suffering was sore. Oona, Oona, he cried to himself silently in his heart as her mother had done aloud — his child, his nursling, the flower of his flock. Mysie had told him in the intervals, when her mistress was quiet, in whispers and with tears, of all that had happened lately, and of Oona's face that was like the Sabbath of the Sacrament, so grave yet so smiling as she left the isle. This went to the old minister's heart. He passed the ruin where Hamish was still plucking uselessly, half-stupefied, at the stones, and Patrick, with his back against the unbroken wall, had fallen asleep in utter weariness. Mr. Cameron did not linger there, but sought a place out of sight of man, where he could weep, for he was old, and his heart was too full to do without some natural relief.

He went through a ruined doorway to a place where all was still green and intact, as it had been before the explosion; the walls standing, but trees grown in the deep soil which covered the old stone floor. He leaned his white head against the roughness of the wall, and shed the tears that made his old eyes heavy, and relieved his old heart with prayer. He had prayed much all the night through, but with distracted thoughts, and eyes bent upon the broken-hearted creature by whose side he watched. But now he was alone with the great and closest Friend, he to whom all things can be said, and who understands all. "Give us strength to resign her to thee," he said, pressing his old cheek against the damp and cold

freshness of the stones, which were wet with other dews than those of nature, with the few concentrated tears of age, that mortal dew of suffering. The prayer and the tears relieved his soul. He lifted his head from the wall, and turned to go back again — if, perhaps, now fresh from his Master's presence he might find a word to say to the other woman who all night long, like Rizpah, had sat silent and watched her son.

But as he turned to go away it seemed to the minister that he heard a faint sound. He supposed nothing but that some of the men who had been working had gone to sleep in a room, and were waking and stirring to the daylight. He looked round, but saw no one. Perhaps even then there came across the old man's mind some recollection of the tales of mystery connected with this house; but in the presence of death and sorrow, he put these lesser wonders aside. Nevertheless, there was a sound, faint, but yet a human movement. The old stone floor was deep under layers of soil upon which every kind of herbage and several trees grew; but in the corner of the wall against which he had been leaning, the gathered soil had been hollowed away by the droppings from above, and a few inches of the original floor was exposed. The old man's heart began to beat with a bewildering possibility. But he dared not allow himself to think of it: he said to himself that it must be a bird, a beast, something imprisoned in some crevice. He listened. God! was that a moan? He turned and rushed with the step of a boy, to where Patrick sat dozing, and Hamish, stupefied, worked on mechanically. He clutched the one out of his sleep, the other from his trance of exhaustion — "Come here! come here! and listen. What is this?" the old minister said.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN'S LIFE OF LORD LYNDBURST.*

It is now some fifteen years since a posthumous volume of Lord Campbell's "Lives of the Chancellors," containing those of Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham, was given to the public; and

* *Memoir of the Life of Lord Lyndhurst*. Three Times Lord Chancellor of England. From Letters and Papers in possession of his Family. By Sir Theodore Martin, K.C.B. London: John Murray.

seldom, in all probability, was a book received with more general condemnation. In the case of Lord Lyndhurst especially, it was felt that the narrative of his life, besides teeming with inaccuracies, was brimming over with ill-nature, and that the studied purpose of the writer had been to present his brilliant contemporary in as unfavorable a light as possible. It was pretty evident also that Lord Campbell felt that he could indulge his malevolent humor with impunity, from the answer Lord Lyndhurst had given him when asked by him to supply him with materials for his life. "Materials you shall have *none* from me: I have already burnt every letter and paper which could be useful to my biographer; therefore he is at liberty to follow his own inclination." Lord Campbell did follow his own inclination accordingly, and fulfilled to the letter the prophecy made by Lord Lyndhurst to Brougham years before, as quoted in the "Memoirs" of the latter.

Depend upon it [said he] Campbell will never forgive you. . . . I predict that he will take his revenge by describing you with all the gall of his nature. He will write of you, *and perhaps me too*, with envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness; for such is his nature.

Lord Lyndhurst, apparently, knew his man well. For what are the leading features of his life and character as portrayed by Lord Campbell? First and foremost, he is depicted as a politician who, having from his youth upwards been "a Liberal and something more," having owed his early success at the bar to his open and avowed sympathy with Radical doctrines, deliberately "ratted" to the side of the Tories for the sake of a seat in Parliament, and the certainty of political and legal advancement. As a barrister, we are told of him that he was a man habitually indolent and ease-loving — indifferent, as a rule, to the interests of his clients, and more solicitous about the effect he might produce when speaking than the ultimate result of the trial. We are told, further, that he was perfectly unscrupulous in his statement of facts, often coming into court thoroughly unprepared, and trusting to the chapter of accidents and his natural quickness to enable him to pull through without a *fiasco*. As lord chancellor and Cabinet minister, we are repeatedly told that he was disliked and mistrusted by those under whom he served, who rarely, if ever, asked his advice on any question of moment, and against whom he was perpetually intri-

guing for the leadership of his party. As a son and brother, we are left to draw the inference that he was cold-hearted and indifferent to family ties; and as a young man, neglectful of his family circle, bent only on present enjoyment, and perfectly reckless as to what might be thought or said of him. As he rose to eminence at the bar and in Parliament, it is plainly insinuated that he became unreasonably ashamed of his family origin, and when made a peer, did his best to conceal the fact that his father was an artist. We are further taught to believe that he was ostentatious and extravagant, turning his back upon the legal friends and associates of his earlier life, and opening his doors only to the rank and fashion of London society. We are further to believe, that though his engaging manners and brilliant conversational powers attracted around him a large circle of friends, yet none were free from the lash of his sarcasm; and that "there was a laughing devil in his sneer," as in turn he held up to ridicule each parting guest for the benefit of those who outstayed him.

Such are the most prominent features of the portrait that Lord Campbell has drawn of one of whom it may fairly be said, that there was no more conspicuous figure in one of the most eventful and exciting periods of our domestic history in the present century. Few indeed could have been credulous enough to believe in it at the time it was exhibited; and no doubt it is a fair matter for opinion whether Lord Lyndhurst's fame did not stand upon too high a pinnacle to render any subsequent vindication of his life and character necessary. It must, however, be remembered that, when Lord Campbell's volume first appeared, the memory of Lord Lyndhurst was yet fresh in the recollections of many who had known him intimately, and could therefore laugh to scorn the attempt of the author to palm off upon them as a true biography so vile a caricature of the great original whom they had both loved and revered. But fifteen years have passed since then; most of those who were his friends have disappeared from the scene; and the time is at hand when the biographical memoirs must remain the sole source from which present and future generations can derive their impressions of what manner of man he was, and what part he played in the history of his country. Can it, then, be a matter of surprise to any one, that to one whom Lord Lyndhurst left behind him to mourn his loss, the thought should gradu-

ally become intolerable that Lord Campbell's volume should go down to posterity as the sole biography of one whose memory was inexpressibly dear to her, and that no attempt should be made to present the British public with the genuine picture? This, as we understand it, is the one great motive that has prompted the publication of Sir Theodore Martin's interesting volume; and we do not hesitate to say that, in our opinion, he has very ably and successfully accomplished the difficult and delicate task intrusted to him. He has had serious difficulties to encounter. He has been disappointed in more sources than one from which he might have hoped to get important information—notably, the papers of Lord Beaconsfield; and he has had from first to last to contend with the fact, that the subject of his biography had done his best to prevent his life being written, by destroying all documents that he thought might be of use to a biographer. But it is impossible for a man of Lord Lyndhurst's position so entirely to efface himself. He may destroy letters written to himself, but he cannot destroy those he has written to others; and enough of his correspondence has been preserved to throw valuable light upon his character and the earlier portion of his career. From the very nature of the case, there is no doubt a deficiency of those details of the domestic circle, and correspondence and conversation with intimate friends on the politics and gossip of the day, which have lent such a charm ere now to the biographies of great men, but with which, let us add at the same time, it is quite possible for a biographical memoir to be sadly overdone. The wonder in this case is, that Sir Theodore has been able to manufacture such a satisfactory tale of bricks with the limited amount of clay and straw that he was able to obtain.

Since his volume was first published, its contents have given rise, as might have been expected, to much discussion and difference of opinion as to its merits; but we have noticed an almost universal agreement that he has succeeded in the sole object for which his task was undertaken. He has cleared Lord Lyndhurst's fame from the calumnies which had been heaped on it by Lord Campbell. No doubt, as has been suggested, and as Sir Theodore himself frankly admits, his volume would have been smoother and pleasanter reading could he have written a plain straightforward narrative without such frequent mention of Lord Campbell's

misstatements. But it must be remembered, at the same time, that to deal with and to refute these misstatements is avowedly the first motive of the book. To write a book for a special purpose, without letting that purpose appear in its pages, is to enact the play of Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out; and in this censorious world critics without number would have doubtless urged that the misstatements were ignored because the new biographer was afraid or unwilling to grapple with them. On the other hand, had the misstatements and refutations, as others have suggested, been huddled side by side into an appendix at the end of the volume, like the expurgated passages of some Bowdlerized classic, they would have run a very fair chance of being passed over altogether. The method that Sir Theodore has chosen, has at all events this advantage, that the true and false versions appear in his narrative in their proper places—that is to say, in immediate connection with the circumstances to which they refer, and cannot therefore well remain unread. It has been gravely remarked, much to our surprise, that the world at large will know no more after reading Sir Theodore's volume, what manner of man Lord Lyndhurst was, than it did before. But if it learns nothing else, the world at large will at least learn this, that he was pretty nearly in every respect the reverse of the portrait drawn of him by Lord Campbell. The contrast between the two portraits is so remarkable, that at times, as we read, we are inclined to doubt whether the two volumes can possibly be biographies of one and the same person. Instead of a turncoat, changing his principles as easily as his garments for the sake of the position and emoluments of office, we have a statesman faithful throughout his long and brilliant career to the creed of his early life. Instead of a minister mistrusted and disliked by his leaders, we have one of whom those leaders both spoke and wrote in terms of the highest regard as a colleague in whom they reposed implicit confidence, and whose counsel they gladly sought in all emergencies. As a barrister, we have a man whose marvellous memory and quickness of intellectual grasp enabled him to learn more of the details of a complicated case in an hour than ordinary men would in days, and who therefore gave the outward appearance of one who took his work with easy indifference, but who nevertheless spared himself no labor of previous preparation, and left no stone un-

turned to do justice to his clients. We have the portrait further presented to us of a man who was a loving and dutiful son to his parents, and an affectionate brother to his sisters—who, when his father died in embarrassed circumstances, redoubled his labors at the bar in order that he might honorably discharge his liabilities, and who at all times found his happiest moments of life in the ease and relaxation of his domestic circle. We have a man who, so far from being ashamed of his family, and seeking to conceal the fact that he was an artist's son, was eminently proud of that artist's fame, and when he became a peer bought up his father's finest pictures and hung them conspicuously on the walls of his own house. We have, finally, a man who never threw off an old friend or ignored a vulgar or unfashionable acquaintance, and who, during his long life, so much of which was passed in the fierce noontide glare and turmoil of party warfare, lost fewer friends, and won for himself the love and esteem of a larger circle of distinguished men of all parties, than any other man of his time.

We wish heartily that we could accept the excuse that has been so freely offered for Lord Campbell, that he was a habitually hasty and inaccurate writer, and that all his misstatements are the result of sheer carelessness, and nothing more. Not long ago, it was urged in one contemporary, he was convicted by one who had made "Bacon and all his works" his special study, of a tissue of inaccuracies with respect to the life of the great chancellor of James I.; and as with one, so with all. But though Lord Campbell may have had no motive for disparaging the "dark-browed Verulam," the same cannot be said of him with respect to either Lord Lyndhurst or Brougham, if we are to credit the passage from Brougham's memoirs which we have already quoted. That inaccuracies are abundant throughout the pages of his last volume, too, is patent enough; and for his inveterate habit of

Men, manners, times, seasons, and facts all
Misquoting, misstating,
Misplacing, misdating,

he may take brevet rank with Sir Nathaniel Wraxall himself. But whilst he appears to have acted rigidly enough on the principle, "Nothing extenuate," it is impossible, after reading Sir Theodore Martin's *exposé* of his misstatements, to believe that he conformed to the rest of Othello's entreaty, "nor set down aught

in malice." Inaccuracy might possibly account, were the instance an isolated one, for the attributing to one speaker a joke made by another—such as that respecting "tailors and turncoats," quoted at page 258, where Lord Campbell is proved to have substituted Lord Lyndhurst for Lord King, to whom Lord Eldon really made the happy repartee. But inaccuracy alone will not account for the wholesale garbling of passages which Lord Campbell himself professes to have taken from Hansard, by the deliberate insertion of paragraphs which in every instance are necessary to prove the case that he wishes to establish against the subject of his biographical memoir. Take, for instance, this passage, which Sir Theodore quotes on the very next page, and in which Lord Campbell professes to give Lord Eldon's speech *verbatim* from Hansard:—

On a subsequent day [writes Lord Campbell] the Chancellor charged Lord Eldon with insidiously insinuating, when presenting petitions against the Roman Catholics, that they were not loyal subjects, and that they were unwilling to swear that they would support the Protestant succession to the Crown.

Lord Eldon: "*My Lords, I am not in the habit of insinuating. What I think I avow. And, my Lords, I am an open, not an insidious enemy, when I feel it my duty to oppose any measure or any man.* My character, known to my country for more than fifty years, is, I feel, more than sufficient to repel so unfounded an insinuation. *It is equally unnecessary that I should criticise the career of my accuser.*"

Here the object plainly is to picture Lord Eldon as following up his first charge against his successor of being a turncoat; and accordingly, the words in italics, not a trace of which is to be found in Hansard, are deliberately put into his mouth. Or take, again, the following extract from Copley's first speech in Parliament (150), for which Hansard is again given by Lord Campbell as his authority:—

I have expressed [said he, *in a calm, lowered tone*] and I will repeat the opinions *which I have deliberately formed, and which I conscientiously entertain* on this question. I am aware that these opinions are distasteful to some honorable members on the other side of the House, *who perhaps think our institutions might be improved by a little Jacobinical admixture.* (Loud cheers and counter-cheers.)

Here, again, the object was to prove that Copley's language drew down upon him "a tempest of ironical cheers" from those who had a knowledge of his Radical antecedents; and, as in the former instance, the words in italics are deliberately added.

It has been urged for Lord Campbell that he "had other sources of information besides Hansard." If so, why profess to quote Hansard as the authority for words not to be found there? But it is pretty evident that his only source of information in these and similar instances was his own inventive faculty.

We confess that we do not think it a question of such vital consequence as has been represented, whether Lord Campbell was or was not looked upon by Lord Lyndhurst as an intimate friend, and was or was not a frequent visitor at his house. In either case, as it appears to us, Lord Campbell cannot help being impaled on the horns of a serious dilemma. If he was not on the friendly terms that he himself would give us to understand, then he must have drawn upon his imagination for much of which he represents himself to have been a hearer and an eyewitness. If he was, then, even supposing that every word of his scandalous life of Lord Lyndhurst was gospel truth, he was the very last man who should have written it. Surely, as his pen travelled over the paper, he must now and then have been stung to remorse with the recollection of the text: "Yea, mine own familiar friend, in whom I trusted, which did eat of my bread, hath lifted up his heel against me." The ingratitude is all the blacker, as we learn from Sir Theodore Martin that on two important occasions in his own life he was impatient for advancement to the man whom he so defamed. He was indebted to him for his silk gown, for which he himself applied; and it was owing to the good word of Lord Lyndhurst that he ever became lord chancellor. When Lord Palmerston became premier for the second time in 1859, he was in a difficulty as to deciding between two rival claimants for the woolsack, and through a member of his Cabinet, he applied to Lord Lyndhurst for advice. Lord Lyndhurst recommended that the office should be given to Campbell, and his advice was followed. "I owe this all to you," said the new chancellor to Lord Lyndhurst one day in the House of Lords, in the hearing of several peers. But *οὐ πάσχοντες ἐν ἀλλὰ ὁρῶντες κτώμεθα τοὺς φίλους* is as true now as it was in the days of Pericles.

The principal charge that his enemies were never tired of reiterating against Lord Lyndhurst, and to which Lord Campbell has taken care to give due prominence on every possible opportunity, is the one which we have already mentioned. It amounts to this, that having professed

democratic opinions all the earlier part of his life, upon having been offered a seat in Parliament by Lord Liverpool, with all its contingent prospects and advantages, he suddenly cast his former principles to the winds, and became an uncompromising Tory. That he should merely have changed his opinions from sincere conviction would have been a venial matter enough, for there is hardly a statesman of any note in the present century that has not at some time or another done the same thing. Lord Beaconsfield began life with the repute of being a Liberal and something more, and ended as the leader of the Conservative party. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone, who at the outset of his career was hailed by Macaulay as "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories who follow Sir Robert Peel reluctantly and mutinously," is ending it as the leader of a Cabinet and a Parliament in which Radical influence and Radical principles largely predominate. Lord Palmerston, who as Tory secretary at war in Lord Liverpool's government, was returned with Copley for Cambridge University, died the prime minister of a Liberal Cabinet and the leader of the Liberal party. The late Lord Derby, who, in the heat of the Reform crisis, sprang on the table of Brookes's Club and proclaimed war to the knife to the Tories, lived to be three times a Conservative premier. Sir Francis Burdett, too, one of the most violent of Lord Lyndhurst's opponents at the same momentous period, who was returned for Westminster on the death of Mr. Fox, as a young and ardent Liberal, who had headed the poll for Westminster as a Liberal thirty years later on, two years afterwards occupied the same position in the same constituency as an enthusiastic Tory. Such are some few of the political changes that the whirligig of time has brought about. But to allow one's self to be lured into a sudden conversion from one side to the other by the bait of official advancement, is a charge of a more serious character, and one which, if substantiated, cannot fail to damage the reputation of a statesman. In the case of Lord Lyndhurst, the charge that he held revolutionary sentiments in early life, seems to us to rest entirely on hearsay evidence, the really reliable testimony being all on the other side. We have assertions by Lord Campbell, without a tittle of proof to support them, that in those days "he was a Whig and something more—he was a Jacobin." "He was devotedly attached to republican insti-

tutions, and is said to have contemplated without dismay the establishment of an Anglican Republic." Finally, we are told "that he had danced round the Tree of Liberty to the tune of '*Ca ira*,'"—a pretty cool assertion to make of a man who never set foot on French soil till 1814, when he was forty-two years old! We only wonder that, while he was about it, Lord Campbell did not add that he himself was an eyewitness of this revolutionary fandango, and that the performer of it wore the red cap of liberty on his head. Much of these vague reports may have emanated from the supposition that Copley's father, the famous artist, being an American by birth, must necessarily be a republican; and that Copley himself had travelled in America, where for a time he had Volney for his companion, and must therefore have imbibed republican notions. The truth, however, was, that Copley the father, though he disapproved of the treatment of the colonies by the mother country, was a stanch royalist; and that Copley the son not merely laughed at Volney and his doctrines, but, as we shall see, sided in America with the aristocratic party. From first to last, there is not an extract from any speech or letter, or even a word of any authenticated conversation of Copley's that can be adduced in support of the charge. On the contrary, they are all the other way. In the first place, we have the remarkable extract from his letter to his mother from Philadelphia in 1796: "I have become a fierce aristocrat. This is the country to cure your Jacobins. Send them over here, and they will become quite converted. The Opposition here are a set of villains." In the next place, we have passage after passage in his letters from England to his sister, Mrs. Greene, in America (now published for the first time), which breathe the same spirit of loyalty to the throne, and attachment to the institutions of his country, which distinguished his great speeches of later years. Take, for instance, the following remarks on the Volunteer movement in 1803:—

Never upon any occasion, was there a greater display of loyalty, zeal, and unanimity; and before the lapse of a twelvemonth you may expect to hear of events highly honorable to the British character. If we become a military nation, everything is to be expected from that energy, firmness, and constancy of temper which have ever distinguished the people of this country. (P. 97.)

We know too, from his own pen, the feel-

ings with which he entered on the legal profession. Thus he writes of that profession to his brother-in-law, Mr. Greene, whose timely loan of £1000 had enabled him to continue in it:—

Assisted by your friendship, I am now to launch my bark into a wider sea. I am not insensible of the dangers with which it abounds. But while to some it proves disastrous and fatal, to others it affords a passage to wealth, *or what is of more value than wealth*, to reputation and honors. (P. 101.)

Is the man who held these noble sentiments likely, but a few years afterwards, to have deliberately foregone his principles, and sold his services to his political opponents for the prospect of official emolument?

But lastly, we have Lord Lyndhurst's own solemn and oft-repeated declarations, whenever this charge was brought against him in either House of Parliament, as well as in conversation with his friends in after-years, that he had entered Parliament unfettered by any pledge or condition whatsoever, suggested or imposed. Nothing could be more distinct or emphatic than his repudiation of having been a Radical in early life, in the well-known scene which occurred at the close of the second reading of the Reform Bill in 1831. Equally emphatic were his unqualified contradictions in 1835, to the same charge, during the discussions on the Municipal Corporations Bill, coupled with the further insinuation by Lord Denman, that he had owed his early successes at the bar to the prevailing impression that he was a Liberal in politics. His answer to Lord Denman on this head is to our mind crushing:—

Lord Lyndhurst. I was never engaged but in one political defence. That was on the trial of Watson. *On that occasion Sir Charles Wetherell* (a Tory of the Tories) *called on me as a common-law lawyer, and asked me if I would agree to join him in the conduct of that defence.* After taking a short time to consider, I answered that I would. Now that is the real history of that transaction.

After a careful study of Sir Theodore's volume, and the fresh light which it throws on his early life, we are more than ever satisfied that his profession of Conservatism was the result of sincere conviction, and that as he was at the end of his life, so he was long before he entered the Parliamentary arena. At the same time, his Conservatism was of that class which our poet-laureate has so well described as—

Not clinging to some ancient saw;
 Not mastered by some modern term;
 Not swift nor slow to change, but firm;
 And in its season bring the law.

"Liberal but gradual reform," says Sir Theodore, "had his support always; but he dreaded revolutionary changes, and had no love for the theorists who urged them." On one point, however, his sympathies were certainly far more with the Liberals than the Conservatives. He was deeply imbued with the conviction and necessity of the most complete religious toleration, and was the advocate for the removal of Jewish disabilities long before the exclusion of Jews from Parliament ceased to be a cardinal item of a Conservative faith.

Want of space alone prevents us from giving a full *résumé* of Sir Theodore Martin's clear and well-arranged memoir, which from first to last is full of interest. It is almost needless for us to say that we most emphatically dissent from the views we have seen elsewhere expressed, that his volume adds nothing to the information the public possessed before on the mental and moral qualities of Lord Lyndhurst, or to the secret history of his important part in English Parliamentary politics. Still less can we endorse the statement, that while Sir Theodore has avenged the memory of Lord Lyndhurst on the memory of Lord Campbell, the majestic personality of the former is made to disappear in the smoke of the battle. On the contrary, not only, as it seems to us, is the victory of the avenger a very complete one, but as the smoke lifts from the battle-field, the majestic personality of him whose cause Sir Theodore has espoused is made to stand forth in all its grand proportions. Not merely has the early life of Lord Lyndhurst been placed before the public in its proper light, but his countrymen have now, for the first time, presented to them an opportunity of judging impartially of the merits of his career as a statesman and a lawyer. As regards his early life, it has been complained that there is an absence of anecdotes of his childhood; but to this it may fairly be answered, that anecdotes of childhood are rather difficult to obtain in the case of a man who was born one hundred and twelve years ago, who kept no diary and destroyed his correspondence, and who was sixty-five years old when he married the wife who still survives him. Sufficient light, however, is now let in upon his childhood to show that he was a youth of a bright and playful spirit, a pleasant temper, and a thoroughly kind

heart. We read of his fondness for both his parents, especially for his mother, who seems by Sir Theodore's description of her to have been indeed "a perfect woman, nobly planned." His letters from the University of Cambridge, where his career was crowned with the brilliant success of being second wrangler and Smith's prizeman, are unfortunately few in number, but they are all written in a most affectionate strain, and prove his earnest desire to justify the high opinion which his family circle had formed of his superior powers. Though the young Copley would appear to have made mathematics, chemistry, and physical science his chief studies, he evidently, at the same time, had a great love for classical literature, which remained with him through life. Proofs of this are to be found scattered broadcast through Sir Theodore Martin's volume, not merely in the apt classical quotations and illustrations with which his speeches abound, but in a criticism full of point which, but a few months before his death, he wrote and sent to Mr. Gladstone, on the latter's recently published translation of the first book of the Iliad. Of this criticism Mr. Gladstone thought so highly, that he wrote back asking permission to print it in a contemplated preface to his translation. Copley's letters from America — where he went as a travelling bachelor, after taking his degree at Cambridge — are now published for the first time. They will be found full of interest even at the present day, and prove him to have been a shrewd observer of men and things. So, too, will those which, after his return to England, he wrote to his married sister, Mrs. Greene, in America. We have already alluded to and quoted from these letters as proving how widely removed the writer of them must have been from any sympathy with Jacobin opinions; but the notices they also contain of contemporaneous events show how keenly he watched each incident of the great Napoleonic struggle in which England was then engaged, and what pride he felt in the successes of our arms. All these details of Copley's earlier years are now for the first time made known; and we may add, also, that the story of his life, from the time of his being called to the achievement of his first great success at the bar, has never before been so clearly and correctly told. Instead of a gay and fashionable young man about town, dining at coffee-houses, and thinking only of present enjoyment, we read of a hard-working and indefatigable student, toiling on

through long and weary years of waiting and disappointment, and at one time finding his prospects so gloomy that he seriously thought of abandoning the law and entering the Church. We read also how, when the chance of success came to him at last, it found him well prepared to avail himself of it, and how his care in getting up his cases, even to the minutest detail, was one of the principal causes of his subsequent advancement. Let any one who wishes to gauge the amount of care and trouble that Copley would bestow on a case intrusted to him, as well as his marvellous quickness in mastering technical details of the most complex character, read the account (p. 123) of the case of *Boville v. Moore* and others,—as to which, by the way, the learned and veracious Campbell is mute. It would hardly have suited his “defective image,” as it has been charitably called, of Copley’s character, to have told how this habitual neglecter of his clients’ cases actually travelled to Nottingham to master the working of the bobbin-net lace machine, which is said to surpass every other in the complex ingenuity of its machinery; how he subsequently returned to London, and on the day of the trial not merely gave a marvellously lucid exposition of the difference of the two machines which were the subject of the action, but worked the model in court with all the dexterity of an artisan expert in the manufacture. Surely such a man as this was not merely fortunate, but studied hard to deserve the success which he ultimately achieved.

Following his career, as we can now do by the light of Sir Theodore’s narrative, from his first entrance to the bar in 1804 to his elevation to the rolls in 1826, we can see that the secret of his rise was that he never threw away a chance. His upward progress was a practical illustration of the noble lines of Lucretius :—

*Certare ingenio, contendere nobilitate,
Noctes atque dies niti præstante labore,
Ad summas emergere opes, rerumque potiri.*

With the midnight oil and laborious days of his novitiate he laid the foundation of his first great success, and step by step he climbed the ladder to that which he has told us he valued more than wealth, reputation and honor.

His greatest forensic effort, to our mind, was his speech when solicitor-general in replying on the whole case in the trial of Queen Caroline. In this battle of giants Copley may fairly be said to have borne himself without fear and without

reproach, and to have surpassed all his previous efforts. He rose to reply on the whole case on the forty-fourth day of the trial, before an assembly wearied with the length of the inquiry, and nigh sated with the length and excellence of preceding speeches, including Brougham’s celebrated defence. He spoke for two days with unabated clearness and vigor, passing from “grave to gay, from lively to severe,” and illustrating and enlivening his argument by happy classical parallels and quotations. We can well imagine, as we read Sir Theodore’s extracts, especially that in which Copley deals with Denman’s most infelicitous parallel of the queen to Nero’s wife Octavia, that his reply must have kept the attention of the assembled peers from first to last, and formed, as Sir Theodore says, a not unworthy close to the long series of remarkable speeches which had been delivered in the course of the inquiry.

Such was Copley as a barrister. On his career as a judge it will be unnecessary for us to dwell long. The reputation which he gained amongst his legal brethren, during his short tenure of the office of master of the rolls, of having every quality to make him a distinguished judge he amply justified during the four years he was chief baron. He raised the reputation of the court to the highest point, and indeed entirely changed its character by the despatch given by him to the consideration of cases, and the respect inspired by his decisions. Even Lord Campbell cannot withhold from him his tribute of admiration. “I often went into Lyndhurst’s court,” he says, “and as often I admired his wonderful quickness of apprehension, his forcible and logical reasoning, his skilful commixture of sound law and common sense.” He adds, too, that he was a great favorite with the bar on account of his general courtesy. But Lord Campbell can never give praise without a proportionate admixture of blame. “He was, however,” he adds, “reckless as to the fate of suitors, and only whilst he was in court cared for or thought of the case of which he had to dispose.” But that very wonderful quickness of apprehension which extorted Lord Campbell’s admiration, would of itself be sufficient to account for the rapidity with which he despatched causes. As a rule, he could do on the spur of the moment what other judges required lengthened consideration and study to accomplish; but where time for careful preparation was required, no man less grudged it. As in

the celebrated case of *Small v. Attwood*, he would take a year, if necessary, to deliberate over his judgment, which would thenceforth remain one of the traditional glories of the judicial bench. His summings up, too, of cases to a jury, made without a single note, were marvels of brevity and lucidity; and Sir Theodore quotes a statement made by Lord Lyndhurst to Mr. Whitwell Elwin, that this power was the result of a resolution taken by him, long before he became a judge, to acquire the habit. This he did by the constant practice, whenever he was in court, of digesting the evidence in his own mind, as if it was his function at the close to state it in the clearest and compactest form to the jury.

As he was as chief baron, so he was as lord chancellor. He never delivered judgment in any important case, or spoke on any question of constitutional principle or legal reform, without producing the impression that he was so thoroughly master of the whole law on the subject, that it cost him no effort to state it with a clearness and a brevity unattained by any lawyer of his time. His impartiality, too, was universally recognized. Though party feeling was often at its highest during his tenures of the office of lord chancellor and chief baron, and he himself was often violently assailed, no man could ever say of him that he allowed the passions of the politician to influence the conclusions of the judge.

But great as the reputation of Lord Lyndhurst undoubtedly was as a lawyer and a judge, it is by the prominent part that he played in the domestic politics of the early half of this century that in our opinion his name will live amongst future generations. The fame of the statesman will survive when that of the legal luminary is perchance beginning to grow dim, though at present the lustre of both burns with equal brightness. And this is a special merit that we must accord to Sir Theodore Martin's biography, that for the first time we have set before us a clearly written and consecutive narrative of the public portion of Lord Lyndhurst's political career. We may trace it step by step from the time of his election as member for Yarmouth in 1818, till the time when, leaning on a hand-rail, and rising with difficulty to his feet, he spoke his last speech in the House of Lords in 1861. He did not enter Parliament young, nor was it his lot to take the House of Commons by storm with the brilliant success of a maiden speech. He

entered the House with a high legal reputation, which he well sustained on the two occasions on which he addressed it during his first session; but he was at that time too actively employed in his profession, and too dependent on its emoluments, to hang on nightly in Parliament. Even after his appointment as solicitor-general in the following year, 1819, his speeches were few, the most important being that which he made on introducing one of the famous Six Acts, the Seditious Meetings Prevention Bill. Even this task devolved upon him accidentally, in consequence of the sudden illness of the attorney-general; but he was not the man, as we have already shown, to be taken unawares, and he considerably enhanced his Parliamentary reputation by the admirable clearness with which he explained the scope of the measure. His duties, in fact, as solicitor-general, were far more important outside than within the walls of Parliament; and this was the time that he was steadily adding to his forensic fame by his success in defending Mr. John Murray, the well known publisher of the *Quarterly Review*, in an action for libel brought by Colonel Macirone — by the prosecution of the Cato Street conspirators — and by his masterly speech in the trial of Queen Caroline. It was only after his appointment as master of the rolls in 1827 — of which Lord Eldon said that he went to school in the lower form (the rolls), to qualify him to remove into the higher, if he takes the chancellorship — that he first took part in a great debate of a strictly party character. This was on Sir Francis Burdett's motion in favor of Catholic Emancipation, when the celebrated "Toby Phillpott's" episode occurred, which led to contemporary misunderstanding between Copley and Canning. The breach, however, was very soon healed; and a week afterwards Canning, who, in the mean while, in consequence of Lord Liverpool's illness, had been called on by the king to form a ministry, offered the chancellorship to Copley, who took it with the title of Lord Lyndhurst.

Up to this time he had undoubtedly achieved a greater distinction as a speaker at the bar than in Parliament, though he was recognized as a ready and effective debater, and a master of lucid exposition. During the first two years of his chancellorship — though steadily establishing his judicial reputation, and possessing an influence in the Cabinet second only to that of the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel, whose government had suc-

ceeded to the short-lived administrations of Canning and Lord Goderich — he took but little part in the political debates of the House of Lords. But more stirring political times were now at hand. The hour was rapidly approaching when the settlement of the Catholic claims could no longer be delayed, and behind Catholic Emancipation Parliamentary Reform was rearing its head. Ireland was in a state verging on rebellion, and Peel had finally satisfied himself that concession to the Catholics could no longer be delayed with safety. From this moment until the termination of his third chancellorship in 1846, we regard Lord Lyndhurst as by far the most conspicuous figure in the House of Lords, if not in the entire political arena. He shared with the duke and Sir Robert Peel the obloquy that the Cabinet naturally incurred by their change of views on the Catholic question, and he met the storm fearlessly and frankly. His speech on the second reading of the Catholic Emancipation Bill raised him for the first time to that rank as a speaker in the House of Lords which he afterwards held with an ever-increasing fame.

To the long struggle for Catholic Emancipation succeeded the agitation for Parliamentary Reform, which the French Revolution of 1830 fanned into a burning question. We need not tell how the famous anti-reform speech of the Duke of Wellington accelerated the downfall of his ministry; how Lord Grey succeeded the duke as prime minister, and Brougham succeeded Lord Lyndhurst as chancellor. The latter accepted from Lord Grey the office of chief baron, with the express understanding that he was to be free and unfettered as to his course of political action. He made good use indeed of his freedom. With the crisis of the Reform Bill he rose to the full height of the occasion, and became, in fact, the most formidable opponent of the measure. On the fifth and last night of the debate on the second reading, after Brougham had closed the finest of his many great oratorical displays by literally supplicating the House "on his bended knees" not to reject the bill, Lord Lyndhurst rose and delivered a speech in every way worthy of the occasion, and marked throughout by a strain of impressive eloquence. Sir Theodore Martin quotes largely from it; and indeed the whole speech is worth a careful study, now that many of the changes which the speaker foretold as the result of the measure have been effected, and we are apparently on the eve of oth-

ers which the strongest opponent of the bill would then have hardly ventured to predict. Half a century has gone by since that momentous night, and the great majority of the country has apparently decided irrevocably against the line then taken by the Tory party. But it is impossible to refuse our tribute of admiration to the masterful eloquence of their foremost champion, to the indomitable courage with which he rallied his forces till the struggle became hopeless, and met with calm indifference the torrent of abuse and calumny that the reformers freely heaped on one whom they justly regarded as their stoutest-hearted and most dangerous foe.

To the crisis which ensued we will allude later on, as being one of two occasions in Lord Lyndhurst's career, when, if his own views had been acted upon, he might possibly have changed the current of our political history. For the next three years Lyndhurst, save occasionally taking a prominent part in debate on measures of legal reform, was mainly occupied with his judicial duties as chief baron. But in 1835 came the hurried return of Peel from Italy, the formation of his government, with Lord Lyndhurst a second time chancellor, the issue of the celebrated Tamworth Manifesto, and the dissolution of Parliament. Released from his judicial work by the speedy fall of Peel's first and short-lived government, Lyndhurst again became a conspicuous figure in Parliament. Disheartened by his defeat, and by his failure to amend the Municipal Corporations Bill in the Commons, Peel temporarily retired to Drayton Manor; and the amendment of this most important measure, which had come up to the Lords in a most objectionable and unworkable form, devolved entirely on Lord Lyndhurst. He performed his task with an honest desire to improve the bill; and the best proof that he did so is, that the Commons accepted nearly all his most important amendments. The charge of the bill was intrusted to Lord Brougham, between whom and his great rival many sharp passages occurred, as amendment after amendment was successfully carried. But its progress through committee was notable for the thrice repeated attack on Lord Lyndhurst for having been a renegade to the political principles of his earlier years, in which we have already noted the signal discomfiture of his three assailants.

The session of 1836 was marked by two of his most remarkable speeches. The

first was that in which he replied to the fierce invectives which O'Connell, Sheil, and others heaped upon him for having, as they asserted during the debate on the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill, spoken of the Irish as "aliens in blood, religion, and language." No such phrase is to be found in Hansard, and Lord Lyndhurst to his latest day denied that he ever used it. The plain truth seems to be, that a passage of his speech, quoted by Sir Theodore Martin, which dwelt on the original division of the people into English and Irish, and their subsequent further division into English and Protestant, Irish and Catholic, was unfairly condensed into an epigrammatic phrase for the purpose of making him obnoxious to the Liberal, and especially to the Irish Liberal party. Sir Theodore gives lengthened extracts from Lord Lyndhurst's eloquent and complete vindication of the language which he actually used. He was never happier in the whole course of his career than in the manner in which he dealt with his House of Commons assailants, especially in his scathing invective against O'Connell, and his comparison of the great liberator to Catiline. There is this remarkable feature also about the speech, that from first to last it is, if possible, even more applicable to the present feeling of Ireland towards England, when, in spite of sop after sop that has been thrown to the Irish Cerberus, its howl for separation and home rule is louder than ever. This first act of the "alien" drama had a still more sensational sequel in the following session, when the Irish Municipal Corporations Bill was again under discussion in the Commons, and an extraordinary scene took place. Mr. Lalor Sheil, pointing at Lord Lyndhurst as he sat under the gallery, and working himself up to fury, denounced him as the man who had dared to describe the Irish as aliens in blood, language, and religion. A universal howl of execration rose from the ministerial benches as all eyes turned in the direction of Sheil's finger. The more excitable members started to their feet, and for a moment it seemed as if they would precipitate themselves on the object of their fury, who sat calm and perfectly unmoved through the storm.

*Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina
tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*

The interposition of the speaker soon restored order, and the tumult subsided.

Lord Lyndhurst, however, had an ample revenge upon the ministerial benches when the bill came up to the Lords. He denounced the government as existing solely by the support, both in England and Ireland, of open and avowed enemies of the Protestant establishment; and again declared, in a spirit of true prophecy, that concession after concession would lead to the one final demand for the repeal of the Union. The bill was thrown out on the second reading by a majority of eighty-six; and was only passed in 1840, after it had been materially modified in the direction that Lord Lyndhurst had indicated.

But the session of 1836 was also memorable for his delivery on the 18th of August of the first of those celebrated reviews of the session, which did so much to shake the Melbourne administration. The immediate effect of this speech, which is as remarkable for its resistless argumentative force as for the sparkling humor of its lighter passages, was immense, both upon Parliament and the country. Perhaps the best proof of its instant success in the Lords is to be found in its effect upon Lord Melbourne, the most genial and good-tempered of men. Pierced as he was through every joint in his harness, he rose to reply in a towering passion, and did his best to make up with bitter personality for want of argument. But from the Land's End to John O'Groat's the speech was read, marked, learnt, and inwardly digested, to bear fruit in due season for the Conservative party.

On the 23d of August, 1839 he delivered another "review of the session," if possible more crushing and scathing than his former one; and Lord Melbourne, in attempting to answer, lost his temper still more thoroughly. But on this occasion his antagonist had a powerful ally in Lord Brougham, who, while professing no sympathy with Conservative opinions, played to perfection the part of "candid friend" to the government.

In 1841 the hour of triumph came. The Melbourne government, beaten by one on a vote of no confidence, moved by Sir Robert Peel himself, dissolved Parliament, when their supporters were scattered at the polling-booths like chaff before the wind. Immediately on the meeting of the new Parliament, a vote of no confidence was carried by a majority of ninety-one, in a house of six hundred and twenty-nine members; and Peel was called on to form a ministry. Thus, for the third and last time, and in the sixty-ninth

year of his age, Lord Lyndhurst occupied the woolsack.

This is a period over which we must pass rapidly. Hitherto we have spoken chiefly of the prominent position taken by Lord Lyndhurst as one of the foremost champions of his party, and we have endeavored to show how eminently his sage counsel, his unflinching courage, and unrivalled debating powers, contributed to the rally of the Conservatives after the rout of 1832, and led up to their triumphant reinstallation in office in 1841. But any estimate of his Parliamentary career would be imperfect indeed that did not take into consideration the conspicuous services he rendered to the cause of legal reform, to which in his last chancellorship, and indeed to within a few years of his death, he most energetically devoted himself. But he had been identified with it from the first moment of his entering the House of Lords, and it was owing almost entirely to his incessant watchfulness and clear grasp of details that several of the most prominent but crudely devised measures of his great but restless and impulsive rival Brougham were either rejected or amended into working order. During his last chancellorship, however, Brougham and he were generally found upon the same side, bringing their combined powers to bear upon their future biographer Lord Campbell, who, as a rule, suffered considerably in every encounter.

Lyndhurst remained a member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet till the free-trade question spread disunion in the ranks of the Conservative party, and the coalition of Liberals and Protectionists to resist the Coercion Bill in 1846 drove the premier from office. He stood by Peel when the latter was forced, sorely against his will, to be the instrument for repealing the Corn Laws, and remained stanch to his leader amidst the alienation of old friends and disruption of party ties, that were the inevitable consequence of so decisive a change of policy. But advancing years and rapidly failing eyesight were beginning to tell upon him; and when the memorable debate and division, so graphically described in Disraeli's life of Lord George Bentinck, tolled the knell of Peel's administration, no one more gladly hailed the prospect of repose than his lord chancellor.

We have already spoken of two occasions in Lyndhurst's career, when, if his own views had been acted on, he might possibly have changed the current of our political history. The first was in the

crisis that ensued after he had defeated in committee the Reform Bill of 1832, when he was sent for by the king. The Duke of Wellington and he endeavored to form a ministry, but were ultimately obliged to abandon their attempt, in consequence of the refusal of Peel to share the responsibility. Lord Brougham always thought, as he himself has told us, in a passage quoted by Sir Theodore from his memoirs, that a great opportunity was lost by Peel's refusal; and others have expressed the same opinion. There is no doubt much force in the arguments used by Lord Brougham in the passage in question; but looking at the tremendous responsibility involved, we cannot wonder that Peel shrank from the venture.

It seems almost certain to us, that before a Conservative government could have matured and brought in a Reform Bill that would have commanded the support of their party, the country would have broken out into open revolution. In point of fact, it was on the verge of revolution at that very moment. When noblemen of high rank seriously contemplate non-payment of taxes, and £1,800,000 of gold is withdrawn from the Bank of England in three days, the breaking of the storm is nigh at hand. But supposing they had so far been allowed fair play, our recollections of 1867 are yet too fresh to enable us to believe that any Reform Bill brought in by a Conservative minority would have been accepted by an overwhelming Liberal majority without the introduction of radical alterations. Its rejection by the Lords would then have involved a fresh and more serious crisis; its acceptance, on the other hand, would have weakened still further the Conservative strength, and given us a House of Commons of a far more democratic character than the one which was actually elected. We cannot, then, wholly regret that Lord Lyndhurst's attempt failed, and that he and the duke preferred for the nonce to bend to the storm like the reed, rather than face its full violence, to shiver like the oak, as in all probability would have been their fate.

The second occasion to which we allude, was when, after the fall of Sir Robert Peel's government in 1846, Lord Lyndhurst made an effort to reunite the Protectionists and the Peelites, — the details of which attempt, so far as they are known, are fully given by Sir Theodore Martin. In this case we think it much to be regretted that the attempt, which was made in a perfectly legitimate and open

manner, should have proved a failure. Had it succeeded, the ablest and most brilliant of the originally victorious and compact Conservative phalanx of 1841 would never have been forced, as they ultimately were, into permanent secession to the Liberal camp. The Conservative party would not have been condemned to an eighteen years' banishment to the cold shade of opposition, varied only by three brief intervals of office in a minority. During two of these they were allowed to occupy the treasury bench on sufferance till their opponents had made up their differences; and in the third they followed their leader in his "leap in the dark," and found themselves landed in household suffrage. But the wounds of the Protectionists were still fresh and bleeding; and the indignation of their leader, Lord George Bentinck, was still at fever-heat with the "janizaries and renegades," to use his own term, who had aided and abetted Peel in inflicting them. The opportunity was lost; and it needed all the subsequent strategy of Mr. Disraeli, aided by the unparalleled blundering of the Gladstone government from 1868 to 1874, to bring the Conservatives once more to power upon the shoulders of a triumphant majority.

The secret history of these two periods will never, perhaps, be fully revealed; but Sir Theodore's narrative throws considerable light on the relations of Lyndhurst with his colleagues, and the estimation in which he was invariably held by them. Nothing appears to be further from the truth than Lord Campbell's oft-repeated assertions that he was disliked and mistrusted, and rarely, if ever, consulted on any great occasion. With Canning he was on intimate terms almost from the first moment of their acquaintance, and the same may be said of his relations with the Duke of Wellington. What the duke thought of him as a political coadjutor may be gathered from his language in speaking of him (June, 1831) to Mr. Charles Greville, as "the best colleague any man ever had,"—adding, "that he should be very sorry to go into any Cabinet of which he was not a member." Nor is there any evidence whatever to bear out Lord Campbell's unsupported assertion that Sir Robert Peel reposed no confidence in Lyndhurst's sincerity; and that, though Lyndhurst and Peel sat together in the Cabinet so long, and never had an open difference, they always entertained a considerable personal dislike of each other, which they took very little pains to conceal. That there was not the same

intimacy between the two that existed in the case of Canning and the duke, is quite possible, for Sir Robert Peel was not one "who wore his heart upon his sleeve." It is quite possible, too, that for some time after Peel's resignation in 1835, there was a time when, in consequence of his retirement to Drayton Manor and apparent chagrin at the short life of his ministry, many of the Conservative party may have looked to Lyndhurst rather than to him as their future leader. But there is no evidence whatever to show that anything like a rupture or even an estrangement took place at any time between the two; and what Sir Robert Peel thought of Lyndhurst as a colleague may be gathered from the following extract from a letter written by him in 1848, to Mr. F. R. Bonham, M.P., a few days after Lord Lyndhurst had visited him at Drayton:—

I was delighted to see Lyndhurst in such good health and spirits,—delighted to see him

in that happier hour
Of social converse, ill exchanged for power.

I have had some colleagues with whom I have lived, while in office, on terms of greater personal intimacy, but none whose society was more agreeable, or on whom I could more confidently rely when real difficulties were to be encountered. (P. 239.)

One of Lord Campbell's statements in substantiation of his view of the relations between Peel and Lyndhurst, that the former wrote his "Tamworth Manifesto" without consulting him, is more than usually reckless. The Tamworth letter, it now plainly appears, was actually discussed and drawn up at a Cabinet dinner at Lord Lyndhurst's house!

Take again the testimony of Mr. Gladstone, who was a member of Sir Robert Peel's Cabinet of 1841, as given in a letter written to Lady Lyndhurst in August last:—

I have often compared Lord Lyndhurst in my own mind with other men who, since his time, have been my colleagues in the Cabinet, much to the disadvantage, in certain respects, of some of them. Once I remember, in the Peel Cabinet, the conversation happened to touch some man (there are such) who was too fond of making difficulties. Peel said to your husband, "That is not your way, Lyndhurst." Of all the intellects I have ever known, his, I think, worked with the least friction.

He left office in 1846, with the determination never to return to it; and to that determination though tempted by Lord Derby in 1852 with the offer of the privy seal or presidentship of the Council, combined with an earldom, he rigidly adhered.

For the next two years he spent much of his time at Turville Park, looking after his farm, and cultivating his garden, and laying out money in improving the roads of the parish, the people of which still warmly cherish his memory. Through the greater part of 1849, however, the blindness which had for some time been growing upon him increased so much that he could neither read nor write; and it was not till a year later that he was successfully operated on for cataract. Yet during this time he made one of his finest speeches in the House of Lords, that on the Canada Rebellion Losses Bill, concluding with an earnest and mournful expression of a conviction, forced upon him by his age and loss of eyesight, that perhaps he addressed his brother peers for the last time.

Little could he have dreamed at that moment that his last speech in that House was not to be delivered till twelve years later, when he was within a few days of his ninetieth birthday. Little could he have dreamed, too, of the grand and stately spectacle he himself was destined to present to his country during that period — how he was to be at once the “old man eloquent” of the House of Lords, and the Nestor both in speech and counsel of the Conservative party. If his weight of years had dimmed his eyesight and enfeebled his frame, he was spared from that which the great Roman satirist tells us is the worst affliction that old age can bring, the decay of intellectual power and the loss of memory. He was possessed in an eminent degree of

that which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

And high as his fame as an orator was before, it was destined before his death to shine with a yet brighter lustre. Fain would we linger long over his closing years, and dwell upon his marvellous oratorical achievements; but we have now reached a period in which many of those who had then won their spurs in the Parliamentary arena are still actively engaged in political life. There are many such who can remember how, at the rumor that Lyndhurst was going to speak, every available space in the House of Lords, from floor to gallery, was thronged with an anxiously expectant audience. They can remember not merely the eloquence, but the wise and generous patriotism, that marked his celebrated speeches on our national defences and the naval reserve. Nor are they likely to have forgotten the

knowledge of constitutional law and the force and clearness of statement which were conspicuous in the speech for the rejection of the bill for abolishing the paper duty, which he delivered on his eighty-ninth birthday. A year later, and with his mighty intellect unimpaired, and his power of sarcasm unblunted, he spoke for the last time, and his voice was heard no more in the assembly where he had so often

Drawn audience and attention still as night
On summer's noontide air.

We can say truly that eloquence like his has never been heard there since, and its exact counterpart may possibly never be heard there again. His speaking, from its somewhat severe simplicity of style, was less successful in the Commons than it was in the House of Lords; but in that assembly his voice exercised an influence which has rarely, if ever, been surpassed. His oratory was lucid, high-reaching, and sustained, and it was combined with a marvellous voice and a faultless accuracy of expression. No man of his time had a greater power of condensing into the fewest words the largest amount of fact and argument; and in the art of clearly and logically stating a case, whether at the bar or in Parliament, he stood without a rival. We may add that, though he elaborately thought over his subject, he scarcely ever even mentally prepared a phrase, much less wrote out a sentence. In this he was in direct contrast to his great rival Brougham, who elaborately prepared and committed to memory all the great passages in his speeches, weaving them into the extempore portions with such wonderful dexterity, as Lyndhurst himself admitted, that the seams were never apparent. On the other hand, the strongest testimony to the merits of Lyndhurst's speaking is that offered by Brougham himself, who, writing in 1861 of their many encounters on the Municipal Corporations Bill, says: —

He was a most effective adversary in the Lords. His legal learning and reputation; his former official experience and character; his admirable power of clear, condensed statement, far exceeding that of any man I ever knew; his firm courage, his handsome presence, his musical voice, his power of labor when he chose, though generally hating work, — made him a most formidable antagonist.

Formidable antagonists as they both were, each, even in the fiercest moments of party warfare, respected the other as a foeman worthy of his steel. “In all our

conflicts, political and professional," said Brougham in 1835, "nothing has for a moment interfered with that friendship which unites us personally." Later on they were not merely personal friends, but fellow-workers together in the field of legal reform, where, individually and conjointly, they exercised an influence in shaping the statute-book, such as no two men have in all probability ever before possessed. Their friendship and close companionship remained unbroken to the last; and the touching words which Brougham wrote to Lady Lyndhurst after his friend's death, "It is a daily blank to me," show how deeply he felt his loss. What he thought of his wonderful powers in later life may be gathered from the following passage from the letter written by Mr. Gladstone to Lady Lyndhurst, from which we have already quoted:—

It was at the time either of the life peerage given to Lord Wensleydale, or of the Conspiracy Bill, I cannot say which, I called on Lord Lyndhurst, wishing to get legal light upon the question. Either Brougham was there, or he came in soon. Lord Lyndhurst expounded the matter in the most luminous way from his point of view. Brougham went into raptures, and used these words, "I tell you what, Lyndhurst, I wish I could make an exchange with you. I would give you some of my walking power, and you should give me some of your brains." I have often told the story, with this brief commentary, that the compliment was the highest I have ever known to be paid by one human being to another.

Another testimony that we cannot refrain from quoting is that of Mr. Disraeli, who spoke of Lord Lyndhurst as one of the two best friends he ever had, and wrote thus of him in the general preface to the edition of his works which appeared in 1870: "The world has recognized the political courage, the versatile ability, and the masculine eloquence of Lord Lyndhurst; but his intimates only were acquainted with the tenderness of his disposition, the sweetness of his temper, and the playfulness of his bright and airy spirit." We may add, that the regard and affection the younger statesman felt for the elder was fully reciprocated. Lord Lyndhurst had the highest opinion of Mr. Disraeli's originality and independence, and prophesied his future greatness at a time when many who afterwards worshipped him as the incarnation of political wisdom, were wont to regard him as an eccentric political charlatan.

Though the greater portion of Sir Theodore Martin's book is naturally taken up

with Lord Lyndhurst's public career, his narrative is interspersed with many little details that throw fresh light upon his private life. They show how truly he possessed those good qualities of heart which Mr. Disraeli has attributed to him. They show that he was not merely a good and dutiful son to his parents, but a fond husband to his wife, and a loving father to his children. They show him not merely in his house in George Street, surrounded and courted by all who had genuine claims to distinction in London society, but in his country place at Turville, keen as the veriest country squire for the improvement of his little farm, and the cultivation of his garden. They show with what calmness and patience he bore one of the greatest deprivations with which man can be visited—the loss of eyesight. Let any one who wishes for a charming sketch of what Lord Lyndhurst was in private life in his later years, read the letter (p. 508) written to Sir Edmund Beckett by Miss Stewart, a lady who lived as governess and companion to Lord Lyndhurst's daughters for many years. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and we can well understand how tears rose to the writer's eyes as she witnessed the following scene, which happened while his blindness was coming fast upon him.

One morning I went into his room with some message or request, and was witness to a little scene that I shall never forget. He was in his easy-chair, with a grave, almost a solemn expression on his face, so intent on his employment that my presence was unnoticed. Before him, the Church Prayer-Book held open by both her small hands, stood his youngest daughter, of seven or eight years of age, hearing him repeat the prayers, and now and then prompting and correcting him. The old man, the judge and statesman, and the little child so occupied, made a picture that could not be seen without bringing tears to the eyes. He liked no one to hear him his lesson, he said, but his little girl.

The whole of the last chapter of Sir Theodore's book, from which this passage is taken, will, we are sure, be read with much interest, for many of its details are new to his readers. There are extracts from letters written by Lord Lyndhurst at this time to his nephew, Mr. Amory, in America, showing how keenly he watched the terrible civil conflict in which the country of his birth was then engaged. There are his literary criticisms on various authors, from Homer to "Tom Brown's School Days;" and there is a striking

testimony to his ready grasp of scientific problems, from so competent an authority as Sir James Nasmyth. And there are touching letters of condolence and tributes to his memory, addressed to Lady Lyndhurst after his death, by the queen, by Lord Derby, Lord Granville, and others to whom he was both a wise counsellor and a valued friend. His study in his latter days was the resort of leading men of both parties, who eagerly sought and duly appreciated his advice on critical public questions, knowing that it would be entirely free from party bias. We have spoken of him already as the Nestor of the Conservatives, and he resembled the Pylian sage not merely in that he was

The smooth-tongued chief, from whose persuasive lips
Sweeter than honey flowed the stream of speech ;

but like him he had outlived two generations of men —

And o'er the third he now held royal sway.

He had visited Washington at Mount Vernon ; he had attended lectures on art under Reynolds ; he had listened to the eloquence of the giants of the past — of Pitt and Fox, of Burke and Sheridan. Like Nestor, too, well might he say : —

Such men I never saw, and ne'er shall see,
As Peirithous and Dryas, wise and brave,
Ceneus, Exadius, godlike Polypheme,
And Theseus, Ægeus' more than mortal son,
The mightiest they among the sons of men.

He lived for rather more than two years after his last speech in the House of Lords, and died peacefully and calmly, with his family gathered round his bedside in his home in George Street, on the 12th of October, 1863, in the ninety-second year of his age.

Like the *Agricola* of one of his favorite Latin authors, he was "felix non claritate tantum vitæ, verum etiam opportunitate mortis." He died at a time of perhaps the most complete political calm in England that has been known in the present century. Public attention was concentrated on the civil war in America, and not the faintest echo of party strife had been heard during the session, which was one of the shortest and most uneventful in the annals of Parliament. Only a few days, too, before his death, Lord Russell, speaking at Blairgowrie,

had remarked that we had reached a period in our legislative progress when the country was inclined rather to "rest and be thankful" than to make new roads. Such a period was surely not out of keeping with the closing scene of one for whom the heavy burden and fierce heat of public life was long passed and gone, and the gradual setting of whose sun had been so peaceful and withal so brilliant. His work on earth was done — he could rest and be thankful.

In taking leave of Sir Theodore Martin's work, we must once more offer him our congratulations upon the success he has achieved, which has added fresh laurels to those he has already won in the path of biography. He has had, as he acknowledges, a difficult and painful task to perform, and in our judgment he has performed it thoroughly and conscientiously. He has been asked, since the publication of his book, whether he thinks it bestows either dignity or credibility on a biographer to be employed by others to blacken the character of a distinguished man previously unknown to him. To us the right answer to such a question seems clear enough, that his employment has been the reverse of this. His employment has been to clear the character of one distinguished man from the cloud of calumny and misstatement with which another had blackened it ; and if, as the blackness lifted from the fair fame of the one it has gradually settled round that of the other, we think it pretty obvious that the breath of public opinion has blown it in the right direction. That the calumnies of Lord Campbell will now remain forever buried in Cimmerian darkness, we will not undertake to say. As Lord Lyndhurst himself remarked in reference to such attacks : "The sting of the wasp may fester after the venomous insect has left his life and sting in the wound : although refuted, these attacks are not harmless ; they have a public effect, sometimes a lasting effect. Persons remember the attack — they do not always remember the defence." But from henceforth the bane will not be without its antidote, and the last volume of the "Lives of the Chancellors" will not stand alone on the libraries of the future as the biography of one who has been truly called "a great, free, and clear spirit," who was at once one of the ablest of English lawyers, and one of the most renowned of English statesmen.

From The Gentleman's Annual.
VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE
WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER III.

BUT Miss Riddell was not destined to "bell the cat" on this occasion. Valerie, who was a little behind time, next day met her issuing from the door as she reached it. "I am obliged to change my plans, Valerie," she said. "My poor friend is very suffering and anxious to press on to Mentone. So I have promised to spend the day with her and see her off by the night mail. I wish you would tell Sybil from me that I am excessively vexed with her. I had not time to scold enough, and she is only just up; she will tell you all about it." With a friendly nod Miss Riddell walked briskly away.

"Much effect the scolding will have," thought Valerie, as she looked after her and then entered the house.

It was the morning on which Valerie (for her sins) gave a lesson in composition and literature to the three young ladies at present grinding at the Pension Rosambert. The task was uncongenial, for the tastes of her pupils were by no means conducive to progress, and the slight difference of age between herself and those she taught somewhat weakened her authority. Moreover, though all three, especially Sybil Owen, could talk French fast enough, the writing of it was another matter.

Not a little cast down in consequence of Miss Riddell's change of plans, she was greatly disturbed by the fear of not being discreet in her conduct towards the brown stranger, and yet anxious not to seem ferocious in her rejection of his advances. "If he could but be made to understand!" she said in her heart as she crossed the threshold and found herself face to face with Madame Rosambert, whose very white curls wore an air of severity.

"You are late, mademoiselle," she said. "The English meeses await you in the *cabinet d'étude*. Had I not the most amiable indulgence for you, in consideration of your English training, I would ask what circumstance interfered with your punctuality—what interruption you met *en route*. Young girls must be discreet and careful—extremely careful—do you hear, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, certainly, madame. My uncle was a little late in waking to take his

chocolate, which delayed me," returned Valerie, smiling, but painfully conscious of a guilty blush. Why should madame be so suspicious?

She begged that Miss Owen might be called, and entered a dingy den at the back of the house. Greeting Miss Green of Manchester, and Miss Smith of Birmingham, who were seated behind a formidable array of cahiers and books, she set to work at once on a *dictée*. This had been scrambled through and the *littérature* lesson advanced a stage, when Miss Owen made her appearance in a rose-colored *robe de chambre*, much trimmed with quilted satin and Bréton lace. Valerie had just put the question, "Qu'est-ce que l'ironie?" and Miss Smith was stumbling over the answer, "Une figure par laquelle on peut entendre le contraire de ce qu'on dit."

"I am sure that is a favorite figure of speech here," cried Sybil, coming to her place. "The heap of lies that every one tells is extraordinary."

"Pray take your seat, mademoiselle," said Valerie in French, with severity. "I shall be happy to hear your opinions after *déjeuner*; at present attend to what remains of the lesson of which you have lost so much."

"You dear old thing, don't put on these governess airs to me! I can tell you I am in no mood for lessons or anything solemn, and if you say another word I will dance a jig on the table and scatter your copy-books to the four corners of this noble chamber." Miss Green and Miss Smith looked aghast. "I am just full of the most delightful ideas—get along, will you, with the lessons? Here, I will do what I can, and after *déjeuner* I will tell you my plans. Mind what you are about," with sudden sharpness to her fellow-students. "I am not going to tell you. You go in for work. I don't. If I did, I *would* work."

"You are very polite, I am sure," said Miss Smith, a stout, stolid girl, who breathed audibly, but was otherwise inoffensive.

"These are Canadian manners," sneered Miss Green, who was tall, thin, and huffy.

"Whatever they are you must put up with them. I am not ill-natured, and I am going to give you both a treat if you behave yourselves. They say we are to have a great frost, and you shall come and see me skate."

After this outburst, the lesson went on but lamely, and all parties were relieved

when the bell rang for *déjeuner*. That meal over, there was an hour's rest. Sybil swept her much-enduring instructress up to her room, which adjoined that of her aunt. "I am just dying to have my say out," cried the irrepressible Canadian.

"Well, before you begin, hear me," said Valerie. "I am commissioned by Miss Riddell to give you a scolding. I do not exactly know why, but she is extremely vexed with you."

"Oh, I know well enough. I have not done one bit of harm. I will tell you all about everything. I had a most delightful day with the Hartwells. The drive to Sèvres was nice enough. I was soon sick of looking at the cups and saucers and the vases and things in the museum. Then we had a turn in the Bois, and went to dinner. I nearly laughed myself sick talking over our old jokes at Fräulein Baumgarten's school in Dresden. But in the evening, about twenty people came in. We had music, and then pushed away the tables and chairs to dance. Captain Grey was there, and who do you think came with him? Why, my old friend Eric Floyd. He has just come from London, where he has been staying with the Riddells. He was so glad to see me, and says I am just as pretty as ever. He did not say it out like that, but I knew what he meant. He is handsome in a way — not elegant and *soigné* like Captain Grey, but there is something about him — Oh, you would have been amused to see how Captain Grey tried to cut him out! But I stuck to Eric. We had such lots to talk about. I could have cried to think how far I was from the beautiful lakes and mountains, and the snow and the skating and sleighing of my home. Well, I danced and flirted to my heart's content. I did not mind any of the other men much, they were rather poor creatures; and at last, when I saw Eric yawning in a corner and stealing a look at his watch, I said to Miss Hartwell, 'I must go home,' though it was not at all late; so she said she would send her maid with me, and that the man should fetch a *fiacre*. Well, I put on my hat and my big woollen shawl — I don't look bad in that red hat! — and at the bottom of the stairs I found Eric and Captain Grey lighting their cigars. Eric said, 'Where do you put up? I ought to have called on your aunt, who is with you, but I lost her address.' I told him, and then Captain Grey said imploringly, 'May I not come too, Miss Owen?' So I invited them both on the spot to afternoon tea on Saturday (to-morrow).

Lord have mercy upon me, what will Aunt Hetty say! Stop," for Valerie made an attempt to speak. "Do let me finish. They accepted, indeed, I may say jumped at, the invitation, and then Captain Grey said, looking up at the stars, 'It is a downright sin to shut yourself up in a stuffy *fiacre* such a lovely night. Suppose Floyd and I walk home with you after our old Canadian fashion.' 'By all means,' said I; so he dismissed the *fiacre*, and then to my disgust Eric says, 'Two are company, three are none; I'll make my adieux.' I was horridly vexed, and cried, 'Oh, we can be a *partie carrée*. You can walk behind with Louise; she looks very nice.' He just laughed and walked off. It was so careless and unfriendly of him. However, it seems he had an engagement somewhere. At all events, I had a very nice walk with Captain Grey all up the Champs Elysées and down the Avenue de la Grande Armée. I do not think Louise liked it, but Captain Grey made me say he would give her a drive back (he cannot speak French a bit), for he said the stars would not look quite the same when I was not there. Stupid fellow! Wasn't it nonsense? Now, I should like to know what was the harm of all that. Yet, when Aunt Hetty came into my room this morning, and I told her right out, she threw herself into such a fury and said I was culpably careless of appearances, and too great a flirt, and that I must have disgusted Eric Floyd. Then she fell on him and said he was a good-for-nothing, conceited jackanapes, and ought to have called on her long ago, that he had no business to let me walk back alone with an unprincipled ne'er-do-weel like Captain Grey, and a lot more. I just told her that Eric and Captain Grey were the dearest friends, they were perpetually out bear-hunting and goodness knows what together. I dare say one is as good as the other; at any rate, she was in a hurry to go out, and as we both talked together I had no chance to tell her I had asked both to tea to-morrow. I had better arrange everything with madame before she comes back. Aunt Hetty will not like to say I have done it all without her knowledge. Now, isn't that a history?"

"It is indeed, Sybil. Miss Riddell will be awfully cross when she knows how you have used her name."

"Well, she generally is, so it does not much matter. She cannot bear me. I know I just set her teeth on edge like a discordant note. She is in a fidget from the time I come into the room until I go

out again, when I am certain that in her heart she says 'Thank God!' Yet I am not a bad sort of girl — eh, Val?"

"I am sure you are not; at any rate, you are a 'sort of girl' I can be very fond of."

"Can you?" cried Sybil, giving her a sudden, impetuous hug; "then you are the only staid, proper person that ever did care for me, and if any one ever could make me prim it would be yourself. But what is there wrong in being natural, and what is the good of being stuck up? Anyhow, I can't be. I like to amuse myself, and now is my time. In ten years I shall be a stiff, cross old cat like Aunt Hetty herself, and no one will care to flirt with me."

"Miss Riddell is the wisest, kindest —" interrupted Valerie.

"Yes, to you," broke in Sybil in her turn. "But remember, Val, I was your first friend. How fond I was of you before Aunt Hetty came! and you must stand by me. I shall never forget how you nursed me when I had that horrid cold and sore throat."

"Nor I, all your kind help and comforting, last winter, when I was still so sad and broken-hearted after my dear, dear mother's death."

"The fact is we are a brace of angels slightly disguised," cried Miss Owen. "Now listen to me; by the dint of good luck Polly Green (I am certain they call her Polly at home) is going to the dentist's to-morrow with madame; then there is some sort of preaching or service at the church in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, and Mrs. Meyrick has invited Julia Smith to go with her for a treat. You will be quite free, and I do hope and trust you will come in to tea — in short, you must; put on a lace tie and a pair of cuffs and you will look nice enough for anything. I want you to see Eric Floyd and Captain Grey. I shall enjoy talking about them to you ever so much more when you know them. I want your opinion. I like them both, but Eric is — well, you will judge for yourself."

"Sybil, dear, don't you think and talk too much about this gentleman? You must be perfectly exhausted. You have scarcely drawn breath for the last ten minutes."

"Exhausted! Not a bit of it. You don't know all I can talk. Then it is delightful to meet some men friends after being shut up with a parcel of old women and girls. Val!" solemnly, "is there any

amusement on earth so delicious as flirting — with a nice cavalier, I mean?"

"I dare say there is not, but I have had no experience," replied Valerie laughing.

"Have you never, never had even a little bit of flirtation? What a dreary existence!" cried Sybil gravely. "You come in to-morrow and try your hand. Yet I am not sure I should like to give up either of them — Eric or George Grey, I mean. If you do go in for a little *coquetterie* let it be with Captain —"

The rest of her sentence was lost, for Madame Rosambert suddenly appeared.

"Passing your door, *mes chères enfants*," she said, "I did not hear the sound of the piano. I fear Mademoiselle Valerie does not enforce that amount of serious study —"

"Oh, Madame Rosambert," interrupted Sybil, drawing the sedate head of the establishment, with no little force, into the room, "I will practise directly, but I just have a word or two to say to you. Did my aunt tell you she expected two gentlemen, old Canadian friends, to call here to-morrow, and would like to give them a cup of tea?"

"No, your *bonne tante* did not mention her wishes."

"Oh! she went out in such a hurry, you see," cried the audacious Sybil. "But I am sure you will let us have cups and saucers, and milk, and things, about four in the salon. Valerie and I will make the tea if Marie will let us go into the kitchen, and I will go out with Valerie presently and buy cakes, and biscuit, and tea. Oh, madame, where can we get good tea — really good tea?"

"Ma foi! Mademoiselle, I imagine chez Chauvot —"

"It is abominable stuff. I have tried it. No, we must go to Potin's. But I will see to all that; and you won't mind opening the *volets* for once, dear madame? I know my aunt specially wishes these *volets* to be opened."

Miss Riddell was in deep, but by no means speechless, indignation when Valerie saw her next day, and that was not till after *déjeuner*, for she had to escort Miss Green to a drawing-class in the morning.

"I do not know what tempted me to undertake any share in guardianship of such a girl!" she exclaimed when Valerie came to her room by her own request. "I believe she has deliberately asked that Captain Grey to annoy me. I should not mind her inviting Eric Floyd, for I agree with his father that it would be well if she

were settled under a husband's care. This Eric is the man I told you about. But that flighty spendthrift young rifleman — I do not want him. He will spoil all the schemes my brother and Mr. Floyd have pieced together for her benefit. I never was so provoked by any one as by Sybil Owen, and she knows it."

"Believe me, it is her overwhelming sense of fun and the honesty of her nature that makes her so wild. Do have faith in her yet awhile."

"Faith, indeed!" cried Miss Riddell. "I wish, my dear, you would join us at tea. You would be a help to me, and see how that hare-brained girl behaves herself. I will walk with you to the Place de l'Etoile after. By the way, how did you get on last evening?"

"Very well indeed. I saw no sign of my friend, or rather my persecutor."

"So far so well. To-day we will see —"

"Come along, Val," cried Sybil, rushing in with her usual *empressment*. "Come and put your hair straight. I will tie your cravat for you. Aunt Hetty, I wish you had a less doleful cap. Do let me put a bunch of poppies I have into it. They would suit you so well — wouldn't they, Val?"

"Have the goodness to let my toilette alone," said Miss Riddell sternly, and, taking up her crewl work, she descended to occupy the *salon*.

"I think my dress is pretty," said Sybil, surveying herself in a cheval glass. "A jersey rather suits me." She wore a dark blue jersey, with a prettily draped serge skirt and a silver collar locket and bangles, a ribbon of a lighter shade tied among her abundant curly fringe.

"I will not flatter you, Sybil, I will not even agree," returned Valerie, laughing. "Pray am I not looking well dressed and altogether charming?"

"I am not sure that you don't," said Sybil gravely. "That green cloth becomes you, and that is a lovely bit of lace you have, wisped round your neck. I have nothing like it. Have a piece of old-gold satin ribbon to tie up your bonnie brown hair?"

"No, dear; it is not worth while to go up-stairs again."

"There is the bell," cried Sybil.

"Go and find your aunt," said Valerie. "I will see that the water is boiling and the tea made."

A few minutes later Valerie glided quietly into the sacred *salon*, with its buhl cabinets, inlaid tables, fur rugs, and

velvet sofas — that shrine of elegance seldom desecrated by the foot of man or woman either. She was followed by Madeleine, who carried the teapot; and, directing her where to place it, Valerie, feeling a little shy, raised her eyes to take a look at the gentleman of whom she had heard so much.

In one of the windows, talking and laughing with Sybil, stood an upright, soldierly-looking man of about thirty, above middle height, fair-haired, with a tawny moustache and a cool "man-of-the-world aspect," as though he knew his own value and that of his fellow-creatures; while standing on the hearthrug and bending to speak with Miss Riddell, who was smiling with an air of some embarrassment, was a tall, a very tall gentleman, in well-made but loosely fitting clothes, abundant red-brown hair, beard, and moustaches, and a pair of fine eyes — large dark eyes that lit up with a pleasant smile as they met those of Valerie. She turned dizzy with wild surprise and a mixture of varied feelings as she instantly recognized the dreaded man of the Madeleine!

The mutual recognition, however, was a silent one, and Valerie's entrance attracting Sybil's attention, she turned quickly to introduce her visitors.

"My old friend or enemy (which is it, Eric?), Mr. Floyd, Valerie. And Captain Grey, Miss Trevor. I never do anything *selon les règles*, and I had almost forgotten your surname. Miss Trevor is the only bit of comfort I have had in this detestable pension, and I flatter myself I have kept her alive, if it was only by the series of electric shocks she has sustained at my hands."

"That I can quite believe," said Eric Floyd, in his deep, tranquil voice. "How long have you been here, Sybil?"

"A whole year. Fancy my being put here at eighteen to learn lessons and improve myself! It is too cruel! I tell you if I am left much longer I shall run away."

"Yes, I certainly would, were I you," remarked Captain Grey, half closing his light and somewhat steely blue eyes. "I imagine you want to improve yourself by a series of soirées, balls, races, and picnics, according to the season."

"Exactly," returned Miss Owen, going over to the tea-table to which Valerie had retreated without speaking. "Eric does not take sugar, Val!"

While Miss Riddell was talking to Floyd about Paris and his first impressions, Valerie was schooling herself.

She was a girl of a somewhat complex nature, full of kindly impulses, of warm affection, of slumbering passion, all suppressed by a life of self-surrender, to the severity of which she was scarcely alive, so hidden had it been by her sympathy for those she served. But its training strengthened and developed the reflective side of her character, and she now strove to reason herself out of the confusion and embarrassment that overwhelmed her when she found herself face to face with the brown stranger.

"I am making too much of it all, treating it too much *au grand sérieux*. Now that he finds me among people he knows, the oddity of the adventure will pass off, and he will not think so much about me."

And as she argued with herself her color subsided, and she grew more composed, much to the satisfaction of Miss Riddell, who watched her closely, and thought, as Valerie stood by the tea-table in the first moments of embarrassing rencontre, that a sweeter picture of shrinking consciousness — half fear, half pleasure — had never riveted the admiration of man; that her old friend's son drank it in she did not doubt, though his attention seemed still given to herself.

"My chief impression of Paris," Mr. Floyd was saying, when Valerie again listened to what was going on, "is disappointment. It is so hopelessly new — all old landmarks have been swept away — one cannot realize that the scenes we have read of, the events on which modern history hinges, have happened here. For my part I have an extravagant love for old buildings, old streets, tumble-down places of all descriptions. I do not suppose," advancing to the table to take a cup of tea from Valerie, and addressing her — "I do not suppose you, who have been born and brought up in an old country, can realize the sort of wonder and reverence these traces of the past create in us frontiersmen of the new world."

"I can imagine it," said she softly; and, raising her eyes to his, she could not control a bright, amused smile that spread "from the lip to the cheek, from the cheek to the eyes."

Eric Floyd smiled too, a grave and quiet smile, and continued to speak as though he had never met her before. "I greatly enjoy visiting these places, but I cannot fancy the idea of living among them."

"No! You are a thorough backwoodsman. You cannot think what a lovely spot he lives in, Miss Riddell. Mountain,

river, lake, forest, everything; and such sport! Of course it is rather out of the world," said Captain Grey.

"Then you are established for yourself, Mr. Floyd?" asked Miss Riddell.

"Yes. I went up to this place, Montfort-sur-Lac, when I was quite a boy. My father bought it years ago, when prices were different from what they are now. It was very wild and remote then, and I went with a party to clear it. I worked hard enough, and made it what it is. Then my father gave it to me, and I would not exchange it for a principality in Europe."

"Oh, it is charming and delightful!" cried Sybil. "I remember going there with your father and eldest sister just before I came here; but it must be awfully lonely. What is your dislike in Europe, Eric?"

"Several things; principally the distrust every one seems to have of their fellows; even people of one's own class appear to think you are a pickpocket if you venture to speak to them without an introduction."

Valerie turned aside to hide the quick color that sprang to her cheek at his words.

"That is unavoidable in our stage of society," said Miss Riddell. "The dwellers on the doubtful border-lands of respectability are so numerous, the difficulty of distinguishing true from false so great, that every one is bound to be circumspect."

"I suppose so," said Floyd, and again his eyes sought and met those of Valerie with a grave and meaning smile. At this juncture Madame Rosambert entered *en grande tenue*, very smiling and bland, and to her Miss Riddell hastened with much *empressement* to present her guests. Madame made a pretty little speech, into which she contrived to introduce the merits of her pension, its situation, the excellence of her table, the study of the "comfortable" to which she devoted herself, and finally mentioned that, although it was contrary to her rules to receive even gentlemen so distinguished as those she had the honor to address, they might recommend it to "their sisters, their cousins, and their aunts," etc., etc.

While the conversation became general, Eric Floyd, who had kept his place beside the tea-table, said in an undertone to Valerie, "I trust yet to win your forgiveness. Will you try and forget what must have seemed audacious and intrusive to you?"

"Yes," returned Valerie quickly, "if you promise to let me do so."

"Agreed," he rejoined; "let us bury the war hatchet. Do you find Sybil Owen very unmanageable?" he asked after a short pause. "She was considered so at home, but she had not much of a chance there."

"I never attempted to manage her," replied Valerie. "But I am sure any one who loved her would have no difficulty with her. She is sound and true of heart."

"I believe it," said Floyd, looking over at her with a kindly smile. "It seems so strange to meet little Sybil Owen here in Paris."

"You are talking about me, I know you are," cried Sybil, breaking away from Madame Rosambert to come across the room. "What was he saying, Val?"

"That you were a troublesome girl, and that I was sorry for Miss Trevor's task," said Floyd.

"Why? Do you suppose it's Val's business to keep me in order? I assure you it is not. Nevertheless, I am not sure that she doesn't. It is quite amazing how a prim thing like her avoids being disagreeable!"

"You speak French, I suppose, Mr. Floyd?" said Miss Riddell.

"Yes, after a fashion. All the people about me speak French — rather *patois* French; but I learned it grammatically;" and he was drawn into a conversation with Madame Rosambert.

"I must go away now," whispered Valerie to her friend. "It is still so light and fine that I shall walk across the Bois to Passy."

"And I will come with you and bring them," with a nod towards Captain Grey; "it is getting slow here."

"You had better not, Sybil. I would much rather not."

But Sybil had already exclaimed, "Miss Trevor is going home, and I am going to walk with her part of the way. Who will come?"

"I will!" and "I will!" from both gentlemen.

"And you, dear Miss Riddell," said Valerie, approaching her with imploring eyes, "will you not come too? I am sure a walk will do you good."

"I am not sure of anything of the kind," said Miss Riddell crossly; "but Sybil leaves me no choice." And turning to madame she explained their intentions, and made the necessary excuses, while madame smiled complete approbation.

The fire was getting low, and there would be no need to replenish it. The light would soon fade, and there would be no need of extra bougies, so she wished them very heartily farewell.

The pedestrians were soon equipped, and sallied forth into the dry, clear air ready to enjoy a quick, invigorating walk. Valerie offered her arm to Miss Riddell, who, though she usually rejected such aid, on the present occasion at once accepted it. And Sybil called out, "Come, Eric, you must walk with me." After which command, Captain Grey attached himself to Miss Riddell. Valerie, who was very silent, found their conversation amusing, and was not surprised that Sybil thought Captain Grey charming and delightful. He was the first specimen of a polished travelled *mondé* Englishman she had ever met, and she was agreeably surprised. After walking thus for some quarter of an hour, Eric Floyd paused to put some questions to Miss Riddell, then all went on together. Finally, Captain Grey appropriated Miss Owen, and Mr. Floyd fell into conversation with Valerie and her companion; very different talk from that of his friend — easy, natural, but with a tinge of originality very delightful to a mind like Valerie's.

At the lakes Sybil wished to make a *détour*. The water she thought looked still and filmy, as though it promised ice.

"Then I shall leave you here," said Valerie; "I am quite near home."

"Perhaps you had better," returned Miss Riddell, who seemed less at ease than was usual with her; "and I shall not stay out long; I am tired and cross."

"Is it well to go on alone all the way to Passy?" asked Mr. Floyd, looking wistfully at her.

"Better alone than under escort, I assure you!" cried Valerie, laughing and coloring vividly.

"She is right," said Miss Riddell.

"Good-bye then," said Floyd, "and *au revoir*; I do not know my ground here." He raised his hat, and with a slight hesitation held out his hand. Valerie put hers into it, felt it held perhaps a trifle too long and too closely, and then, turning, walked quickly away.

CHAPTER IV.

VALERIE, however, found that she had congratulated herself prematurely on her probable deliverance from the mysterious link which seemed to have been forged between herself and Eric Floyd. For a week or ten days after this visit he ap-

peared almost ubiquitous. Whenever Valerie accompanied Sybil to her singing lesson, or to any lectures, etc., which her aunt insisted on her attending, they were sure to meet Mr. Floyd, occasionally alone, but generally accompanied by Captain Grey. There was really little to complain of in these meetings, and Valerie had very little to say to Eric Floyd, for Sybil always insisted on his walking beside her, though he usually contrived to make the conversation general. Moreover, he managed to leave the impression on Valerie that he watched her looks and words with a quiet persistence which disturbed and alarmed her, more particularly as Sybil confided to her her romantic attachment to her old friend, confessing at the same time that she would have considered Captain Grey *the* most charming person in the world had not Eric appeared; and even now, if she were more sure of Mr. Floyd, she would care less for him. "He is so cool and quiet and indifferent. I must stir him up somehow. And how handsome he is! There is so much strength in his gentleness. Do you know, Val, he is the best shot, the most daring hunter in our side of the country. All the *coureurs* know him. He seems quite out of place here. I am sure he only *pretends* to be so indifferent to me, for after all I am *not* ugly or disagreeable!"

And Valerie would answer soothingly. Meanwhile a restless uneasiness grew upon her, and was increased by a conversation with Miss Riddell during a *tête-à-tête* with that lady while she was kept to her room by a severe cold.

"It seems you are constantly meeting those tiresome men," she said crossly, in the intervals of coughing and sneezing. "I do not at all approve of it, and I am sure I wish that troublesome girl were back with her stepmother. She has not a thought in her head except of dress and amusement and admiration. She is as selfish as she can be; she does not care how she drags you about —"

"Indeed, Miss Riddell, she is always kind and generous and affectionate to me."

"I am glad you are satisfied. As to me, my position is most difficult. If that silly girl is carried away by the airs and graces of Captain Grey, my brother will blame me; and if Eric Floyd persists in his persecution of you, why, his father will blame me also. Tell me, my dear, has he conducted himself with discretion?"

"Oh yes!" cried Valerie, laughing,
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"the utmost discretion. Believe me, it was 'distance lent enchantment to the view.' He and I hold very little communication now."

"It is better so," remarked Miss Riddell, "especially as you are wise enough not to care about him. I am sure I would gladly have you for a daughter-in-law, my dear, but it does not follow that Eric's father would. They are fond of that troublesome monkey, Sybil, and of her money too; so, as the child really has not a very pleasant home, it would be well for all parties if Eric married her. Where is she, by the way?"

"She has persuaded madame to let Madeleine go with her to take her skates to be sharpened. They hope to skate tomorrow or next day."

"Gracious powers! What a prospect for me!" groaned Miss Riddell. "Really Mrs. Hartwell must take her with her own girls."

"I am sure she will," said Valerie. "I must leave you now, for it grows late. Can I fetch you a book or do anything for you before I go?"

"N—no, thank you. You are very good to me, child. It is long before Sybil would think of me as *you* do."

"Indeed you do her injustice. She said when she was going out that she would walk as far as the Champs Elysées to get Daudet's '*Rois en Exile*' for you."

"Did she?" said Miss Riddell, mollified. "Well, good-night, my dear. Does that tiresome Canadian molest you at l'Etoile now?"

"Oh! never, never. All that folly is gone by —"

"So much the better. Now get away, it is quite dark."

These remarks then added considerably to the vague depression which weighed upon Valerie. In spite of her brave determination not to treat Floyd's *engouement au grand sérieux*, she was more and more haunted by his eyes, his voice, his words. Never had her heart spoken before. There was something she could not account for in the strange fascination of his quiet watchfulness, his unobtrusive attention, the delicacy implied by his patience. If she dared yield to the great longing which grew up within her stronger and stronger every day, to accept the love that seemed wrapping itself irresistibly around her, life would be too heavenly. Could it be that all these delicious possibilities would fade away and leave her to the pale, grey tints of her former existence? Alas! she dared not be false to

the loving, trusting friend who daily poured out her hopes and fears to her.

She measured Sybil's feelings by the deep and absorbing passion which was gradually mastering herself. What a return to make both aunt and niece, her only true friends, who were even now planning her welfare; to cross their plans — to blight her own dear companion's happiness! If she could but avoid him, and cure herself of that terrible longing to see him when he was away, to escape from him when he was near! Her life had been so hard and dull of late, and now she must turn from the glow and warmth and sunshine.

But she did battle bravely. She studiously avoided all the meetings she possibly could. She bestowed more time on Mesdemoiselles Smith and Green, and worked herself almost to death expounding their literature lessons to them.

This was the easier, as Sybil was a good deal at Mrs. Hartwell's and on the ice, where her performances were much admired. Once or twice she insisted on Valerie coming down to witness them, and on both occasions Sybil had the advantage of having Eric Floyd for a partner. A small crowd assembled to watch and applaud their evolutions, and Valerie, with a sinking heart, expressed her warmest admiration. Floyd attempted to persuade her to learn, but she refused, nor did he show much perseverance. It was not an exhilarating experience, and Valerie atoned for her half-day by redoubled work.

The day after, Sybil was in the sulks. Eric had not appeared. The next day she was better, though Eric was still absent, but Captain Grey had distinguished himself by the most perfect skating and the most delightful conversation.

Meantime, M. le Capitaine Latour had been a little less difficult than usual at that season. Winter was a trying time, for after dark he did not like to go out; consequently, he missed the cheerfulness of his restaurant dinner, and required both company and cooking.

The last few days, however, Valerie found him good-humored and elated. He had met agreeable company at the restaurant when he went to *déjeuner*. Some distinguished strangers had drawn him into conversation as he watched a game of billiards, and one, an Englishman, one who had travelled much, and was lately from Germany, had been so interested in his account of the Russian campaign, as described by the captain's late brave and

noble father, and his own experiences in the Crimean War, that he returned more than once, *ma foi*, to resume the conversation. The gentleman was probably a writer, perhaps a contributor to some of those gigantic journals by which the English press disseminate falsehoods and *canards*.

"I am sure, dear uncle, they tell fewer lies than other newspapers."

"*Chut, ma belle!* What does a child like you know? But my English friend is really well instructed, intelligent, and of manners, ah!" — a pause and a gesture expressive of the utmost admiration, the fingers gathered to a point, pressed against the lips, and then suddenly flung into the air.

"I am very glad you have been amused, dear uncle," said Valerie kindly; and the old man talked on, Valerie not heeding much until his announcement of the extraordinary fact that he was going to partake of *déjeuner* with the widow of his friend the late Colonel Rethel, on the following Sunday, attracted her attention. He had, he said, matters of importance to discuss with her and her son Eugène, an admirable and promising young man, rising in his profession too. He had just been appointed musical instructor in the Ecole Normale de Passy.

"I am pleased to hear it; he seems very industrious, poor little one —"

"Little one!" repeated M. le Capitaine with some irritation. "He is taller than you are."

"Perhaps. But I should not make a big man," returned Valerie, laughing; and the conversation died away.

The day but one after, Valerie had finished her work a little earlier than usual and reached home about six. She was weary, and heartily wished her uncle's dinner and subsequent half-hour of talk, or rather soliloquy, was over. As she took out her key to open the entrance door, she was surprised to hear her grand-uncle's voice, loud and cheerful, as if holding forth to some one. She paused an instant and took off her hat and cloak in the vestibule, hastily putting her hair to rights by guess-work, for the little entry was dark except for a gleam of light through the half-open door of the *salon*. The quick walk from the train had brought some color into her cheeks — which had been woefully pale of late — and lent brightness to her wistful, kindly grey eyes.

Still wondering who her uncle's visitor could possibly be, she pushed open the

door and then stood still, almost breathless with surprise. The lamp was lit; her uncle, still in his frock-coat, had drawn his easy-chair to the largest table, and was tracing something with his finger on a map which lay outspread upon it, and at the opposite side, on a stiff, high-backed *priedieu*, bending also with great apparent interest over the map, sat Eric Floyd.

He rose with much composure as Valerie paused within the threshold.

"Ah, my little Valerie," cried the captain, "come hither; let me present to you the English gentleman of whom I have spoken. I find he is a family friend of the excellent Miss Riddell, so he has done me the honor to pay me a visit in our *petit appartement*. Possibly monsieur has met my niece before?"

Mr. Floyd *had* had that pleasure, and he came forward, his tall figure and broad shoulders making the *salon* look positively smaller, to place a chair for mademoiselle, and saying in an apologetic tone, and in English, "Your uncle was so good as to ask me in, and I could not refuse."

Valerie looked a little reproachfully at him, yet a sweet, pleased smile played on her lips. It was wonderful what light and interest and charm the scantily furnished *salon* suddenly appeared to have gained; even its atmosphere, slightly stuffy from the peculiar warmth of the *brassier*, seemed soft and soothing. Yet Valerie was ill at ease. She must not abandon herself to the pleasure of this unexpected meeting; she must be faithful and true. Meanwhile she could think of no other phrase, save the not very original remark that it was cold and threatened to be colder; and then she found some needlework and sat down beside her uncle, who continued the argument he had been pursuing — viz., whether it would have been wiser to attack Sebastopol from the north, and, if so, did the blame of not attacking it rest with Marshal St. Arnaud or Raglan. Here there was a difference of opinion, but Floyd said little and allowed M. le Capitaine to hold forth to his heart's content. After considerable noise, explanation, and assertion, there was a slight pause, when Valerie said gently, as if out of her thoughts, "I did not know you had been in Germany."

"Yes; after a short visit to friends in England last spring, I went to Berlin, then away south to Vienna, the Bavarian Highlands, Munich, Dresden."

"Do you speak German, then?"

"A little. I enjoy reading it."

"That astonishes me," said M. Latour. "It is a barbarous people, and their literature cannot have the refinement, the grace, which we French possess."

"It has a certain ruggedness," said Floyd.

"But what depth and richness!" added Valerie.

"Ruggedness does not, then, repel you!" asked Floyd, turning to look at her.

"Not when I feel it is only exterior," returned Valerie with a little sigh.

The captain rolled up his map and went to put it away.

"You did not come first to Paris," continued Valerie, feeling a curious, sad restlessness in his presence.

"No, I kept Paris for a *bonne bouche*. It remains to be proved if it leaves a sweet or bitter after-taste."

Valerie fancied she perceived a double meaning in this.

"Have you been on the ice to-day?" she asked.

"Yes, for about an hour, but too early for my little friend, Sybil Owen. Indeed, I do not think she has skated this morning. She was to dine at Mrs. Hartwell's, and they are going to the Français after. I did hear that *you* were to be of the party."

Valerie shook her head. "Miss Riddell kindly asked me to go with them; but no, it would be too late to return. Are you going?"

"I am not sure."

"Sybil will be disappointed if you do not," returned Valerie, raising her eyes with some effort to his. "You remind her of her home and —"

"I do not think she will miss me much when George Grey is of the party," said Eric Floyd, laughing. "He is a very captivating fellow, I am told."

"Perhaps so; yet she *will* miss you."

Floyd shook his head. "The Hartwells are to give a dance on the twentieth; a regular dance, carpets up, auxiliary music, etc. Sybil says she is determined to carry you there *volens volens*."

"She will not," returned Valerie, smiling. "She is always good and thoughtful for me, but she does not think of the difficulties. How could I return home at perhaps two or three o'clock?"

"I should be most happy to escort you home," exclaimed Floyd eagerly, his large brown eyes lighting up.

"You ought to know, by this, that such a thing is impossible."

"I begin to fear it is," he returned.

"What are you talking of?" asked Captain Latour, coming back to the *salon*.

"A friend of Miss Riddell's gives a *soirée dansante*," replied Floyd, "and she, Miss Riddell, and her niece, are most anxious Mademoiselle Valerie should accompany them."

"They are infinitely kind," said M. le Capitaine. "But young ladies are better at home, especially when, like this poor dear child, they have no mother to guide them. When she is married she can go to balls with her husband."

"Are you going to be married?" said Floyd with sudden, almost fierce, interrogation.

Valerie laughed. "Not that I am aware of," she returned.

"I fear you must think me very unmannerly, very rude," said Floyd penitently — and, in English, "If I ever have a chance of explaining myself —"

Here M. le Capitaine broke out with a high eulogium on the matrimonial system of France, to which Floyd slightly demurred, and Valerie was again reduced to a listener. After some further conversation, partly about Canada, partly on the prospects of the Bonapartists, Mr. Floyd took leave. "I must make the opportunity for an explanation," he said, in a low tone. "I see *you* will not help me."

"It is impossible I should," returned Valerie gravely.

"Why not?" he rejoined quickly. "But that, too, remains to be discussed. Good evening, M. le Capitaine. I have to thank you for an agreeable hour, and trust I have your permission to return."

"My dear sir, you are at all times most welcome. The society of a man so distinguished, enlightened, and cultivated as yourself," etc. etc. etc. With much *empressement* M. le Capitaine bowed him out and continued a running fire of praises all the while that Valerie went to and fro to her own room to put on her large working-apron, to the kitchen to warm up an appetizing little dish prepared by the *femme de ménage*, and back to the *salon* to serve the ancient warrior's evening meal.

How wonderful it would be to know the silent tragedies that are accomplished in the hidden depths of inner life while the exterior mill-wheel round of commonplace materialism, of every-day ordinary work and duty, goes on unceasingly!

Valerie spread her grand-uncle's little table and placed his food before him with her usual neatness and observance, yet all the time the pulses of her heart were beating a funeral measure over the happiness

she was obliged, or thought she was obliged, to trample under her feet, as she resolutely trod the thorny way of honor and of duty. She could have cried aloud for mercy to the inexorable destiny that held her in its iron grasp while she smiled, and listened, and replied to her uncle's babble and attended to his many wants; and then, when she had fed and comforted him and given him his spectacles and his cigarette and his *Figaro*, she went away to explain the mysteries of the chromatic scale and the doctrine of six crotchets in a bar to two fidgety nasal American children, just about the time that Sybil Owen and the Miss Hartwells, escorted by Major Hartwell, Captain Grey, and an artistic young Englishman of independent means, who played at painting, were stepping into the carriages that were to convey them to the Français.

Yet the next morning Sybil was much the most downcast and depressed of the two friends. If Valerie was pale and quiet, she was self-possessed, clear-headed, and ready for her duties, while poor Sybil was "all abroad," and, to use her own favorite expression, "cross as two sticks."

"I really do not know what is the matter with the child," said Miss Riddell to Valerie after *déjeuner*. "Try and find out as you walk along — you are going to the singing-class, are you not, to-day?" Valerie assented. "I do not like to see her so out of sorts. Troublesome as she is, there is a look in her eyes that reminds me of my poor dear sister. If she had lived, Sybil would have been different — a mother is such a loss! And to think of that husband of hers marrying again before she was cold in her grave! Really, most men are worthless! and women are so weak! Here is Sybil. Try and draw her out."

Miss Owen had put on an old black dress and her shabbiest hat. Moreover, she looked as if she had thrown them on with a pitchfork.

"Good gracious, Sybil, what a fright you look!" exclaimed her aunt, with the amiable frankness peculiar to near relations.

"I may just as well be a fright as a carefully dressed pretty girl, aunty, for all the good it does me. I do wish you would come away from this horrid, detestable place. I am sure it disagrees with me. I feel exceedingly unwell. Just talk to madame, and settle to start next week, and eat our Christmas dinner in England — and let us carry off Valerie! Val is the only sensible, reasonable Christian

among us. I will go and talk to your uncle about it myself. Come along, Val, do—you have just been half an hour tying that bow under your chin."

It was exceedingly cold when they sallied forth. The ground was like iron, and the trees, and railings, and few evergreens near the houses sparkled with frost; the horses toiling along with carts or fiacres sent forth clouds of mingled breath and heat into the intensely clear air; but, as yet, very little snow had fallen.

"What a splendid day for those who are young and active!" exclaimed Valerie, "but trying to the weak and old. My uncle will be quite ill this evening, I fear."

"Why, is he very infirm? But you Europeans are a miserable set. *We* are jolly as can be—full of all kinds of fun—when we have several more degrees of cold than this."

"I do not think I should like it."

"Sometimes I think I should like to go back to Canada, and sometimes I don't," resumed Miss Owen, after a pause. "In short, I am miserable!"

"Why, dear? Yesterday you were as gay as a lark."

"I know I'm a fool," resumed Sybil, somewhat irrelevantly, "but I cannot help it; and then I am unlucky—decidedly unlucky; I never get a thing I want."

"Sybil, Sybil, do not say that. I think you get nearly everything. Would you like to change places with me? Mind, I am not complaining; I am quite willing to accept the inevitable, but *would* you change places with me?"

"I do not know. I would like to be like you in some ways. You are—oh! I do not know what it is about you I sometimes envy. You are perpetually on the go, and yet you are bright. As to your life, I think I should be inclined to try a 'cup of cold p'isen' if I had to drum French into the brains of Miss Smith and Miss Green, and I *think* your uncle would not like the change. Let us go by the Ternes, Val. I do not want to meet any one to-day."

They walked on a little way in silence, and then Valerie asked, "Did you enjoy the theatre last night?"

"Enjoy it?" almost in a scream. "I was far-too vexed. It was a capital play, too, and so wonderfully acted! But you know how pretty that black satin and lace costume of mine is, with the clear sleeves and V body? It fits like a glove. I never looked better. Just before dinner a lovely bouquet came for me—not a nasty

wired affair, but just a lot of loose flowers, geraniums, and camellias, and ferns—superb ones. So I put some in the opening of my corsage, some in my hair, and wondered who sent them, fancying all the time it must be Eric. He did not come to dinner, but Mrs. Hartwell said he would join us after, and away we went. Well, every time the box door opened I thought it must be Eric, and I went on watching and listening and growing just wild; and he never, never came. They were all saying, 'What has become of Mr. Floyd? You must have offended him, Miss Owen.' That horrid, horrid Captain Grey, too, kept watching me with his detestable green eyes—they are *quite* green, Val—with a sort of pitying expression till I longed to slap his face. And what do you think? Just as we were coming away and I had taken his arm, he had the audacity to give it a squeeze and say, 'Thank you for wearing my flowers. I did not know how pretty they were till now.' I was so mad I just snatched them out of my bosom and flung them into the road. He said very quietly, 'Thank you again. Can I assist you to take out those in your hair also?' I felt rather silly, and I am sure I do not know how I got home. Was it not rude and unkind of Eric Floyd to break his promise in that way? If he goes on like this he will break *my* heart, and force me to marry the first man that asks me! Why, as an old friend and a kinsman (I believe he is a sort of a cousin) he ought to be more attentive and considerate. Then these nasty, stuck-up, ill-natured Misses Hartwell, I am sure they enjoyed my disappointment. Where could Eric have gone?"

Valerie hesitated, and the moment for speaking was gone. She could not bring her tongue to form the words, "He was visiting my uncle," and, having lost the opportunity, it was doubly difficult to broach the subject. While Sybil talked on she tried to remember at what hour Eric Floyd had left there. He might have been in time for the theatre had he gone straight to his hotel and dressed, but—"And you may say what you like, I *am* unlucky," Sybil was saying when Valerie again gave attention to her.

"Sybil, Sybil, I am quite distressed and uneasy about you. Why do you let such fancies fasten themselves upon you? If Mr. Floyd is inclined to love you, nothing will prevent him; and if not, why you cannot help it. Do you not see how miserable and degrading all this craving for what you cannot be sure about is? Do,

do try to turn your thoughts away and call up your pride and ——”

“You have no business to lecture me!” cried Sybil angrily. “Do you fancy it is your duty to keep me in order? Why, I am nearly as old as you are, and I know twice as much of the world. I don’t understand your stiff nature. I like Eric, and I want him to like me. I do not see any harm in that. Why, he is not as old nor as *distingué* as Captain Grey, who thinks so *much* of me, and yet he gives himself those airs of indifference. You are a cold, disagreeable cat. I thought you were my friend, and you scold as if you were Aunt Hetty herself, instead of sympathizing in my troubles,” and the speech ended in a sob.

“If I am a cat you are a goose, a great goose, Sybil,” said Valerie with much composure. “It is because I *do* love you, because I know what a true, warm-hearted dear you are, that I cannot bear to see you making a fool of yourself. Never talk to me about Mr. Floyd again till you come and tell me has asked you to be his wife, and then I should not be a bit surprised if you refused him.”

“It would be great fun to punish him,” cried Sybil, smiling through her tears. “But do you think he ever will ask me?”

“How can I possibly tell? I know scarce anything of the world, and nothing at all of men. I have only associated with my uncle and the professors with whom I studied.”

“Well, we are nearly at Madame Rakoffski’s. Are my eyes very red?”

“No, not very. Try, dear Sybil, to start some fresh train of thought — Mrs. Hartwell’s dance — your journey to England — your dress — anything but Mr. Floyd.”

“Well, wait till the Hartwells’ *soirée*; then I will settle down to a sedate old maid, unless, indeed, I have to buy my *trousseau*. I say, Val, you do not mind me calling you a cold cat?”

“Not the least, dear; I quite understand you.”

“You do! and really and truly I never loved any one — any girl, I mean — so much as I love you, and yet, could you believe it, there are times when I could slap your face?”

“Do not, I would advise you,” said Valerie, laughing, “because I should give you a good shaking, and I am much stronger than you are.”

“You would serve me right. Do you know, Val, Aunt Hetty and I are going to attack your uncle together, to get his consent for you to come to England with us. It would break my heart to leave you behind to drum French history and literature perpetually into the sandy brains of all the Miss Smiths and Greens of Birmingham and Manchester who may succeed the present ones. Would you not like to come?”

“Yes, more than I can say. I feel awfully weary here.”

“I wonder you are alive!” with deepest feeling. “I say, Val, you know that brown dress I bought last week with the velvet collar and cuffs? It is a good deal too long for me, and a little tight across the chest. I wish you would take it. Do, like a darling. It would be a blessing to feel it is not lost. Will you, Val?”

“No, dear, I will *not*. The essence of friendship is equality, and I will not let you swamp ours with favors.”

“Well, you are a proud, cold, disagreeable, odious cat. There now! I must stop, but I shall not be able to sing a note.”

“Please remember too that you have outrun your allowance, and are in debt.”

“What of that? My guardian must pay everything. I have more money than you think, and they are abominably stingy to me.”

Valerie flattered herself, however, that her remonstrance had not been quite thrown away; for, though she had some private interviews with Sybil during the next two or three days, she scarcely mentioned the delinquent Floyd, and then with some favor, as he had come out alone to call on Aunt Hetty, and, the *salon* fire not being alight, he had been shown up to Miss Riddell’s private sitting-room, where Sybil said they had a real comfortable talk.

He came the next day and accompanied her and her aunt to the ice, but on neither occasion did Valerie see him. It was fortunate, she told herself, that she was employed and had a good excuse for keeping away: time, she hoped and prayed, would bring her strength and peace. Meantime, she clung to the glimmer of hope for the future promised by Miss Riddell’s intention to try her powers of persuasion once more upon the gallant and venerable ex-captain.

From The Leisure Hour.

THE POTTERY DISTRICTS OF FIJI.

BY C. F. GORDON CUMMING, AUTHOR OF "A LADY'S CRUISE IN A FRENCH MAN-OF-WAR."

FOR many years, during which the name of Fiji had been known to us only from its association with the king of the Cannibal Islands, there had been one small point from which occasional suggestions of human interest reached us. This was the island of Nananu, the property of Mr. Leefe, brother to a clergyman, one of our intimate friends in England. Great was the interest invariably excited by the arrival of a letter from these far-distant isles, and when we turned our own faces thither this seemed the one definite point in that hazy group. Already many months had elapsed, and the larger isles had become to me familiar ground, and still no opportunity had offered itself of visiting Nananu. At last the right day came. Baron von Hügel, who was practically one of the household, had occasion to visit that part of the coast, and Captain Knollys, the governor's aide-de-camp, most kindly lent us his capital sailing-boat and Fijian crew. We started at dawn with a fair wind; and eight hours' run, coasting the beautiful shores of Viti Levu, brought us to our destination.

As seen from the sea, and in contrast with the mountain ranges all around, Nananu is a low, grassy isle, its general appearance by no means fertile. It is the exclusive property of Mr. Leefe, no Fijian inhabitant remaining, unless some stray workman or shepherd. The "hands" are as usual, foreign labor from the Solomon Isles, New Hebrides, etc. Since the failure of cotton and the ever-increasing value of cocoanuts has been proved, attention has been chiefly paid to multiplying the latter, and thousands of young palms have consequently been planted in every available crevice, on Sir Walter Scott's principle of "aye be sticking in a tree, it will be growing while ye are sleeping." All manner of fruit-bearing trees are also cherished — orange and lemon trees, and the delicious native keveeka, which resembles a large, pink, transparent pear, and answers the purpose of a cooling drink. It is one of the few ornamental flowering-trees of these isles, as it bears masses of blossom, which, however, are most uninteresting when gathered, as they share a characteristic common to many flowers of the Pacific, being almost devoid of calyx, and consisting of a large tuft of stamens.

One of Mr. Leefe's most interesting experiments has been the introduction of Angora goats — lovely white creatures with long, silky fleece. At great expense he procured two pair, and, having killed off all the wild he-goats on the island, these beautiful strangers were established as monarchs of the land. At the time of our visit the flock was an exceedingly pretty sight — two hundred and thirty mothers of all varieties of color, and each with either one or two pure white kids. Of the fathers of the flock, however, one had already met with a most untimely end, having so entangled its long fleece in a thorny lemon-bush that it was there held prisoner, and not found till it was dead. The second narrowly escaped a similar fate. It was caught in a thicket by its horns, and was not discovered till the following morning. It was, however, reported missing at night, and all hands turned out to seek for the lost goat, torch in hand. After several hours' search the quest was given up as hopeless, and all returned to sleep. But ere long the alarm of fire was given, and the whole hill was seen to be ablaze. A torch carelessly dropped in the dry grass had started a conflagration, which spread rapidly, and in its progress destroyed a multitude of promising young palm-trees recently planted.

At five o'clock on the morning after our arrival I accompanied Mrs. Leefe on her daily morning expedition to milk the goats — that is to say, as many as were required for household use. The fold is about a mile distant from the house, and for me, as a casual visitor, this was a very pretty sight. But you can imagine that, romantic as it sounds, this daily task may lose the charm of novelty, and when considered as a daily task, to be accomplished in all weathers — even when heavy rains have made the steep hill-paths a mere streak of gaassy red mud, or when a weary body craves a quiet morning's rest, and yet the invariable walk must be accomplished — it may become somewhat of a burden. Many such experiences await the lady who has the courage to face such a lot as that of a planter's wife in any new country, and the marvel is how bravely and well many learn to persevere in labors so new and strange to them.

The morning's milking was but the beginning of the day's work. Every detail of kitchen, house, or laundry required pretty close supervision, and every delicacy for the table or fine work in the laundry must necessarily be done by the

mistress herself. Add to all this the care of the silkworms — a recent experiment, and one which would no doubt succeed but for one insuperable obstacle, namely, the price of labor in Fiji as compared with that in the silk-growing districts of China. The amount of care required by these creatures is immense. Six times a day they must be fed — that means going out to gather fresh mulberry-leaves, carefully drying each one, cleaning the trays, looking over the eggs, carefully separating the tiny newly-hatched worms, attending to the cocoons, guarding them from the attacks of insects, and, in short, devoting to the task as much time and patience as would be required in any human nursery.

All these manifold cares fell on my hostess, assisted only by her daughter Ethel, a joyous, natural girl, twelve years of age, to whom the island had been home from earliest infancy, and its every corner invested with such romance as only happy childhood knows how to weave. To her all the living creatures were companions and personal acquaintances — the poultry, the goats, the very pigs, whose name was legion, and who lived by themselves in a large pen near the sea, where their daily rations of cocoanuts were carried to them by the labor boys. Ethel had but one care — the sorrow of occasional lessons, especially that most grievous task, a music lesson, for her mother had managed to retain one pleasant reminder of the old life in her treasured piano, the solace of many an evening when the toil of day was over. Alas! a few months later the family were awakened by a sudden cry of fire, and, as usual in houses of such combustible material, a few moments sufficed to reduce the pleasant Robinson Crusoe home to ashes. Piano, books, nicknacks, all irreplaceable treasures, gone, and the family left with only the clothes they stood in. Of course, it does not take long to rebuild a house in the Fijian style, and perhaps the new house is better than the old, but in so remote a home new keepsakes and books and ornaments accumulate slowly, "and we cannot buy with gold the old associations." But what a quaint old ramshackle home it was! A little cluster of houses, all under different roofs. The central building, divided into two by the thinnest partition, formed the family sitting-room and a bedroom for the mother and daughter. Mr. Leefe's room lay beyond — a grass hut all by itself. Close by was another house, which served as a dining-room, so close to the sea that you could almost step from the verandah

into the water. A piece of this house was my bedroom. I assisted in removing thence many sacks of maize and of cuttle-fish bones the morning after my arrival. But one trace of its former use was immovable — namely, the corn-grinder in which the men's daily rations were ground, with such intolerable noise as invariably drove me up the hill to escape from it. Just beyond the sitting-room house stood a magnificent old ndelo-tree, with large, dark glossy leaves and fragrant clusters of small, yellow blossoms. (I have spelt the name of this tree so as to indicate the Fijian pronunciation of the letter D. In like manner the letter B is sounded as if preceded by an M, and C is pronounced like Th. All this may seem to newcomers as if the missionaries who reduced the language to writing had done so in an arbitrary manner, but all residents acknowledge the wisdom of the device for rendering the peculiar sounds of the language.)

Beneath its shade much carpentering and other work was done, and from its wide-spreading arms hung such joints of kid as the family larder furnished. On the other side of the great tree stood the kitchen, and beyond that the silkworm-house, each being large Fijian houses. A kitchen garden lay conveniently near, in which grew such vegetables as the tiny tomato, known as love-apple, and the tree-pea, a shrub bearing pods very similar to those so familiar to us all. The paths in every direction were bordered with pineapple plants, promising an abundant harvest.

The centre of the isle is, as I have said, generally grassy, and the only abundant shrub is the screw-pine or pandanus, with long prickly leaves set screw-wise, and odd roots like a multitude of pillars, which make the tree look as if it were walking on stilts. It bears a large scarlet or orange fruit something like a pineapple in appearance, but with so little on its woody sections to tempt the palate that none save goatherds or others on whom the long day hangs heavy would care to nibble or rather to gnaw them.

Though the general character of the isle is thus bare, all round the seacoast is a fringe of beautiful old trees, the ndelo of which I have just spoken, the mbaka or Fijian banyan, the Fijian almond, the eevie or chestnut, the keveeka with its rosy blossoms or fruit, and many others, including thickets of wild lemon-trees. So you can wander pleasantly round the isle, passing from one white sand bay to

another, and keeping in the shelter of these great overhanging trees, whose dark foliage forms so perfect a screen. Better still to have a small canoe, in which to paddle from one pleasant bay to the next, and so avoid the toil of scrambling round or over headlands at high tide.

The only drawback to these delightful sheltered spots is the multitude of mosquitos which infest them. These very quickly scented a fresh prey when, the day after my arrival, I settled down to draw a careful study of a magnificent old banyan, very near akin, I think, to the *Ficus religiosa* of India. The mosquitos assembled in myriads. Vainly did Ethel and a wild-looking goatherd sit one on each side of me, holding branches with which to beat them off, and vainly did I slay six or eight at a time as often as I could slap one hand on the other. Thicker and thicker they swarmed (for there was not a breath of air stirring in the thicket where we sat), so at last we had to give it up, and fly to cool our fevered hands and faces in the sea; then we lay under the orange-trees in an old garden, and ate ripe golden fruit to our hearts' content. Afterwards, in making studies here and in similar places, I took the precaution of first hanging up my mosquito net, so as to avoid this maddening distraction, though of course it was anything but an advantage in other respects.

One of our favorite expeditions was to the beautiful Bay of Onie on the other side of the isle; a perfect horseshoe, a mile and a half round, with the purest white sand, and shaded with densest foliage, and great boughs projecting so far as quite to overhang the water. Here we spent many hours in pleasant idleness. A lovelier bathing-place could not be conceived, and the fear of sharks was all forgotten, both here and close to the house, where morning and evening we revelled in the clear lovely water which came rippling up to the very door, whispering to us even in our dreams. We were joined in our bathing by a bright, intelligent girl from the Solomon Islands, and she and Ethel rivalled one another in feats of swimming and diving, disporting themselves like merry mermaids.

Separated from Nananu by a small channel is another islet, on which live a separate flock of goats. These had to be counted one day, so we all went over together to see a curious natural rock bridge, the hole below which was created, according to Fijian legend, by a shark jumping through.

Nananu lies just off the shores of Viti Levu (Great Fiji), a coast to me all unknown. It was therefore tantalizing in the extreme to see the great blue mountains rising before me day after day, and Mr. Leefe most kindly undertook to escort me to some of the principal points of interest in the neighborhood.

We spent one day on the island of Malaki, a pleasant spot, grassy and wooded, but without inhabitants, its people having been driven out by the whites as an act of vengeance for the deliberate murder of a white man whose boat had touched at their inhospitable shore. To these people is attributed the honor of having been the first in the isles to invent pottery. They now inhabit the town of Na Sava, which we visited a few days later for the express purpose of seeing them at work. I had already watched the potters in several other districts, but here we had traced the stream to its source; such at least is the tradition of the isles.

A special interest attaches to this pottery, inasmuch as no such manufacture has been found on any other group in the Pacific. Some very coarse specimens have certainly been brought from the New Hebrides and the Solomon Isles, and I believe that very coarse pottery is made and used throughout Melanesia; still it can hold no comparison with that of Fiji, where pottery is used in every house, both for cooking purposes and for holding water. Considering the coarseness of the materials used and the rude manner in which it is fashioned (wholly by hand, and by rule of thumb), and that the manufacturers are people whom the civilized world are wont to regard as utter savages, the most casual observer cannot fail to be impressed by the artistic beauty and immense variety of form thus produced. Naturally what are made for ordinary domestic purposes — *i.e.*, cooking and water-pots — adhere pretty much to one general form, but in the patterns with which these are decorated, and the manufacture of what we may call "fancy articles," every potter follows her own taste, and the same exact form is very rarely reproduced. Occasionally we have tried to get duplicates made to order, but the result has almost invariably been most unsatisfactory, and in no case will the potters of one district attempt to copy a piece which has been brought from some other island or district.

It is said that the idea of using clay for the manufacture of bowls, and also the form of the common cooking and water-

vessels, were alike suggested by the work of the common mason bee, which builds its clay nest in any convenient corner. In the doorway or under the eaves, where the swallows of our own land are wont to place theirs, we find these little earthen homes precisely similar in form to the cooking-vessels in daily use, being globular or oblong, with an opening at one side, approached by a narrow neck with turned-back lip. I have often succeeded in detaching these from a window, and found them perfect miniatures of the ordinary Fijian pots. The idea being once started, other objects in nature soon suggested variety of form, such as the shell of the turtle and the form of certain fruits.

On the occasion of our visit to Na Sava the village chief desired the principal potters (all women) to assemble on the rara (which answers to the village green), that we might have an opportunity of seeing a good number working at the same time. The pottery is made entirely by hand; nothing of the nature of a wheel being known. The clay, having been mixed with fine sand, is rolled into long sausages, and these are coiled one above the other in a hollow circle, thus forming the base of a round pot. Having partly moulded this into shape, the potter takes a smooth round stone in her left hand, and holds it inside the clay while with the other hand she beats the exterior with a flat piece of wood like a spoon, constantly moistening the clay. Fresh clay sausages are then built up round the top, and gradually narrowed till there only remains room to insert one finger (if for a water-pot) or the food (if a cooking-pot). The rim of the vessel must now be fashioned, and then comes a final wetting and smoothing of the whole, and probably the marking with a small stick of a very elaborate geometrical pattern. This work must be done ere the day wanes, as towards sunset the clay falls and will not work obediently to the potter's hand.

For from four to eight days the grey clay pots must lie in the house to dry. After this they are first baked on a light straw fire, and afterwards with wood, and while still hot are glazed with the heated resin of the ndakua pine, which I believe to be identical with, or at least very nearly akin to, the kauri pine of New Zealand, which yields the beautiful amber-like gum.

In the same district, rowing to the head of a lovely sheltered bay, we visited a cave near Koro Viti Levu, where we found

about a dozen women making very large cooking-pots, each from two to three feet deep, and from twenty to thirty inches in diameter. It was wonderful that they should be able to build them in such perfect symmetry, considering that their only guide is their own eye for form. In the island of Bau, at the village of Soso, I spent some hours in the picturesque hut of an old crone, trying to persuade her to model her turtles from a living one which was walking about on the mats, but she preferred her own monstrous ideal, and chuckled with delight every time the fins and feet of mine *would* fall off.

In this, and I think also in the adjacent district of Rewa, instead of building up a series of clay sausages, the women just beat out a flat piece of clay on their hand, and then gradually mould it into a cup-like form with the help of the smooth stone inside and the wooden spatula outside. Here the pottery, after having been left for six or eight days to dry in the house, is taken to a sheltered quiet nook betwixt the sea and a great rock. Here a pile of light wood and sticks is built, the pots are laid thereon, the whole is covered with dry grass, and light sticks over all. This is set on fire, and kept burning for about half an hour. Then, while still hot, the cooking-pots are well rubbed with a dark red dye, an infusion of tiri — *i.e.*, mangrove-bark — which gives a slight glaze as well as a red color. Ornamental and water-pots are glazed with the hot ndakua resin already mentioned. There are slight variations in the process in different parts of the group, as on the north of Vanua Levu, where all the pottery we procured was unglazed.

We lingered on Malaki, the potter's now deserted isle, till sunset, and rowed back as the great cliff, now shrouded in gloom, stood out dark against the golden sky, casting long reflections in the glassy waters.

I devoted a subsequent morning to sketching the quaint little village on the upper crag, and improved my acquaintance with its people, with the happy result that sundry native curiosities were offered me for sale, including several very good stone axes.

And here, by the way, I must tell you of a curious point of contact between Birmingham and things which we are wont to associate only with the stone age — namely, the tool commonly used by native carpenters, which consists of a Birmingham axe-head or adze tied with native string on to a piece of wood shaped like

a bent knee, which was the regular handle of the stone celt hitherto in use, of which a considerable number have been offered us for sale. They are precisely similar to those of the ancient Britons, American Indians, and, I suppose I might add, of primeval races in all lands, being made of the same highly-polished greenstone, and identical in their various forms. The smooth flat axe-heads are invariably brought to us without handles, proving that they have succumbed to the iron age; but the long cylindrical stones are still in use, generally, I think, as pickaxes, and for cracking candle-nuts, which are exceedingly hard, but yield good oil.

Another interesting point in common with our ancestors, which is fast disappearing before so simple an innovation as a common lucifer match, is the method of kindling fire by the friction of two sticks. Particular kinds of wood are preferred, and of course they must be old dry wood. The fire-kindler sits on the ground, steadying the larger stick with his feet. Should he possess a knife wherewith to smooth a small piece of the surface, he will attain his result more rapidly, as he can leave a little shaving sticking up at the farther end to catch the dust as it accumulates. Then cutting the smaller stick to a point, he works it rapidly backwards and forwards till it forms a groove in the lower piece of wood, and the dust thus scraped up quickly begins to smoke and blacken, and in less than a minute a spark appears and smoulders on, till a tiny atom of native cloth, or a wisp of dry grass, is cautiously brought into contact with it, when a bright flame is produced.

After exploring all the points of chief interest near the rock, we started on a longer expedition, in order to visit the potters who were expelled from Malaki. First we walked to the house of a planter, who made us heartily welcome, and gave us a capital dinner of kid, taro, and tea, a meal which we consumed in presence of a large circle of Fijian girls, who had assembled from other mountain towns to see the pale-faced woman. Na Maramma Mbalavu, the long lady, was the title by which I was invariably described.

Our host then proceeded with much difficulty to catch and saddle his horses. At the last moment I found the girths of my side-saddle were missing, so my companion lent me his, using a rope for his own, which was made of wood and covered with goatskin. We rode round the back of the rock till we came to Na Sava, which is quite a large village.

Here, as I have already said, the chief called upon the potters to exhibit their handiwork. Of course it was taking them rather at a disadvantage, but enabled us to see a good deal in a short time. We endeavored ourselves to model a peculiar vase with three cups on one stand, of which we had procured a specimen without being able to ascertain where it was made, and were very anxious to procure others of the same pattern. We flattered ourselves that our description was fully understood, but evidently the design had originated in some other district, for when a few weeks later the pottery we had ordered was sent to us we received, instead of the graceful vase which had so fascinated us, a dozen hideous articles of ponderous weight, utterly worthless.

When the lowering sun warned the potters to desist from working (and we found that the clay really did fall as fast as we attempted to model anything), we adjourned to the house of the village teacher to see his wife painting a very large and most beautiful piece of tappa. I had to be content with watching how she worked. The pattern is cut out of a banana leaf heated over the fire. This is laid on the cloth, and rubbed over with a scrap of cloth dipped either in vegetable charcoal and water, or red earth liquefied with the sap of the candle-nut tree.

As we rode away by the shore we came to a strip of mangroves and mud, on which the horse of our friend slipped and rolled over, but no serious damage was done, and we reached Philimone's house in safety before darkness closed in.

In the morning we bade adieu to this kind, friendly family, and rode over to Bali Bali. On our way we passed by a row of smallish stones extending for about two hundred yards. These stones were to represent the number of bokola — *i.e.*, human bodies — actually eaten by two chiefs, Wanga Levu and Undri Undri, one stone for each body. This line of mbokola stones registers eight hundred and seventy-two, and the Christian son of this ogre declares that his father ate them all himself, allowing no one to share with him! Another member of the same family had registered forty-eight, when his becoming a Christian put a stop to the amusement and compelled him to be satisfied with commonplace food.

At different points in this day's ride we had grand views of the great mountain range, and went some way up a valley to see a very fine mass of rock, Vatu Damu, behind which nestles a pretty village, all

scented with the fragrant blossoms of large shaddock-trees. Then on to Kasia Lili, another fine rock castle, and of course I added to my store of sketches. From Bali Bali, the village where we spent the night, we had a very unusual view, overlooking the salt-pans, artificially constructed shallow pools in the midst of the widely-spread mangrove. These are flooded at certain tides, and the evaporation yields a fair supply of salt. Below us lay Na Vua Vua, the chief town of this district of Raki Raki, and in the distance the isle of Malaki. Nestling among the trees I detected the high-pitched roof of a true Kai Tholo house — *i.e.*, people of the mountains — this being the form of roof peculiar to the wild districts in the interior. After breakfast we rode over to the house of a little colony of planters, who received us most kindly and welcomed us to a real planter's dinner served in rough-and-ready style. There was another rock mountain to be inspected and more fine views. Then we rode home by the foot of the dark Kau Vandra hills, passing several villages more or less interesting from their situation. It was quite dark for the last hour, and we had several difficult creeks to cross, but we reached our journey's end in safety.

In the morning we walked down to the town, and on to the river, where a boat was waiting. A two-miles row down the river, through dense thickets of mangrove, brought us to the open sea, and bidding adieu to the coast of Raki Raki, we rowed and sailed back to Nananu.

From The Sunday Magazine.

THE TRUE STORY OF ADAM BEDE.

It is always pleasant to find that the most splendid characters in fiction are drawn from life; not alone because of the sense of reality they impart to the story they adorn, but also, and far more, from the hope they inspire in regard to the great unknown world of men and women. This pleasure is very intense, to those who have known that Adam Bede and his brother Seth, and Dinah, Seth's wife, who gladden, we had almost said glorify, one of the happiest of George Eliot's stories, are almost photographs of real persons who spent their days in commonplace Derbyshire towns.

Adam Bede himself was the authoress's own father, Mr. Robert Evans. He was a man of considerable power; steward to

Sir Roger Newdigate, Lord Aylesbury, and other large landed proprietors; and had agents under him, in different parts of the kingdom. His brother Samuel, the Seth of the novel, was a carpenter and undertaker, a man of a very simple and holy life, a follower of Wesley, and afterwards a class-leader and preacher among the Methodists. For some time he carried on business at Roston, in Derbyshire, with his brother, where his conversion took place, and this was the scene of his first labors. He married Elizabeth Tomlinson, whose portrait as Dinah Morris is given in so lifelike a way. She was born at Newbold, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch. Her mother died when she was very young; her conversion to God, and call to the ministry soon followed, and she became a preacher. It was at Ashbourne that Samuel Evans first heard her preach, and formed an attachment to her. But it was not on marriage that her thoughts were set; and it was long before her scruples were removed, and she consented to cast in her lot with "Seth." They were married in Nottingham, and the first years of their married life were spent at Roston Common, near Ashbourne. Fifty years after, Seth, in writing of his wife, said, "She did me good and not evil, all the days of her life. She labored arduously with me in the gospel, and was generally well received, wherever she went to spread the glad tidings of the gospel to a lost and ruined race. She was diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord. The cares and wants of her family were strictly attended to, and every available comfort secured and rendered. She was a tender parent and a truly affectionate wife." This was true enough, for she never neglected her daily work for outside duties, but made time for both; and the sketches of the character of Dinah on its housewifely side, given in "Adam Bede," were to the life. When Dinah went to Lisbeth Bede's cottage, to help the poor widow after Thias Bede's death, that most particular and rather querulous old woman commended her thus: "Ye've got a notion of cleaning up, I wouldna mind ha'in' ye for a daughter, for ye wouldna spend the lad's wage i' fine clothes and waste. Ye're not like the lasses o' this country-side." And so Mrs. Poyser said of her (when Dinah wished to leave the Hall Farm and return to her work at Snowfield): "Your uncle 'ull miss you so as never was; a-lighting his pipe and waiting on him; and now I can trust you with the butter, an' have had all the

trouble o' teaching you, an' there's all the sewing to be done, an' I must have a strange gell out of Treddleson to do it, an' all because you must go back to that bare heap of stones as the very crows fly over, and won't stop at." After their marriage Mr. and Mrs. Evans went about together preaching, and many "revivals" took place, and their work was in many cases blessed with large results. They removed later to Derby, where Mrs. Evans's labors came to the notice of Elizabeth Fry. Her devotion was quite unwearied; in prisons, in dens of infamy, in homes of crime, amongst the sick, the sinful, and the dying, she was to be found; nay, she was not afraid to go, in her tender ministries of love, to the very scaffold itself.

A poor girl, Mary Voce, was condemned and executed for child-murder in Nottingham Forest. Mrs. Evans visited her constantly in prison, and was with her all through the night before her death, and went in the cart with her and the chaplain, to her execution on the common. In this girl's story, we see the source of that of poor Hetty Sorrel, with all its pathos and tragic punishment. It was all true; and true in its main points was the prayer prayed on that sad occasion by Mrs. Evans, the heads of which were preserved. The prayer (as given in "Adam Bede") was as follows: "Jesus, thou present Saviour! Thou hast known the depths of all sorrow; thou hast entered that black darkness where God is not, and hast uttered the cry of the forsaken. Come, Lord, and gather of the fruits of thy travail, and thy pleading; stretch forth thy hand, thou who art mighty to save to the uttermost, and rescue this lost one. She is clothed round with thick darkness; the fetters of her sin are upon her, and she cannot stir to come to thee, she can only feel her heart is hard and she is helpless. . . . See, Lord, I bring her, as they of old brought the sick and helpless and thou didst heal them; I bear her on my arms and carry her before thee. . . . Yea, Lord, I see thee coming through the darkness, coming like the morning with healing on thy wings. The marks of thine agony are upon thee, I see thee, I see thee, able and willing to save. Thou wilt not let her perish forever. Come, mighty Saviour, let the dead hear thy voice; let the eyes of the blind be opened, let her see that God encompasses her; let her tremble at nothing but the sin that cuts her off from him. Melt the hard heart, unseal the closed lips, make her

cry with her whole heart, 'Father, I have sinned.'" "'Dinah,' Hetty sobbed out, throwing her arms round Dinah's neck, 'I will speak — I will tell — I won't hide any more.'"

And then came the confession. So again, the prayer delivered on Ellaston Green (called in the novel Hayslope), is reproduced much as it was given. In "Adam Bede" it ran thus: "Saviour of sinners! when a poor woman, laden with sins, went out to the well to draw water, she found thee sitting on the well. She knew thee not; she had not sought thee, her mind was dark, her life was unholy. But thou didst speak to her; thou didst teach her, thou didst show her that her life lay open before thee, and yet thou wast ready to give her that blessing which she never sought. Jesus! thou art in the midst of us, and thou knowest all men. If there is any here like that poor woman, if their minds are dark, their lives unholy — if they have come out — not seeking thee, not desiring to be taught, deal with them according to the free mercy which thou didst show to her. Speak to them, Lord, open their ears to my message, bring their sins to their minds, and make them thirst for the salvation thou art ready to give." At the close of the sermon, as given in "Adam Bede," it will be remembered how Bessy Cranage, who was listening to Dinah's preaching, "became quite pale, her wide-open black eyes began to fill with tears, and her face was distorted like a little child's before a burst of crying! 'Ah, poor blind child,' Dinah went on, 'think if it should happen to you, as it once happened to a servant of God in the days of her vanity. She thought of her lace caps, and saved all her money to buy 'em. She thought nothing about how she might get a clean heart and right spirit. She only wanted to have better lace than other girls. And one day when she put her new cap on and looked in the glass, she saw a bleeding face crowned with thorns. That face is looking at you now;' here Dinah pointed to a spot close in front of Bessy. 'Ah, tear off these follies! cast them away from you as if they were stinging adders. They *are* stinging you, they are dragging you down into a dark, bottomless pit, where you will sink forever and forever, and forever, farther away from light and God.'

"Bessy could bear it no longer, a great terror was upon her, and wrenching her earrings from her ears she threw them down before her, sobbing aloud."

This incident was actually true in Mrs.

Evans's ministry. True also was the story of the old man's death in the brook on the common, though it did not happen, as in the novel, to the father of Adam and Seth Bede (who lived till he was ninety, and died at Ellaston), but to an uncle by marriage of the authoress. The character of Mr. Irwine, the polished, scholarly clergyman of Donnithorne, is taken from that of Mr. Unwin, vicar of Ellaston. At Ellaston was settled the family of Poyser, who doubtless suggested to George Eliot the peculiar name which she has rendered so famous; the character of the immortal Mrs. Poyser herself, was taken from the authoress's own aunt, Mrs. Richardson, and the Donnithorne place and family are drawn from Arbury and the Newdigates.

To return to Dinah. The portrait of her personal appearance as given in "Adam Bede" is in some respects taken from life. "It was a small, oval face, of a uniform transparent whiteness, with an egg-like line of cheek and chin, a full but firm mouth, a delicate nostril, and a low, perpendicular brow surmounted by an arch between smooth locks of pale, reddish hair. The hair was drawn straight back behind the ears, and covered, except for an inch or two above the brow, by a net Quaker's cap. The eyebrows, of the same color as the hair, were perfectly horizontal, and firmly pencilled; the eyelashes, though no darker, were long and abundant; nothing was left blurred or unfinished. It was one of those faces that make one think of white flowers, with light touches of color on their pure petals. The eyes had no peculiar beauty beyond that of expression. They looked so simple, so candid, so purely loving, that no accusing scowl, no light sneer, could help melting away before their glance." This was the woman whose lovely nature and saintly life are drawn, yes, and not overdrawn, in the sweet picture of Dinah Morris. She and her husband lived seven years in Derby and then removed to the Mill Houses near Wirksworth. Samuel Evans was overlooker at the mill, and there they brought up their family of two sons and two daughters.

Time passed and changes came. Mr. Evans was no longer wanted at the mill, so they removed into Wirksworth itself, and here the devoted couple lived and labored until their death. They had many trials, and suffered much hardship, poverty, and disappointment. Night and day Mrs. Evans was fetched to minister to the sick and dying. She gave up her whole life for others, spending and being

spent. A small chapel was expressly built for her in the town, which was used for some time, but as funds fell short, Mrs. Evans remained with the Wesleyans for the rest of her life in Wirksworth. And now for a few words about Wirksworth. Shut in by mills, at the beginning of the Peak of Derbyshire, lies this ancient, quaint, gray town, with its cruciform church. It has from time immemorial been a great centre of the mining district; the lead mines there were worked by the Romans and again by the Saxons, and were mentioned later on in Domesday Book. Wirksworth had its Barmote Court, and other relics of half-barbarous laws, and obscure observances, and was brimful of old customs. Nowhere was the Christmas season kept up with more scrupulous celebration. There was the Yule supper and posset which every true Wirksworth householder felt bound to have; the guisers, and hand-bell-ringers. The curfew bell was always rung there, and the annual "wakes" celebrated with all due honor.

The inhabitants had a sort of clannish loyalty to and pride in their old town, and were proud of themselves, too, as being Wirksworth men and women born and bred. No noisy railway trains, no bustle of the outer world, disturbed the grey and rather self-sufficient quiet of the isolated and primitive town, and nowhere could the "Old Leisure," whose memoir is given in "Adam Bede," be found in higher perfection than at Wirksworth, at the time when Samuel and Elizabeth Evans went to live there some forty years ago. Here, again, there was a great "revival," for Wirksworth, notwithstanding its distinction in other ways, was, in the eyes of Mr. and Mrs. Evans, sunk in darkness. This was the scene of their last labors, and here it was that the authoress of "Adam Bede," with her father, visited her aunt, Mrs. Evans, and from herself received the heads of many of her prayers and sermons, and heard from her own lips many records and incidents of her beautiful life. It was at Wirksworth that "Dinah" died; and those who were with her at the last could, indeed, testify to sermons preached by her dying lips, as eloquent as those of earlier days at Nottingham and Ashbourne, on Roston Common, or Ellaston Green. Her husband survived her about nine years, and spent his latter days chiefly in visiting the sick and dying. Both he and his wife were buried at Wirksworth. In the Wesleyan chapel there is a tablet with the follow-

ing inscription: "Erected by numerous friends to the memory of Elizabeth Evans, known to the world as 'Dinah Bede,' who during many years proclaimed alike in the open air, the sanctuary, and from house to house, the love of Christ. She died in the Lord, November 9th, 1849, aged 74 years. And of Samuel Evans, her husband, who was also a faithful local preacher and class leader in the Methodist Society. He finished his earthly course December 8th, 1859, aged 81 years."

The writer of this sketch can faintly remember being taken as a little child, by a nurse who was very friendly with the Evans family, to see Mrs. Evans, (Dinah), then quite an old woman, with a calm, sweet face, and wearing the simple Quaker's cap. But of Mr. Evans (Seth) the writer has a much stronger recollection; and in the mind's eye can see now his tall, spare, rather bent figure, dressed always in black, with knee-breeches; his snow-white hair, and most benevolent and gentle face; a truly reverend-looking old man. He was a well-known and most familiar character in Wirksworth, constantly to be seen flitting up and down the little byways and alleys, and in and out of the cottages. His special mission seemed to be that of visiting and praying with the sick and dying. Such, in brief and bare outline, were the lives of some of the people who, in the pages of one of the most remarkable works of this century, have become personal friends of many of us.

A. JOHNSON.

THE DEFENCE OF CANTON.

THE *China Mail* publishes a full account of the present defences of Canton, as well as of the works in progress, the details of which are stated to have been collected on the spot. The Bogue forts, according to this authority, are at present garrisoned by about thirty-eight hundred troops, who show themselves to be more orderly and amenable to discipline than the unruly hordes which the Chinese forces are generally represented to be. In addition to these troops a force said to be sufficient to bring the whole up to twenty thousand were under orders to rendezvous. Fu-Mun is the headquarters of the Chinese admiral. At the forts referred to there are seven twenty-five-ton guns, and a number of smaller smooth bore cast-iron guns, the latter only likely to be of service in repelling a landing-

party. The most formidable batteries are situated on two islands in the river. On the south side of the channel, opposite these islands, is another heavily armed battery commanded by a hill, on the crest of which is a fort, with barracks and accommodation for some two thousand men. After passing the Bogue there are no more defences until Whampoa is reached. Here some well-designed and most formidable earthworks are being hastily thrown up for the protection of a number of ten and twelve-ton Krupp guns. After passing these, on proceeding up the back reach of the river, there are some formidably armed forts of approved modern construction protecting the Macao passage. At the place known as Birds'-nest Fort, the island itself, situated in mid-stream, has been fortified; but at this point the main defences are on the mainland. On the other reach of the river — that usually taken by the river steamers — are strong earthworks, faced with masonry; these are situated near the spot known as Howkwa's Folly, which appellation was bestowed in derision, by tars of the British fleet, on a fort built at the expense of the late celebrated Co-hong merchant Howkwa. Near this point a barrier of stones, only partially removed, still seriously obstructs the navigation of the river. Some short distance further up the river is a long, low island, dividing the river into two reaches, and on the low point of land, at the southern end of this island, is another heavily armed battery. In addition to these preparations there are some hundred or more of torpedoes, of several patterns and designs, which have been lying for some time past in the arsenals of the city, besides a fleet of stone boats, now lying at Whampoa, ready for sinking.

In the adjacent city of Canton (observes the same authority) a most complete and searching census of the population has been taken, and every house made to furnish its military contribution; in every family or house at least one man must exercise himself in the use of arms; and he receives from the district officials a jacket, inscribed with the name of his street and ward of the city. At sundown he dons this piece of military raiment, and, armed generally with a pike, or maybe a rusty musket without ammunition — as much probably for his own safety as that of people in the neighborhood — he sallies forth to do duty as a watchman and assist in preserving order in the street to which he belongs, but in the event of actual hostili-

ties he would probably have to join the regular military forces. Every house in Canton has been subjected to the examination above mentioned, and, in consequence, bears upon its portals the Chinese characters *Kau-nin-cha*, in black letters on yellow paper. In conclusion

the writer expresses his belief that should the French, or any other foreign nation, attack Canton with anything less than a large force, with the requisite transport and commissariat arrangements, it would only be to sustain humiliation and disgrace.

A VIRTUE REWARD OFFICE. — If there are in the Chinese newspapers reports of thefts, murders, and misdemeanors, prisons, fearful executions, and the bastinado, in the Celestial Empire, there is also the Virtue Reward Office, and its reports are frequent in the *Peking Gazette*. What manner of virtue is rewarded we shall glean from a few examples. A petition with a long list of influential names is sent up to the throne, praying that a monument be erected to immortalize the name of the Lady Ho. The Lady Ho had been married, at eighteen, to Lu Shu-yung. When he was seized with his last illness the lady, "although occupied every night in secretly burning incense and offering up tearful prayers, maintained during the day a cheerful countenance, that the parents might not be overcome by dejection. For months she changed not her raiments, but devoted herself sedulously to administering to the wants of her husband; and finally, as a last resource, she cut from her arm a piece of flesh to mix with the medicine." But it was all unavailing; Lu Shu-yung died. Ho fainted several times with grief. "But she had already resolved not to outlive her husband, and after privately writing to her sister-in-law to come and attend upon the two parents, already advanced in years, she swallowed a gold ring, and at the age of thirty-four thus sacrificed her life." And we should certainly add our stone to her cairn but for that little business of the ring, which, though prettily devised, and according to Chinese notions virtuously done, sounds badly to Western ears. Another lady, by name Wu-chang, is to have a memorial arch erected to her for a similar suicidal sacrifice. Her husband having died before one year of marriage, she was dissuaded from killing herself only by the hope of serving his parents, which duty she carried out with truly praiseworthy faithfulness for many years, until after their death she declared she would follow her husband, and refusing all food, died after seven days. A third lady, by name Wang, residing at Choh Chow, not only chopped herself on all occasions in the most frightful manner, but applied burning incense-stick to her arms to provide cures for her relations. Under all these overcharged examples we must not be blind to the true national virtue of the Chinese, their devotion to parents; and the ladies who are faithful to "one love in a life" are worthy of all honor; but it troubles

us benighted Westerners to read of the fair weefooted creatures burning, starving, and cutting themselves, or even swallowing gold rings. The Virtue Reward Office has often better work than this to do; fidelity, filial devotion, the bravery of soldiers who die in battle, the virtue of women who sacrifice life rather than honor — these are things to be rewarded with more than posthumous titles and memorial arches.

Cassell's Family Magazine.

THE FINANCES OF CHINA. — The *North China Herald* gives a very bad account of the present financial condition of China. Ever since July last there has been a heavy expenditure going on upon war material, and the money for this purpose has to a large extent been wrung from the industrial and trading classes. But notwithstanding all the efforts of the officials to collect money, they have found it impossible to gather in enough to cover the extraordinary expenditure. For instance, the viceroy of the province of Kiangtsu, in which Shanghai is situated, and which is the richest in the empire, was, the *Herald* states, unable lately to send his accustomed remittance of from 40,000*l.* to 50,000*l.* to Peking, and had to borrow the money from bankers in Shanghai. "And," adds the *Herald*, "at that very time this viceroy was throwing away money in the construction of absurdities which he was pleased to call floating batteries. Weak as China is in many respects, she is weakest of all in her finances. Many of the high officials do not know where to turn for money. It is notorious that they have for some time been trying to borrow money here in the south and in London. It is now rumored that one of them has secured a loan." It is perhaps only fair to say that the *Herald* is a strong opponent of Chinese action in Tonquin, and that its view of the situation may unwittingly be colored by its sympathies. In any case, however, there should, we think, be no chance whatever of China being able at present to borrow money in Europe, or anywhere else abroad, although at the same time it is right to remember that want of money does not prevent a nation from going to war if it is bent upon fighting.

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A BALLAD OF MEMORIE.

Nae mair, alas ! nae mair I'll see
 Young mornin's gowden hair
 Spread ower the lift — the dawnin' sheen
 O' simmer mornin' fair !
 Nae mair the heathery knowe I'll speel,
 An' see the sunbeams glancin',
 Like fire-flaucht, ower the loch's lane breast,
 Ower whilk the breeze is dancin'.

Nae mair I'll wanner ower the braes,
 Or thro' the birken shaw,
 An, pu' the wild-wud flowers amang
 Thy lanely glens, Roseha' !
 How white the haw, how red the rose,
 How blue the hy'cinth bell,
 Whaur fairy thim'les woo the bees
 In Tenach's brecken dell !

Nae mair when hinnysuckle hings
 His garlands on the trees,
 And hinny breath o' heather bells
 Comes glaffin' on the breeze ;
 Nor whan the burstin' birken buds,
 And sweetly scented brier,
 Gie oot their sweets, nae power they ha'e
 My dowie heart to cheer.

Nae mair I'll hear the cushie-doo,
 Wi' voice o' tender wailin',
 Fout out her plaint, nor laverock's sang,
 Up 'mang the white clouds sailin' ;
 The lappin' waves that kiss the shore
 The music o' the streams,
 The roarin' o' the linn nae mair
 I'll hear but in my dreams.

When a' the house are gane to sleep
 I sit my leefu' lane,
 An' muse till fancy streaks her wing,
 An' I am young again.
 Again I wanner thro' the wuds,
 Again I seem to sing
 Some waefu' auld-warld ballant strain,
 Till a' the echoes ring.

Again the snaw-white howlit's wing
 Out ower my heid is flappin',
 When frae her nest 'mang Calder Craig
 I fley't her wi' my daffin ;
 An' keekin in the mavis' nest,
 O' naked scuddies fu',
 I feed wi' moolins out my pouch
 Ilk gapin' hungry mou'.

Again I wanner ower the lea,
 An' pu' the gowans fine ;
 Again I paidle in the burn,
 But, oh ! it's lang-sin-syne !
 Again your faces blythe I see,
 Your gladsome voices hear —
 Frier's o' my youth — a' gane, a' gane !
 An' I sit blinlins here.

The star o' memory lichts the past ;
 But there's a licht abune,
 To cheer the darkness o' a life
 That maun be endit sune.

An' aft I think the gowden morn,
 The purple gloamin' fa',
 Will shine as bricht, an' fa' as saft,
 Whan I hae gane awa'.

Good Words.

JANET HAMILTON.

A SECRET.

I TOLD my secret to the sweet wild roses,
 Heavy with dew, new-waking in the morn,
 And they had breathed it to a thousand others,
 Before another day was slowly born.
 "Oh, fickle roses !" said I, "you shall perish !"
 So plucked them for my lady sweet to wear,
 In the pure silence of her maiden bosom,
 The curled luxuriance of her chestnut hair.

I told the secret to a bird new building
 Her nest at peace within the spreading tree ;
 And e'er her children had begun to chatter
 She told it o'er and o'er right joyously.
 "Oh, traitor bird !" I whispered, "stay thy
 singing,
 Thou dost not know, there in thy nest above,
 That secrets are not made to tell to others,
 That silence is the birthright of true love !"

I told the secret to my love, my lady,
 She held it closely to her darling breast !
 Then as I clasped her, came a tiny whisper :
 "The birds and flowers told me all the rest,
 Nor shouldst thou chide them that they spake
 the secret —

The whole world is a chord of love divine,
 And birds and flowers but fulfil their mission,
 In telling secrets, sweet as mine and thine !"

All the Year Round.

TO WORDSWORTH.

POET, whose footsteps trod the mystic ways
 That lead through common things to Nature's shrine ;
 Whose heart throbbed rhythmic to the heart
 divine
 That bird, flower, forest, stream, and mountain
 sways ;
 We, whose rapt sense thy lyre's full fervors
 raise
 From lowliest themes to absolute harmonies,
 Mourn that its sturdier strain unechoed dies,
 Quenched by the lute's sweet plaint and languorous lays.
 Oh ! if by Rydal's laurels and the rills
 That rush to Rotha down, in Grasmere Vale,
 Thy pure ghost linger, or on Esthwaite's
 strand ;
 Speed, on the pinions of some healthful gale,
 Balmy with breath from thine own Cumbrian
 hills,
 To sweep the soft Sirocco from the land.

HERBERT B. GARROD.

January 29th.

Spectator.

From The Fortnightly Review.
THE GUIDE OF ISLAM.

WHO and what is the Mahdi? is a question to which no very detailed answer has been given by the English press since the figure of this "Moslem Messiah" became so suddenly prominent in the political arena through his triumph over the ill-fated army of Hicks Pasha; yet, in order justly to estimate the character and extent of the influence which such a personage may exert in the East, it is surely important clearly to understand the origin of the idea which he represents and the nature of its reception by the Moslem world. The accounts which have been given by newspaper correspondents, and which seem to have been gathered somewhat hastily by oral information, have been imperfect and contradictory; but this is not altogether due to the imperfect understanding of the subject by the questioner or to untrustworthy replies from the Moslem informant, for the number of distinct and apparently conflicting traditions which exist, both in Arab literature and in oral tradition, concerning the expected prophet, is sufficiently great to puzzle, at first, even a very diligent student of the subject. It is not until the true meaning and origin of these legends is understood, and their derivation from the ancient Iranian mythology has been traced, that the real harmony of expressions apparently irreconcilable becomes clearly comprehensible.

First, it is remarkable that the Mahdi, or "guide," whose figure has become so important in Moslem lands, and so familiar even in the Christian West, is never mentioned in the Korân at all; and although the references to the last judgment in the Suras are numerous and detailed, the eschatology of Islam, and especially the expectations of a time of trouble and of a future prophet, are much later developments of the faith mentioned by commentators and esoteric students who lived in times when the first force and energy of the great wave of Arab conquest had died out, and the expectation of universal power had been disappointed. It is, on the other hand, a mistake to suppose that the dogmas connected with the coming of

the Mahdi are of Shiah origin, and not accepted by the Sunni sects. The coming again of the twelfth imam, who was an historic personage named El Mohdi, and who died or disappeared in the cave near Baghdad in the ninth century A.D., is indeed an important Shiah belief; but the idea of the imam, a divine incarnation, is distinct from and opposed to the Sunni conception of a predicted "guide" or Mahdi, who is to be a mortal messenger of God, whose coming was foretold, according to the tradition, by Muhammad himself. This distinction it is most important to keep clearly in view. The Shiah of Persia represent a population of some fifteen million; the four great Sunni sects together include a total of one hundred and forty-five million souls; and it is to the immense majority of the true believers, and not to the small minority of the Persian schismatics, that the Soudâni prophet consequently appeals. Impartial writers are accustomed generally to assume, first, that the Moslem creed is a very pure and elevated monotheistic faith; secondly, that the Moslem world contrasts with the West in the profoundly religious character of its society, including every class; thirdly, that a fanaticism resting solely on religious conviction is to be recognized among all Moslems, and forms a very dangerous element of Oriental politics; fourthly, that a religious sympathy exists between the faithful in all lands which may render the triumph of Islam in western Asia a most disastrous circumstance for England in India.

As regards these beliefs I would urge that, after residing for six years in Moslem lands, after studying the religious question with special care among the peasantry, among the upper classes, and among the ruling caste, and after reading the most generally accepted authorities, I have gradually become convinced, first, that there is no Moslem nation in existence among whom the faith exists untinged by traces of earlier and lower forms of superstition, and that even in the Korân itself the survival and sanction of such superstition is plainly discernible in spite of much that is noble and spiritual in thought and language. Secondly, that

Moslem lands present a spectacle from a religious point of view very closely parallel to that which is usual in the Christian West, and that while there is much real piety and morality among the respectable classes, and much cynical disregard of principle among the ruling and worldly ranks, there is among the Moslem peasantry an indifference to religious dogma and a survival of pagan superstition which exceeds the prejudice and the indifference of the lower classes at home as much as the ignorance and brutality of the fellah exceeds the condition of our English peasantry. Thirdly, as regards the fanatical spirit, it is important to recognize that massacre and outrage have never arisen in Moslem lands from the mere prompting of religious belief. The political agitator in all lands has found it possible to stir up and direct for his own purposes the fierce and untutored passions of the ignorant and impatient, but where such incitement has not occurred the Moslem lives at peace with the Christian, and the spirit of fanaticism sleeps or is kept in restraint by the ordinary deterrent considerations which are afforded by law and social order. Fourthly, as regards the unity of Islam, no observer who has dwelt among Moslems, who has been able to witness the behavior of Indian Moslem soldiers to the Egyptian Moslem fellahin, or who has studied the history of Moslem sects, can long remain in ignorance of the fact that the name of Islam covers differences of belief and of interest as wide and deep as those which separate the Armenian from the Roman Catholic, or the Copt from the Nonconformist.

Such views do not arise from cynical disbelief in religious sincerity, but from careful study of the Korân and from much conversation with Moslems of all grades; and experience has led more than one observer to appreciate clearly that Englishmen as a rule over-estimate both the purity and sublimity of the Moslem faith on the one hand, and the civilization and intelligence of the Moslem world on the other. We have to deal with a creed which was formulated by men little advanced beyond the condition of the savage, and with a population utterly deficient

in education and in power of thought. If, then, we endeavor to treat such beliefs and such races as though they stood equally high in the scale of progress with the educated thought and intelligent social condition of the West, we shall commit a mistake hardly less absurd than that which would be at once recognized if a theorist were to propose the introduction of competitive examinations among the Hottentots or the Todas of India.

The mind of the great genius of Arabia was far too fully occupied with the present to allow of his giving an elaborate system of eschatology to his disciples. The end was near, the great day of judgment was at hand, and on this thought he dwells again and again; but the conception of a future time of trouble, when Islam should be oppressed and faith should fail from earth, is not one which could have prevailed in the day of victory, when the energy of the race was raised to its highest pitch by the intoxication of continual victory and the enjoyment of unhopèd-for wealth, voluptuous pleasure, and glorious fame. The expectations to which we must now devote our attention are consequently part of a later development of Islam, when the first flush of conquest had faded, and when doubt had arisen and foreign influences invaded the original conceptions of the victorious faith.

The Mahdi, or "guide," as he is called in common Arabic (more correctly the Muhdi or Mohdi), has been wrongly termed the "Messiah of the Moslems;" for the true Messiah, according to Sunni belief, is "our Lord Jesus," whose coming is also among the signs of the last day. He has also been confused by recent writers with the beast and with Ed Dejâl, the false Messiah; but his true character is that of a prophet like Muhammad, and bearing the same name, while his father's name should be 'Abd Allah, his family of the Koreish tribe, and the place of his appearance Arabia. The tradition is referred back to the authority of 'Abdallah Ibn Mas'ûd, and of 'Ali, the Lion of God, but it is not founded on any explicit statement in the Korân. The Soudâni prophet fails, it is true, in many respects to fulfil the traditional expecta-

tions, but at least one saving clause exists which may be quoted in his favor, in the passage wherein Muhammad declares, "God knoweth best whom he will appoint for his messenger" (Sura vi. 124).

The signs of the last days are divided into two categories, and of these the eight lesser may be said to have been nearly all fulfilled when the year 1300 of the Hejira opened and the Mahdi first appeared. The decay of faith, the promotion of mean men to dignity, the rule of slave women over the faithful, tumults and seditions, a war between Islam and the Turks, great distress throughout the earth, and revolt in Irak and Syria are recognized by students of the Sunna as being either already evident or on the brink of fulfilment. Whether the tenth lesser sign be yet fulfilled, and whether Medina now reaches to Yahab, is a detail which may perhaps be known to some of our Arabian explorers.

The greater signs, among which the coming of the Mahdi is reckoned, are seventeen in all, and it must be confessed that some at least among these seem unlikely to be for the present literally fulfilled. The sun must rise in the west; the beast must emerge from the earth near Mecca; the walls of Stamboul must fall by miracle before an invading foe; the Mesîh ed Dejâl, or "Lying Anointed One," marked KFR on his forehead, one-eyed, and riding from Irak on an ass, must lay waste the earth. The true Messiah (our Lord Jesus) must appear on the minaret at Damascus, must reign in Jerusalem, and defeat Gog and Magog, and slay Ed Dejâl at the gate of Lydda. A massacre of the Jews, an invasion of Syria by the great giants (Gog and Magog), who are to drink dry the Sea of Galilee, a smoke which shall fill the world, a relapse of Arabia into paganism, the discovery of hid treasures in Euphrates, the destruction of the Kaaba by negroes, beasts and stones speaking with human voices, a fire in Yemen, a man of the sons of Kahtan wielding a rod, and an icy wind from Damascus which shall sweep away the souls of all who have faith as a grain of mustard-seed, and blow to heaven the Korân itself; these are the great wonders

which, together with the coming of the Mahdi, will prepare the way for the tremendous *Yôm ed Dîn*, or final day of judgment.

That some of this imagery is borrowed from the Bible, some of it from rabbinical tradition, and some from Christianity, with which, in its heretical forms, Muhammad was well acquainted, it is impossible to doubt. Other details seem to have a Persian derivation, and this is perhaps most evident in the case of "the beast" who is to rise on Mount Safa and seal the living, to distinguish the faithful from the infidels. No doubt in some respects this expectation reminds us of the Apocalypse of St. John, but the huge monster described by the commentators recalls the righteous three-legged ass who stands in the ocean, according to the Bundahish, and which will show its neck and its enormous ears in the last days, when the evil creation is to be destroyed. The beast, according to the Sunna, will for three days show her head above earth, reaching to heaven itself. The head is that of a bull, with hog's eyes, stag's horns, the ears of the elephant, the neck of the ostrich. The body is striped like that of a tiger, the legs are like a camel's, with the tail of a ram, and the terrible voice of the ass. It will bring with it the rod of Moses and the seal of Solomon, and with the former the pious man will be marked *Mûmen* on the forehead, and the infidel will be sealed *Kâfir* with the latter, before the judgment day. The Persian monster is described as "being very righteous," and the beast of Islam will demonstrate the falseness of every other creed, after which it seems that she is once more to sink into the earth, which now rests on her back, after she has assisted the true Messiah in his conflict with the Mesîh ed Dejâl.

Such briefly are the orthodox apocalyptic expectations of the Sunni Moslems, and without dwelling further upon them or endeavoring to trace them to their origin, and to explain the apparent absurdities of their symbolism, we may now pass on to inquire how far they are believed by the Moslem world in general.

We must not forget that, as in our own land, so among the Moslems, there are

many grades of education and many divergencies of belief. The vlemma who receive collegiate training in the dogmas of their religion hold views very different from those of the ignorant peasant who lives in a village without a mosque, who can neither read nor write, and indeed can probably not often repeat the Fathah or first Sûra of the Korân. I have endeavored in several publications to show how little removed from the paganism of the times of ignorance are the prayerless Arab tribes of the Syrian desert, the stone and tree-worshipping fellahîn of Syria, and the Egyptian peasants, who yet adore the old gods of Khemi under names but little altered, and with attributes easily recognized as derived from those of the companion of Osiris. Such superstitions are condemned, it is true, by the imams and softas, who are better acquainted with the teaching of Muhammad, but the survival of local superstitions is far more general in Arab countries than it is in even the most remote corners of Wales, of Scotland, or of Brittany.

The educated student, that is to say the man who can write, can read the Korân, and recite the principal portions, cannot fail to be aware that intolerance and fanatical hate of the unbeliever were never countenanced by Muhammad. He cannot but recall the words of the Korân, which declare that every nation shall be judged by God from its own book. "Who-so believeth in God and in the last day, and doeth that which is right, upon them shall no fear come, neither shall they be put to shame" (Sura v. 73). Such was the Prophet's judgment with regard to Jews, Christians, and Sabians — those, in fact, to whose sacred literature his own beliefs were so deeply indebted.

Yet in spite of the tolerance of the Korân, and the practice of the early khalîfs, it cannot be denied that fanatical feeling is strongest among the educated Moslem classes, although it may perhaps be doubted how far race hatred, and the sense of injury due to foreign oppression, may really account for a sullenness which is generally attributed to a religious hate.

As regards apocalyptic expectations, even among the educated in Islam there is a divergence of opinion perhaps equal to that which is found among ourselves; and among the lower classes the knowledge of the Sunna is far too imperfect and vague to allow of their being considered very deeply impressed with such convictions. The peasantry are as a rule

indifferent to religious doctrine, and far more impressed with the mysterious power of the local saint, at whose shrine they worship with sacrifices and dances, votive offerings of lamps, and fruit, and blossoms, than concerned with the tremendous imagery of the Suras and the traditional literature of the faith. In Syria I have heard the peasantry say openly that they had no hope of deliverance by any Mahdi, and if they are stirred by the news which comes from the Soûdan, it is rather because they are interested in an Arab revolt from Turkish tyranny than by reason of any very deep religious convictions as to the fulfilment of the prophecies of the Korân. The orthodox belief in a time of trouble which must precede the triumph of the Mahdi also offers a very convenient excuse for apathy even among the most pious. The appointed time will arrive, and the predestined fate of every soul will be accomplished, say these spiritless fatalists, without any action being necessary on the part of the faithful; and thus while they would flock to the standard of a victorious prophet when he approached sufficiently near, they are content to sit with folded hands so long as the power of the Christian West is evidently in the ascendant.

The danger of the Mahdi's triumph is thus political rather than purely religious, and it is the desperation which arises from the oppression of Arab races by the Turks that we have to fear rather than the fanatical zeal of united Islam. Arabia has long meditated revolt, Syria has long groaned under the rule of fierce Kurdish administrators, and in the army of the Mahdi they perceive a possible nucleus of resistance, by aid of which they may hope to shake off the hated yoke of Turkish authority.

If we may trust the latest news from Syria, it is not merely with the Mahdi that we may have to deal. Secret societies, acting in sympathy with the old party of 'Arâbi, directed, there is only too much reason to fear, by restless spirits who are not Arabs but Europeans (nay, we may even say Englishmen), are plotting in Damascus and elsewhere the ruin of Turkey and the establishment of an Arab khalifate.

It is in the ferment which may thus be created throughout the Levant that the real danger lies, and not in any deep hatred of Englishmen as Christians or of Western civilization as opposed to Islam. It is against an outbreak of the mob on the established system of society, and

against the only existing elements of law and order, that the politician has to guard in treating Oriental questions, no less than in guiding the course of Western government. The Mahdi in the Soudan has personally shown himself tolerant towards Christian missionaries and captives, however brutal his wild Berbers may be in the hour of victory. As far as we are able yet to judge we may have to deal not with a blind fanatic, but with an able and calculating leader, whose warlike capabilities may be equalled by his political foresight. At present we know little, but when he has advanced nearer to civilization his success will mainly depend on the strength and wisdom of his personal character. That he is the ally, if not the nominee, of the slave-traders there is every reason to believe; that he is favorably regarded by the Meccan religious leaders (who have a special interest in slave-trading) seems to be indicated by the reported refusal of the sheriff to denounce the Soudâni as an impostor. It is not impossible that he may yet make his way to the holy city, and set Arabia and Syria in flames before trying his strength against the Assouan fortifications. True, he is not an Arab by birth, and he is of a black hue, which might be thought unacceptable by the Semitic Moslems; but such traditional considerations have very little weight in comparison with the prestige of his victory over an English general; and not only the favorite heroes of Arab legends (Antar, and Zir, and Jandabâh), but even Moses himself, according to Moslem tradition, was as black as the Berber Mahdi.

It should also not be forgotten that the traditions relating to the Mahdi represent him sometimes as arising in some remote country and not in Arabia, but that in this case he is expected to march on Mecca, when the blood of Moslems will be shed like water in the streets of the holy city. There is thus a spiritual as well as a practical reason why the Soudâni prophet should attempt to reach Arabia, and the defence of Suakim becomes consequently of primary importance.

In General Gordon we possess a representative who understands the nature of the movement as here indicated, and who knows the Arab and the negro alike. Gordon's success will be England's success; Gordon's failure (but General Gordon does not fail) would be a most serious blow to the prestige of England. All political parties are thus in agreement on this point, that, through thick and thin,

General Gordon must be supported by England.

There remains, however, a class of Moslems for which no parallel can be found in the West, namely that of the derwîsh orders, to one of which the Mahdi belongs. While 'Arâbi Pasha was lying entrenched at Tell-el-Kebir, the desert slopes around his camp were thronged with these holy men, and their prophecies decided on more than one occasion the movements of the Egyptian troops. The English army at Kassassin unwittingly owed its water-supply to the religious scruples of a respected derwîsh from Upper Egypt, and Korân-readers were found among the prisoners who fell into our hands after the first engagements. The power of the great derwîsh societies, and the widely spreading ramifications of their organization, render them of the greatest importance on an occasion when, as in the present case, their members are instructed by an energetic and able chief. The agents who have spread the news of the Mahdi's success in Africa, in Arabia, and even as far as Euphrates, appear to be members of the derwîsh orders, and the victories of the Mahdi seem in part at least to have been due to the blind devotion of his derwîsh ghâzîs.

The derwîsh orders are secret societies, with rules of initiation, oaths of obedience, mystic ceremonials and symbols, and all the paraphernalia of organizations which demand unhesitating obedience to the commands of an autocratic chief believed to act by divine inspiration. There are good reasons for supposing (though there is no time now to enter deeply into the question) that the higher grades of initiation gradually lead up to a scepticism such as is known to have distinguished the old Ismâîleh sect in the early days of Islam, but the danger which arises from the action of the derwîsh orders is all the more serious because the leaders of the societies are influenced by worldly considerations rather than by fanaticism, while they can count with certainty on the devotion of the numerous members of the lower grades whose zeal requires no stimulus beyond a simple order from the sheikh. The Mahdi is said to belong to the Kadriyeh order, which is highly venerated in Egypt, and which preserves many curious pagan superstitions, including the worship of the gigantic shoe of their founder. They are distinguished by white banners, and are said to carry fishing-nets in procession; and with the Mâlâwîyeh and Ahmedîyeh they are among

the most powerful of the derwish orders in Egypt and in Syria as well.

Such are the forces arrayed in Africa and Arabia against the *de facto* khalif and against the Western world. It is not easy to calculate the strength of the movement or the limits of its activity, but in many respects the condition of the East is not unlike that which existed when Muhammad's victories became possible, and not unlike that of southern Italy when Garibaldi dared to strike the blow which shattered the Neapolitan kingdom. Were England and France to hold their hand, and content themselves with action limited strictly to the extent of their own interests, it is clearly within the range of probability that Turkey might soon find itself engaged in a desperate struggle with its Arab subjects, and the sultan involved in a rebellion directed against his strongest claim to the khalifate, which consists in the *de facto* argument that he has possession of the two sanctuaries of Mecca and Jerusalem.

The sultan's claims are no doubt in other respects very weak. He is not of the Koreish tribe, and not even of Arab race; but the office of the khalif or "successor" is founded on the old patriarchal system of Arab government, which seeks not a hereditary successor so much as a strong man, and which recognizes the power of the sword, the guardianship of the two Harams, and the possession of the holy relics (the Prophet's cloak and the sword of Omar) as real claims in the pretension of the sultan to the sacred office of prince of the faithful — claims equally strong with the somewhat doubtful nomination of Sultan Selim by the last of the Abbaside family. It is remarkable that the Mahdi's denunciations seem to be directed against the sultan and the Turks rather than against the English or the French, and it must not be forgotten that war with the Turks and the invasion of Mecca by a negro army are among the greater signs of the end which have already been enumerated. It is for this reason that it becomes as vitally important to the sultan as to the khedive himself that Suakim and other harbors on the western shores of the Red Sea should be most carefully guarded, to prevent the possibility of a sudden transfer of the centre of disturbance from the Soudan to the Hefâz.

The question of the effect which the Mahdi's victories may have on the minds of Indian Moslems is one which is considered of importance scarcely inferior to

that of the line of conduct which it may compel us to pursue in Egypt; yet it is little more than a year since we were able to trust our Indian Moslem regiments to fight in our behalf against their co-religionists in Egypt in a war which had been publicly proclaimed as a Jehâd against the infidel. It may perhaps be seen from what has been said above that the supposed religious sympathy of Moslems in different parts of the world, belonging to different races and various sects, and having conflicting interests and very different beliefs, is a sentiment of which the weakness has been proved by the failure of the sultan's pan-Islamic schemes. The Indian Moslems are of the Shafi or broad school, while the Turks are Hanifeh and the Egyptian peasantry Maleki; and not only does this sufficiently broad distinction exist, but the best authorities (as quoted by Barth and by Herklotz) agree that the Moslem faith in India is deeply tinged with Brahminical and Buddhist ideas, which render it distinct as a system from the Islam of the Levant. It has, in fact, more in common with the Shiah tradition than with any Sunni form of orthodoxy, and the irremediable schism between Persia and the Sunni sects is too well known to need more than a passing allusion. The Mahdi will not influence the Persian Moslems, and it is extremely doubtful whether his pretensions will excite any dangerous emotion among our Indian Moslems so long as he is known to be powerless against the strength of England in Egypt. The Indian Moslems, in short, like those of the Levant, are more keenly impressed with veneration for local deities (for such strangely composite figures, for instance, as Buddi ed Dîn) than with the apocalyptic expectations of the Korân literature. Their eyes are turned homewards rather than to the cradle of their faith, and although so large a proportion of the Mecca pilgrims are Indian, the Eastern Moslem is debarred by difference of language, of custom, and of race from any very intimate association with the pilgrims who come from Arab-speaking lands. The fellah in Egypt and the Moslem sowar in our Indian army meet as strangers, with sentiments respectively of fear and of contempt, and so do the various races who all profess Islam meet together at Mecca.

It must, however, be confessed that we are confronted by a dilemma due to the victories of the Mahdi in the Soudan which may prove more serious than even that of 1882. It is recognized by many

writers that 'Arâbi carried with him the sympathy of the whole native population of Egypt, yet the triumph of 'Arâbi could not be calmly contemplated by any sober statesman. The elements of stability cannot be expected to be found in the government of Arab lands by a race which has so long been subject to foreign rule as to have lost the very tradition of power, and which fails to produce men of sufficient education and ability for the successful conduct of government. Thus, though the sentiment common among Englishmen in favor of native self-government and against foreign domination may incline us to view with favor the revolt of the Arab race against Turkish corruption and oppression, it must unfortunately be allowed by all who have studied the question on the spot that the elements of stability and order are to be found at present only on the other side, and that the attempt at self-emancipation must entail heavy responsibility on both England and France, if not on other nations.

If we are prepared to substitute for the foreign power of Turkey our own power as protectors, then no doubt we may witness with equanimity the revolt of the Arab and African races from the tyranny of Turkish misrule. We cannot, however, hope that the destruction of the power of the Porte will lead to the establishment of a purer, stronger, and more civilized *régime*, if the material of the governing class is to be sought solely among the barbarous native Moslem classes of Arab birth. Anarchy and bloodshed will be the inevitable fate of the Levantine countries when the present system is overthrown, unless protected States, or governments framed on the principles of that which has made the Lebanon prosperous and free, are substituted by the influence of the European powers immediately interested in the matter.

Prophets have arisen in every country since Islam was first promulgated, and have failed generally to produce any lasting impression; but prophets came and failed before Muhammad succeeded, and if the strong man of genius be again come to Islam, it will require something stronger than the forces at the command of General Gordon and Baker Pasha to stop the course of his triumphant advance. In the derwish organization the Mahdi possesses a power which is of the highest value in spreading a knowledge of his success, and in the slave-trading interest

he has a strength which will win him support along the whole line whereby the African captives are led through Mecca and the Hejâz to the north. It is not then fanaticism and religious pretensions that we have most to fear in the Mahdi, but the very human element of his influence over the wild populations of Africa, Arabia, and Syria. C. R. CONDER.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
THE BABY'S GRANDMOTHER.

CHAPTER XIX.

(continued.)

THE night was clear when the party sallied forth. "Mild as milk," announced the paternal voice from the front door; and in consequence the speaker did not see fit to do more than bolster himself up in his thick overcoat, and wind his woollen comforter twice round his neck.

"No, no," cried he, as his wife put her hand within Challoner's arm; "no, no — none of that, Poll. 'Fair play's a jewel,' and you and I have had our turn; we must let the young folks have theirs now. Zounds, man, Jem! you didn't think to take the missus, did you? That would have been a pretty sight. No, no; she must put up with the old man, and you go with your own girl there. Lead the way, lassies; come along — come along."

Now what made Mary Tufnell's lover stumble upon another "Come along — come along," in the whirlpool of his recollections at that ill-favored moment? He was trying to keep Overton out of his head, — to banish Overton, drown Overton, bury Overton a thousand leagues deep out of mind and out of memory, — and it seemed as if every single thing that was done and word that was spoken from minute to minute, only served to bring into stronger and more cruel light visions that cut him to the heart. Now, as with his betrothed bride under his charge, he followed the rest of the party up the street, and Mary babbled of this thing and that, well pleased with herself and her escort, enjoying the whole to the top of her bent, and demanding attention and response every minute, one might have thought that here at least was no opportunity for torturing remembrance; and yet as Challoner spoke and listened and obeyed orders and kept up appearances — and he was sufficiently aroused and on the alert to do all this so as to excite no re-

mark from a not over-exacting person — yet even as he did it all, he was living in another scene.

That day week he had stood with Matilda beside the moonlit waves. He felt again the cold salt air upon his cheek, beheld again the foaming ocean and the outline of a face between it and him, — a face that was so near he durst not watch too closely — a face that turned at times its mute sympathetic appeal to his, — lips that were parted to emit soft sighs of wonder and delight, — eyes that shone, reflecting in their own depths the beauty they were gazing upon; and had there not been a bold presumptuous whisper ere he and she had turned to leave the spot, and a silence that gave its own assent? Had there not been —

"Jem, Jem, what *are* you thinking about? Do take more care. You stepped straight into the very worst of the puddle."

The hall reached, everything seemed to promise a great success: the gas flared out lustily, the flags made a gallant show upon the wall, the holly-strings looked as like arches as holly-strings could do; and Herbert met them at the door with the news that scarcely a ticket remained to be disposed of.

"That's the thing, my boy," replied his future father-in-law, slapping him cordially on the shoulder; "that's the thing to stick to. Sell the tickets and never mind the rest. Let the folks come or not; let 'em stay away if they've a mind to; let 'em drop off their chairs if they can't keep awake, — but make 'em pay for their tickets. Once they've paid for their tickets, they may behave themselves as they choose afterwards."

Our party were then ushered to their seats — front seats, but not the front seats of all, because a duke and a duchess were coming "and Lord knows who besides," confided Mr. Tufnell to the uninitiated Challoner; and accordingly, close behind the vacant row of first chairs filed in the next most important people, showing perhaps a little too plainly by their demeanor that in this light they considered themselves.

Emily had of course the post of honor, and the happy Herbert was only too proud to explain to her, leaning over the back of the chairs in front to do so, all his fears, hopes, and surmises. She was not to have him all to herself, however: he had to attend to Mrs. Tufnell's beckoning fan, to assure her that the draught which had found out her rheumatic shoulder would disappear once the room was full and the

doors closed, and beg to be allowed to draw up her fur cloak until that desirable end was accomplished; while even Mary liked to have a word with the young lecturer, who was *the* person for the time, and who did not take it amiss when she declared that the best flower-pots were all on Emily's side.

They were early and had some time to wait, but that did not distress anybody. They had come to be early, to fill the room, to form a basis, as it were, upon which the superstructure was to be built, and their good-humor and obligingness never flagged, needing only Herbert's assurances from time to time that all was going on well, and that he would begin directly the first row of seats should be filled. He was in the act of saying this for the third time, when he had to hop smartly out of the way, to make room for the very people expected; and great was Challoner's relief when these proved to consist only of a couple of elderly dames, a sulky-looking schoolboy whose very collar showed that it had been put on unwillingly, and a demure little girl, more taken up with her curls and her mittens than with any hope of pleasure to be derived from the so-called entertainment; but neither duke nor duchess was there, and it was intimated that they would not be there.

They, at least, would not witness Jem Challoner's position and company, and he was spared the having to be recognized by them and speaking to them, which he had dreaded in spite of himself, and to which every other member of his party had secretly looked forward. Even the head of the family himself — even honest, independent William Tufnell — was not so entirely satisfied as he should have been, on finding that the chairs though vacant had been duly paid for; he had not exactly meant *those* chairs, when he had professed indifference as to their occupation or not, — and though he would not have owned for the world to disappointment, he had undoubtedly lost one of the moments in life for which he was about to pay down his thirty thousand pounds. It was hardly playing him fair, and so he felt it.

The lecture, however, went off famously. Those who wearied did not yawn aloud, those who slept did not snore, and those who did not understand believed they did. The majority kept an eye of encouragement on Mr. Mildmay, who was, as we have said, a general favorite; the rest ticked off their neighbors, and took pat-

terns of head-dresses, ruffles, and the like. So that nobody was openly in a fidget; and when the whole thing was over, and the pamphlet closed, and there was no more fear of another heart-rending "I will only detain you a *very* few minutes longer," or "I hope I do not weary you, but the subject is so very interesting," when the end had actually come — was not only coming, but had come, — when the lecturer, with bows of acknowledgment stepped down from his desk, and the applause was hearty, and portly, radiant Mrs. Tufnell burst her glove in clapping, and the banker thundered on the floor with his big umbrella, brought on purpose, how charming it all was — for every one but *Jem Challoner*!

"Such a delightful lecture, Mrs. Tufnell!"

"Emily, dear, I do congratulate you."

"Nothing could have gone off better."

"What a full house! Have you looked round?"

"So lucky in the night."

"I am sure, with such numbers here, we shall never get a cab; we shall have to walk home."

"How many do you think we came? Three cabs full."

It seemed as if the whole room now pressed round and encircled the Tufnells, to whom this was due; as if from every quarter they were the centre of attraction, and people whom *Challoner* in his ignorance had been looking upon as — well, as very good townsfolk, he had now to be presented to as old friends, and great friends, and neighbors, and near neighbors, — it was, "*Mary*," "*Emily*," "*Bertha*," from every one; it was "*dear*," and "*darling*," and "*love*," taps of the fan, pullings of the sleeve, whisperings in the ear, even kissings on the cheek all round, and round, and round. It was terrible; his ears tingled, his jaw fell.

In that quarter of an hour he learned a good deal. When he had before stayed with the Tufnells he had been in mourning, and had made the most of his mourning in order to ensure an immunity from morning calls and solemn dinner-parties. He had guessed what these might be, though his present experience went far beyond what imagination had pictured. Nobody had taken offence. "For, indeed it just shows what a kind heart he has," cried the excellent mother. "To be sure there are few young men in these days that would take on so about an aunt, and an aunt, too, that left him a little bit of money; but that's *Jem Challoner* all the world

over. I do say to papa I never came across any young man that cared less about money. Papa does not think so much of it. When I told him that we were not to have our friends while *Jem* was with us, — that was when he and *Mary* were first engaged, you know, — what do you think he said? He just up and says, 'That's one of his aristocratic fads,' says he. Not that he thought any the worse of *Jem* for it. Papa is an aristocrat at heart."

So it was only now that the full fruition of what he had done dawned on the ill-fated *Challoner* — only now, now when he could least bear it, now when he could most appreciate it. Fresh from *Overton*, with all its exquisite simplicity and unconscious harmony, he had, without even the interval of a few weeks, or a few days, to encounter his cup of fate with all its dread ingredients.

He was very miserable; he had never been so miserable in his life.

And then, just as he was standing up, bowing and smiling, — forced by the awful exigency of the moment to bow and smile, — while standing there, a spectacle to gods and men, with a drawn grin upon his withered countenance, and an angry light in his soft eye, he caught sight in the very midst of the motley assemblage, of a face he knew.

CHAPTER XX.

THE STRUGGLE.

"Shall I to Honor, or to Love give way?"

For, as bright day, with black approach of night,
Contending makes a doubtful puzzling light,
So does my Honor and my Love together
Puzzle me so, I can decide on neither."

SPENSER.

THE face belonged to Miss *Juliet Appleby*, the *Juliet* whom at *Overton Challoner* had found a bore, a would-be flirt, and an incorrigible giggler, but who now in the elegance of her wrap, and the propriety of her demeanor, looked provokingly refined and superior. Apparently Miss *Appleby* knew how to behave in public, whatever license she might give herself in private; and *Challoner*, watching in order to avoid her, could not help having yet another drop added to the bitterness of his reflections, in noting that even this little miss, this absurd *Juliet* who had been totally put out of sight, distanced, eclipsed, and set at naught when *Matilda* had been on the scene, now found a foil for herself in the women of his own party.

Oddly enough this was the first thing

to occur to him, but it was soon swallowed up in another and more appalling second thought. Juliet here, on his track, likely, was sure to meet him and speak to him any day and any moment — for the first introduction at Overton had been followed by others, and there was now quite an easy acquaintanceship between the two, — what should he do or say, should he be attacked, questioned, and called upon to give an account of himself? Moreover, not only was such an interview to be anticipated, but once seen, she would hear from others, must hear from some one, what had brought him to this place, and hearing meant telling again. The very thought of that telling again sent a shiver through his veins, since whatever the future might have in store for him it could have nothing worse than that Matilda should know all, and know it through another.

His only hope lay in being unseen, and in the possibility of Miss Appleby's hosts — for of course she was on a visit somewhere about, — of their living so far in the country as to be ignorant of town gossip. The Tufnells undoubtedly reigned supreme in Clinkton; there they were the great among the small, the lions among the asses, the best, the very best of their set. But Clinkton confined itself pretty much to Clinkton; the Jews had no dealings with the Samaritans, as of old; and even though the friends of Miss Appleby might be known to Challoner himself, they might not have any acquaintance with the banker's family, and might not refer to the engagement, having no reason for supposing it could interest their guest.

Certainly Juliet had never heard him speak of Clinkton. Certainly, unless she actually saw him there with her own eyes, she had no clue by which she could connect him with the place. Lady Fairleigh was away, the whole Challoner family were away; he might escape, he might even yet escape, — but should she see him, all was over.

His eye never left the slim figure which in its spare sharpness of youthful outline had moved an inward smile and comparison at Overton, until he saw it pass through the curtained doorway; and grateful now for the press of human beings which had been so distasteful before, he welcomed every detaining introduction, and made the most of every stoppage.

The consequence was all that could be desired; when at length he emerged from the lecture-room, the coast was clear. It

was best, Mrs. Tufnell said, to let the carriage people get away first, and she hoped Mr. Jem had not minded their remaining a little behind the great crush, but they had so many friends — he must see how many friends they had — and everybody wanted to have a word, and it would have been uncivil to hurry off, — but now she was ready, quite ready; and then followed farewells and nods, and shawling and muffling, followed by the brisk walk home, and the promised supper. And a goodly supper it was, in honor of the occasion, — and every one was joyous and mirthful, and Herbert changed the plates and drew the corks as deftly as he had ever traversed the vales of Palestine; and it was well on towards twelve o'clock ere the ladies retired, and those who were not staying in the house took their leave.

"You and I will have a cigar by ourselves, Jem," said Mr. Tufnell then. "Help yourself, and pass the bottle. Heigho! I am tired. So are you, I can see. Well, we shall be good company for one another. I am sick of jabbering."

And in the quiet hour that followed, the best part of the old man's heart and mind stole gently into view.

He had bidden his daughters good-night with a hearty "God bless ye, lassies," and had straitly charged them to sit up no longer, and not to oversleep themselves in the morning as the result of turning the house upside down at that hour of the night; and when they had gone, and the last rustle of their departing steps had died away, the smile left his ruddy cheek also, and a thoughtful gravity took its place, and out of the depths of his soul, out of the fulness of an honest, upright, overflowing heart, he intrusted to his solitary auditor secret thoughts and feelings that were to Challoner's excited imagination almost holy as compared with his own.

He had never felt himself so vile. He got away at last; got away to his own room, turned out the light, threw up the window, and blessed the midnight airs upon his aching brow. At last he was alone — free for a brief interval from that dreadful kindness, that intolerable unsuspiciousness; no longer obliged to force the cold caress and the hypocritical smile, and wonder how long such coldness and hypocrisy could escape observation.

He had seen the grey-haired parent's eye moisten, and heard his voice falter, and he might have to see and hear the

same again, — but for the moment he had escaped.

He leaned out of the window; his great frame relaxed heavily, and his face worked as it would.

The following morning saw the result of the inward struggle.

"Why — what — what now?" cried Mr. Tufnell, with his breath well-nigh driven out of his lips by astonishment. "Why, what is the meaning of this, James Challoner? You want to marry Mary off-hand? You, that I thought was content to wait a hundred years, if so be as we thought right! What — what — what? Bless me! I don't understand this sort of thing, that's what I don't. Marry Mary off-hand! Marry her straight away! But how the devil is a girl to be married straight away that has never heard a word about it till this very moment? And just before Christmas too! I never heard of such a thing. 'Pon my word, I never did. Why, we never have anything at Christmas, saving it's a hop for the youngsters, or a dinner or two for the old cronies. Christmas? Nobody gets married at Christmas. Christmas is not the time for private concerns like marrying, in my opinion. It's — it's almost profanity, that's what it is, to think of such a thing. We keep Christmas with our friends, with our neighbors, with all England, with all Christendom, with the world" — his voice rising higher and higher — "ay, and perhaps beyond it, Jem, my lad," dropping down again. "Yes," after a moment's pause, — "yes, Christmas is a great public, a — great — public festival," pleased with the phrase; "and you and Mary — for I take it she has had a hand in this —" inquiringly.

"Indeed, no. I have not spoken to Mary about it."

"And that's right; and don't you speak to her — no good will come of speaking to her. Why, man, I am not angry with you; it's natural enough, natural enough — but it don't suit my ideas. Now you see, you and I get on first-rate; you have never crossed me, and I have never crossed you — and I don't want," with emphasis, "I don't want to be obliged to cross you. I'll give in a little, d'ye see?" relenting as the young man remained silent, and it was to be presumed something daunted if not convinced. "I'll give in a bit. I'll meet you half-way, so to speak. Let me see, this is December, mid-December; well, we'll say February, if you like; the end of February. Eh? Will that do? Come,

I had not meant it to be before Easter. I thought Easter would have done very well; but as it seems no, why, there is nothing for it but to give in with a good grace. We'll jostle up the parsons, and tell 'em, Lent or no Lent, we must have their services by the end of February."

"Would —" said Challoner, and got no further; but his hesitating face and tone betrayed dissatisfaction. Having nerved himself for the sacrifice, he felt he scarcely knew what — probably afraid to trust his own resolution for a second effort.

"What! you ain't content yet?" exclaimed Mr. Tufnell, half amused and half indignant. "Well, I'll be jiggered! I never thought any one would ha' got as much out of me as you have got — you, Jem Challoner — and still you look as sour as corked claret. What the deuce — I'm not a swearing man, but I will say it — what the deuce is the meaning of this?"

"The meaning?" said Challoner slowly. He felt he was cutting but a sorry figure, and could only wonder how he had been fool enough not to expect and prepare for opposition before. But the truth was, that so occupied had he been with his own aspect of the affair, that no sooner was his resolution made up, for better for worse, to fulfil his engagement, and to think no more of beautiful Matilda Wilmot, than he had, in his own mind, almost gone through the ceremony, taken on himself the vows, and looked on the whole thing as complete, before ever he had opened the subject. He had never had any clear idea as to why the marriage had not taken place earlier; he knew he had not cared about it sufficiently to press the point; he had been disappointed in Miss Tufnell, and had been depressed in spirit on his introduction to her home and its surroundings; but he had fancied this uneasiness would wear off in time — that he and Mary would jog along comfortably enough, as many another couple did, — and had accordingly been entirely in the Tufnells' hands. If they had been eager for the union to take place, well and good; as they had not been eager, well and good also. But he had certainly deemed that only a slight pressure on his part was needed to bring it about as soon as he chose. He was now confused and disconcerted: a lover's flame he could scarcely pretend to, and no other plea offered.

"Well, I don't know what you are up to — hang me if I do!" ejaculated Tufnell, after a pause, in which he had scanned

his companion narrowly. "The ways of men are as queer as the ways of women sometimes. You are not taking offence, are you?" he broke off sharply. "Of course, if I am giving offence"—and the old gentleman drew himself up, and the color gathered on his cheek.

"Not at *all*!" said Challoner earnestly. And yet, oh what it would have been to have seized that momentary gleam, fanned it, poured oil upon the fire, and broken at once and for altogether with the Tufnell family in violence and wrath! Pah! He hated himself for the fiend's suggestion. It had been easy enough—comparatively easy at least—when two hundred miles lay between him and his betrothed, to think of his engagement as a cruel fetter which had been laid upon him almost by a trick, and almost against his will,—and he had felt less and less bound by it as Matilda grew more and more dear: even at the outset the struggle had not been maintained beyond a certain point, and he had given way, a long, long way afterwards; but he had never, even whilst enduring trouble and dismay himself, realized, until he re-entered the homely circle the day before, all that a suspicion of his faithlessness would bring upon them, these people, so good and kind and true,—it had come upon him like a revelation in the dark watches of the night before. He could not, no, he could not, be more base than he had already been; and he set his teeth, and crushed down the hope that sprang up within, and reared its wicked head to look him in the face, when he marked the blush of anger on the father's cheek.

"Not at *all*!" he said, in accents that carried immediate conviction.

Mr. Tufnell was mollified instantly. "Well, well, well!" he cried; "I did not think it—not for a moment: but young men are so peppery, one never knows—"

"I am not a young man, sir," said Jem Challoner quietly.

"Not a young man? What are you, then? A Methuselah, I suppose? Come, come, you are out of sorts to-day. That business last night, that supper and nonsense, did not suit you. No more it did me. I like my meals regular; and nothing is worse than eating at odd times—snacks here and snacks there; and a supper at ten o'clock at night plays the very fury with a man's digestion. Did you have the lobster?" suddenly. "That's it! That's done it! Depend upon it, lobster will find you out, and make you pay damages. I would as soon eat the

leather off my boot as touch a claw of a lobster at bedtime. And now I must really be off: I—let me see—where are those papers? Is it settled for February, then? Are you going to be a reasonable man?"

"I—I ought to be ashamed to—but—but—" stammered Challoner, with inward resolution to have it out whatever might be the result. "You are very good, exceedingly good; but—but—"

"But, but," good-humoredly mimicked the banker. "Ay, that's it; there is always a 'but, but.' Well, here comes the old lady; we'll ask her what she has to say to it. Come, old lady, and tackle this refractory gentleman; he is too much for me; I haven't a chance with him. What do you think he wants now?—and that the very day after he arrives! And I that thought him a very model of patience and everything! Now he cries out that he must marry Mary off-hand! Ay, I thought I would make you jump. And so I am just telling him it can't be done."

"Why can't it be done?" said Challoner, turning to her. "There is no real reason, I presume, why there should be any delay. I am not taking your daughter far away; London is far away from no place. And as for preparations—"

"That's it; that's the thing, of course—the preparations. Why, my dear Mr. Jem,—but, to be sure, I don't know how soon you mean," said she. "If you mean in six weeks, or maybe a month—"

"Aha! But he don't mean that; that would not suit his books at all. He means three weeks, or a fortnight; I believe it would have been one week, or to-morrow, with a word of encouragement. Now? What do you tell me now?" cried the husband, delighted to inflict his own previous discomfiture on his partner. "I believe he sees no earthly reason why he and Mary should not be spliced before noon to-morrow morning. It's too late to-day, luckily. Ha! ha! ha! And then he says Mary has not put him up to it on the sly," poking with his finger to point the jeer. "Tell that to the marines, young sir. She may not have *said* anything,—there is no need for *saying* sometimes; there are ways and means without *saying*. You and she understand each other, I'll be bound."

"Ask her," said Challoner quickly. His ear had caught a voice outside the door, and he opened it from within just as his betrothed was about to do the same from without. "Ask her. She does not even know my wishes; and I," he added,

with his eyes on the ground — "I do not even know if she shares them."

"Wishes! What about?" inquired Mary briskly. "What is going on here? La, Jem, what a face! I declare you look as if you were going to a funeral. What is the matter, you people?"

"A funeral, indeed!" cried her father, with a laugh. "'Tis not a funeral, but a wedding that's in the case, my girl. However, if a man is permitted to look glum when he is going to a funeral, he may, I suppose, give a scowl or so when he is *not* going to a wedding. *That* is what is the matter, miss. What have you to say to that?"

"Oh, indeed! A wedding? What wedding, papa?"

"It could not be his own, my dear, could it?"

"Indeed he does not look like it, papa."

"Indeed I was saying so, Mary."

"Come, come, you two; come, stop your nonsense, and give Jem his answer," put in Mrs. Tufnell good-humoredly. "'Tis but papa's way, Jem, you know — he must always have his joke; but 'Enough's as good as a feast,' say I, and it is not fair to take a joke on too far. Tell Mary what Jem says, and then she will understand. And, papa, don't you bias her, but just let her speak for herself."

"But, mind, I don't promise to go by what she says, whether she speaks for herself or not," rejoined the father sturdily. "Howsomever, Mary — well, the fact is — I suppose you want to marry Mr. Challoner here?"

"Papa! what a question!" and Miss Tufnell looked roguishly at her lover.

"Well — 'papa,' indeed! I said I supposed you did. Now the thing is, will you have him now, or wait till you get him?"

He was irrepressible. He was in reality by no means displeased by what had occurred, as must have been already obvious; he was more, he was flattered and gratified beyond what he would have allowed to any one; only he meant to have his own way, and to have it with a blast of trumpets which should proclaim to all his victory.

He now exploded into a hearty laugh at his own wit, and Mrs. Tufnell had again to tap and admonish. "Fie, fie! Now, papa, you really are too bad. I always do say that when papa gets into this joky humor, he really is too bad," apologetically to the silent, stern man at the other end of the table. "Papa is a regular

tease; and now poor Mary does not know what to think. I see I must take it in hand myself. It is whether you would like to have the wedding soon or by-and-by, Mary, my dear?"

"Soon? How soon, mamma?"

"Why, by the middle or end of next month — in about five weeks — or — or —" said Mrs. Tufnell, stealing a suggestive glance across the table.

"In a fortnight, or less," replied Challoner, in a harsh, resonant voice.

They all looked at him as he spoke. His tone was not like a bridegroom's.

"A fortnight! Good gracious!" ejaculated Miss Tufnell, throwing up her hands. "My *dear* Jem! Mamma, do *you* tell him. Papa, you know you said it could not be," appealing to each in turn. "Why, I haven't ordered a *thing* yet — not a single thing. And now — oh, you don't know — but now it could never be, it could not possibly be, not for ever so long. I have heard such news; I was rushing in full cry to tell you all — I nearly ran all the way home, for I said I would be the first to get it out," the panting girl exclaimed, almost choking in her eagerness, as the rapture and excitement which had been momentarily suspended on her entrance by the introduction of another topic, now returned in full tide. (She did not see Jem raise his eyes, look at her, and drop them again, while the lines about his mouth seemed to deepen every moment. Neither she nor either of the others saw, all being otherwise engaged.) "Don't you wonder what it is?" cried the speaker, twirling round and round in a pirouette. "Guess, guess, guess, all of you. Try to guess any way, for you'll never do it. Oh my, I am in such a state! the others are writing off for patterns in the sitting-room now. Patterns! Doesn't *that* tell you? Patterns; what do people need patterns for? A — fancy — dress" — looking at each in turn.

"Ball!" cried her mother, solving the conundrum. "Ball! You don't say it?"

"But I do. That's it. There, it's out. Mrs. Dobb is going to give a fancy-dress ball. And it has only just been arranged; and it is fixed for this day fortnight."

"That settles the question," said her father drily.

"You cannot compete with a fancy ball, Mr. Jem, you see," added his wife. "The girls have all been just wild to go to one; and though, for myself, I am not so fond of being made a guy, still I'll not deny that for once and away I don't mind at Christmas time. 'Tis a pretty sight.

And the Dobbs being our own particular friends ——”

“Oh, ay, you’ll want to go, no doubt,” put in Mr. Tufnell, affecting a fine shade of fatherly contempt. “‘The Dobbs being our particular friends.’ If the Dobbs had been our particular enemies, it would have been all the same to you. You must be on the gad-about ——”

“Now, now,” began she.

“Oh, papa, hold your tongue, and mamma too.” (Again Challoner raised his eyes; the tone was not meant to be disrespectful, but it was, — he could not tell what it was. Never before had he seen his bride-elect show to less advantage; it might have been done of set purpose to mock him.) “Just you both be quiet, and I’ll tell you about it,” proceeded the young lady. “It has been on their minds this great while, Mrs. Dobb says; but they knew it would make such an upset in the house, that they could never quite bring themselves to fix a time. But now Willie Dobb says it *is* to be; for he is *determined* upon it, and you know he can always do anything he likes with them all, once he is *determined*. And so when we met them, they began about it *at once*, and said they wanted us to know before any one else, because we *must* be there, — and if there had been anything to stop us, they would have changed the day. Mrs. Dobb herself said that; she did indeed. ‘Mary,’ she said, ‘tell your mother that if you could not all have come on *our* day, we would have changed the day.’ So you see, papa, it was a shame to say it would have been all one if it had been our enemies. The Dobbs are always ——”

“Just what I said. And no one knows it better than papa,” subjoined her mother. “But he never meant nothing, Mary” — her own phraseology suffering from excitement and anticipation. “And Mary,” eagerly, “what is Mrs. Dobb going to wear herself? What is she going to *be*? Did you hear that? Did she tell you that? For I do declare I would not for the world that we should clash, she and I; and as we are the same stout figure, we might as like as not go and pitch on the very same thing. We must agree about it.”

“You must agree to differ, eh?” said her husband jocosely. “Eh, Jem? that wasn’t bad, eh? Agree to differ. Hum — eh? Your nose is pretty well put out of joint by this, my friend, I take it. No one would give a thought to the bride, you see, if there were sham brides, Amazons, gipsies, what not, on the *tapis* as well. Mary is not going to lose the show

either. Catch her being married and done for, and carted out of the way, when there is any jollification going on. No, no; not such a flat.”

“I really couldn’t, Jem,” pleaded Mary piteously.

“I suppose I ought not to ask it,” said Challoner, with a bitter smile.

“Well, well; there’s no harm done, — and don’t quarrel over it, you two,” interposed Mrs. Tufnell, a shade of anxiety showing itself in her voice as she looked at the last speaker. “Mary means no harm, Mr. Jem; but she is just a girlie, and likes her play. You will enjoy the ball yourself. Dear me! it has put *me* all in a flutter. I will tell you what I will do, Mary,” turning briskly to her daughter. “I will just step down to Mrs. Dobb after lunch, before she can get out for the afternoon, and beg her to take it for granted that I shan’t be in her way whatever she decides on. That will be doing it handsome; and as it is Mrs. Dobb who gives the ball, it is only fair that she should have first choice. And, papa,” to him, “you will not be stingy to the girls, you know. It is only once and away; we don’t get the chance of a fancy ball every day, and fancy-ball dresses are not to be had for nothing. Is the day quite fixed, fixed for certain, Mary?”

“Mrs. Dobb was going to get the cards printed this very afternoon,” said Mary.

“This very afternoon! The cards printed! Lor’! that does make it real. And she will be ordering her own dress, the next thing; as sure as I say it, she will, — and indeed I must see to my own, if ever Miss Flaxen is to send it in time. I’ll not wait till the afternoon, I’ll go now. There is plenty of time, if I go at once” — and she was hurrying away.

“I am to understand that you — that you would prefer to wait, then?” said Challoner to his betrothed, — and, in spite of every effort, his voice trembled under the variety of his emotions. “Is it so? Have I understood aright?”

“Why, of course; how could you have understood awrong?” retorted the young lady, with her usual vivacity. “Pray, Jem, don’t say any more about it,” added she pettishly. “What is the use? You see father doesn’t want it; no more does mother; no more do I. And I don’t believe,” with returning good temper, — “I don’t believe you, in your heart of hearts, really want it yourself.”

“Bravo! Mary. Did you hear that, mamma?” cried her father.

Challoner bowed; he could not speak.

Once more fate had checkmated him, and the thing that he would have done he could not.

From All The Year Round.
"CHINESE GORDON." *

IN TWO PARTS.

PART II.

IN reading once again the story of the ever-victorious army, we have been struck with the singular military capacity of its hero and its captain. It seems to us, moreover, that in a general way, but particularly in the recent voluminous remarks in the newspapers, to that capacity justice has not been done. People give to Gordon the credit of being a great administrator, a novel diplomatist, and the fortunate possessor of a strange and wondrous influence over the hearts of men; but his ability and achievements as a leader of armies and a master of campaigns seem to have been considerably, if not entirely, overlooked. Gordon the Christian governor, and Gordon the kindly helper of the poor, are realized in the popular mind, and loved; Gordon, the consummate strategist, is barely understood. And yet, as it seems to us, the military resource and audacity, the originality and keen perfectitude of plan, and the almost magic insight into an enemy's intention, which are visible throughout his career—in the Crimea, in China, in the Soudan—are points of character not less important nor less admirable than the qualities which have received a wider recognition because they appeal more directly to sentiment and imagination.

Rectitude, courage, simple trust in God—these qualities are great, and enable men to do great things; but in Gordon there is something more. He has the genius of a great general, a rapidity of thought and energy of action which, if not entirely singular, perhaps, in themselves, become so in virtue of his peculiar personality, the daring of his invention, and often the humor of his methods. For Gordon, with all his earnestness and mysticism, with all his unsparing thoroughness in every department of action assigned to him by others or selected by himself, is a humorist.

At the close of the Taiping rebellion,

Gordon returned to England with the one idea of enjoying well-earned quiet in the circle of his family. But "no sooner," writes Mr. Hake, "had he set foot in this country than invitations came in upon him from all quarters, and to have him for a guest was the season's ideal; friends and kinsmen were made the bearers of superb invitations, all of which he had the courage to decline." When he found himself pronounced a hero he ceased to listen, and even begged a fellow-officer who had written an account of the campaign to let the subject drop. "To push and intrigue was impossible;" and, at a moment when most men would have accepted with proud pleasure the courtesies of society and the praises of the great, he was content to resume his duty as a royal engineer. A striking instance of this exceptional modesty (or is it an exceptional and admirable vanity?) is related in connection with his "Journal of the Taiping War." This valuable document was illustrated by himself, and he had sent it home from China on the understanding that it should be seen by none but his family. But one of her Majesty's ministers heard of the manuscript, borrowed it, and was so impressed that he had it printed for the benefit of his colleagues. Late one evening Gordon enquired about his journal, and being told what had happened, rose from table and sped in hot haste to the minister's house. The minister was not at home; Gordon hurried to the printers, demanded his MS., and ordered the printed copies to be destroyed and the type broken up. No one has seen the manuscript since, and Mr. Hake declares there is every probability of its having been destroyed.

In 1865, Gordon was appointed commanding engineer at Gravesend, and there for six years he remained, fulfilling his official duties in the construction of the Thames defences and devoting himself, in a manner almost unexampled, to the poor. "His house was school, hospital, and almshouse in turn," and his delight in children, and especially in boys working on the river or the sea, is one of the sunniest traits in his character. Many he rescued from the gutter, cleansed and clothed, and fed, and kept them in his home for weeks until work and place were found for them. He called them his "kings," and marked their voyages with innumerable pins stuck in a map of the world that hung over his mantelpiece, and these pins he "moved from point to point as his youngsters advanced," and day by day prayed for them as they went. The

* *The Story of Chinese Gordon*, by A. Egmont Hake. With two portraits and two maps. London: Remington and Co., 1884.

lads loved him, and scribbled on the fences a touching legend of their own invention: "God bless the Kernel!"

Pleasant indeed it would be to linger over this chapter in the life of this wonderful man; but biography is long, and our pages are short. Let us pass at once to what, in our opinion, is by far the most romantic period in Gordon's career—the years that he spent in the Soudan, the land of the dry desert, and mighty rivers, and fiery sun; the remote, unfriended country of the hunters of men and their victims, the suffering and human blacks.

Early in 1874 Gordon succeeded Sir Samuel Baker as governor of the tribes in Upper Egypt. The khedive—Ismail—proposed to give him ten thousand pounds a year. He would not hear of it; he accepted two thousand pounds. This act was much discussed at the time, and the right interpretation was not always forthcoming. But it was entirely consistent with Gordon's conduct in similar affairs in China and elsewhere. At the conclusion of the campaign against the Taipings, the Chinese government presented the captain of the ever-victorious army with a large fortune. He not only rejected it with contempt, but actually thrashed from his tent the messengers who brought it!

Egypt had made vast strides into the heart of Africa since 1853, and as its empire spread, so grew the slave-trade, and so, under the unscrupulous and terrible rule of the pashas, deepened the misery of the people. The Arab captains, "the hunters of men," attained great political power, and their abominable traffic was the dominant interest of everybody in the land, from the little children of the blacks, who wanted freedom, to the governor-general of the Soudan himself, who wanted coin. So strong, indeed, did the slavers at last become that the government got at once ashamed and afraid. The mightiest and cleverest of them was one Sebehr Rahama, who, by the way, has lately come to the front again in a very remarkable and entirely Anglo-Egyptian fashion. This superior man-hunter was called the Black Pasha, and commanded thirty stations. Conscious of his power, he set up as the rival and equal of the khedive himself, with a court of Arab ruffians and burlesque of princely state. The khedive was considerably moved by the preposterous behavior of this upstart, and determined forthwith to humble him to the dust. An attempt to effect this object failed miserably; and the khedive

was weak enough, in his dilemma of fear and doubt, to make Sebehr a bey, and to accept his services in the invasion of Darfur. Darfur being conquered, Sebehr was rewarded with the rank of pasha. But, like Hung of China, he cherished vast ambitions. He would be content with nothing less than the governor-generalship of the Soudan. This pretension brought matters to a crisis. Hitherto, Ismail had encouraged slave-dealing, for it increased his revenue; but, the moment his personal supremacy was threatened by the man whose power he, by his own cupidity, had helped to make, he was converted into what Mr. Hake happily terms "active and sonorous philanthropy." Of a sudden he began to regard the slave-trade with "holy horror," and determined to suppress it—at least, so he said. For this purpose he engaged Sir Samuel C. Baker; to this end he enlisted the genius of Gordon.

Gordon had not been at Cairo many days before he wrote: "I think I can see the true motive of the expedition, and believe it to be a straw to catch the attention of the English people." Nevertheless, he determined to go through with his undertaking; for he saw that he could help the suffering tribes. In his own words may be read the spirit in which he began and carried on his perilous task: "I will do it, for I value my life as naught, and should only leave much weariness for perfect peace."

Gordon wished to proceed by ordinary steamer to Souakim, but Nubar Pasha (the able minister who is once again in office, and who, Mr. Hake says, in many ways tried Gordon's patience) insisted upon his going in state. The special train was engaged, therefore; but the engine collapsed. Thus, in huge delight, Gordon wrote: "They had begun in glory, and ended in shame."

His first decree is as follows, and in the light of his new mission to the land of his old labors, it will be read with interest, particularly when it is considered that the circumstances differ in nothing but unessentials:

"By reason of the authority of the governor of the provinces of the equatorial lakes, with which his Highness the khedive has invested me, and the irregularities which until now have been committed, it is henceforth decreed:

"1. That the traffic in ivory is the monopoly of the government.

"2. No person may enter these prov-

inces without a 'teskere' from the governor-general of Soudan, such 'teskere' being available only after it shall have received the visa of the competent authority at Gondokoro, or elsewhere.

"3. No person may recruit or organize armed bands within these provinces.

"4. The importation of firearms and gunpowder is prohibited.

"5. Whosoever shall disobey this decree will be punished with all the rigor of the military laws. GORDON."

This proclaimed, he sailed for Gondokoro—a strange river voyage, amidst crocodiles that slumbered on the mud, and ponderous river-horses that splashed and blew in the stream, whilst little mobs of monkeys came down from the gum-trees to the margin to drink, and wild birds sailed in flocks overhead. One night, Gordon, thinking of home in the moonlight, was startled by loud laughing in a bush on the river's bank. "I felt put out, but the irony came from birds, that laughed at us . . . for some time in a very rude way. They were a species of stork, and seemed in capital spirits, and highly amused at anybody thinking of going up to Gondokoro with the hope of doing anything."

By a rare coincidence of favorable circumstances—such as rarely gladden the traveller in any land, least of all in what is called Upper Egypt—and hastened by Gordon's invincible energy, the little band—consisting of Gordon, his staff, and escort—reached Khartoum in an incredibly short space of time. From that flat-roofed, mud-built city Gordon started, after a busy stay of eight days, for Gondokoro. The journey was accomplished by steamer, and was not without romantic incident. Once when cutting wood for the steamer's fires, they surprised some Dinkas—a people who are black, and pastoral, and worshippers of wizards. The chief, in full dress (a necklace), was induced to come on board. He came and softly licked the back of Gordon's hand, and held his face to his own, and "made as if he were spitting." At dinner he devoured his neighbor's portion as well as his own, after which he and his liege-men sang a hymn of thanksgiving, and proceeded to crawl to Gordon, that they might kiss his feet. That was denied them, but they were sent away rejoicing, under a splendid burden of beads.

At the junction of the Bahr-Gazelle with the Gondokoro River they found swarms of natives who had rubbed them-

selves with wood-ash until their complexions were "the color of slate-pencil." These people were half starved and in great suffering. "What," writes Gordon, "what a mystery, is it not, why they are created? A life of fear and misery night and day! One does not wonder at their not fearing death. No one can conceive the utter misery of these lands. Heat and mosquitos day and night all the year round. But I like the work, for I believe I can do a great deal to ameliorate the lot of the people." At Bohr, a slavers' stronghold, the people were "anything but civil: they had heard of the Khartoum decree;" but at St. Croix, a mission station, the steamer passed to the joyous sounds of dance and song.

Gondokoro was reached in twenty-four days, and once there, Gordon was at his seat of government, and in the very heart of his perilous task. So swift had been his journey that the townsmen had not heard even of his nomination. His advent amazed them. Gondokoro was a trysting-place for wretchedness and danger; the state of the people was "as bad as it well could be;" and so terribly had they been treated that, half a mile from its walls, the governor-general himself would have gone in peril of his life. But Gordon's spirit did not fail. He was confident that he could relieve the people of their sufferings, that he could build a better state of life for them if—there always is an "if"—if he could but win their confidence. To achieve that necessary consummation he passed hither and thither through the land, there giving grain, here employing the natives to plant their patches with maize. Why employ them to do that which is their normal occupation? Because before he came they had ceased to sow since they could never reap the fruits of their toil; they were systematically robbed of their little harvest. And so when the strange fame of this kingly white man spread amongst them, in their simple hearts they thought he could do all things, and flocked about him in great numbers, and begged that he would buy their children, whom they were too poor to feed themselves. Clearly their confidence was being surely won; and if one thing in this world is certain it is that, in those bare and burning lands, the name of Gordon is remembered to this day with gratitude.

This grand result was reached in great part by his uncompromising attitude towards the slavers. The slavers are, perhaps, as unequivocal a race of blackguards

as ever existed; and they were in collusion with the government. "They stole the cattle and kidnapped their owners, and they shared the double booty with officials of a liberal turn of mind."

Here is a record of one exploit, typical of many, and showing how Gordon dealt with this state of things. By the timely interception of some letters, he discovered that two thousand stolen cows and a troop of kidnapped negroes were on their way from a gang of man-hunters to that estimable personage, the governor of Fashoda. The cavalcade was promptly stopped. The cows, since it was impossible to return them to their owners, were confiscated; the slaves he either sent home or bought himself, and they came about him, trying to touch his hand, or even the hem of his garment. In China, Gordon had conquered rebels to enlist them on his own side; and much the same happened here. The chief slavers he cast into prison, but after a while those who proved themselves possessed of useful qualities he released and employed. Equally with the great essential duties of his position, the most trivial matters received unremitting attention. He was never idle, even amusing himself in odd moments of leisure by "inventing traps for the huge rats that shared his cabin." And he writes of a poor, sick old woman whom he nursed and fed for weeks, but all in vain: "She had her tobacco up to the last. What a change from her misery! I suppose she filled her place in life as well as Queen Elizabeth."

His work grew more dangerous and difficult. His native staff was useless from intrigue and treachery, and his Europeans to a man were down with ague and fever. Yet notwithstanding traitors in the camp, and enemies without, Gordon toiled on at his post, and, though worn to a shadow, was at once governor of the provinces and nurse to his staff. His difficulties were increased by the real or feigned ineptitude of his subordinates. When the commandant he had left at Gondokoro was ordered to send up a mountain howitzer, he forwarded empty ammunition-tubes instead of full. Thus Gordon was left defenceless with ten men, in a place where no Arab would have stayed without a hundred. And yet we find him always cheerful, and devoted to the people—teaching them, with novel methods, the use of money; whilst he delighted his ragamuffin soldiery with the wonders of a magic lantern, and by firing a gun a hundred and fifty yards off with a

magnetic exploder! In truth, with Gordon, to be single-handed is to work marvels; and during this period he labored with astonishing energy and success. He converted Khartoum into a Botany Bay for do-nothing governors, the blackguard slavers whom he caught and punished, and the traitors of his own staff. To punish rebellious chiefs, he resorted, not to fire and sword, but to the razzia, or cattle-raid, a method much more humorous, and infinitely more final in its results.

Not, however, that he had no fighting. The wizard-worshippers gave him much trouble, and many of the tribes would not be content until they had felt the might of his arm. Brisk battles were frequent, and in one of them the bulk of the force with him at the time was completely "eaten up," as our friends the Zulus pleasantly describe the process of annihilation. This engagement is in some ways typical of them all, and it is instructive. In travelling through a turbulent region of his kingdom, Gordon observed that the temper of the tribes was, to say the least, forbidding. Wizards gathered on the hills, and cursed their enemy—as they supposed Gordon to be—and waved him off the face of the earth; spies hung about the camp and in the long grass; altogether there was general warning of a storm. Gordon was joined about this time by his good lieutenant Linant and his party, who came in from an outlying station. Gordon wished to find a steamer, which lay somewhere in the river, and for this purpose passed thirty men over to the east bank. The instant they landed, down came the natives; Gordon followed at once. The natives retorted by making a rush at his men. They were repulsed, and Gordon attempted to parley. They refused, and knowing him for the chief, tried to surround him; he let them come near, and then drove them back with bullets. Linant proposed that he should burn their houses, and Gordon, fearing further mischief unless he effectually retaliated, agreed. One morning, therefore, he sent off a party of forty-one men. At midnight he heard firing, and saw Linant in a red shirt he had given him, on a hill; the red shirt, and the party led by its wearer, were visible for a couple of hours, when they disappeared. Later on thirty or forty blacks were seen running down to the river, and Gordon, concluding they had gone to his steamer, fired on them as they ran. Ten minutes afterwards, one of his own detachment appeared on the opposite bank; he had been disarmed,

and declared that all the others of the party were killed. The red shirt had maddened the natives; the party got scattered; spears did the rest. Gordon was left with only thirty men, and he decided to make a strategic movement to the rear. Wonderful to relate, the tribesmen did not molest him — with the exception of a certain wizard who elected to survey the retreat from the top of a rock, whence he "grinned and jeered, and vaticinated," as Gordon was giving orders. The governor took his rifle. "I don't think that's a healthy spot from which to deliver an address," he said, and the wizard prophesied no more.

After a brief holiday in London, Gordon returned to Egypt early in 1877. He was appointed governor-general of the Soudan, with Darfur and the provinces of the equator — a district one thousand six hundred and forty miles long, and nearly seven hundred wide. Furthermore, he was deputed to look into Abyssinian affairs, and to negotiate with King John for a settlement of pending disputes. Into events Abyssinian, however, the space at our disposal does not permit us to enter. Suffice it to say that they were every whit as full of romance and significance as anything else in Gordon's wonderful career.

His installation in the new position, so much more important and difficult than any he had yet held, took place at Khartoum on the 5th of May. The firman of the khedive and an address were read by the *cadi*, and a royal salute was fired. Gordon was expected to make a speech. He said: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." This brief and trenchant sentence delighted the people more, says Mr. Hake, than if he had talked for an hour. Afterwards, he ordered gratuities to be given to the deserving poor; in three days he had distributed upwards of one thousand pounds of his own money. The formalities of his new state disgusted him; he was "guarded like an ingot of gold," and was given, it seems, in the midst of solemn ceremonies, to making irrelevant humorous remarks to the great chiefs — in English, which they did not understand.

Many things had happened in the Soudan since 1874. When he took up the reins of government in 1877, he found the country, as Mr. Hake says, "quick with war." The provincial governors were worthless, and often mutinous; the slavers were out in revolt; the six thousand Bashi-Bazouks who were used as frontier-

guards robbed on their own account, and winked at the doings of the slavers; savage and reckless tribes had to be subdued. "It was a stupendous task, to give peace to a country quick with war; to suppress slavery among a people to whom trade in human flesh was life, and honor, and fortune; to make an army out of perhaps the worst material ever seen; to grow a flourishing trade and a fair revenue in the wildest anarchy in the world."

One of the most difficult and desperate of the tasks before Gordon, was the subjugation of the vast province of the Bahr-Gazelle. This, itself a little continent, had been lashed to anarchy and wretchedness by Sebehr, the Black Pasha, already mentioned. It was necessary that he and his son Suleiman, with their army of man-hunters, should be subdued, and the land brought to rule and order. But, before that could be achieved, it was of the utmost urgency that Gordon should go to Darfur, where revolt was rampant, and the khedive's garrisons were besieged in their barracks by the rebels. Here that splendid confidence in himself, which is one of his strongest characteristics, helped him in an extraordinary degree. His army was a useless mob of ragamuffins — "nondescripts," he called them; the tribes and the slavers he had to subdue were warlike and fierce; his nondescripts could be trusted only to run away from danger, or to plot the murder of himself. Most men would not have undertaken such work under such severely trying conditions; but Gordon never faltered.

The city of Dara plays a strong part in these chapters of Gordon's story. During the revolt caused by Haroun, the pretender to the throne of Darfur, its people were shut within its walls. They had heard nothing from without for six months, and when, one day, there was a sudden stir at the gate, and the governor-general himself rode into their midst, they were dumb-founded. It was, says Gordon, in his trenchant, graphic way, "It was like the relief of Lucknow." The illustration, so full of moving memories and great suggestions, was only just. As Gordon advanced, dangers gathered on every side, until, as Mr. Hake happily puts it, he was "ringed about with perils." A crisis came, which needed all his energy and indomitable will to keep him master of the situation. His presence in the field against Haroun was urgent; on either hand he was menaced by powerful tribes; worse than all else, Suleiman, son of Sebehr, the Black Pasha, sat down with six

thousand robbers before Dara, and ravaged the land around. In the midst of all this, his army was plotting his life; his secretary fell ill. The measure of his troubles was full indeed. But his spirit never quailed. So rapid were his movements now, that no idea of them can be conveyed in this place; Mr. Hake himself has perforce found it impossible to give more than a sketch of them. Brief and slight as that sketch is, it indicates with a sort of swift dramaticism the marvellous activity and resource of its hero.

Whilst in the heart of all this battling and peril, he heard something which rendered all else as naught. Suleiman, with his six thousand, was on the eve of attacking Dara. Not an instant was lost. Ignoring nondescripts and allies alike, and, as usual, far in advance of his lagging escort of Bashi-Bazouks, Gordon mounted his camel and rode straight away to Dara. The distance was eighty-five miles; he did it in a day and a half, unarmed and alone. "A dirty, red-faced man, "covered with flies, he burst upon his people as a thunderbolt; they could not believe their eyes. Next day, as dawn broke over the city, he put on the "golden armor" of his office, and rode to the camp of the robbers, three miles off. The chiefs were awestruck and startled. Gordon drank a glass of water, ordered Suleiman to follow with his people to his divan, and rode back to Dara. The son of Sebehr came with his chiefs, and they sat in a circle in the governor's divan. Then, in "choice Arabic," as Gordon humorously puts it, Gordon said to them: "You meditate revolt; I know it. You shall have my ultimatum now: I will disarm you and break you up." They listened in a dead silence, and went away to consider. At any moment they could have put Gordon and his "garrison of sheep soldiers" to the sword; amazed by his utter indifference to danger, and quelled, perhaps, by the magic of his eye, they submitted.

Of his further labors in the Soudan and Abyssinia — in the latter country he afterwards had an adventure nearly as dramatic as that just related, and even more dangerous — we cannot now speak. What they were — how varied and difficult, how amusing, how pathetic, and how, after all, they were to be unrequited — all this is written in Mr. Hake's pages; to these the curious and sympathetic reader must turn for many a romance, many a piece of darning, many a touch of sincere and gentle charity, many an astounding proof of courage, that considerations of space pre-

vent our dealing with here. With that rare modesty of his, and with an heroic and suggestive brevity like the diction of the Bible, Gordon has said: "I have cut off the slave-dealers in their strongholds, and I made the people love me." It is true. To this day the poor blacks of the Soudan beg the white traveller to send back to them the "good pasha," and it is the knowledge of this, the certainty of his influence upon the people, of his personal magnetic power over the wild savages and pastoral blacks of the Soudan — these are the things which feed the hopes all of us cherish for the success of the mission upon which, after the eleventh hour has struck, he has been hurriedly despatched.

From The Gentleman's Annual.
VALERIE'S FATE.

BY MRS. ALEXANDER, AUTHOR OF "THE
WOOING O'T," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

THE intention of her uncle to breakfast with the widow of his former friend and comrade excited a vague surprise in Valerie's mind, and she was somewhat amused at the mystery and importance which he evidently attached to his excursion.

His toilette was a lengthy affair. Then he had to be wrapped up against the cold and further fortified by a cup of black coffee and a *petit verre* before starting; but he got off at last, and Valerie settled herself to write a letter to the lady at the head of the Dresden school where her mother and herself had resided for what had been a very happy bit of Valerie's life. She had risen that morning with a fresh resolution to be brave and strong, to leave no chambers of heart or brain empty, swept, and garnished for weak and treacherous spirits to enter and dwell in. So she was very busy. She dusted the *salon* carefully, and, as a treat, made a good fire in addition to the little round green brasier. Then she made her own toilette. That was always a pleasure, though she shook her head at her own image in the glass as she noted the dark shade beneath her eyes, an evidence of mental struggle; and, finally, drawing the largest table near the fireplace, she tried to absorb herself in her letter.

The old *femme de ménage* was still pottering about in the kitchen, but her hour of departure had already come. Valerie had covered one side of her paper when

the little cracked bell at the entrance jingled, and a short parley followed. "It is a letter," thought Valerie, "perhaps from Frau Schroeder. It is curious how letters sometimes come from those you have long neglected when you begin to write or have just written."

"There is an English monsieur wishes to see M. le Capitaine, but he is out. Will mademoiselle speak with him?"

"Let him enter," said Valerie, her heart beating wildly, her cheek pale with an anticipation almost instantly fulfilled, as Eric Floyd, having stopped to remove his overcoat, appeared towering above the *femme de ménage* in the doorway.

"I find your uncle is out," said he, advancing calmly and leisurely into the room, and making a slight bow.

"Yes. It is quite an event his being out, but —" she paused.

"Will you allow me to sit down for a few moments?" said Floyd.

"Yes, certainly," exclaimed Valerie, scarce knowing what she said. "But my uncle will not return till the afternoon."

"Indeed! Has he gone far, then?"

"Some distance; somewhere near the Invalides."

"A cold day for him," returned Floyd dreamily, as he drew a chair to the opposite side of the table and remained a moment silent, gazing through the window nearest him. Valerie was much too overwhelmed to speak, and heard the outer door shut with an odd feeling of despair. The *femme de ménage* had gone, and she was alone with the intruder.

"You have a pleasant outlook," said Floyd, rousing himself; "but is it not dull for you to live here all alone with so old a man as your uncle?"

"I have always lived with people older than myself," said Valerie, "so I do not feel it, though it is very nice to be with the young. My acquaintance with Sybil, with Miss Owen, has been a great source of pleasure to me."

"Yes, Sybil is a good soul, though as wild and untrained as a mountain goat." He looked up as he spoke, and, meeting Valerie's eyes, he beamed all over with a sudden, half-mischievous, wholly tender smile, to which Valerie could not help returning an answering glance, so strange and almost comic did their position seem.

"If you only knew how I have watched and contrived to find a chance of putting myself right with you!" exclaimed Floyd with pleasant earnestness. "But you have avoided me cruelly. I can never have a word with you."

"It is not necessary to put yourself right with me," said Valerie; "I understand that you were not accustomed to our stiff ways. I am quite sure you only meant to do me a kindness, and — and — it is all past and over now. So you need say no more about it."

"It is not past and over with me," very gravely, "and I have a great deal more to say, only" — he paused an instant, looking earnestly at her, and resumed with the same quaint frankness that was his special characteristic — "only I am afraid to say it."

"Then pray do not! Why put yourself to any — any inconvenience? I do not want to hear anything."

"That means you have a shrewd idea of what is in my mind," he uttered, looking earnestly at her, until she feared he would read her heart through her down-dropped eyelids. "I think you must know. It is almost impossible that some of the effect you have produced on me should not react on yourself."

Valerie was silent. It was an awful moment, which yet had in it a painful joy that shivered through her veins in icy darts.

"I want to tell you my difficulties," he went on, his deep, soft tones stirring her heart, "and you will see that it is no presumption, no want of respect, that induces me to tell you, but necessity — the dread of losing, for want of speaking out, what has grown in a few weeks to be the one supreme desire of my soul. Valerie, will you let me try to win you? Will you try to love me? I know I am a rugged sort of fellow, but if — if you would trust me and care for me, I know I could make your life a happy one! Do hear me! I have often thought what a crazy notion love at first sight is, and yet from the moment I met your eyes and heard your voice, I loved you! and I cannot bear to lose —"

"I do wish you would not speak to me in this way, Mr. Floyd," interrupted Valerie, trembling and hesitating. "I am sure you are very good and true; but it is all so strange, and — there are obstacles, and I hardly know you —"

"I do not ask you to decide, only give me a chance," he said, his voice carefully subdued, yet touching in its intense earnestness. "If you are free — if you will hear me, I think — I think I could make you love me, though it may sound bold. Yet, it is not boldness, it is the strength of my feeling for you that gives me this consciousness of power."

Valerie made a gesture of dismay, but could find no words.

"You see," he went on more hurriedly, with increasing fire, "I have led such a free, natural, open-air life, that I know nothing of cities and their conventionalities; and I do not see why I should not avow that you have a charm for me I could not resist even if I would. Why should I? You are, I can see, as good as you are fair and sweet, and I, who have nothing to hide in my past or fear in my future — why should I not strive to gain so dear a companion to share my life? You do not know how fondly I could love! — I did not know it myself till *you* taught me, Valerie! It is so delightful to call you Valerie," and he laughed a low, soft laugh, full of deepest, warmest, feeling.

"But you must not, indeed you must not," said Valerie, terrified at the glamor she felt stealing over her, and summoning up the recollection of all the kindness and confidence lavished on her by Sybil Owen to strengthen her resolve. "You do not know how impossible all this would be. Every one would be angry. Your father no doubt expects you to marry some very different person from me, an insignificant bread-winner."

"My father's opinion would not affect me. I have made my own place, and earned my freedom."

"Then my uncle would be vexed, and — and in short —"

"Leave these objections aside," he interrupted, "and tell me your *own* views! Remember, I can give you a fair if a remote home. Ah, the dream of seeing you beside me among the woods and hills of my beautiful country haunts me continually! Tell me, how do I stand with yourself? Do you feel no leaning toward me — no shadow of reciprocity?"

"Mr. Floyd," said Valerie, rising to dismiss him, while she grew deadly pale and trembled in every limb, "this is too painful. I am deeply touched by all you say. I shall always remember you, always with kindness, but there is an obstacle I cannot explain which is insurmountable. I entreat you, do not distress me any more!"

"You love some one else," he exclaimed, in a harsher tone. He had also risen, and now took her hand, holding it with an increasingly close pressure, looking into her eyes, which were fascinated by his gaze. "No!" he exclaimed; "I do not believe you *love* any one, but you may be affianced! If so, and if it is not

with your fullest, freest consent, break your bonds! There is nothing so awful, so unholy, as a mere marriage of expediency, and it would *kill* you. Why, why do you turn from me? I will take you from all constraint and hardship and struggle, if you but trust me and say, 'Eric, I will be your wife!'"

And Valerie, lifting a very cold, white, despairing face, said in a whisper, but distinct and firm, "I cannot."

Floyd slowly released her hand. "That is enough," he said; "my own eagerness has deceived me. I am not acceptable to you, and I have to apologize for forcing myself, my hopes and feelings, upon you as I have done. You have opened a new page of life to me, and, if the lesson is bitter, *you* are not to blame! Give me a kind look, and bid me god-speed; I will trouble you no more."

"I do indeed bid you god-speed," said Valerie, bursting into tears, and covering her face with her hands. "May you find a companion better in all ways than I could have been!"

"Is there *indeed* no chance for me?" said Floyd, still lingering.

"None, none! I beg of you to leave me."

Her eyes were still hidden, but she heard his retreating footsteps. The outer door was shut, she was alone, and how unspeakably desolate!

Mrs. Hartwell's dance was to take place about a week after this interview, and in the interim Sybil was too much occupied with her dress, with the mysterious disappearance of Eric Floyd from his accustomed haunts, and by the pleasant, flattering attentions of Captain Grey to notice the silence and stillness of Valerie. Even Miss Riddell was unusually unobservant; she was taken up by her negotiations with Madame Rosambert as to the terms on which she could compound for withdrawing Sybil without the ordinary three months' notice. She had come to the conclusion that Miss Owen derived much more harm than good from her sojourn in Neuilly, and had decided to place her under her uncle's personal care for the remainder of her stay in Europe.

"I must try and carry off Valerie Trevor with us," she thought; "she would be an excellent companion for Sybil, and it would do the poor girl good too. I have hardly seen her for the last week. I wonder she does not come up, as usual, to pay me a visit. I protest it must be trying to a young creature like her to hear Sybil's perpetual chatter about dress and amuse-

ment, and to share none of it." She rang and asked the servant who answered the summons if Mademoiselle Valerie had gone yet.

"Non, madame, pas encore."

"Beg her to pay me a little visit before she leaves."

"Bien, madame."

In a few minutes Valerie presented herself.

"What has become of you for the last week?" cried Miss Riddell, when she entered in her hat and gloves, with her cloak over her arm. "Good heavens, child, you look like a ghost! What have you been doing with yourself? Sit down there by the fire. I shall insist on your taking a glass of port wine; I always keep some for medicinal purposes. What is the matter with you, my dear?" and Miss Riddell went rapidly to one of those invaluable *placards* (cupboards in the wall) so common in French bedrooms, and took thence a small decanter and wineglass and administered a dose on the spot, the potency of which made Valerie cough.

"There is nothing the matter with me, I assure you," she said laughing at her friend's disturbance. "I have been working a little hard, for I have found another music pupil at Passy. It will not be for long, so I do not like to refuse."

"My dear, you are just killing yourself. This won't do. I am going to attack your uncle again. We are trying to arrange to leave on the 23rd of December if I can get Sybil off without forfeiting too large a sum; and we have set our hearts on taking you with us."

"And I on accompanying you, dear Miss Riddell," returned Valerie promptly and earnestly. "I have a new reason for desiring to leave my uncle."

"Aha!" exclaimed Miss Riddell, all alive to the coming revelation. "What is it, my dear?"

"My uncle has seen fit to plan a marriage for me," continued Valerie laughing, yet evidently annoyed; "a marriage with the son of an old comrade of his, and is exceedingly displeased that I cannot see the advantages of marrying a man as poor as myself and for whom I have not the least *penchant*. Of course I consider myself perfectly free to do as I like in the matter, but I foresee a good deal of worry. No doubt the poor old man thinks he is doing his best for me, but unless he renounces his project I will accept your offer and accompany you to England."

"Right, quite right, Valerie; but who is the man? What is he like?" asked

Miss Riddell, with the undying interest ever felt by kindly women in a question of love and marriage.

"He is a very good sort of man, a musician by profession, and doing very well."

"You could not like him, I suppose, Valerie? It is not his poverty only you object to?"

"I object in every way to him."

"Oh, my dear child, I understand your pallid looks; you are tormented out of your life. We must put a stop to this. When can I see your uncle?"

"When you like; only suppose you wait till after Wednesday, after Mrs. Hartwell's party. I know Sybil wanted to come. She would manage my uncle, I am sure, and I do not want to vex him more than I can help. She goes to-morrow to stay at Mrs. Hartwell's till after the *soirée*."

"Yes, I really do not feel well enough to dress and go out, and were I there I should be no sort of check on Sybil, so —"

"Un monsieur anglais veut parler avec madame," said Madeleine, entering.

"Faites-l'entrer. I suppose it is Eric Floyd. We have not seen him here for days."

"I must go," cried Valerie, starting up. "I am fearfully late already; to-morrow — I will see you to-morrow;" and she darted to the door, hoping to escape into Sybil's bedroom, which was opposite, but in vain. She nearly ran into Floyd's arms as he came in.

"Good evening," exclaimed Valerie hastily as she drew back. He bowed, stepped aside to let her pass, and she was gone.

"Well, Mr. Floyd, and pray what has become of you? Where have you hidden yourself?"

"Oh, I have been rather busy sight-seeing, for I am going to leave next Thursday. I am going to London for a few days, then on to Liverpool to embark for Canada."

"But, my dear sir, this is very sudden. I understood you were not to return till the spring. I trust you have no bad news from home?"

"No. There is no absolute necessity for my return, but I am sick of the conventionalities and littleness of Old World life, and especially sick of Paris; so if you have any commands for London I shall be happy to take them."

"You surprise me greatly. No, thank you, I have no commands. In fact, I

hope to be in London before Christmas myself."

"Indeed! and Sybil?"

"And Sybil also. I shall certainly not leave her here alone."

There was a pause. Floyd rose from the seat he had taken and walked over to the fireplace. "Miss Trevor is late this evening, is she not?" he asked, with some hesitation; "and isn't she looking — not well?"

"She is looking very ill, and I do not wonder at it," began Miss Riddell, and then checked herself. Perhaps it would be as well to quench any remains of Eric Floyd's whim for Valerie by giving him a misleading half of the information she had just received. "There is some matrimonial project on foot for her," she said, "and that is naturally disturbing."

Floyd looked at the fire moodily for a few minutes in silence, and laughed somewhat harshly. "They manage these matters very commercially in France," he said. "I wonder do any of their marriages turn out well?"

"No doubt of it," replied Miss Riddell tartly; "quite as well as many of our English *soi-disant* love matches, which begin in headstrong, selfish fancy and end in impatience and estrangement."

"Long may we keep our system, nevertheless!" he returned. "Where is Sybil? I should like to shake hands with her."

"She went out shopping this afternoon with one of the ladies who are staying in the house, and has not yet returned."

"Then you must say good-bye for me to her."

"Shall you not see her again at the Hartwells' dance?"

"I think not. I am not going."

"She will be sorry to have missed you."

"I suppose we are pretty sure to meet in Canada?"

"Do not be *too* sure. Some one may persuade her to stay at this side of the Atlantic."

"Not at all improbable," returned Floyd absently; and after a few more disjointed attempts at conversation, he made his *adieux*.

"I wonder what has happened to that young man," mused Miss Riddell, as she changed her cap for dinner. "Has he been losing at cards or gambling in any way? What a state Sybil will be in! I am sorry he is going, for he is a counter-irritant to that Captain Grey. I do wish Sybil were safe with my brother and off my hands. Never again will I undertake so terrible a task as to guide and direct a

young lady who is aware of her own independence. What a half-year I have had of it! Really Valerie has been my only comfort. Poor child, we must do something for her."

Miss Riddell was a little puzzled by the way in which Sybil took the startling intelligence of Eric Floyd's intended departure. She first screamed out a torrent of exclamations expressive of the most unbounded surprise, then she suddenly subsided into silence, and after cogitating for some minutes said, with a toss of her head, "I think he is right. I am sure nothing in Paris ever seems to give him any pleasure. He is just fit for his backwoods and nothing else." She then turned to the subject of her purchases that afternoon, and seemed to be in wild spirits all the evening.

The following morning she managed a *tête-à-tête* walk with Valerie, during which she relieved her feelings by an unbounded outpouring of indignation, regret, wounded pride, and not a little abuse of the guilty Eric, winding up by a declaration that no one should ever find out that she cared a straw about him. The feelings of her listener may perhaps be imagined as she felt that she had sacrificed herself in vain and refused the cup of love and joy that had been held to her lips — for what? — that the true, kind heart so frankly offered to her should pine and suffer for a while and then forget her. It was too bitter; yet what else could she have done? Had she listened to Eric, would she not have been treacherous to both friends? would she not have been counted the basest of the base? Ah, at what a price had she purchased the right to look Sybil in the face! She might well say, "All is lost, save honor." These were dark days for Valerie. None knew, save herself, their hopeless blackness.

Mrs. Hartwell's dance was a great success. There was no lack of "fair women," or we presume "brave men," and among the former none were fairer than Sybil Owen, who was charming in a costume of creamy India muslin and Breton lace, with crimson roses and velvet leaves. There was something pathetic in the shadows that flitted from time to time across her bright, sparkling face, and in her openly expressed regret for the absence of the one old friend she had in all Paris.

It was an uncomfortable evening to Miss Riddell. She had made all her arrangements for Sybil to spend a few days with Mrs. Hartwell, in the full certainty

that Eric Floyd's presence would neutralize any danger from Captain Grey, against whom she had been perhaps unjustly prejudiced. Now Floyd's unexpected retreat had left the coast clear for Grey's machinations; and, moreover, she had vague fears that Mrs. Hartwell, to whom he was distantly related, would favor his schemes. She therefore resolved to seek her niece a day sooner than was promised, and endeavor to carry her off to Neuilly, and despatched a note to her to that effect.

The day but one after the dance Mrs. Hartwell and her daughters had agreed to spend a long afternoon at the Louvre — the Gallery, not the Grands Magasins. The arrival of Miss Riddell's note, however, and some unwonted fit of obedience or depression, or desire for a patient listener in Valerie, induced Sybil to await her aunt instead of accompanying her friends, who had appointed to meet some newly arrived acquaintances. Major Hartwell stayed at home for a while and tried to amuse his young guest, which proving more of a task than he expected, he discovered he had letters of importance to write, and giving her the last *Times* left her to her own devices. These were limited to sitting by the fire on a low chair with her hand clasped round her knee gazing at the glowing logs, and deeply sunk in what she would herself have termed "the doleful dumps." How long she had thus sat she did not know, when the drawing-room door opened and the *femme de chambre* ushered in a gentleman, saying, as she did so, "I will tell monsieur that you await him."

The gentleman was Captain Grey, well dressed, erect, keen, cool as ever.

"Ah, Miss Owen, I did not expect to find you here," he said, advancing to shake hands with her. "I was in hopes of joining the party to the Louvre, and being too late I thought I should pay my respects to Major Hartwell. Have you quarrelled with your hosts that they have gone without you?"

"No. Aunt Hetty has written to say she is coming for me to-day."

"To-day? And what is to become of our dinner at Véfours — our visit to the Opéra Comique — if you are to be carried off to the wilds of Neuilly?"

"I don't know," returned Sybil, still gazing sadly at the fire; and added in desponding accents, "what is more, I don't care."

"Great heavens!" cried Captain Grey,

with deep interest. "This is an awful state of things. What has happened?"

Here the *femme de chambre* re-entered.

"Monsieur is gone out. I have sought for him everywhere."

"N'importe," returned Grey as the girl retired. "I need not go, I suppose?"

"I wish you would stay and talk. My aunt does not come for me till three. That is more than an hour to wait, and I am wretched by myself."

"Pray tell me what annoys you," said Captain Grey, drawing a chair opposite her, and looking with decided admiration and sympathy at the pretty figure and piquante face before him. "I assure you I am quite sorry to see you unhappy. What has vexed you?"

"Everything," was the comprehensive reply.

"That is tremendous," said Captain Grey solemnly. "What is to be done?"

"Oh, *you* can do nothing."

"Are you sure?" insinuatingly. "I would at any rate *try* to do a good deal for *you*."

"You are very kind." A pause — then Sybil resumed: "You are great friends with Eric Floyd, are you not?"

"Yes; he is a first-rate fellow — we are regular chums."

"Then, *why* does he go away in this sudden fashion?"

"Ah, he did not tell me."

"Have you no idea?"

"As to that, I may have my ideas, but they are pure conjecture."

"Do tell me!"

"I really have nothing to tell."

"You said you conjectured something. I wish you would tell me."

"Can I trust you? Will you keep what I am going to say entirely and completely to yourself?"

"Yes — entirely, completely, utterly," cried Sybil, blazing with curiosity.

"Well, I have only my own ideas for a guide, remember. Eric never said a syllable on which I could found my theories. He can hold his tongue."

"Never mind! do tell me what you think."

"Well," resumed Captain Grey, watching her closely, "my theory is that he is madly in love with your graceful friend, Miss Trevor, and that she has rejected him."

"In love with Val! Why do you think so?"

"My conviction is drawn from a mass of minute observations," returned Captain

Grey laughing. "It would take me a week to tell them all."

Sybil sat quite still for a moment or two, then started to her feet and caught the back of a sofa which stood near, with both hands. "What a vain, silly, selfish wretch I have been!" she exclaimed with vehemence. "I see it all now."

"What do you see?" asked Captain Grey, a good deal surprised.

"That I have done mischief; perhaps irreparable mischief. What *shall* I do? What can I do?"

"How can I tell unless you explain yourself?"

"I understand now why Valerie — poor, dear Val — has been so pale and silent. She has refused him because she thought I — I was in love with him. Why, I thought so myself, and he really loved *her* all the time. What a fool I have made of myself! I am ashamed to see you, or that you should see me. Do go away, Captain Grey."

"No, you must not send me away," he returned gently. "Come, sit down and let us see what is to be done." He took her hand and tried to draw her back to her seat, but she snatched it away, and, covering her face, burst into tears. "My dear Miss Owen — Sybil! I cannot bear to see you distress yourself in this way," cried Captain Grey. "What have you done? Nothing but coquette with your old friend in a very innocent fashion, though distracting to the lookers-on, at least to one of them. Why should this call forth such poignant self-reproach?"

"You do not know what a thoughtless, heartless stupid I have been, thinking of nothing but my own vanity. I have chattered continually of Eric Floyd till Valerie no doubt thought I was quite wrapped up in him."

"Then you are not?" put in Captain Grey quickly.

"Just now, no! A thousand things come back to me. I am sure you are right; Eric was — is — in love with Val! and I fancy she must like him, and — and my nonsense has broken it all up. Poor, dear Val! she is so good, and she has had such a miserable life, and now to lose a chance of happiness! Oh! oh! don't you see what a mischievous wretch I have been? Don't you think me hateful?"

"May I say *what* I think?" said Captain Grey, again taking her hand, and this time drawing her to the sofa where he sat down beside her.

"Yes, do; I wish you would abuse me — I deserve it."

"Sybil, I have always found you a fascinating, provoking, piquante little witch. I now see you have a true, honest heart that any man might be proud to win. Put Eric Floyd out of your head, or rather put me in his place. I have tried *not* to be fond of you, for I have little to share with you beyond the indifferent fortunes of a man who has been foolish and imprudent, but I *think* we might not be unhappy together."

"What, could you care about such a wild, silly, good-for-nothing creature as I am?" cried Sybil, her dark eyes sparkling through her tears, and her whole face instinct with frank surprise.

"Could I?" cried Grey, kissing her hand and then pressing it to his heart. "Who could help loving you, you little darling? Don't you see I am as great a fool about you as Eric can possibly be about your friend? Come, Sybil, let me keep this little hand of yours, and, by Heaven, you shall never repent giving it to me!"

This declaration came most opportunely to soothe and heal the deep wounds Sybil's self-love had just sustained. Moreover, Captain Grey was not a wooer to be lightly rejected. He was resolute, self-confident, impassioned, and, until Floyd had appeared, he had been a hero in Sybil's eyes. Now a strange thrill of softness, of regret, of vague longing to be better, went quivering through her veins. "I think you are very g — g — good to care about me," she sobbed, her tears flowing more gently, and the hand Grey held trembling in his grasp. To press her to him tenderly, to kiss away her tears, to whisper words of loving flattery, was only natural and irresistible, and before she well knew what she was saying, Sybil had promised to be his wife.

"But, all the same, what are we to do about Valerie?"

"I will contrive to persuade Floyd not to leave Paris for a few days longer, and so gain time."

"If Val could only be persuaded that I do not really care a straw for Eric — at any rate *now*," with a blush.

"I hope not," said Grey, smiling, as he yielded to her effort to disengage herself from him. "I imagine when she knows you are engaged to me —"

"She will think I did it just to bring Eric and herself together."

"Come, this is rather an overdose of magnanimity, is it not?"

"Not a bit. Do not be disagreeable, and — and, Captain Grey, when you go to

“speak to Aunt Hetty and Uncle James about me, there will be an awful row. They think you — oh, I do not know what they think you.”

“I am sure I am much obliged;” and Captain Grey was silent for a few moments of very deep thought, from which he roused himself to exclaim, “Sybil, my darling, I have hit on a plan by which we can remove some difficulties and convince Miss Trevor of your indifference to Floyd, if —”

A loud ring interrupted him.

“Oh, good gracious! it is Aunt Hetty. I must run away and put on my hat. Do not say a word to her of — of anything;” and Sybil hastily beat up the sofa-cushion against which she had been leaning.

“One word. Contrive to be at the seals’ pond in the Jardin d’Acclimatation to-morrow morning between ten and eleven. If not there to-morrow, I will look for you next day at the same time.”

“I suppose it’s awfully wrong, but I — I *will* go,” whispered Sybil, flying through the door which led into the next room, in the delightful foreign fashion which never leaves one without a means of retreat, and the next moment Captain Grey was under fire — that is, bowing before Miss Riddell’s awful presence.

CHAPTER VI.

MISS RIDDELL was much impressed by the change which seemed to have come to Sybil Owen since Mrs. Hartwell’s party and Eric Floyd’s departure. She was quieter, kinder, more attentive to her aunt, who began to admit that possibly she might have some good in her after all; and Valerie, though taken up with her private griefs, to say nothing of the special worry respecting his project of marrying her to his old friend’s son, instituted by her uncle, could not help observing that Sybil was unusually silent and tender in her ways, bestowing frequent sudden uncalled-for hugs and kisses on her friend, and that sometimes she appeared on the point of uttering something which she checked with abrupt, transparent suppression. Nevertheless, the alteration was for the better, and Valerie imagined that she had come to some secret understanding with Eric Floyd, especially as she never mentioned him or Captain Grey, nor did they ever encounter the latter gentleman in their walks to and from lecture or lesson.

“I think Captain Grey must have gone with his friend Mr. Floyd,” said Valerie, one afternoon, about ten days after the

Hartwells’ dance. “We never see him now.”

“Oh, he has gone to see his mother, Lady Grey, at Dover,” said Sybil absently. “As to Eric, are you sure he has left Paris?”

“I know nothing about him except what you and Miss Riddell tell me,” returned Valerie, rather surprised.

“Ah, well, I am not sure about anything. I mean —”

They walked on in silence for a little way (they were returning from the singing-class); then Sybil exclaimed, *à propos* of nothing, “I do not think anything makes one so good as feeling that somebody loves you — really, you know, with all his or her heart.”

“Certainly! Nothing constrains like affection.”

“Just so. That is the reason I was always better with you than any one else! I do love you, Valerie!” squeezing her arm tightly, “and I believe you will be very happy one of these days! But there, I must not begin to talk, for I always say too much.”

“You are quite mysterious, Sybil. Are you going to be worthy your name and predict my fortunes?”

“No.” A long pause. “Valerie, I want you to spend to-morrow afternoon with me, though it is your half holiday.”

“Very well, dear; I am sure I do not care to go home, it is not like home to me!”

But the following afternoon there was a change of plans. Sybil had received a note in the morning from Mrs. Hartwell, inviting her to dine, go to the opera, and sleep at the Rue de L —, which invitation Miss Riddell had permitted her niece to accept. So Valerie helped her to pack a hand portmanteau, and bade her “Au revoir.” She was surprised to see that Sybil looked pale, and that the hand she held was tremulous.

“Are you not well, dear?”

“Oh yes, quite well; that is, I have a slight cold. I will go and lie down till about four o’clock. I do not want to be too early at the Hartwells’. Are you going now?”

“Yes. Miss Riddell is coming with Miss Smith and myself to look at the skaters, it is so beautiful to-day. Then I shall go on home.”

“Well, good-bye, dear, dear Valerie” — with a sudden impulse Sybil threw her arms round her neck and kissed her warmly. Pondering on what could have moved her friend to such a demonstra-

tion, Valerie ran quickly down-stairs to meet Miss Riddell and Miss Smith, to whom Miss Green had joined herself.

"Existence is a positive pleasure in such weather," exclaimed Miss Riddell, stepping briskly forward. She had quite recovered from her cold and was in unusually good spirits. "One believes and hopes on a day like this! I want you to hope too, Valerie. You must arrange with your uncle to see me the day after to-morrow; it will be better to pay my visit in your absence. Sybil may not be back in time to come with me; but that is no matter. I have settled with Madame Rosambert. We are to leave in a fortnight. Sybil will go to my brother's; but I have a snug little *pied à terre* of my own in London, where you shall come and stay with me."

"You are indeed kind," cried Valerie. "Yes, I *must* go with you. I feel as if I could not bear to stay behind!"

"And I am determined you shall not," said Miss Riddell resolutely. "Now we must talk to those girls! Will you undertake Miss Green?"

A fall of snow during the night had cleared and softened the air, and nothing could be brighter or more cheering than the aspect of the lake in the Bois de Boulogne. A space between the island and the right bank at the upper end of the lake had been well swept, the trees on the gently shelving banks were lightly strewn with frozen snow, which glittered and sparkled in the clear wintry sunlight as if some fairy had scattered jewels broadcast. The sky spread out a boundless space of deepest blue, free from the smallest cloudlet. The snow—crisp, dry, and beaten down by the many pedestrians—offered a pleasant path, and below, on the lake, skimmed and gyrated a variegated crowd—red-skirted, sable-mantled ladies, with bright-tinted feathers in their hats; here a uniform and there a gaily-painted sleigh pushed by the gentleman in attendance on its fair inmate.

Miss Riddell and her companions walked quickly to and fro on the path beside the ice, admiring the performances of some, laughing at the awkwardness of others. Poor Valerie smiled and spoke mechanically, looking wistfully at the animated scene, grieving, with a strange numb pain, that she could not enjoy it—that life, the world, her whole outlook was changed and shrouded in a dull, grey mist of hopelessness and indifference.

"Look!" cried Miss Riddell suddenly. "Isn't that Eric Floyd skimming away

like lightning, going toward the bridge between the two islands?"

"Where?" cried Miss Green. "Is he the gentleman that used to skate so beautifully with Miss Owen?"

"I thought he had left Paris," said Valerie, her heart suddenly waking from its torpor to beat wildly, suffocatingly.

"So did I," returned Miss Riddell. "In fact, he seemed too disgusted with Paris to remain another hour."

"There—there is the Canadian who skates so wonderfully," said one or two French gentlemen who paused beside them.

"I thought he was no longer here."

"But where is the *mignonne Anglaise* who used to skate with him always? He is alone, n'est-ce pas?"

How eagerly Valerie strained her eyes to catch a glimpse of the figure she knew so well! How bitterly she regretted her own stupidity that missed seeing him as he passed! Surely, she was unusually dull and unobservant. Meantime, Miss Riddell looked about her with considerable curiosity, and uttered a good many explanations expressive of her surprise, her bewilderment, at Mr. Floyd's sudden reappearance.

"I dare say he is looking for Sybil and myself," she said. "I will stay here a while, as he may return."

"Then I must say good-bye," said Valerie. "My uncle no doubt already expects me."

"I will not keep you," returned Miss Riddell, "and I shall make my way to Passy on Saturday."

"Thank you, dear Miss Riddell. Do not stay too late; it will be very cold when the sun is down."

Valerie slowly ascended the bank, but did not take the shortest route to Passy. No doubt the view down the lake from the road that crosses between the upper and the lower sheet of water would be very pretty; she therefore walked on in that direction, looking keenly, intensely down upon the skaters, hoping to distinguish the figure which had escaped her notice before. She was confused and upset, and shrank in a way quite new to her from the idea of her somewhat uncongenial home. Had she indeed done well or wisely in rejecting so honest and true a gentleman as Eric Floyd, and for so slight a reason? She almost thought that if she had it to do again she would not. At this point in her vague reflections, she heard some screams and a confusion of many voices, which seemed to come from

the opposite side of the island. She also noticed that numbers of persons began to walk rapidly, some indeed to run round the bend of the road beyond her. "Some accident, I am afraid," she thought, but hesitated to press on, fearing to see some painful sight or become entangled with a crowd. Still, a strange anxiety would not let her turn her steps to Passy, so she lingered, hoping to gain some information respecting the cause of the excitement.

Presently, one of the gentlemen who had remarked on Floyd's skating came up as if from the scene of what Valerie supposed was an accident, accompanied by an elderly lady who was speaking with much animation. "The only unsafe spot," she was saying in French, "and the *gardiens* warned him in vain! If his head had not got under the ice he might have been saved. As it was —"

"Forgive me, madame," said Valerie, stung by a sudden, unaccountable fear, "can you tell me if an accident has occurred?"

"Mais oui, mademoiselle, a fatal accident," replied the gentleman. "One of the best skaters has ventured too rashly on a dangerous part of the ice at the other side there, and in a moment was immersed! I know not if he injured himself in falling, but I have just seen him carried to the bank quite dead."

"Have you any idea who —" She paused, feeling herself grow cold.

"Yes, the unfortunate gentleman was well known. He is the Canadian whose skating was so remarkable. What a blow his death will be to the pretty English girl who used to be his partner!"

While he still spoke Valerie darted away. For a moment her senses seemed to leave her. She forgot the whole world in the wild desire to look on Eric's face once more, alive or dead — to touch his hand, to kiss his cold cheek. Oh, if she had but told him how dear he was to her! Could it be that he had ceased to breathe, to live, to love? The air about her, the tramp of the passers-by, seemed to echo and re-echo the terrible words "quite dead."

Many turned to look at the slight, graceful girl, whose young face was so white and set as she hurried past without seeing them; and so she sped on, till, turning to descend a path which led down to where a crowd by the water's edge was slowly dispersing, she almost ran against a gentleman who was coming in the opposite direction — a very tall gentleman, in a loose brown overcoat and a fur cap, with a

pair of skates over his arm. She stopped and uttered a cry, then clasping his arm with both her hands she cried, "Eric, Eric! ah, good heavens, it is not true! You are safe! You are well! You did not fall through the ice! You are — ah, what have I said? You will think I have lost my senses, Mr. Floyd; but I was so shocked, so startled" — her voice died away, though her lips still moved and quivered.

Floyd looked down upon her first with utter and extreme astonishment, then a light began to sparkle in his eyes. He laid one hand for a moment on hers which held his arm. "I understand," he said: "some one has told you I had gone through and been drowned. It was one of the sweepers; but they have got him out and he is coming round. Valerie" — the way he uttered her name was a caress — "you can hardly stand. There is a sheltered seat across here behind the rocks. You must sit down and recover yourself."

How she reached it Valerie never knew. She was in a maze of joy, terror, confusion, and so shaken that she instinctively clung to Floyd's arm. When they were safe in the nook to which he guided her, Eric took both her hands in his, and holding them gently, firmly, exclaimed: "Then you care whether I am dead or alive — care enough to lose your color, your self-command? My dear, if you cared even a little for me, why have you given me such pain?"

Valerie could hardly articulate. "I do not know what you can think, but had I not better go home?"

"My love — my dear," he exclaimed passionately, "you have let me see a little bit of your heart, and I will never let you go again. Tell me why you would not listen to me the other day. When I told you you were all the world to me, why did you refuse me?"

Then brokenly, hesitatingly, Valerie confessed her dread of interfering with Sybil; of disappointing Miss Riddell; of upsetting the family schemes. "You do not know how sweet and kind Sybil was to me, and I have not met so much kindness in my life that I can afford to be ungrateful, so —"

"Sybil cares for nothing so much as her own vanity. I am exceedingly obliged to you all for disposing of me; but you see I had fixed my own thoughts and hopes in a different direction."

"Then," urged Valerie, collecting herself, "it was all so sudden, so unlooked

for, that I could hardly believe you would care much — very deeply, I mean — and I could not bear to be treacherous.”

“Yes, it is, or *has* been, sudden,” said Floyd thoughtfully. “Six weeks ago I did not know you existed, and now, in spite of your coldness, your rejection, you have grown part of myself. Valerie, you must not play with these fantastic notions of honor any longer. Look at me, dearest, and let me read the truth in your eyes.”

And Valerie, in some inexplicable way, found herself compelled to raise her loving, pathetic grey eyes to his.

What he read there at any rate seemed to give him strange delight. He murmured something like a thanksgiving, and after a short, expressive silence, exclaimed: “Come, I must not let you stay here in the cold. You are shivering already. A quick walk to Passy will warm you.” He rose and offered his arm to her.

“Are you coming with me?” asked Valerie, half frightened.

“Of course I am,” said Floyd laughing — such a happy laugh! “The sooner I have it out with your uncle the better. I hope to make it all right, though you will be an awful loss to him.”

Even among the sorrows and struggles and imperfections of this life there are rare moments of rest, of unspeakable blessedness, which, could they last, would leave nothing to imagine of heaven, and those which followed while Valerie and her lover traversed the short interval between the lakes and her abode dwelt forever in the memory of both as supremely blissful. Valerie said very little; but Eric Floyd poured out his heart, his hopes, his plans, his whole scheme of life, and behold it was very good.

Arrived at the ex-captain's quarters Valerie was surprised to find he had gone out, so the *concierge* informed her, with “le petit monsieur,” which Valerie understood to mean the gentleman intended by her uncle for her husband.

“My uncle is out,” she said to Floyd. “I am very sorry.”

“But may I not come in? Just for a few minutes. I have not said half I want to say, and it is not much more than four o'clock. How am I to get through the evening after you send me away?”

“Do you know that all the people in the house will think it very shocking of me to walk with you, and still more so to admit you when my uncle is not at home?” said Valerie smiling.

“The deuce they will!” cried Floyd. “But when we are going to be married they will understand —”

How sweet and strange it was to receive Eric Floyd in the somewhat dreary *salon*, to have his help in lighting the lamp; to show him her mother's picture; to feel that the good God had sent her a love nearly as true and tender as that dear mother's; and when, in talking of her and the many trials of the last three years, the big tears slowly gathered and welling over gemmed her long eyelashes, it was not without a sense of solemnity that Valerie yielded to the impulse with which Floyd caught her hands and raising them to his neck folded her in his arms, pressing a soft, warm, lingering kiss on the sweet tremulous lips that had just told the simple story of her troubles.

“To-morrow, then! You do not wish me to see your uncle till to-morrow! But you must let me soon carry you away to our wild, beautiful home. Ah, Valerie, you are all my own now!”

Miss Riddell had had her early cup of coffee the day but one after this happy explanation, and completed her toilet as far as a handsome *robe de chambre* and a neat morning cap, when Madeleine announced that Mademoiselle Valerie wished to speak with her.

“Certainly,” cried Miss Riddell, and in a few minutes that young lady entered.

“I am glad to see you,” said Miss Riddell, holding out her hand. “Come near the fire; it is abominably cold, and no sunlight to cheat us into believing it like summer, when we are really perishing.”

Valerie came in quickly and kissed her effusively without speaking.

“Why, you are looking uncommonly well! And they told me you were ill or obliged to go home early yesterday. Was M. le Capitaine unwell? This cold —”

“Oh no,” interrupted Valerie, with a sweet but somewhat embarrassed laugh. “He was a little cross and upset, but —” She paused.

“Ah! I suppose about this tiresome marriage?”

“Yes,” said Valerie, looking down, “it certainly was about my marriage.”

“Then I had better not go and see him to-day. It will suit me better, too, for I must go and bring Sybil home. I quite expected her yesterday morning. I do not know what Mrs. Hartwell will think of her flighty, independent ways. What is the matter with you, Valerie? There is something wrong.”

"Dear Miss Riddell, I have something dreadful to tell you. At least, you will think it dreadful."

"Speak then, you stupid child, and don't stop short to twist your fingers. What have you done?"

"What I am sure will vex you," cried Valerie, rushing with desperate courage on the avowal. "I have promised to marry Mr. Floyd."

Miss Riddell had just picked up a small log to throw on the fire when this appalling announcement met her ear. She let it fall and stood a moment gazing at the speaker, then she resumed her log, placed it on the fire, and said in a dry tone: "The last fault I should have laid to your charge, Valerie Trevor, is duplicity. I am sorry my knowledge of character has been so much at fault."

"But indeed, indeed I have not deceived you. I tried hard not to have anything to do with him, and then when I saw that I was really necessary to him——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" cried Miss Riddell contemptuously. "As if a woman was ever *necessary* to any man!"

"Well, he seemed to think I was," said poor Valerie modestly; and gathering courage she proceeded to describe the progress of her acquaintance with Eric to the final understanding.

"A pretty noodle I shall appear," exclaimed Miss Riddell, "in the eyes of my brother and every one who trusted in my shrewdness and knowledge of the world to bring things into train for the settlement of Sybil! Poor Sybil! I must say I feel for *her*. However you may satisfy your own conscience, Valerie, your conduct will have a treacherous aspect to her, and she was so fond of you."

"Pray, do not be so hard," cried Valerie, tears starting to her eyes; but Miss Riddell went on without heeding her.

"She is a foolish, flighty creature, but I begin to believe she *has* a heart, and it was all given to Eric Floyd. The news of this—this—treachery, I must call it by its right name, will be a bitter blow."

Poor Valerie's heart sank into the soles of her shoes. She felt the guiltiest wretch on earth. Before she could reply Madeleine entered with a letter. "Ah, this is from my poor niece," said Miss Riddell, looking at it severely. "I hope she is going to stay a few days with the Hartwells. It will give me time to tell her the news. I know something of such bitterness, and I believe it will go far to break her young heart." Miss Riddell opened the letter as she spoke, while Valerie sat silent,

overpowered at hearing her own doubts and self-reproaches put into words; but after glancing at the first page Miss Riddell uttered a horrified "Good heavens!" and let the hand which held the letter drop to her side.

"What—what is the matter?" cried Valerie, alarmed.

"I am the blindest, most dolted spinster of my age in all England," said Miss Riddell with an air of conviction. "Just listen to this, Valerie. It is dated from Dover:—

"MY DEAR AUNT, — You will be surprised to see where I am, but I cannot make a long story of it. Captain Grey persuaded me to come here to stay with his mother, Lady Grey, and as he seems fonder of me than any one else ever was, I am going to marry him to-morrow morning! Then we go, I really do not know where, for a few weeks before coming to London. You see he is obliged to join his regiment at Lahore early in February. This is the reason why he wanted to marry at once; for by the time he had got over all the trouble you and Uncle James and papa would have been sure to make it would have been to late, and he feared losing me if he went without me. But I should have stuck to him through thick and thin. Do not be too angry, aunty. I am really fond of you, though you can be so disagreeable, and you did not like me a bit. No one did except Val and George. You see if I am not a first-rate wife. Tell Val, with my love, to make haste and marry Eric. He was dying about her, and he really is a good fellow. Good-bye. God bless you! I hope to give you a hug and a kiss in London. Before you read this I shall be

"SYBIL GREY."

"*Now* can you forgive me?" cried Valerie, "and may I call Mr. Floyd and tell him the news?"

"Why, where is he?"

"Down-stairs; he walked over from Passy with me."

"Good heavens! Yes, call him. But this is a blow;" and Miss Riddell sat silent for a moment or two till she had greeted Eric. "I am horribly angry and ashamed," she said, with the sound of tears in her voice. "Sybil has disgraced me and herself."

"Do not be too hard upon her," said Eric kindly. "I am certainly very angry with Grey; he ought not to have persuaded her to such a step; but he is a man of prompt and resolute action, and very much

in love. Still, he ought not. As to Sybil, remember her wild, impulsive nature, and that she had no mother or home to leave, and till very lately *you* were a stranger to her."

"At any rate," observed Miss Riddell crossly, "I see it is a vain task to try and play providence to headstrong young people. I only hope none of you may repent the part you have chosen."

Parents and guardians intending to send young ladies to perfect themselves in French "acquired in Paris" may like to know that Madame Rosambert has furnished herself with a resident *institutrice* of the severest morals and forbidding aspect; also that in addition to the former advantages of her pension she can offer the constant presence of a venerable relative and distinguished officer, whose noble and elegant manners, cultivated conversation, and pure French are of the greatest importance to her pupils.

Indeed, M. le Capitaine Latour, who now occupies Miss Riddell's rooms, is one of madame's best-paying *pensionnaires*, immensely petted by the young ladies, looked up to by all, lapped in a perfect paradise of gratified conceit, and successful, as consistent selfishness so often is, to the last.

From All The Year Round.
REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

IN THREE PARTS.

PART I.

THE entrance from seaward into the harbor of Port Royal, is protected by cays or coral reefs, apparently not long risen above the surface, as little soil has collected upon them, and one is nearly awash. They bear curious old-world names, taken from the ancient navigators' charts, and suggesting wild orgies indulged in under the brazen sun while conducting the survey of the harbor. Drunken-men's Cay, Rum Cay, Gun Cay, are all of small dimensions, clothed with green nearly to the water's edge.

It is a lovely sight on nearing these cays to watch the water gradually shoal. Little by little the limpid depths grow clearer and greener, till a fairy forest of living, breathing coral appears as if but an inch or two below the surface; you cannot believe that six feet of water rolls over it. Sea-urchins, sea-anemones, starfish, and other fleshy zoophytes enjoy

themselves in their own flabby way among the corals, expanding and collapsing with the gently heaving water, but retiring within themselves and lying flat at the bottom, shapeless jellies, at the slightest hint of capture. Nothing more lovely can be conceived than the corals as seen from a boat. Large flat masses of the shape of a toadstool, great white branches like a deer's antlers, tipped with blue, red, and violet, rear themselves towards the surface in fragile loveliness, while mounds of brainstone look as smooth and round as if fresh from a mason's hands. Delicate, filmy seaweed of every tint forms a soft carpet, showing off by contrast the brilliant whiteness of the coral, but disappointing when brought to the surface — a collapsed mass of pulp. Night falls here so suddenly, without any intervening twilight, as to leave little enough time for getting home while a glimmer remains sufficient to steer clear of the coral reefs just awash. It is particularly disagreeable to hear, when hurrying homewards belated, crunch, crunch, crunch, as a sharp spike of coral penetrates the thin sides of the boat, and you are left lamenting, up to the knees in water, and despair at your heart, till perchance somebody sees you from the ships, and comes to the rescue.

One of our pleasantest amusements, albeit rather a toilsome one, was a picnic to Rock Spring, the source of the water-supply, ten miles away, at the head of Kingston Harbor. Having succeeded at great personal labor in collecting all who consented to be dragged from their beds at four-thirty A.M., a start was made in the gun-boat "Heron," steam-tender to the commodore's flag-ship, about five. Arriving at about seven, and landing on the piles, you walk at first in single file beside the aqueduct and pipes that convey the water to the holds of the tank-vessels. The reservoir is hewn out of solid grey-green rock on the side of Long Mountain; it is capable of containing over two hundred tons of water, and though six feet deep, is of such a lovely transparency, that it is difficult to believe you are not looking into an empty space with a clean, rocky bottom. The water oozes through a fissure in the green stone; it is not known where the spring exactly rises, but the water is absolutely clean, pure, wholesome, and free from the shadow of impurity — I say this, because in yellow-fever epidemics the water-supply is the first thing to be suspected. Beneath, lies a tranquil vale far from pollution or human habitation. At a respectful distance (lest

a single leaf should fall and taint the carefully guarded water) bananas wave and fruit, while the course of a small stream is marked by an impervious forest of strong *Osmunda regalis*, measuring from twelve to seventeen feet in height, thickly carpeted with peppermint and water-cress.

The scene of our picnic was usually laid higher up the mountain, between the great, buttress-like roots of a particularly large cotton-tree. Breakfast being ready, also several additional guests from Kingston, Up Park, and the Gardens, tea, coffee, and especially iced claret cup by the gallon, disappeared as soon as made; and black crabs, deliciously cooked in their shells; cold calipiver (the salmon of Jamaica), taken in the mountain lakes; chickens fed by ourselves upon the white meat of the cocoanut; excellent eggs; scones; oranges; neesberries, a rough, brown fruit, second to none when eaten at the exact moment of perfection; "matrimony," a delicious compound composed of star-apples, oranges, ice, and sugar, form a repast not to be despised. Cigars and idleness followed, after which the light-hearted middies amused themselves by making the young king of Mosquito wash up the tumblers and glasses.

"William Henry Clarence," so named in honor of our sailor king, William the Fourth, who was a great patron of his father and uncle, succeeded at a very early age to the almost barren honors of the kingdom of Mosquito on the death of his uncle, a courteous sable gentleman, whose end was unlimited conviviality.

This poor young lad of eighteen died—it is believed by poison—about a year after returning to Blewfields, Honduras, his seat of government, which might have become an enlightened and habitable place had his life been spared to exercise any authority. He was of a singularly amiable disposition, talented and well-meaning, with fine Indian features and straight, black hair. Much care had been bestowed upon his education by the Baptists to whom he had been confided, but he had the instincts of a soldier, and told me in confidence how he longed to be sent to a military college, but the funds available for his education out of the Mosquito "civil list" did not allow of any wild extravagance. On such festive occasions as a grand luncheon at the Admiralty House the young king was attired in a blue military frock-coat and cap, with gold buttons and red facings, rendered regal by a broad, light-blue, watered ribbon, worn across his chest, like the Order

of the Bath, in which he took immense pride.

Fleeing before the first hot rays of the advancing sun, we usually got home by half past ten, just as the sea breeze set in, bathed and rested for the day.

Opposite Port Royal, and guarding the entrance to Kingston harbor, are two once important forts, Apostles' Battery and Fort Augusta. To seaward of the former is Green Bay, a place celebrated in olden days for duels. Nothing now rewards a visit here, but the grave of a Frenchman, Lewis Baldy, of whom it is recounted on his tombstone that in the great earthquake of 1692 he was swallowed up at Port Royal and disgorged again into the sea, but survived this extraordinary experience for many years.

Beyond Green Bay again, on the most hopelessly sterile spot in Jamaica, herd together under government supervision the lepers of the island. Shunned by all mankind, bereft of everything that makes life endurable, they yet live on without hope or joy, often till extreme old age. When you have said they have enough food, you have said all. These poor souls are beyond the reach of everything but death, and even that last enemy is in no hurry to claim them.

At Fort Augusta, besides the powder-magazine, there is still standing a great range of barracks, tenanted only by flocks of pigeons and by bats and owls. The graveyard attached to the fort is full of tablets to the memory of a vast army who were allowed to perish of yellow fever in this pestilential place. In these days of sanitary precautions, it seems astonishing that Englishmen should have been brought out here, planted ashore at Fort Augusta—a place surrounded by marshes and black, stagnant, reedy estuaries, now the home of alligators and screech-owls—and have been allowed, about seventy to one hundred years ago, to have died like rotten sheep. Half hidden among giant cacti, mangrove, and cashew, a scrub, impenetrable, and not even picturesque, are to be found hundreds of tons of old thirty-two pounders, which, apparently to save trouble and get them out of the way when the two or three big guns replaced them, were pitched from the ramparts into the thicket, where they lie half-buried in marshy *débris*. Various projects for shipping some of this valuable old iron are always being formed, with, as far as I know, no immediate result.

Apostles' Battery is perched on a slight rocky prominence, and is far healthier

than Fort Augusta. The ruinous buildings are still made use of occasionally for a quarantine hospital. Port Henderson, close by, possesses a celebrated well and bath, blasted out of the rock and arched over with greenish-grey stone. Looking down into it you are quite unable to determine its depth, or, indeed, whether it contains any water at all, it is so absolutely clear and transparent. Once a poor young midshipman, fancying the bath must be very deep, took a header into it; striking violently against the bottom, his neck was dislocated, and he died in a few hours.

Food is a difficulty at Port Royal — eatables are only to be obtained from the market at Kingston, five miles off. Beef alone is cheaper than in England, mutton dearer and nastier; goat is very frequently substituted for mutton, though, when taxed with the fraud, the butcher disclaims the insinuation with scorn. Fowls are remarkably thin and tough, and I often gave a shilling for four eggs. Turtle is cheap — sixpence a pound for fine, fat alderman's turtle; but notwithstanding its cheapness, an accomplished cook prefers to have plenty of beef stock and calves' feet, wherewith to make the soup both strong and gelatinous, before any turtle at all is put into it — in fact, the turtle is the least ingredient in good turtle-soup! Black crabs are easily obtainable; we, however, always had grave doubts as to the nature of the last food upon which they had gorged themselves, and so they were educated in barrels for three weeks upon barley-meal. The crabs are then boiled, minced, seasoned, and served up in their shells. One of our party was awaked in the middle of the night by a most curious sound, as of some creature being dragged along the corridor, occasionally tapping a sharp little heel. Daylight revealed a large black crab which had escaped from the barrel, mounted a long flight of steps, and had finally taken refuge upon the mosquito-net of the bed, where it clung desperately by one claw. Game there is none; a few little sand-pipers were sometimes shot on the palisades between the lights, and were not bad. Fish are coarse and tasteless, so that gourmands have a bad time of it in Jamaica.

Servants are a grave difficulty; the climate is too trying for English people, whereas our Barbadian or Jamaican cook and cook's mate really enjoyed themselves in an atmosphere resembling the tropical orchid-house at Kew Gardens. One was horribly dirty, the next inordi-

nately fat, the last, a Barbadian, clean, and a very tolerable cook, though wasteful and extravagant, and his turtle-soup was excellent enough to cover a multitude of sins.

I often heard that the native servants were revengeful; on one occasion only did we find them so. A young black girl in our employ, who had come to us highly recommended, was convicted of flagrant misconduct; she was accordingly warned to pack up her things, and be ready to go to Kingston by the steam-launch in the morning. During the afternoon the iced water in a cooler, always standing in the dining-room, was observed to present a cloudy, whitish appearance; so much so, that it was thrown away untasted. Next morning when our early coffee was poured out, a broad yellow stain still remained on the side of the cup. I sent for the cook and pointed it out to him; he seemed to know perfectly well what was the matter with it, and quickly carried it away, hurriedly saying: "I bring missus fresh coffee." Before I had the least realized that an attempt had been made to poison us, the coffee was poured away. I afterwards found out that, after being dismissed, the girl hovered about the kitchen all the afternoon, quite an unusual thing, and was the first up in the morning, still loitering about the kitchen door. The same girl afterwards accosted us in the market at Kingston with the greatest cheerfulness, as if nothing whatever had happened to prevent a cordial greeting on our part. I frequently heard of cases where native poisons were carried about by native servants — and trusted servants — for years, "in case" they might be suddenly wanted to "pay out" some unlucky employer or fellow-servant who had offended them. Obeah poisoning is also extensively carried out in remote nooks, particularly in the mountains, where incantations, resembling those of ancient witchcraft, are practised with the aid of a white cock. We never could keep a white bird in the hills; they were always stolen for Obeah purposes.

The former wife of a friend of my own, wasted, pined, and died under a constant course of some irritant poison, administered (it was afterwards discovered) by her trusted housekeeper, in the expectation that the reins of government would pass into her own hands with the appurtenances thereof. However, when the poor lady died, so much grave suspicion attached to this woman, who had carried out her cruel task with fiendish malice,

that she disappeared no one knew whither.

That there is a diabolical element lurking in the apparently good-tempered and easy-going Jamaican, was amply shown in the atrocities committed at Morant Bay during the rebellion of 1865, on their previously adored masters and mistresses.

All black people love fine clothes. On one of the rare occasions on which I appeared in a ball-dress at Port Royal, my English maid thoughtfully proposed that the poor old black scullerywoman in the kitchen should come up and see me. "Come in," I said, hearing a succession of loud sniffs outside. No sooner was the door open and I stood revealed to sight, than she fell upon me with outstretched arms, clasping my knees in the wildest excitement and admiration. I could well have dispensed with that portion of it, her apron and person in general being far from immaculate. She was an excellent creature, albeit dirty, and when she died, wishing to mark our sense of honest and faithful service, her poor little shrivelled black body, enclosed in a neat coffin, was borne by six stalwart seamen to the stern-sheets of the commodore's galley, followed by her nearest relations and friends in the whaler. The two boats were then slowly rowed past the flag-ship and other men-of-war, who flew their flags half-mast for the occasion to the landing-place on the palisades, where the clergyman, and a numerous assemblage of Port Royal, were awaiting them. Our only regret was that she could not have attended her own funeral, she would have been so flattered and charmed at the attention paid to her.

A funeral is heartily enjoyed by the natives, none of whom would willingly absent themselves from one, and they will tramp any distance in the blazing sun to attend a wake. As soon as the breath is out of a body, it is treated with a fear and respect which are far from being accorded to it during life. As many relations as can be collected together in the very limited time, pack into the death-chamber, where they pass the whole of the succeeding night, singing without one moment's intermission, till there are signs of the dawn. Their voices then ascend higher and higher, till an excruciatingly high key is attained, when with a burst of shrill and prolonged notes, the struggling spirit is thought to be at rest, safe from the violence of the powers of darkness, who are always in waiting the first night to seize and bear away the dead. The

ninth night after death is also an important one. Another ceaseless period of singing, another great gathering, and the spirit is forever at peace. It must be highly undesirable to possess a large circle of relations, as these nights of wild excitement are most exhausting, and during epidemics of cholera, small-pox, and measles, were the means, till put an end to by government, of largely spreading contagion. Even after the most stringent prohibitions, wakes were continually held in secret on the hillsides, the few police being quite powerless to prevent them — even if they tried, which I doubt, as the force consists of black or colored men, sympathizing with their race in these fetish customs. For one native buried in the cemeteries, certainly five are put into a hole in their own garden, causing the particular spot to be shunned after night-fall with abject fear, as long as the place of sepulchre is remembered.

The negroes are not frequent eaters, but when they do eat — a favorite time is about nine at night — the quantity consumed is beyond belief. After these Gargantuan meals they lie down, and sleep the sleep of the gorged. Very little change is either made or desired in their diet from day to day; a pudding composed of yam, salt-fish, calavances, aché, and fat, forming the staple of their food all the year round.

These people think we are quite absurd in the frequency of our meals, and I don't know that they are wrong. A manservant of ours was heard to soliloquize, with a sigh enough to blow a candle out, "Dem white people never done eat," as he prepared to lay the cloth for the fourth time that day.

Their naïve revelations are sometimes very amusing. Here is a typical case. Illness and various hindrances had prevented our returning a first visit quite as quickly as etiquette demanded. Some little time afterwards we proceeded to enquire if Mrs. — was at home. "No," shortly replied an offended-looking black lady, opening about two inches of the door, "she has waited 'pon you for tree day, and now she has gone out." Our visit had evidently been expected sooner, and its non-payment freely commented upon.

Bidden to stay with the governor we crossed to Port Henderson in the galley. The governor's carriage in waiting at that desolate landing-place made quite a gorgeous spot of color, the ridiculously pompous ebony faces of his servants look-

ing comically out of their smart scarlet liveries. An ugly drive of twelve miles over sandy tracts bordered with cashew and straight, scrubby cactus, brought us to Spanish Town, once the flourishing capital of the island, when Kingston consisted of a few mud huts upon the shore. Little by little its grandeur has departed. King's House (a fine relic of the old Spanish times, with vast banqueting and ball rooms, arched with black chestnut), public offices, archives, museum, have all been removed to Kingston and elsewhere, leaving the once handsome square, crowded with fine habitable buildings, desolate.

One great attraction Spanish Town must always possess for travellers in the lovely Bogue Walk close by, a natural ravine winding with the Cobre River at the bottom of a deep gorge. A mountain rises up sheer on each side, clothed and bathed in a tangle of tropical verdure, with just space enough at the bottom for the rushing river, its bed strewn with grey rocks, and the drive beside it. After passing the Bogue Walk the mountains recede, the turbulent river, no longer pent up, runs quietly, and the verdant plains of Linstead open to view; here we "baited" and melted, before commencing the ascent of Mount Diavolo, two thousand feet high. The view from the summit is glorious: miles and miles of yellow cane and blue-green tobacco, with the river twisting and turning in and out. Dwarf stone parapets were our sole protection against a fall into the valley, a thousand feet below. Midway in the descent the horses swerved as if not under command, there was a lurch, and then a nod on the part of the driver. The horses were now tearing down the steep decline; another swerve, and the off-wheel, striking against the stone parapet, had half its tire torn violently off. The coachman was asleep! Fearing that the flapping tire would alarm the already excited horses, we got out and walked, while the horses were led into Moneague, where a tinker of a wheelwright "dished" the wheel the wrong way in putting on a new tire, causing it to wobble about in an eccentric manner all the rest of the journey. Moneague is a very old town, with the remains of many fine Spanish buildings, blighted and decayed, and fast mingling with the dust. Sundown brought us to our journey's end; here a fine, park-like domain of great beauty and extent, rolled away from the comfortable, well-kept house. A thousand head of cattle spread over the plains, and dotted the hillside.

Clumps of wide-spreading trees made delicious shade for countless animals all the hot noonday, but in dry seasons they suffered much from want of water, often being driven fifteen or twenty miles for a drink. "Ticks," originally imported from Cuba, infest the cattle, and make it a dangerous experiment for man as well as beast to roam about these beautiful grasslands. Here the large landowner seems more akin to the Jamaica planter of old, keeping troops of black servants, and exercising unbounded hospitality. The return from St. Ann's was commenced at four-thirty A.M., it being still pitch-dark. As morning dawned a thick white mist lay upon the valley like a vast lake, hiding everything below from sight; we seemed to be driving into the air, leaving the clouds beneath us. On the very summit of Mount Diavolo a halt was made to see the sun rise. First it touched the horizon, then blazed forth, piercing the heavy mists, which lifted, rose, and sailed away into the skies at the first touch of its hot rays. The Bogue Walk seen later in the day assumes an altogether different aspect when lighted up from the opposite side. Rio Cobre has so many waterfalls down which to tumble, so much broken rock to hurry over, that it is often very dangerous, especially during sudden freshets, caused by an afternoon shower in the hills. Early in the day the river is generally running quietly. Groups of gay-hearted, chattering women then collect in the stillest pools; each with her dress kilted up, standing knee-deep in front of her favorite flat stone. Here she will talk incessantly while lazily washing out the family rags, which are ruthlessly banged against the stones instead of being rubbed and wrung. One woman remains longer than the rest, perhaps, unobservant of any change, till a sudden flood lifts her off her feet, flings her head against a jagged rock, and nothing more is ever seen of her; nor do they ever seem to gain experience, for no week passes without some such accident happening in one or other of the many streams in the island.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
HISTORY IN LITTLE.

PART II.

THE thirty years' convention between Biella and the house of Savoy ended in

1409; but as it had worked well it was renewed, the Biellese now taking the oath of allegiance for perpetuity. They included, as before, the circumjacent towns and villages over which they claimed local lordship. In 1427 Amedeo VIII. took from Biella one or two of her little townships to give them to the old hard mistress Vercelli, besides levying a tax which crippled the resources of the Biellese commune. At the same time remonstrance or interference was strictly forbidden. Vernato, a small, insignificant hamlet, proved however to have the heart of a giant if but the stature of a pigmy. She boldly sided with Biella in her griefs, and entered into an alliance—illimitably funny considering the size of the contracting parties—wherein she agreed henceforth “to share her burdens and her honors, her vicissitudes of fortune either for good or for evil, her pleasures and her pains, her privileges and her tributes, her immunities and her expenses, her freedoms and her charges, her exemptions and her imposts.”

So things went on, till one of the communities, carried along by Biella in her train, revolted from her authority, and set the thorns beneath the pot crackling loudly. This was Andorno.

In the first compact of 1379, Andorno was included as not only yielded with Biella to Savoy, but also as under the power of Biella for the administration of justice—a most important as well as a most cherished right—and for the regulation of her own communal matters. Also she was rated at a yearly impost of three hundred golden ducats, as her quota of the hearth-tax imposed by Amedeo on Biella. Now in those days, “when money was scarce, and consequently dear, agriculture almost entirely neglected, the art of stock-raising and herding forgotten, when arts and industries were abandoned, and the expenses for fortifications and other things always on the increase,” a sum of three hundred golden ducats from such a place as Andorno was a very large one to raise. On account of this tax, then, as well as for the insult offered to her independence in the matter of her criminals, and the damage done to her prosperity by the suppression of her weekly market which she had had from the most ancient times—suppressed to enable that at Biella to flourish more vigorously—Andorno rebelled. She also, with no light loss to herself, had freed herself from the chains of the Church at Vercelli; and she had

no idea of submitting to a new feudal lord in the person of the commune of Biella. She rebelled in vain. Amedeo VIII., the Peaceable, instigated by Biella, which after all was the more important town of the two, forbade the Andornese to hold their weekly market; and the bailiff of Bruges came into the recalcitrant valley, where, assembling the men in the marketplace, he ordered the men gathered round in an agitated crowd to submit themselves to Biella; to accept her suzerainty in the matter of justice, taxes, laws, and the like; and to take the oath of allegiance to the house of Savoy, together with and under the leadership of the Biellese notables.

But the hardy Andornese honored their local liberty before all else, and preferred to be torn away from their lands and families rather than forego the rights of a free commune and free citizens self-governed at the bidding of that arrogant little city on the heights. Biella arrested the *consoli* or chief men of Andorno, and took them before the chief judge of the district, who refused to release them until they had taken the oath required. Oath or no oath, bending to the storm they could not resist, or standing erect under pressure, the Andornese had always the intention to rebel, and the hope to get free. Quarrels between them and Biella were rife; and the sovereign was perpetually called on to settle disputes which must have seemed to him something like the quarrels between the pigmies and the cranes. All his awards were in favor of Biella. The sacredness of authority and the right of might had to be upheld at all costs; and the virtues of patience and submission are those on which all rulers of all times have laid the greatest stress. Nothing, however, quenched the indomitable spirit of the Andornese, and when, in the last appeal to the supreme authority, Biella was once more upheld in her tyranny by Duke Charles I., the Warrior—he who had at first allowed the Andornese to hold their weekly market, and then had revoked the patent—they broke out into open violence; and confusion, murders, vendettas, and aggressions of all kinds were the order of the day. Then Biella thought to take the thing seriously in hand, and quell forever the spirit of rebellion which in her own case had brought her liberty, autonomy, success; but with which, in the case of her “vassal,” blood and fire were not too strong measures to deal.

One morning at the end of February,

1486, a numerous cavalcade set forth from the gate of Riva di Biella to force on the reluctant little township the ducal patent which deprived it of its rights and privileges. The mayor and the judges, the leading men of the commune, the guards and men-at-arms told off for their service and protection, and half the male population of Biella, poured forth from the city gates while the morning sun shone on the snowy hills around and brightened every branch and twig of the frosted trees. With tramp of horse and clattering of arms, with tread of men and loud hum of voices, they wound up the steep way by the side of the dashing Cervo, and so into the valley where the rebellious Andornese talked sedition and practised defiance, and would not submit tamely to loss and wrong. The great bell of Andorno sounded loud and long. It was the tocsin — the signal which each man of the community had sworn to obey, whenever it should sound, as to-day, summoning them to fight for their liberties. From mountain height and narrow valley they all came pouring down; till every male capable of bearing arms stood in a serried mass in the Piazza to oppose the Biellese host, defying both the ducal patent and the men-at-arms. They would not obey the one and they would not yield to the other. Let God defend the right — and have at them with a will!

The fight to-day in the beautiful valley of Andorno was long and hard, but it ended in the defeat of the Andornese, among whose seven dead history records the name of one woman. Let us give her the honor she earned that day under the shadow of the mountains and for the priceless gain of freedom. Other women have had their immortality, why not poor Agostina Levera? this obscure Piedmontese heroine, fighting for the liberties of her native township as Boadicea fought for her kingdom, as Joan of Arc fought for her country. It was but a poor, unnoted, obscure little life that went out under the sunshine of that February day, but individual worth is not measured by cosmic value, and an obscure heroine is as great in herself as, if less important to others than, the most famous of history.

Biella won in the fray, but Andorno was none the more submissive. The valiant little place still stood out, and at last the warrior duke appointed a commission of his own to inquire into matters from a disinterested point of view. On this commission, by the way, served Matteo Meschiatis, brother of the Augustine friar who

wrote "*Dies iræ, dies illa.*" The result was, of course, the continued support given to Biella. And the duke, though he was wise and just and made good laws — specially one against fraudulent bankrupts — endorsed the verdict of his commissioners and forced Andorno to submit. This was the duke who called himself king of Cyprus on the death of his aunt Caterina, the widow of Luigi di Savoia, who was said to have been poisoned (1490) by his old enemy, the Marchese di Saluzzo, whom he had conquered and despoiled. He was buried at Vercelli, where his tomb still is, and he was the father of St. Amedeo.

Meanwhile great things were stirring the deeper waters of Italian life. Lorenzo de' Medici in Florence broke all the laws and fostered all the arts, and Savonarola refused to give him absolution unless he repented and restored what he had taken from others. The Borgias in Rome disgraced the humanity they outraged and degraded. The Turks were to the front, and both Venice and Naples trembled at the power of the Crescent which the Cross had not yet subdued. St. Peter's was built, and Michael Angelo and Raffaele stripped the palaces and temples of the old Romans to adorn the churches and houses of the new. Lucrezia Borgia had lived and died, leaving a name which has become a byword until of late years, when her repute has been rehabilitated. The French had poured into Italy under Charles VIII., and after triumph and conquest, ravage and retaliation, had been forced back to their own homes. Down in our small villages and towns beneath the shadow of the mountains, echoes of these larger strifes troubled the quiet days of citizen and burgher, and no one knew whose turn would come next, and where the violence of lawless men would end. Between Andorno and Biella nothing was changed. In 1561 the hatred of the Andornese against the men of the rival city was so great that they declared they would rather give themselves up to the dreaded Turk than submit to their old enemy not three English miles away. By dint of their constancy, the struggle having lasted for one hundred and eighty-two years, they finally got freed and were given their own autonomy. So now Andorno was suffered to have her municipality; her own statutes, administration, and administrators; her weekly market; her laws, lawgivers, and executive; and to be free of Biella save in the general business of the State, as relating to the

sovereign house of Savoy, the officials of which resided at Biella.

Hard conditions, however, were made; and if the Andornese wanted their local liberties they had to smart for them pretty sharply. They were obliged to pay a yearly tax of a thousand golden crowns and of a hundred wagons of salt, and to bear their share in all other taxes and imposts. And this was almost like grinding them to powder. Then came a famine, as the natural consequence of these long-continued wars; and miseries of another kind were heaped on them. Wanting the first necessities of life, they starved and died like sheep. The old people and the little children fell off first; and the strong men followed. But still the courage of this brave little place never failed its stalwart sons, and they pulled through their bad time like heroes, content if they had but liberty. Of all small local histories there is surely none which shows a more manful spirit, more courage, tenacity, devotion, and high-heartedness, than that of this small, unknown, obscure Piedmontese township!

There is a grim little story of this time — how Don Emmanuele di Savoia died in 1652, in Andorno, in the most miserable condition. He was left for four days in a wretched cabin, no one offering to bury him; and at last he was buried with ignominious parsimony by the commune. The original document is so odd that I give it as I find it in "*La Storia di Biella*," by Severino Pozzo; from which book and Sismondi's "*Italian Republics*," together with Gallenga's "*Fra Dolcino*," I have taken most of my material, save what I picked up by word of mouth on the spot:

"Excellentissimus D. Emanuel a Sabaudia, filius Celsitudinis Caroli Emanuelis Ducis Sabaudiae, soluit Deo debitum refectus sacramentis et die octava exportatus statim in campanile a 6 ore di notte in una casia ove stette 4 giorni e nessuno cercava di farlo seppellire, che toccò alla comunità a farli il funerale, cioè misero X torchie di oncie 10 l'una e il sabato poi di notte li 12 sudetto per aver io detto di farlo portar fori di chiesa non che del campanile perchè jam fetebat, andò Giovanni Virla ed il staffer Vercellono a cacciarlo in un monumento di mio cognato, e il Cav. Pissina mandato da madama per soccorso con 100 doppie non spese un soldo, anzi portò via tutte le sue robbe, mobili di casa e cavilli, meno pagò nessun religioso, ma come dico fù sepolto miseramente. Talis vita, similis exitus.

(Io Petrus Franc. Bagnasaccas Concuratus.)"

We must now go back a little way. In 1527 Filippo Torinella, a noted free-lance from Novara, ravaged all the lands belonging to Biella, and prepared to attack the town itself, but was bought off by a gift of 3,150 florins. He then withdrew to beyond the Sesia, where he promised his soldiers a rich booty; and performed his promises at the expense of the unhappy citizens and cultivators of the district round about. In 1521 — to go back a small step still — Marshal de Brissac, who had command of the French army in Piedmont, came to Biella and concluded a secret alliance with Filiberto Fieschi, il Marchese di Masserano, on condition of certain moneys to be paid to the Most Christian King (Francis I.), and certain services to be rendered by the marchese, the Biellese, and *tutti quanti* for the honor of the alliance. In return for which black-mail they were to be held free from sack and pillage. But after a time il Marchese Masserano began to play that double game which generally ends in losing the stakes, and, in trying to ride two horses at once, came ignominiously to the ground. Coquetting with Spain, England, and Savoy against the French, his schemes were discovered, and the king wrote to De Thermes, then governor of Piedmont, ordering him to seize the marchese and take possession of the Castle and Piazza of Biella, where he was to be found, then to carry him off to the stronghold of Zumaglia. Accordingly De Thermes ordered twenty of his officers to put on coats of mail under their doublets, and go into the Piazza on pretence of having to speak to him, De Thermes, as he was dining with the marchese. After which they were to post themselves, six by the door of the grand hall, and the rest on the stairs. His captain of the guard, with thirty trusty soldiers, was to come into the courtyard as if to accompany him on his afternoon ride. Two captains, with three hundred arquebusiers, were to be at two hundred paces from the castle, ready to swarm in at the faintest noise of resistance. All was done as was ordered, and the meshes of the net were securely laid across the feet of the marchese. He, hearing an unusual noise below as the thirty soldiers trooped into the courtyard and disarmed his own guard, rose from table to go to the balcony and look out to see what it all meant; when suddenly the twenty officers broke into the room and surrounded him and his

son. And then De Thermes declared his orders from the king, and told the marchese that he was his prisoner, and must be taken to Masserano—or Zumaglia, should that castle please him better. Fortunately for one poor victim of tyranny Masserano chose the castle of Zumaglia, by which the hideous fate of Francesco Pecchio was brought to the light of day and the execration of history. Francesco Pecchio, sometimes called captain, had incurred the wrath of the marchese for having executed an order of Duke Charles III. against him; and the marchese was not a man to forgive. He therefore had Francesco Pecchio assaulted by certain of his bravos as he went from Vercelli to Asigliano, and brought alive to the castle of Zumaglia, where he was cast into a small, dark, filthy dungeon, to be seen to this day. The horse was wounded and let loose; and as it made its way home, bleeding and riderless, the supposition was natural that Pecchio had been set on and slain. Two men unfriendly to him were arrested; tortured in the good old way; in their tortures confessed themselves guilty of his assassination; and were hanged out of hand, to the comfort of the bereaved family. Some time after the wife married again; the sons came of age, sold the father's lands and spent the money; while poor Francesco Pecchio was living in a hole not six feet square, where his food—bread and water—was let down to him by a hole at the top, when it was not forgotten altogether.

For twenty years this man lived in this manner, and when the French general took the castle he was found. White as a dead man, with long grey hair and beard, a living skeleton, blind, dazed, weak, alive and no more, the poor fellow was taken out of his living grave, cleansed, fed, and gradually brought back to humanity. But when he went back to his own old home, his wife refused to receive or recognize him, and his lands were denied him. He brought a lawsuit against both his wife and the holders of his lands; and recovered all of which he had been deprived. His wife was ordered to leave her present husband and take back her lawful skeleton; the holders of his lands had to give them up, for all that they had paid for them honestly and the purchase-money had been spent. Sure never was there a more disastrous resurrection! but *fiat justitia*; and poor Pecchio had suffered so much it was only fair that he should be compensated in some sort at the end. The old castle is now a mere

ruin, but part of the foundations can be traced, and this dungeon still exists.

Of late years another little romance was connected with the castle. The people who passed below the hill on which it stands heard a dull, thumping noise, which they thought to be ghosts or *masche*—evil spirits—and from which they fled in terror; for ghosts are plentiful hereabouts and the *masche* are malicious. These ghosts, however, were substantial bodies of flesh and blood hammering at false money. After a time they were effectually exorcised by the *carabinieri*, who are not superstitious.

The French stayed four years in Biella, and, invaders as they were, did a great deal of good in developing the Biellese resources. They set up a brisk trade between this city and Lyons, and gave the freedom of the city of Lyons to the Biellese traders who frequented her markets. Hence the expression “*Francese di Biella*.” They also improved the cloth-weaving which then, as now and for some centuries before 1558, when the Biellese were admitted as Lyonesse citizens, was and has been the main industry of the town. So that out of evil came good, and from the invader national advantage.

Laws were strict and savage in those days, even when they were made for the public good. In 1586, S.A. la Duchessa di Savoia, Margherita of France, made a severe decree against any one in Biella who should go about at night without a light; and also commanded all the foreign bandits then in the city to leave at once under pain of the harshest penalties.

In speaking of laws we will muddle up our chronology a little. A century or two in these times, when history went so slowly, does not much modify the condition of things.

“*Madama Reale*,” Cristina of France, a kind of Messalina in her way—with as many lovers as there were handsome men who passed before her eyes; and cunning little subtleties for those who might have inconvenient memories—*Madama Reale* was very careful of the lives and morals of her subjects, as well as scrupulously exact in all her religious duties and tenacious in her beliefs. After the military night-call had been sounded no one was allowed to go about the city without an open lanthorn under pain of a hundred golden crowns for each person, or *tre tratti di corda* in public (hoisting up to a certain height by ropes) in default. Only two persons might go with a candle or a lanthorn, only four with a torch. The

same alternative penalty of a fine or hoisting by the cord was awarded to inn-keepers, tavern-keepers, and keepers of hired chambers generally if they lodged or fed any *donna gioconda*; if after the fifth hour of the night (eleven o'clock) they entertained any one not already in the house; or if they entertained any one who had a house in the city. Barbers were then surgeons; "but as, for the most part, they do not know how to read or write," says Madama Reale, in one of her proclamations, all depositions made by wounded men are to be taken before a judge.

The laws against gipsies and Jews were extremely severe; and the condition of these poor people was pitiable beyond measure. Up to seven or eight years of age gipsy children went naked. The women, with their hair streaming over their shoulders or done up in grotesque masses, wore particolored handkerchiefs on their heads, with heavy pieces of silver money as earrings and ornaments. The men had naked legs. They wore round the head a kerchief such as, at this day, may still be seen in Italy; and they were dressed in a red or bright-colored long kind of tunic (*giubbo*) with huge silver buttons. Their curly hair was worn long and flowing. They were great tinsmiths and horse-copers even in those days; and by their "infernal arts" would make a worn-out old Rosinante look a brisk and lively filly. In 1539 a decree was made that, after sixty days from date, any gipsy found in a state of vagabondism should be sent to the galleys for six years. In 1619 they were forbidden to sell anything whatsoever, on the supposition that what they had was certainly stolen; and they were ordered out of the country under pain of death. Honest folk were forbidden to dress or speak like the gipsies; and to kill one of them, even in church, was not murder, and entailed no penalties. One decree ran: "That five days after date all gipsies were to leave the country under pain of the galleys for life, and if they made a noise or resisted they were to be killed."

The treatment of the Jews was just as bad; but one humane government made a public declaration that it was unlawful to kill a Jew; the same declaration also prohibiting the public beating of beasts of burden, dogs, and Jews.

The Jews had to live apart from Christians, as they do now in many Continental towns. They were shut up in their always close and small ghetto, and forbid-

den to leave it from sunset to dawn, or to open their doors or their shops, save in case of fire or thieves, when they might call for aid. Any Christian man or woman who went to them in their prohibited hours was to be fined twenty-five golden crowns, or be punished with one *tratto di corda*. No Christian could open a shop nor hire a chamber in the Jews' quarter under penalty of fifty golden crowns. They could not build a synagogue, nor restore one already standing, without permission from the magistrate; and whether at service or elsewhere, they must not raise their voices so that passers-by should hear them and be scandalized. A Christian entering a synagogue was fined ten golden crowns or one *tratto di corda*. Any Jew who blasphemed the name of Jesus, Mary, or the saints was, for the first offence, publicly tied to a column and kept there for three hours; then, naked to his waist, he was taken through all the principal streets of the city, and flogged with knotted cords to the sound of a trumpet telling the people what was happening. For the second offence, he was tied for a whole day to the column, and his tongue was pricked with a long pin, as well as having to undergo the scourging already spoken of. For the third offence, after the same torture, he was put to death. Three days of prison, with bread and water for food and a handful of straw for his bed, was the punishment of any who, from the morning of holy Wednesday to the sound of the bell on Saturday (eleven in the morning), the sacrifice of the mass — dared to leave the ghetto, to open his shop, or to be seen at the window. They were obliged to wear sometimes a red scarf edged with white over their left shoulders; sometimes, yellow hats for the men and yellow veils for the women; sometimes it was a patch of yellow embroidered in silk or wool below the left breast; and those who neglected this sign were imprisoned for three days on bread and water, fined a hundred lire, and otherwise evilly entreated. They were allowed no Christian servants, and no Christian woman might nurse or tend their children — if, indeed, any could have been found who would: this last under pain of public whipping and a fine of fifty lire. They could not carry arms unless on a journey; and then they were allowed only short pistols and small bows, which would not have been very effective against the better equipped; but they might travel without their distinctive badge, so as not to be molested.

They might have no books save those allowed by the Christian Church, which excommunicated the Talmud—once, as Deutsch tells us, under the name and title of the Rabbi Talmud. These were part of the pains and penalties attached to race in these days of faith and the predominance of the Church. But they were brutal days all through; and torture—such as the boots and public floggings, tearing with red-hot pincers and the like—was dealt out impartially to all criminals whatsoever.

The credulity of these times kept pace with their barbarity. Sorcery, witchcraft, magic, astrology, were articles of faith as fixed as belief in Christ and his Virgin Mother, in Holy Church and the relics of saints. And monsters born of women were common. One woman of Brescia gave birth to a cat, which lived for six months. A child was born in Verona with two heads, four arms, four legs, and every member double; and a boy was born with two heads, four hands, and six ears, of a woman who, after she had been married for six years, became a man. Another woman, who became a man at sixteen years of age, bore a child with a crown on its head. At Vercelli was born an ass with a human face and ass's ears. At Constantinople a boy was born laughing, with a beard and two heads. A woman at Cosenza bore three children all bound together, and all speaking. A boy had the paws of a dog, two heads, stag's feet, and an ass's tail. He was a French prodigy. And another French production was one with the head of an ass, the ears of a leopard, sheep's horns, owl's eyes, a serpent's tail, horse's feet, and a human body covered with hair. Then three suns were seen at midnight at Milan, where many men on horseback caracolled in the air, and the statues of that city, going around, fought together.

Now we will go back to the more orderly succession of times and the years.

In 1522 the plague broke out again and visited Biella, but a pilgrimage was made by the citizens to the Santuario at Oropa, "and in a few hours Biella was delivered from the murderous disease." In 1596 it broke out again, when the church at Oropa was built as a prayer-offering; in 1616 the sacred image of the Virgin was solemnly crowned; and in 1620 the road was made from Biella to the Santuario, so that the people could go there with less fatigue and in greater numbers than heretofore. In 1632 the plague appeared again in one house in Valdengo; and there

is a curious little record of the exact dates of the appearance of the plague—when the infected were taken to the lazaretto made in the fields; when the house was purified; when others fell sick and were taken to the lazaretto; when the house was again purified; and when, no one having died, no new cases having appeared, and all being healed, the house was finally declared safe and inhabitable by the most excellent magistrate, and the poor people returned to their home. The scare had lasted from April 6 to June 9.

Vittorio Amedeo I. died suddenly in 1637 in Vercelli; and Marshal Crequi had the credit of having poisoned him at a supper to which the prince was invited. His widow was that Cristina of France, the sister of Louis XIII., of whom mention has been made above—the Madama Reale who was declared regent during the minority of her little five-year-old son, Francesco Giacinti. He dying a year after his father, the baby Carlo Emanuele was declared future duke. Cardinal Maurizio however, and Prince Tommaso, brothers of the late prince, published a manifesto in 1638 nullifying the will of Vittorio Emanuele with respect to the regency of the duchess, and declaring themselves, as "Princes of Savoy," the legitimate guardians of the future duke. They entered Piedmont at the head of an army to give battle to Madama Reale in Turin; invested Chiavazza; gained over Biella, Ivrea, Aosta, and Trino; and, on the night of August 27, 1639, Prince Tommaso scaled the walls and captured Turin, leaving Madama Reale scarce time to seek refuge in the citadel. Meanwhile Cardinal Maurizio was received by the Biellese with enthusiasm. Had he not, in 1616, made a pilgrimage to Oropa? "But the hymns of joy, the voice of jubilee for the happy entrance into Biella of a prince of the Church and of royal blood, were changed to sounds of grief, inasmuch as the necessities of war caused to be imposed new and extraordinary imposts, new taxes, and new contributions, in which were included all merchants, all who followed any trade whatsoever, all who cultivated soil, which, by these repeated devastations, produced nothing."

It was the old, sad story. The nobles fought for power, and the people paid with their blood and gold. The one side, at least, had success and glory; to the people there was only loss, with misery and heartbreak, which side soever won!

In 1642, however, peace was concluded between Madama Reale and her brothers-

in-law. Prince Tommaso went off to the Santuario at Oropa, where he offered to the Virgin the two standards he had taken in the fight; and Madama Reale, not to be behindhand, took the shrine under her special protection, and made a pact with the Biellese council for its benefit.

In 1616 the Spaniards invaded Piedmont, ravaged the Biellese territory, and besieged the gallant little city itself; but before conclusions had been arrived at they drew off their forces for the more important siege of Vercelli. Here they were successful, and forced the town and garrison to capitulate. In 1644 they again came into the country, and this time took Santhià — now the peaceable junction where the branch line to Biella joins the main line from Milan to Turin. From Santhià they made frequent raids against the industrious and unhappy town, which only wanted to live in peace and do its weaving quietly; and in 1647 they entered in force, causing terror and creating disorder, and in their twenty-eight days of occupation doing infinite damage to men and things. Two years later they came again, when for forty-eight days Biella was delivered up to sack and pillage. And again one wonders how a man was left alive to carry on the business of life, or to form a nucleus for a future civic resurrection. The Spaniards went out as far as Cossila, the pretty little hillside village, where now the whole population employs itself in making stout-legged green rush-bottomed chairs, which overflow the whole country and are shipped off even to America; but where then living was hard enough at the best of times, and an impossibility when those savage hordes were the masters of the situation. Wars continued without intermission. Now the Piedmontese and their allies, the French, overcame the Spaniards, and now the Spaniards overcame them. Villages were burnt, towns were pillaged, the country was ravaged, and violence was the order of the day everywhere; and when, in 1656, to all these miseries came the further scourge of the plague, then the cup seemed to be filled to the brim and no space left for more bitterness to be added.

There was, however, another little drop for Biella; and this she applied to herself. It was a quarrel between the inhabitants of two different parts of the town, which ended in the creation of two factions, two centres, and the weakness which comes by breaking the bundle of sticks.

Under the regency of Giovanna Battista,

queen of Cyprus and mother of young Prince Vittorio Amedeo II., son of that Carlo Emanuele of whom Madama Reale had been regent-mother, the land had peace, and there were no more wars to destroy commerce, ruin agriculture, and bring the plagues of a hell upon earth on the sons and daughters of men.

In 1682 the Marchese di Andorno, Carlo Emilio San Martino di Parella, whose arrest on suspicion of treachery and tampering with foreign powers had been ordered, managed to evade his pursuers and took refuge in the Santuario of Oropa. Here he remained in safety for two years, no one then being sacrilegious enough to put the civil law in force against any one who had appealed to the divine protection; but when Vittorio Amedeo had come to his majority he sent a peremptory message to the marchese, ordering him to return to court, and guaranteeing his safety. But Parella would not obey. He had a wholesome fear of even the word of kings, and preferred to go off to Hungary and fight against the Turks. If he had to lose his life, he thought he would lose it as a soldier and a gentleman, openly and in the sight of day. Dying secretly, either in a prison cell or by some subtle poison, was not to his taste. And his reluctance is a volume in one word, sufficiently expressive of the faith and morality of the time.

In 1690, Louis XIV., no longer an ally but an enemy, sent eighteen thousand men into Piedmont to sack and pillage all the places through which they passed and could overcome. But six years later the Duke of Savoy made an alliance with France, and thus had leisure to turn his forces against Austria. Four years after, namely, in 1700, the war between France and Spain broke out, and Piedmont joined with France. But the pride of the Bourbons was too great for the dignity of Savoy, and Vittorio Amedeo broke from the alliance after a short three years. The reason was this. By the terms of that alliance the duke was to be made generalissimo of the allied forces, and to have supreme command of the joint army. But he could get no obedience from the French generals Catinat, Vaudemont, and Tessé; and at Catinat's request Marshal Villerbi was appointed both his own successor and the superseder of the duke. Marshal Villerbi seems not to have been a success. "His warlike fame was very problematical," says our history; "and not knowing how to excuse the rout of the battle of Chiari, he wrote to the king say-

ing that the enemy was apprised of all their movements and that it was impossible to make war if the Duke of Savoy led the army." This quarrel was pretty enough as it stood, but when is added the fact (?) that the Cabinet of Vienna caused certain forged papers to fall into the hands of the French, by which it was made to appear that a truce between Austria and Savoy had been concluded, matters became doubly serious. Acting on these papers — forged or true — the French disarmed the Piedmontese troops at the camp of San Benedetto and made them all prisoners, waiting for further orders. At this the Duke of Savoy, furious, declared war against both France and Spain (October 3, 1703), with only four thousand available soldiers to take the field! In this memorable declaration of war Vittorio Amedeo says: "Finisco di rompere un' alleanza che fu a mio danno già violata. Preferisco di morire colle arme alla mano all'onta di lasciarmi opprimere." ("I have finally broken an alliance which already had been violated to my hurt. I prefer to die with arms in my hands rather than suffer myself to be oppressed.")

In less than a year after this gallant stand a powerful French army besieged the capital, while the Duc de Feuillade crossed Mont Cenis and invested Susa, and Vendomo beset Vercelli. He carried that city — so often carried before — on July 4, 1704. The garrison were made prisoners after being obliged to march out through the breach, the banners flying in the wind and flouting their misfortunes. Vendomo left six hundred men at Vercelli, and marched against Ivrea with the bulk of his army. This town, too, he took; making prisoners of the two heroic leaders, the Piedmontese Barone de Perone and the German Kirkbaum, who had vainly attempted a sortie.

In the last days of September, five hundred men went against Biella, led by the famous Comte de Bonneval, afterwards known as Achmet Pasha. He was famous both as a Christian adventurer and a Mohammedan convert, for he embraced Islamism, as the phrase is, submitted to all the rites, was indefatigable in making proselytes, and, on the whole, one would say his last state was worse than his first.

The French maintained great discipline at Biella. Life, lands, honor, and property were all respected with chivalrous scrupulosity. But heavy taxes were imposed; and the Biellese commune was put to its

wits' end for means to raise the money so incessantly demanded. As the city was not large enough to house the whole number quartered there, the surplus spread themselves out into the adjacent towns and villages; and among these the ancient foe Andorno had her share.

On the night of August 29, 1706 — two nights after an unsuccessful attack made by the French against Turin; which attack, though unsuccessful, had damaged the walls — four grenadiers, well armed, crept into the ditch of the demi-lune. Unseen and unheard they crossed the counterscarp, and came over the ramparts to the small gate of the gallery which led to the Piazza. Three others followed; then ten or twelve, the darkness of the night favoring their movements; and finally there came, stealing on in silence and secrecy, such a number as enabled them to overpower the Piedmontese guard and open a way of entrance to the bulk of the army. They were already in force in the great gallery, and the city seemed predestined to fall into their hands, when Pietro Micca, a private in the artillery, and a native of the hamlet of Sagliano, close to Andorno, shut the door at the head of the stairs, and so checked them for a time. Behind that door was a mine which had been prepared in case of such dire emergency as this. Pietro and a companion — whose name history has not preserved, though it has preserved his testimony — heard the clash and clang of arms as the French soldiers marched up the gallery and came to the stairs at the head of which stood the door. Not a moment was to be lost. There was no time even to lay the train which should have ensured their own safety, if also the destruction of those others. Pietro called out to his companion: "The match! the match!" The man hesitated and did not move. Then Pietro took him by the arm and thrust him out. "Get out of this," he said. "You are longer than a day without bread. Let me do this and save yourself." ("Levati di lì! Tu sei più lungo che una giornata senza pane. Lascia fare a me e salvati.")

With this he took his match and fired the mine, sending himself and three companies of French grenadiers to eternity, and destroying four batteries of cannon. But he saved Turin, and the power of the Bourbons received its final check in Piedmont.

Since then no wars have devastated this immediate part of the country, the towns of which have grown in individual pros-

perity and sunk in national importance. The only sign of war was when the French marched into Italy to meet the Austrians at Solferino and Magenta — as their wages taking to their own share that heroic Savoy which was the cradle of the kings of Italy. Also when, in 1860, Garibaldi appeared, preaching resistance to the foreigner and raising the watch-cry of "Rome or death," these beautiful valleys and quiet towns re-echoed once more to the cry of war and the clang of arms.

In 1772 Biella was finally separated in ecclesiastical, as she had so long been in temporal, matters from Vercelli; and since then has had a bishop of her own.

Biella is now noted for her manufactures, of which her cloth-weaving is the chief. This cloth-weaving was of importance so early as 1348, when a set of laws was drawn up for wool-merchants and weavers. By these statutes it was forbidden, under severe penalties, to make cloth of *pelo bovino*, or of other animals not adapted for weaving; also, to mix in with good wool inferior substances by which the buyer should be deceived. Also, not only were those to be punished who did not use good wool, but also those who sought to deceive the purchaser by false dyes. No weaver was allowed to begin a piece of cloth-weaving without taking oath that he would observe all the statutes of the council with fidelity and exactness, under pain of a severe fine if he missed. Strangers, on payment of a sum of money, might be weavers in Biella; subject of course to the same regulations as those which bound the Biellese. The officers of the commune were forced to visit once a month all the cloth-weaving establishments in all their parts, to be sure that no dishonesty was afoot; and the weavers were bound by oath to denounce any among them who wove with bad wool or with hair instead of wool, or who sold cloth of a bad quality. This and all other trades were hereditary. In 1581 a law was passed which ordained that the exercise of the wool trade in Mosso — about ten miles from Biella — should be "loyally and perfectly conducted as ought to be with good Christians." The number of strands in warp and woof was rigidly set; and woe to him who offended against any of these ordinances!

Now the mills are free, and weave good cloth or shoddy as they list; and only public acceptance or rejection regulates the quality of their manufacture.

These mills are worked by water-power, and all stand by the side of the beautiful

mountain rivers. And though it is impossible to say that no smoke at all hangs about them, only very little, like a light blue tender vapor, marks out their hidden chimneys. Perhaps the most important is that at Magliano, belonging to one of the Poma family. It is said to employ seven thousand persons; and in truth it is more like a small town than one mill, as you come upon it on turning down a sharp hill, the rising ground of which hides it from the highroad and the public.

Paper also was an important manufacture here so early as 1541, and is still of prime quality and sufficient quantity. Then there is a huge mill for making sweetmeats — sugarplums wrapped in printed papers which strew the roads all about Biella, like white leaves fallen from an unknown tree. All the towns and villages round about make cloth or hats or paper, or, as at Cossila, chairs. Not a place in the whole district is given up to idleness and the *dolce far niente*; and the women work like the men.

The men leave home and practise their trades in the local towns or even in France; and the women are left to manage the little patches of land which every family owns as well as its own house. They plant and dig and reap and carry; they cut the canapa or hemp, which then they spin into almost indestructible thread; they plant and care for the vines, make the wine, and tend the cows and fowls and sheep, and, in short, do all the farm, house, and agricultural work of the district. There is no beggary and no crushing poverty; but there is no wealth and very little even of peasant ease of circumstances.

The country all about is lovely. At Zumaglia it is English park-like land, broken but not precipitous, with always that Pianura like a sea before you, and always the mountains behind and to the side. In the Val d'Andorno — where that splendid granite is hewn out of the wayside — it is like Switzerland, and the little village of Rosazza is a model of beauty. This has been re-created by a noble-minded man of the same name, and is a monument of enduring merit. This public benefactor made the road up to the Santuario of S. Giovanni, which branches off from the Val d'Andorno up the high mountain to the left; he built bridges, made the Campo Santo, built the church, the court-house, private houses, and the like, all after the most beautiful models to be found in Italy reduced to the size

convenient to the purpose. It is the cleanest and loveliest place in the world; but in too narrow a gorge for the English to care to inhabit permanently. The road leads on to Domo d' Ossola, Aosta, Courmayer, etc. But at the entrance to the valley, where there is an excellent hotel, we have a freer air, a wider view, and a more varied charm.

There are three Santuarii belonging to this district — that of Oropa, that of Graglia, and that of San Giovanni, whence a road over the mountains leads to Oropa. These Santuarii give free lodging, but no food, to all pilgrims; and on the roads all through the summer are to be met men and women performing their pilgrimage, footsore and weary, but spiritually content and happy.

Charitable and educational establishments are everywhere; and the whole tone of the country is independent, moral, industrious, peaceable, and satisfactory. At Zumaglia neither gendarmi nor carabinieri are to be seen. There is no need of them. The people take care of themselves, and crimes are almost unknown. All the same, crosses, eloquent of murders in past times — sometimes of accidents — are set thick about the wayside; and there are ugly traditions of bygone crimes such as exist in all places under the sun. Such as it is, however, it is a country eminently worth seeing, and but little known even by the Italian-English, for all the need they have of Italian resting-places for the summer heat. Here, at their very doors, they have a choice of stations, for the most part neglected by them and left only to the Italians themselves.

From Belgravia.

BEARS AND WOLVES.

It would be difficult in all nature to find two wild animals so diametrically opposed in appearance, habits, and character as the bear and the wolf. Yet it would be difficult in all poetry to find two wild animals more intimately associated. The shambling, fruit-eating, retiring, straightforward, and mild-mannered bear* has nothing in common with the agile, flesh-preferring, aggressive, treacherous, and ferocious wolf. Nevertheless in poetry they are as punctually and arbitrarily

bracketed together as larks and linnets, or apes and asses.

Bruin has had to suffer much, in consequence, first of all, of the ignominious familiarity which its dancing and being baited have induced; and, secondly, of its unfortunate personal appearance. But when it sets itself going after any one it wishes to catch, the bear displays an agility and address which those who have been hunted by it declare it to be amazing. And when it wishes to get beetle-grubs out of the ground, ants out of their nest, honey out of a bee-tree, fruit from a slender bough, or birds' eggs out of a nest, it shows itself to be as ingenious and skilful as any other animal that has to live by its wits. To get, for instance, at the beetle-grubs, it scratches off the upper earth and then sucks them up out of the ground — an application of a scientific process which no animal without a prodigious reserve of air-force could hope to accomplish. When it wishes to empty an ant-hive, it knocks the top off with its paws, and then, applying its mouth to the central gallery of the nest, inhales its breath forcibly, thereby setting up such a current of air that all the ants and their eggs come whirling up into his mouth like packets through a pneumatic tube. When robbing bees it does not get stung, and when after wild apricots or acorns it not only balances itself with all the judgment of a ropewalker, but uses its weight very cleverly so as to bring other boughs within reach of its curved claws. Nor, while doing this, does it conceal what it is about. On the contrary, when sucking at an ant-heap or grub-hole it makes such a noise that on a still evening it can be heard a quarter of a mile off, and when up a tree, and not alarmed, it goes smashing about among the boughs as if bears were not only the rightful lords of the manor, but as if there were no such things as enemies in the world.

Now, even these few lines suffice to show the vast gulf between the bear and the wolf, and if the point were worth it I could easily fill pages with description of the secluded, simple-minded animal that would in every line contrast it with equal force with the guilty-minded, stealthy, blood-seeking wolf. The poets, however, with a curious neglect of large natural facts, carefully bring the two beasts into company as if they were associates in life and in crime.

In poetry there are two kinds of bears — the "wild-wood bear" and the dancing bear. The former is divided into the

* The poets never speak of the grizzly bear, nor, therefore, do I.

polar animal and the bear general. The latter is also subdivided into the purely saltatory and the baited bear.

None of them are popular with the bards. For the former, "the wild-wood bear," an unjust suspicion that it eats human beings — a suspicion as old as our ballads, —

With beares he lives, with beares he feedes,
And drinckes the blood of men —

appears to prejudice the minds of some of our poets. Many others look upon them as animals that resemble tigers in their habits and tastes : —

Bears naturally are beasts of prey
That live by rapine.

They are cruelly "fanged," as in Keats; and gloat over victims before devouring them, as in Spenser. "The bloody bear, an independent beast," says Dryden. In this aspect they are "rugged," "shapeless," and "shagged," "felon bears," and (in Heber) "heathen bears." They "howl" and "snort," in concert with wolves. But it is to the maternal triumph of licking her cubs into shape that the poetical attention is chiefly drawn; * the poet's supercilious satisfaction being very often increased by the discovery that after all her labors she produces nothing better than a bear. Thus Shenstone : —

What village but has sometimes seen
The clumsy shape, the frightful mien,
Tremendous claws and shagged hair,
Of that grim brute yclep'd a bear.

He from his dam, the learn'd agree,
Receiv'd the curious form you see,
Who with her plastic tongue alone
Produced a visage — like her own.

And Pitt : —

Thus when old Bruin teems, her children fail
Of limbs, form, figure, features, head or tail;
Nay, though she licks her cubs, her tender
cares

At best can bring the Bruins into bears.

And Pope : —

So watchful Bruin forms with plastic care
Each growing lump and brings it to a bear.

Not, for myself, that I see anything derogatory to a she-bear in being the mother of bear-cubs — and nothing more.

It is evident, though, that the poets are

* It is too late in years to refute this fiction seriously. But Sir Thomas Browne's argument against its verity (after having otherwise shown its complete fallacy) is worth quoting. "Besides," says he, "(what few take notice of) men hereby do in a high measure vilify the works of God, imputing that unto the tongue of a beast which is the strangest artifice in all the acts of nature."

conscious of their want of familiarity with the wild animal. For, whether we meet it in a hot country as "the shaggy monster of the wooded wild," or see

Slow o'er the printed snows with silent walk
Huge shaggy forms across the twilight stalk,

the bear is an undefined, mysterious, and, so to speak, still unlicked monster. Not, however, without a weird majesty, as in Jean Ingelow : —

The white bears all in a dim blue world,
Mumbling their meals by twilight.

As a performer on the village green, or as a retainer of the household, "creeping close amongst the hives, to rende an honeycombe," it has a distinct individuality, but as a wild beast none. Perpetually in use as an adjunct of savage scenes, it never seems to be described from the life. It always looms out from a distance, or from gloom, and seldom comes close enough to us to be tangible or seen in detail. It is a convenient beast, but a shadowy one, and Butler (in his portrait of Potemkin) seems to me to sum up with tolerable fairness the whole of the poets' bear-lore : —

The gallant bruin march'd next him,
With visage formidably grim,
And rugged as a Saracen,
Or Turk of Mahomet's own kin,
Clad in a mantle delle guerre
Of rough impenetrable fur;
And in his nose, like Indian king,
He wore, for ornament, a ring;
About his neck a threefold gorget,
As rough as trebled leathern target;
Armed, as heralds cant, and langued,
Or, as the vulgar say, sharp-fanged;
For as the teeth in beasts of prey
Are swords, with which they fight in fray,
So swords, in men of war, are teeth
Which they do eat their vittle with.
He was by birth, some authors write,
A Russian, some a Muscovite,
And 'mong the Cossacks had been bred,
Of whom we in Diurnals read,
That serve to fill up pages here,
As with their bodies ditches there.
Scrimansky was his cousin-german,
With whom he serv'd and fed on vermine,
And when these fail'd he'd suck his claws,
And quarter himself upon his paws.
(Butler, Hudibras.)

Unlike the Puritans, who hated bear-baiting, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators, the poets "condemn" the pastime as cruel to Bruin.

How barbarously man abuses power!
Talk of the baiting, it will be replied

Thy welfare is thy owner's interest,
But wert thou baited it would injure thee,
Therefore thou art not baited. For seven
years—

Hear it, O heaven! and give ear, O earth!—
For seven long years this precious syllogism
Hath baffled justice and humanity.

Their sympathy is always with the bear
that has "off-shakt" the "curses," and
when the "cruell dogs" get the better of
him the poets punctually note that the
bear was chained or muzzled. They use
the simile of "ragged roaring bears rearing
up against the baiters" for the nobles
attacked by those of lower degree, or for
men of might beset by numbers. They
knew the spectacle—

when through the town,
With slow and solemn air, led by the nostril,
Walked the muzzled bear.

The Bankside bear-garden and Hockley
Hole were familiar names, and the dancing
Bruin has given at least three poets
the subject for a poem, Leyden drawing
the "moral" from the exhibition that men
learnt to dance from the bear, and might
still improve their own saltations by imi-
tating it; and Southey, with excellent
humor, using the old slave-trade argu-
ments to persuade the bear that dancing
was good for it.

We are told all things were made for man,
And I'll be sworn there's not a fellow here
Who would not swear 'twere hanging blas-
phemy

To doubt that truth. Therefore as thou wert
born,

Bruin, for man, and man makes nothing of
thee

In any other way, most logically

It follows, that thou must be born to dance,
That that great snout of thine was formed on
purpose

To hold a ring, and that thy fat was given
thee

Only to make pomatum.

To demur

Were heresy. And politicians say
(Wise men who in the scale of reason give
No foolish feelings weight) that thou art here
Far happier than thy brother bears who roam
O'er trackless snows for food; that being born
Inferior to thy leader, unto him
Rightly belongs dominion; that the compact
Was made between ye when the clumsy feet
First fell into the snare, and he gave up
His right to kill, conditioning thy life
Should henceforth be his property. Besides,
'Tis wholesome for thy morals to be brought
From savage climes into a civilized state,
Into the decencies of Christendom.

Probably, too, they were not ignorant

of that other elegant Elizabethan pastime
of "whipping blind bears."

But of the "awkward," "uncouth,"
"shuffling" beast which they are so ready
to put into their verse:—

Rough tenant of the shades, the shapeless bear,
With dangling ice all horrid stalks forlorn—

they had only the most delightful igno-
rance.

Yet, what a large place the bear has
filled in the past, and how multitudinous
and honorable are its associations! As
the God of Thunder, the Bear-king of
Storms, Bruin is perfectly majestic in
cloud-myths. The tempest demons, black-
bearded, are his children, and the thunder-
clouds, ragged and gloomy, go rolling and
roaring and foaming overboard, bears
every one of them, and close on the heels
of their prey. Turn it round to the sun-
myth, and lo! "the shining ones," the
luminous sky, the bear. In the one as-
pect horrific as the bear-fiends of Dar-
distan or the shaggy terrors, every hair of
iron, that awe the Russian peasant; in
the other, benign, "the honey-finder;" or
in Lapland, "the dog of God;" or in
Russia, "the old man with the fur cloak."
On the one hand, the cruel instrument of
the prophet at Bethel, a synonym for
lurking mischief in the classics and in
Holy Writ; on the other, the nurse of
Paris and Atalanta,* the docile disciple
of saints, the gentle animal that played at
soldiers with the children, or the other
that so prettily befriended Snow-White
and Rose-Red.

Poetry, however, so diligent sometimes
in availing itself of legend, takes no cog-
nizance of the unusual prominence of the
bear in history, heraldry, art, and folk-
lore. The story of Valentine and Orson
affords the subject of a ballad.

"But who's this hairy youth?" she said,

"He much resembles thee."

"The bear devoured my younger son,
Or sure that son were he."

* A white bear, perhaps such a one as Spenser knew
of—

I saw two beares, as white as any milke,
Lying together in a mightie cave,
Of milde aspect, and haire as soft as silke,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedie spoyle of bloud to crave;
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compast world were sought around.

But what can long abide above this ground
In state of blis, and stedfast happinesse?
The cave, in which these Beares lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightnesse
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppresse,
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all worlds felicitie I hate.

(Spenser, Ruines of Time.)

"Madam, this youth with bears was bred,
And reared within their den,
But recollect ye any mark
To know your son again?"

And the Russian and "the Persian beares," the badges of Warwick and Leicester, are referred to. But not a word for the legends of St. Ursus and St. Ursula, St. Maximin, St. Anthony, and St. Medard; not for Oursine nor the Orsinis; not for the Cities of the Bears nor the Bear Hills; nor the virgins of Artemis, the unhappy rival of Juno, mother of constellations, "Calisto's Star," and "the Burning Bear," the terror of the Tyrrhenian mariners, who had unawares given Bacchus a free passage; nor the bears of story, Gundramnus the church-builder, Restaurco the musician, Sackerston and Martin, Rollo and Marco, the ursine monsters of the Ramayana—the bear-kings, friends-in-arms of the solar hero—or all the hundred bear-myths of the world. How is it that not a hint of these distinctions in literature, and of as many more that I have omitted, do not find even a passing reference in the poets? Is it possible that, having formulated a bear of their own, "obscene" in nature and ridiculous in captivity, they avoided all appearance of countenancing the past dignities of Bruin?

Once more then, whence arose this strange antipathy to the bear? It could not have come from previous information, for all precedent honored the animal. Nor was it from any knowledge of the bear in nature. For the bear in nature—I am speaking of the species which the poets supposed themselves to be speaking of—is really almost a lovable animal. It is a vegetable and fruit-feeder, when it can get such food, and, failing its favorite viands, eats by preference insects. Its life is particularly innocent, and its manners, as a rule, are the reverse of ferocious. Having satisfied itself with berries and buds, the bear returns to its cave, and there, putting its paws into its mouth, lies humming to itself like some great baby sucking its thumb and crooning. It takes few precautions against surprise, will stay out eating wild strawberries or acorns till the sun is fairly up, and will then go into its cleft in the rock and murmur contentedly to itself, and so loudly that sportsmen are frequently guided from a distance to the spinning-wheel sound * which be-

trays the bear sucking his paws at his ease. If my subject permitted it, I should like to sketch the real character of the bear as it is at home, for there are few living things that have so much to complain of as frugivorous, harmless Bruin.

Folk-lore, as a rule, is just, and folk-lore is always kind to the bear. There are no fairy tales or legends in which the bear is a villain. He is a blundering fool in several fables, but he is never unamiable. Sir Bruin is of a common type. He has great physical strength and fidelity of character, but he is so simple that adversaries always outwit him. He is no match for foxes, any more than Sir Bors was, or Jubal or Earl Arthgal of the Table Round, or any of those heavy, slumberous giants upon whose persons small, agile, and invincibly armed heroes performed such prodigies of valor.

The bear is the sleepy summer thunder of Scandinavian myth, and the idea suits it exactly. For it is of a moody, grumbling kind, happy enough in an old country-gentleman sort of way when unmolested, but testy in the matter of strange neighbors and trespassers. It is a stubborn Conservative, a Legitimist, a protest of Routine against Reform. Daniel makes it a symbol of faithlessness; but he evidently knew more about lions than bears, or he would have known that bears are very generous, never returning to harm a fallen adversary. "Women," says Slender, "cannot abide them, they are very ill-favored, rough things;" but there is an abundant dignity about them nevertheless. They are among the seniors of the quadrupeds in nature, and in art brought no declension from eminence to such as bore them on their shields—the greatest of monarchs, of earls, and of painters.

"Well is knowne that," sith the Saxon king,
"Never was wolfe seene, many nor some,
Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendom."

But there was a time, as Keats says, "while yet our England was a wolfish den," when our ancestors called February "the month of wolves," and prayed in their litanies for defence against them; and many poets, Dryden, Somerville, Drayton, Addison amongst them, grate-

"The sucking of the paw, accompanied by a drumming noise when at rest, and especially after meals, is common to all bears, and during the heat of the day they may often be heard puffing and humming far down in caverns and fissures of rocks." The cause of this has often been speculated on, but Tickell imagines that it is merely a habit peculiar to it, and he states "that they are just as fond of sucking their neighbor's paws or the hands of any person as their own paws."

* Cuvier's bear "was particularly fond of sucking its paw, during which operation it always sent forth a uniform and constant murmur, something like the sound of a spinning-wheel."

fully allude to the purging of our isles of these destructive pests.

Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance)
 paid
 Their tributary wolves, head after head,
 The full account, till the wood yields no more,
 And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.

To the poets, therefore, with their allowable extensions of horizon and chronology, the wolf was a British animal. Not in the way that the lion has become one, but on the more practical basis of previous existence in the country. So it comes, perhaps, more familiarly off their pens than other animals. Its name, moreover, has become, probably in every language under the sun, for the animal is almost universally known, a synonym for twilight ferocity, so that the poets are abundantly justified in their attitude of detestation. But it is very interesting to remark the poetical method of bringing the wolf within the sweep of poetical opprobrium.

By daylight it is the accomplice of vultures, and by night of owls, so that there is nothing too bad to say of the wolf. The fact is true enough of the animal in nature, for it is the Thug among the beasts. But the synthetical process by which the poets arrive at full compass of the wolf's iniquity is very pleasing. Tyranny and darkness are their special aversions, so the poets construct a wretch that preys by preference on the very weak and innocent and young, and then make it commit its violences by night. By this means the wolf not only alienates all the sympathies of the chivalrous and generous, but is branded as the nocturnal companion of such obscene, night-prowling things as owls and bats, night-ravens and hyenas. A dash of man-eating is then thrown in to exasperate the general sentiment of the sanctity of humanity, and to enlist against it human reverence for the dead and the beautiful maternal instinct, the beast is finally touched up with such details as the desecration of graves, corpse-eating, and baby-snatching.

It is the "night-prowling," "savage," "fierce-descending," "insatiate," "surlly," "stern," "grim," "gaunt," "wild," "shaggy," "black-jawed," "robber" wolf. Its voice is a "long" and "deep" howl, or "shrill" or "a low whine," "lugubrious dreary yell," and "death-boding."

A dreadful adjunct of all scenes of dismal horror,—"Near him the she-wolf stirred in the brake, and the copper-snake breathed in his ear." Whenever a trag-

edy is on hand, the neighboring thick holds a wolf, or the rocky pine-glen yonder knows their lurking tread. There are few circumstances of more than ordinary wretchedness that are not accompanied by one of these animals, or a pack of them; and at night the wolf's "howls" rise almost as punctually as the moon. It must be in wild country:—

Shrill, wildly issuing from a neighboring height
 The wolf's deep howlings pierce the ear of night;
 From the dark swamp he calls his skulking crew,
 Their nightly scenes of slaughter to renew;
 Their mingling yells sad savage woes express
 And echo dreary through the dark recess.

Or in civilization:—

From time to time a restless watch-dog bays
 And a cock crew, or from the echoing hill,
 The wolf's low whine, prolonged and multiplied,
 Possessed the ear of night and over-ruled
 All other sounds.

Being thus a thing of night, it becomes in poets' phrase "obscene," as in Leyden:—

Beasts obscene frequent the lonely halls
 Howling through windows waste the wolf appears'd.

Or in egregious Thomson:—

Wolves and bears and monstrous things ob-
 scene.

And is punctually associated with that delightful fiction of the poets, the poetical owl. They are as thick as thieves, these two creatures, and always "on the patter" together. If you see Charley Bates coming up the street you may be sure that Dodger is in the immediate neighborhood. "The owlet whoops to the wolf below" and the rascals converse in highwayman's slang. The chances are they are decoys for each other and divide the "swag" of the victims they assassinate in company. Was there ever such an abominably comical partnership in crime—owls and wolves! And just as owls, after taking all the lower degrees of criminality, become in poetical "shrikes" (which are of a very venomous sort), so wolves graduate into "werewolves" or "war-wolves." Their hair is then used like owls' feathers by witches to mix with "madd dogges foame and adders ears." They haunt Coleridge's woods with vampyres and other monstrosities, and their voices are alike "death-boding."

That wolves—"assiduous in the she-

herds' harms" — prey on flocks is in itself quite sufficient to turn all good poets against them. Does not the vulture suffer miserably in poetry from being accused of "pouncing" doves? And are not doves and lambs equally engaging; and is not, therefore, the wolf as detestable as the vulture, with which indeed (when it is seen abroad in daylight) it is nearly always to be found in company? So the poets have little sympathy for "the grim wolf that with privy paw daily devours apace," even when it is most hungry. Hunger, indeed, would hardly seem to be allowable at all in wolves. It is an aggravation of the offence instead of a palliation. If they would consent to eat strawberries they might fare no worse than the bears, but, as it is, that they should deliberately go forth and satisfy their detestable cravings with mutton (and now and then with the mutton-herd himself) enrages the ordinary poet. Nor, when this infamous appetite for butchers' meat is indulged by a meal of lamb, are even the better poets able to control their generous indignation: —

The gaunt wolf crouches to spring out on the
lamb,
And if hunger be on him, he spares not the
dam.

Worse than this is Colin's complaint: —

They often devoured their owne sheepe,
And often the shepheards that did hem keepe;
This was the first source of shepherd's sorrow.

The last line is a delightful one.

Savage, Akenside, Rogers, and others extend their tenderness from the lamb to its cousin the kid, but there is always, curiously enough, a reservation of sympathy from the fact that the kid was "straying." The lamb, on the other hand, is generally where it should be, "bleating" near its "fleecy dam;" and the unprincipled conduct of the wolf takes therefore a deeper dye from the outrage on the ewe's feelings which accompanies that on the lamb's, while if the victim be carried out of a sheepfold there is the crime of house-breaking superadded.

But sometimes it arrives that the shepherds get the better of the wolf, as in Chatterton's "Battle of Hastings:" —

As when the shipster in his shadie bower
Hears doublying echoe wind the wolfin's rore,
That neare hys flocke is watchynge for a
praie,
With trustie talbots to the battel flies,
And yell of men and dogs and wolfin's tear the
skies.

Or in "The Wanderer:" —

When lo! an ambush'd wolf, with hunger bold,
Springs at the prey and fierce invades the fold,
But by the pastor not in vain defy'd,
Like our arch-foe by some celestial guide.

Or in Cowley: —

Such rage inflames the wolf's wild heart and
eyes

(Robbed, as he thinks, unjustly of his prize),
Whom unawares the shepherd spies and draws
The bleating lamb from out his ravenous jaws.

In metaphor this salvation of the lamb (and its attendant parents) is a very frequent figure, showing very pleasantly the general tendency of the poets to rejoice with the virtuous and innocent over their escape from consumption, and with the loyal custodian of another's property over his triumph against the wicked-minded vagabond.

But the wolf's name would not have been terrible in legends had it merely plundered the sheepfold. It is its crimes against mankind that have made it so gruesome a beast in folk-lore and so perilous in nature; and the poets do not fail to take note of the solitary pilgrims, mountaineers, goatherds, and travellers that the wolves make their prey, nor of the horrid duties they share with birds of carrion on deserted fields of battle; nor yet of greater crimes than all these — the murder of infants in their mothers' arms, and their violation of graves. In the following truly Thomsonian passage the poet catalogues the animal's iniquities: —

Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and gaunt, and grim,
Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy
snow.

All is their prize. They fasten on the steed,
Press him to earth, and pierce his mighty
heart.

Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Of shake the murdering savages away.
Rapacious at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the screaming infant from her breast.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Even beauty, force divine! at whose bright
glance

The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless undistinguish'd prey.
But if, apprized of the severe attack,
The country be shut up, lured by the scent,
On churchyards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The disappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The shrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul shades, and frightened ghosts,
they howl.

Each enormity in Thomson's catalogue

finds abundant individual condemnation in the poets. Thus Leyden:—

The prowling wolves that round the hamlet
swarm
Tear the young babe from the frail mother's
arms;
Full gorged, the monster, in the desert bred,
Howls, long and dreary, o'er the unburied
dead.

Chaucer's wolf, "with eyen red and of a man he ete;" Dodd's gaunt wolf that "blood-happy, growling feeds on the quivering heart" of the belated Switzer;* Mackay's score of wolves "rushing like ghouls on a corpse new-dead;" and Webster's

But keep the wolf far hence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

How this ghoul attribute of the wolf gained currency it is not easy to guess, for no work of natural history charges the wolf with doing that for which it is by nature unfitted to accomplish. A wolf might of course scratch up a corpse that was only lightly covered with soil, but it has not got the claws necessary for rifling any decent grave.

The climax of horror is of course reached when the wolf is a baby-eater:—

Vexed by the darkness, from the piny gulf,
Ascending nearer, howls the famished wolf,
While through the stillness scatters wild dis-
may,
Her babe's small cry that leads him to his prey,

But surely Thomson as unjustly aggravates the wolf's obliquities when he makes it loitering on seashores, "there awaiting wrecks," as Spenser, when he makes the wolves (sacred to Artemis) "seeke to devoure" the nymphs of Dian.

But inasmuch as the poets sometimes need to use the wolf, their symbol of ruthless cruelty, as comparing favorably with men whom they consider worse than wolves, they have to absolve the animal from its supreme crime of cannibalism in order to have the one extra point in infamy to reproach human beings with. So men are wolves and "cannibals" in addition, though it is a fact that of all animals in the world the wolf is itself the most egregious cannibal. Most wild beasts will eat their own species on occasion, but the wolf habitually does so. No other explanation of this, of course, is needed than the hunger of the hour aggravating a natural bloodthirstiness; but if it were,

it would doubtless be found in the instinct that tells these brutes that they, of all wild beasts, cannot afford to have lagging comrades, and that it is better therefore for the commonwealth to eat them up as soon as they are crippled. In the same way savages massacre their prisoners (and sometimes eat them), for they cannot afford to drag about with them in time of war a burden of wounded and useless.

While, on the one hand, therefore, the wolf escapes a reproach that he is fairly liable to, man, on the other, is libelled by the unjust comparison:—

Who ever saw the wolves that he can say,
Like more inhuman us, so bent on prey,
To rob their fellow wolves upon the way.

The fiercest creatures we in nature find
Respect their figure still in the same kind;
To others rough, to these they gentle be,
And live from noise, from feuds, from factions
free.

And again:—

But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray.

Not that I would be thought to defend our kind from these charges, for they are only too well founded. I only complain of the wolf not being fished with the same net and served with the same sauce.

But the chief feature of the wolf-symbol appears to me neglected—namely, the altogether disproportionate accession of horror that surrounds wolves when in a pack, as compared with the solitary animal. Alone, the wolf is a highwayman, an individual bandit; in company they are furies. A little dog, a little child, a faggot of wood,* a fluttering rag, will suffice to keep off a single wolf; but a squadron of cavalry will hardly stop the rush of a pack. The hunter hears a solitary howl and looks to his rifle; but the wind brings down to him a chorus of voices, and he thinks only of escape. Men ride down single wolves in the snow and kill them with whips; but the hunters become the hunted when a dozen wolves sweep down from the rocks.

To its craftiness the poets bear ready witness, but not probably since Hobbinole discoursed with Diggon Davie on the Kentish downs has wolfish cunning received such amazing and delicious testimony. Diggon tells his companion how "a wicked wolfe, that with many a lambe had gutted his gulfe," taught itself how to bark ("learned a curre's call"), and

* The mountaineer, naturally, is more often the prey of poets' wolves than other classes of solitary-lived men, shepherds alone excepted.

* Wolf-scaring faggot. — *Campbell*.

then, dressing up in the fleece of one of its victims ("his counterfeit cote"), allowed itself to be penned up with the flock in the fold at night; and how at midnight it would begin to howl, at which Roffin the shepherd would send out his big dog Lowder to scour the country; and how, while Lowder was away scouring the country, the wolf would "catchen his pray, a lambe, or a kid, or a weanall wast,* and with that to the wood would speede him fast." But this was not the worst:—

For it was a perilous beast above all,
And eke had he cond the shepherd's call,
And oft in the night came to the sheep-cote
And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
As if the olde man selfe had beene;
The dogge his maister's voice did it weene,
Yet half in doubt he opened the dore
And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
No sooner was out, but swifter than thought,
Fast by the hyde the wolfe Lowder caught
And, had not Roffy renne to the steven,†
Lowder had been slaine thilke same even.

In metaphor the wolf does not fail to meet with its deserts. Rapine, lust, cruelty, treachery are all wolves. Crime (in Mackay) has a "wolfish grin;" Plague (in Shelley) is "a winged wolf;" pride and avarice (in Cowper) "make man a wolf;" bigotry (in Watts) is "half a murdering wolf;" and again, in Shelley—

Wolfish Change, like winter, howls to strip
The foliage in which Fame, the eagle, built
Her eerie, while Dominion whelped below.

Dryden calls the Presbyterians, and Milton the Papists, wolves:—

Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

Pomfret bewolfs the soldiers of Kirke, Southey those who fought against Joan of Arc, Byron the enemies of Greece, and Gay the Irish.

The Assyrian was not more fierce in his attack upon doomed Jerusalem, Orcas not more fearful, "his wolfish mountains rounding," Satan leaping into Eden, "lighting on his feet," not more bold-stealthy, than the wolf that "leaps with ease into the fold." Even Rome's founder, so bitter is the poets' hostility to "the howling nurse of plundering Romulus," is followed into after-life by reflections upon his wet nurse.

PHIL ROBINSON.

* A weaned youngling.

† Noise.

From The Nineteenth Century:

CHRISTIAN AGNOSTICISM.

THE title at the head of this article may appear to some a contradiction in terms. But it is not really so. And no religious man need shrink from saying: "I am a Christian Agnostic. I hold firmly by the doctrine of St. Paul, who exclaims, in sheer despair of fathoming the unfathomable, 'O the depth of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and inscrutable his ways!'" I say, with Job and all the great prophets of the Old Testament, 'Canst thou by searching find out God?' And I bow to the authority of Christ, who tells me 'No man hath seen God at any time;' 'God is a spirit;' 'Blessed are they that have not seen and yet have believed.' And in so holding, I am in full accord with the Church. I say with her, 'We know thee now by faith;' 'The Father is incomprehensible (*in-mensurus*);' 'There is but one God, eternal, incorporeal, indivisible, beyond reach of suffering, infinite'—in short, a profound and inscrutable being. Nor do I find that Catholic theology, for eighteen hundred years, has ever swerved from a clear and out-spoken confession of this Agnosticism. So early as the second century we read in Justin Martyr, 'Can a man know God, as he knows arithmetic or astronomy? Assuredly not.*' Irenæus, in the same century, repeatedly speaks of God as 'indefinable, incomprehensible, invisible.†' That bold thinker in the third century, Clement of Alexandria, declares (with Mr. Spencer) that the process of theology is, with regard to its doctrine of God, negative and agnostic, always 'setting forth what God is not, rather than what he is.‡' All the great Fathers of the fourth century echo the same statement. St. Augustine is strong on the point. John of Damascus, the greatest theologian of the East, says bluntly, 'It is impossible for the lower nature to know the higher.§' Indeed, it would be a mere waste of time to adduce any more of the great Catholic theologians by name. They are all 'agnostics' to a man. And M. Emile Burnouf is quite right when he says: 'Les docteurs chrétiens sont unanimes à déclarer que leur dieu est caché et incompréhensible, qu'il est plein de mystères, qu'il est l'objet de la foi et non pas de la raison.'¶

* Trypho, § 3.

† iv. 34. 6, etc.

‡ Strom. v. 11.

§ De fide, i. 12.

¶ Science des Religions, p. 15.

Thus there is nothing new under the sun, not even in the highest flights of modern philosophy; and no man, with all the Fathers of the Church at his back, need hesitate to say, "I am a Christian Agnostic." Yet all who concur in this will, I am sure, warmly welcome a powerful auxiliary like Mr. Herbert Spencer, if only he remain true to the principles so lucidly set forth in the last number of this review. For although he might not himself care to qualify his philosophy by the adjective "Christian," fearing thereby to limit — as a philosopher is bound not to do — his perfect freedom of speculation, still his guidance is none the less valuable to those who are approaching the same subject from a different side. The Christian, indeed, is, of all men, the most absolutely bound-over to be truthful. When, therefore, any great leader of thought arises, whether in the higher or the lower departments of human inquiry, the liegeman of a "God of truth" must needs feel such reverence as Dante expressed for Aristotle, "the great master of them that know;" and will borrow from the other twin luminary of the mediæval Church, St. Augustine, that most apt of all mottoes for a really "Catholic" philosopher: "The Christian claims as his Master's own possession every broken fragment of truth, wherever it may be found." In the firm conviction, then, that in Mr. Spencer's works much truth — not in detached fragments merely, but in large coherent masses — is to be found, the present writer hopes to show how little there is to repudiate, how much to accept and to be sincerely grateful for, in his masterly speculations.

1. First of all, Mr. Spencer led us in his interesting article last month to take a retrospective view of religion, in its origin and history. Naturally, he does not approach the question in the old-fashioned way. His purpose is not dogmatic, but analytic. That lovely *Hagada*, therefore, or religious story whereby, for babes and philosophers alike, the wonderful genius which constructed the Jewish Scriptures has projected, once for all, upon a plane surface (as it were) a picture of the origin of all things — this our man of science properly passes by; and he proceeds to inquire *how* precisely the beginnings of things, and especially of religion, may be conceived. And since, in these days, we have all of us "evolution" upon the brain, it was not to be expected that any other line of thought should be attempted. Indeed, it may be fairly conceded that, amid

our modern scientific environment, no other method of inquiry is just at present possible. We belong to our own age. And while other ages have taken grand truths *en bloc* and have deftly hammered them out into finer shapes for practical use, the special delight and the crowning glory of our own age consist rather in a power of tracking things backward. Hence a hundred books of (so called) "origins" issue annually from the press. Of course, no origin is ever really described; simply because there is no such thing in nature as "an origin." If there were, at that point all hunt upon the traces of evolution would abruptly come to an end; whereas, by the usual scientific hypothesis, evolution knows neither beginning nor end. By "origins," therefore, can only be meant arbitrary points a little way back, marked (as children or jockeys set up a starting-post) for commencing the inquiry. Indeed, it is very easy to imagine some imperturbable savage — say, a Zulu of Natal or an English schoolboy — asking the most reprehensible questions as to what happened before the "origin" began. Such a critic would be sure to express a languid wonder, for instance, as to *how* the primeval star-mist got there; or he would casually inquire *whence* the antediluvian thunder-bolt, which introduced vegetable life upon this globe, procured its vegetation; or he would ask *why* Mr. Spencer's aboriginal divine, roused from his post-prandial nightmare, should have selected a "ghost," out of the confused kaleidoscope of his dreams, as the recipient of divine honors. Nay, as was long ago suggested by a much more serious thinker in reply to a similar theory: "To stop there is to see but the surface of things; for it still remains to ask how mankind have effected this transformation of a metaphor (or a dream) into a god, and what mysterious force has pushed them into making the transition. . . . In order to change any sensuous impression into a god, there must have previously existed the idea of a god."* Yes; clearly the latent idea must have been, in some way, already ingrained in human nature, so that it only needed (as Plato would say) an awakening from its hybernation; else why should human dreams produce a "religion" and bestial dreams produce none? The question, therefore, is not fully answered by Mr. Spencer's entertaining speculation, any more than the miracle (as Dr. Büchner all but calls it) of

* Burnouf, p. 29.

"hereditary gout" is explained by the jubilant pæan of the materialist, "Give me but matter and force, and all obscurities instantly vanish away!"* For no reasonable man, who accepts the modern doctrine of the eternity and identity of energy, can entertain a doubt that religion — the most powerful human stimulant we know of — must have pre-existed somehow in the bosom of the unknown, though it only revealed itself at a certain fitting stage in the development of the world. And when we have reached this confession, have we not simply found our way back to that general truth which the Church has couched in every sort of parable and symbol, viz. that (the "how" and the "when" being left for history to unravel) religious ideas, especially in their most fruitful and catholic form, are a gift, an unfolding, a revelation from the bosom of the unknown God?

2. There are, however, far more serious and more practical subjects for reflection suggested by Mr. Spencer's paper, than any which relate to the *past*. Let bygones be bygones! Our contemporaries are an impatient generation, and are very apt to consign to their mental waste-paper basket anything which they are pleased to condemn as "ancient history." What, then, has Mr. Spencer to tell us about the *present* state of religion? and what hopes does he unfold to us as we gaze, under his direction, into the *future*?

It is truly disappointing to be obliged to say of so devoted a student and so patient a thinker, (1) that he has failed to work his subject out, and (2) that he has fallen into a passion.† It would be well worth while to make these two not unfriendly charges, if only they should succeed in inducing this able writer to give to the world some further product of his thinking on the strangely fascinating subject of religion. For the truth is that, when Mr. Bradlaugh and others proclaim "I know not what you mean by God; I am without idea of God,"‡ they almost put themselves out of court at once by parading their inherent defect of sympathy with ordinary mental conditions. And when in higher social grades, Dr. Congreve and the Positivists openly "substitute Humanity for God,"§ and refuse the transforming adoration of the heart to any conception which is not level to the bare positive understanding, they

also — with all their eloquence and persuasive amiability — "charm" their contemporaries utterly in vain. As modern England will never again become Papal and mediæval, so (it may be safely predicted) modern England will never become atheist or Positivist. Our countrymen are in too healthy and vigorous a mental condition to impale themselves on either horn of this uncongenial dilemma. But they may, and it is to be hoped they will, surrender themselves to the far higher and more scientific teaching of men like Mr. Spencer; and will learn from them to think out to just and practical conclusions the deeply interesting — and to some minds the quite absorbing — question of religion.

But then — with all respect be it said — Mr. Spencer must really help us to think further on than he has yet done; or he will find the Christian clergy (whom he is under temptation to despise) will be beforehand with him. He has most ably "purified" for us our idea of God; he has pruned away all kinds of anthropomorphic accretions; he has dressed up and ridiculed afresh the Guy Fawkes crudities of bygone times, which he apparently "sees no reason should ever be forgot;" he has reminded the country parsons of a good many scientific facts, which they read, it is true, in every book and review from Monday till Saturday and then so provokingly forget on Sundays; and he has schooled them into the reflection that a power present in innumerable worlds hardly needs our flattery, or indeed any kind of service from us at all. But then all this is abundantly done already by the steady reading, from every lectern throughout the land, of those grand old prophets and apostles of the higher religious thought, who perpetually harp upon this same string. "God," they reiterate, "is not a man," that he should lie or repent: "Bring no more vain oblations:" "The sacrifices of God are a troubled spirit:" "Thou thoughtest wickedly that I am such a one as thyself:" "God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything." Nay, the present writer — who probably sits under a great many more sermons in the course of the year than Mr. Spencer does — is firmly persuaded that every curate in the Church of England, and every Non-conformist minister, are perfectly aware of these great truths and on suitable occasions preach them; and that what they want to be taught is something beyond

* Büchner, *Vie et lumière* (French trans.), p. 315.

† *First Principles*, p. 115.

‡ *Plea for Atheism*, p. 4.

§ *Positivist Prayer-book*.

all this ABC and all this negation — viz. what are the fundamental conceptions on which they may securely build up, not their philosophical *negations*, but their popular *assertions* about religion. For a religion of mere negations is as good as no religion at all. It seems hardly worth while to go down Sunday after Sunday to St. George's Hall, or to any other hall, simply to be told that heaven has nothing whatever to say to us. We cannot believe that we are physically so well cared for as we are — naturally selected, evolved, provided with every possible adaptation to our material environment, and given the prize at last as "the fittest of all possible beings to survive" — and then are left utterly in the lurch as regards all our higher wants. No, our instinct revolts against such a supposition; and we crave to know on what grounds something can be *said*, as well as on what grounds almost everything can be *denied*.

3. Now, Mr. Spencer could help us in this quest, if he would. His analysis, in "First Principles," of our religious conceptions shows what he could do. He there — while carefully warning us that all our knowledge is merely relative, and that our reasoning faculties do not present to us truth as it is, but only as it is reflected on the mirror of our mind — places nevertheless such confidence in those faculties that he allows them, in Buddhist fashion, to strip away feature after feature, as it were, from our religious conception of God, and to reduce it to a grim skeleton labelled "Everlasting Force." But why "Force" only? To begin with, surely this also is a "conception." It is engendered by a multitude of observations blending into a higher unity and taking at last a definite shape. And the only sanction it has to rest upon is, not (*ex hypothesi*) any certainty or absolute truth in human logic, but simply an ineradicable faith that, to us at any rate, the notions of "permanence" and "force" sufficiently *represent*, though they may not actually be, the truth. We seem, then, already to have made the grand transition from reasoning to conceiving, from destruction to construction, from restless analysis to quiet synthesis, and from logic to belief that the great unknown is, in one word, power — "an infinite and eternal energy."

4. But just as we draw from the stores of our own consciousness this idea of "power," of force, of muscular or mental energy, precisely in the same way we are justified in drawing the idea of "pur-

pose" in the direction of that energy. In fact, we cannot anyhow conceive of force without "direction" of some kind; and our instincts imperatively demand of us, when we think of force in the highest and sublimest way we can, that we impregnate that idea with another product of our plastic imagination, and conceive it as efficiently directed to some worthy end — in short, as power and wisdom combined. This may be, and undoubtedly is, quite as human and relative and provisional a conception as that of a pure blind unguided force would be. But while the mind shrinks with unmitigated horror from the notion of "an infinite and eternal energy," loose as it were in the universe, without any rational purpose or aim, but wielding portentous cosmic forces at haphazard, as a madman or a rogue-elephant might do, the mind rests and is satisfied when it can once feel assured that all is guided and has perfect efficiency for (what we can only call) some worthy "design." The word is, of course, utterly inadequate when things of such a scale are in question. But can Mr. Spencer or any one else deny that, whatever sanction the human and relative conception of "power" draws from the inner certainties of our own sensations, that same, or a still higher, sanction can also be claimed for the conception of an infinite and eternal "wisdom"? And if so, it appears that if the Agnostic lines which had reached the one conception were prolonged a little further, they would also reach the other; and that so the magnificent idea would be recovered for mankind of an intelligent being, with whom our infinitesimal yet kindred minds can enter into relations, and the wonder of whose works we can — as surely men of science above all others do — appreciate and assimilate as a kind of nutriment to ourselves.

5. But even then the imperative instinct which demanded the integration of nature's observed forces into a conception of infinite power, and which was irresistibly borne on to add wisdom also to that power — even then it is not pacified. It clamors for one more quality; and then it will be still. Relative, human, provisional — call it what you will — nevertheless this third and complementary conception will no more take a denial, will no more obey a frown and waive its right to rush into the inevitable combination, than matter will politely waive its chemical affinities. As the human mind is stupefied with terror at the bare idea of swift and gigantic energy abroad in the universe

without purpose or intelligence (as we inadequately say) to guide it, so assuredly the human heart stands still in palsied horror at the frightful thought of "an infinite and eternal force," guided indeed by an infinite cunning, but checked by no sort of goodness, mercy, or love. In short, no authority on earth — not even that of all the philosophers and scientists and theologians that have ever lived — could impose upon any man, who thought Mr. Herbert Spencer's "First Principles" out to their ultimate conclusion, the portentous belief in an eternal, almighty, and omniscient devil. And therefore to add *goodness* to the other two factors of *power* and *wisdom*, which we are compelled by the constitution of our nature to attribute to the Great Unknown, is pardonable because inevitable. But if so, it seems that Agnosticism — if allowed to develop freely on its own lines, without artificial hindrance — must needs become a "Christian Agnosticism." And it only remains to ask, why in the world should not such an Agnostic "go to Church," fall in with the religious symbolism in ordinary use, and contribute his moral aid to those who have taken service under the Christian name on purpose to purify gross and carnal eyes, till they become aware of the Great Unknown behind the veil, and so come to relatively know what absolutely passes knowledge?

6. There is only one obstacle in the way; and that is of so unworthy a character, that it passes comprehension how men of cultivation can allow it a moment's influence upon their conduct. The objection referred to has never been more clearly expressed than by one whom we all delight to honor and to listen to, Professor Tyndall. He wrote as follows in the pages of this review a few years ago (November, 1878): "It is against the mythologic *scenery*, if I may use the term, rather than against the life and substance of religion, that science enters her protest." But how, in the name of common sense and charity, is religion — that special provision for bringing strength to the feeble-minded, elevation to the lowly, and wisdom to the ignorant — to be brought home to all mankind, without the use of even coarse symbolism, which is as "relative" to the masses for whom it is intended as scientific conceptions are to philosophers? In both cases the realities behind are most imperfectly represented; and a higher intelligence, if it were not loving as well as intelligent, would certainly display impatience with

Professor Tyndall's own kindly effort a few pages further on, where he says: "How are we to *figure* this molecular motion? Suppose the leaves to be shaken from a birch-tree; and, *to fix the idea*, suppose each leaf to repel and attract," and so on. Is it not clear that the professor is here doing the very same thing, in order to bring science home (all honor to him!) to the unlearned, which he refuses to the ministers of religion when they try to bring home the Gospel to the poor? How can such subtle ideas, such far-reaching thoughts, as those of theology be brought home to the mass of mankind without the boldest use of symbol and of figured speech? How can that most precious result of Christianity, a unity of general conceptions about mankind and about the Great Unknown, be secured without a symbolism of the very broadest and most striking kind? Panoramas cannot be painted with stippling brushes. Nor, indeed, does any sort of painter aim to compete with the bald truthfulness of photography. He does not imitate: he merely hints. He throws out things *φανῶντα σκωροίσαι*. He summons the imagination of the spectators themselves to his aid and awakens their finer susceptibilities. And by this means a "picture," which is in itself the most unreal of all unrealities, becomes in skilful hands a fruitful reality for good, perhaps to a hundred generations.

If, then, any scientific man does not for himself need rituals and symbols, still let him remember how invaluable an aid these things are to the mass of mankind. Let him reflect how the purest and loftiest ideas of the Eternal lie enshrined within every form of Christian adoration, and how the most touching memories speak in every Christian sacrament. Is it nothing, too, to be brought in contact with the boundless gentleness and tolerance of Christ; to hear such words as "He that is able to receive it, let him receive it," and "He that is not against us is on our side"? Is it nothing to feel the sympathy of such a devoted benefactor of Europe as St. Paul, and to accept his judgment that "he who regardeth the day, regardeth it unto the Lord; and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it"? Nay, is it nothing to bow the knee in acknowledged brotherhood beside the simple and the lowly; to submit to learn from them, as we all learn from our children in the nursery; and to feel ourselves, in spite of our divergent views and notions, in the atti-

tude of common adoration before the Great Unknown? Better this, surely, by far than to cover with philosophic scorn ministrants whose days are given to soothing every form of human distress, amid whose simplest teaching can always be detected in undertone the deep thoughts of Hebrew prophets and apostles, and to despise whom is to crown once more, with paper or with thorns, the meek head of Christ.

H. G. CURTEIS.

From St. James's Gazette.

TROPICAL FRUITS.

IT is the fashion to speak of our English hot-house fruit as superior to any tropical product. This delusion is kept up by travellers, who come back with reports of what they have tasted in foreign lands — fruits from the casual wayside hawker, or the bumboat-woman at a seaport, or snatched untimely from the forest. These foster the prevailing opinion that all “the ambrosial fruit of vegetable gold,” all the gorgeous produce of the gardens of the sun, is for flavor and wholesomeness surpassed by the British strawberry. Everything worth cultivating is supposed to be already subject to the dominion of the Scotch gardener, who, if he cannot grow it, condemns it as undeserving of growth. We may count on the fingers of one hand the exotic fruits which have been added to our scanty island resources since Charles II.'s gardener, Rose, presented his frolick Majesty with the first pineapple produced in England. That was indeed a noble conquest for English horticulture; but what have we had since to boast of? Two or three species of *Musa*, an equal number of *Passiflora*, with a mangy mango or two all rind and stone, may be said to be the sum of our achievements. The melon, which is perhaps our greatest triumph of forcing, is not properly a tropical fruit, but a native of temperate Asia; it was known to the Greeks and Romans, and has been artificially cultivated from time immemorial. Of late years the English public have become more familiar with the taste of foreign fruit, owing to improved means of communication with hot countries. Pineapples are brought from the West Indies which vie in size and quality with the produce of our hot-houses. Bananas, imported from Madeira and Teneriffe, are becoming almost as common as oranges. Mangoes, custard-apples, avocado pears, shaddocks, “for-

bidden fruit,” li-tchis (in a more or less dry state), appear in the fruiterers' windows. These are still, however, curiosities, which serve only, when tasted, to confirm the popular superstition which holds that there is no fruit equal to what is grown in English gardens and hot-houses.

Those who have lived in tropical countries know how unfounded is this idea. It is true, no doubt, that a very large proportion of tropical fruits are bad; but to say this is only to say that those who live in countries where the earth and the sun do much, choose to do nothing. Fruits in the tropics are produced in such profusion that the motive to cultivate them is absent. They are not a luxury but a necessity in hot climates, and the question is not so much of quality as of quantity. They grow, and are not grown, in forests rather than in orchards. Except where Europeans have acclimatized themselves, scarcely any trouble is taken in the matter of selection, and even the commonest processes of scientific horticulture, by which the best kinds are perpetuated in the best form and to the most profitable end, are unknown or neglected. The vast majority of tropical fruit-trees are left to train themselves, and can, indeed, only be described as forest trees which have survived because of their accidental property of fruit-bearing. Under these conditions we should naturally expect to find many bad fruits in the tropics — fruits which are either insipid to our taste or positively nauseous from too strong a flavor. We must remember that to those who chiefly use them they are not only dessert, but dinner.

But that there are good fruits in the tropics — fruits equal if not superior in flavor to the best of those artificially grown in English hot-houses — no expert can deny. First of these is the mango: of which it may be said that, according to the variety, it is either the best or the worst thing that a man can eat — either ambrosia or “tow and turpentine.” It is found in highest perfection in India, and in India in the districts immediately south of Bombay. Many other provinces boast of their mangoes; but the mango *par excellence* is that of Mazagong. The variety is, however, infinite; and they are of all sizes, from the largest Jersey pear to the smallest pippin, and of all colors. The Mazagong mango should be long, green, slightly reniform, with a fine skin, a small stone, and no stringiness or turpentine. The test of a good mango is that it may

be eaten with a spoon; though it is not with spoons, except by spoons, that it is eaten. It is a fruit for the closet, not for the dinner-table; it is never wise to eat it with propriety. Old Indians seek the repose of their bath-rooms when engaged on mangoes of which not the least valuable quality is that you cannot eat too many of them. As for describing the flavor, it is impossible. The best proof of its surpassing lusciousness is that nothing can be eaten after it. The most exquisite peach, the most savory pineapple, would be as insipid after a mango as a *poulet à la Marengo* after a Madras curry. This precious fruit is borne on a tree which is one of the hardiest and most prolific of all tropical trees — not less beautiful for its shape and color, especially in the time of blossom, than valuable for its produce. It has been introduced into the New World from the Old, and grows abundantly all over the West Indies, and central and northern South America; but except in Martinique and in Jamaica, where some attention has been paid to the selection of good varieties, it is comparatively of inferior quality in the West.

The mangosteen, by some epicures esteemed equal to the mango, is a fruit of a much more limited sphere; its true home being the Malayan peninsula. It has a flavor perhaps more delicate and refined than that of its rival, but it is certainly not so luscious. Another famous fruit of this part of the world is the durian, which nature seems to have composed in a kind of perverse frenzy. Over it and in it is a perpetual struggle of odors and of flavors, the nastiest and the most exquisite. What the imagination is required to conceive is something which is neither sweet nor acid nor juicy, but a mixture of many diverse things — such as custard flavored with almonds, rotten onions, sherry, and very ripe Stilton — with, over all, a sense as though a civet in high condition had rolled in it, leaving what Mr. Wallace calls “a rich, glutinous smoothness such as nothing else possesses.” He who has the courage to brave the smell and to eat is lost. After that he is enchanted, like those who tasted of Lotos. The “voices of his fellows are thin” if they call to him to give up durian. Durian he must eat, even though of durian he smells, as long as that entrancing, contradictory, and incomprehensible fruit is in season. To eat durian is a new sensation, such as might kindle even an appetite blunted on Galle prawn curries.

Of other fruits of this clime is the

banana, which no one can be said to have eaten in perfection who has not eaten it in Malacca. There are some fifty varieties of this fruit in the Straits, ranging from the huge plantain (which is more vegetable than fruit) to the tiny “lady’s finger,” and in color from purple, through every shade of yellow, to green. The most esteemed variety is one unknown to the West, called *Raja Pisang* — King Banana — which is green outside and rich gold within. This is as superior to the mawkish, soapy article dispensed at the English fruiterer’s as a Jersey *navet* is to a Swedish turnip. It may be doubted whether there is any vegetable product so valuable to man, or one that gives so large a return for the labor expended upon it. Another fruit which is grown in perhaps its highest excellence in the Malayan archipelago is the pineapple; of which, however, we need not speak, except to demur to the opinion which holds that the hot-house pine is superior to all other pines. That a well-grown English pine is better than the great majority of pines produced in the tropics is true; but that pines may be and are grown, with common care, in the tropics, of a richer flavor than any which are the product of artificial heat, is equally certain. Brazil is said to be the native country of the pineapple.

Of the less distinguished tropical fruits there are an infinite number, of which it would serve no useful purpose to mention any more than those which, either as additions to our too scanty dessert-tables or for their interest and beauty, deserve to be better known to English horticulturists. Among the fruits of tropical America which seem still to prefer their home to any land of adoption is the famous cherimoyer of Peru (probably identical with the Indian custard-apple), which the creoles maintain to be the finest fruit in the world. Though scarcely deserving of that elevated character, the custard-apple, with its near relations the sour-sop and the sweet-sop, has much to recommend it to a catholic palate. More disappointing is the sapodilla, of which natives talk so much in Central America and in the West Indies. A far superior American fruit is the granadilla, the produce of *Passiflora quadrangularis*, which, with its beautiful leafage and graceful form of growth, might be better known than it is in English hot-houses. There are other species of the passion-flower which yield a pleasant and grateful fruit: such as *P. edulis*, the so-called passion-fruit, which grows to great perfection in our colony of Queens-

land; *P. maliformis*, the "sweet calabash;" and *P. laurifolia*, the "water-lemon" of the West Indies. Of the great orange family there are several tropical varieties — not to speak of the tropical orange itself, which is wholly distinct from its temperate congener, being twice or thrice as large and more juicy, with a thick green rind full of an acrid essence. This is not to be confounded with the "forbidden fruit" or "grape-fruit" of the West Indies, or with the Indian "pummelow" or shaddock; either of which is worthy of esteem if properly grown on a suitable soil. Among the fruits of southern China are the li-tchi, the longan, and the wampee: the last a species of miniature orange; the first, among the most beautiful of ornaments for a dessert, with its brilliant crimson clusters of Broddingnagian grapes. There is no reason why all these should not be grown — if not for the table, at least as curious and decorative novelties — in English hot-houses. And the reason, we apprehend, why English gardeners have no better success with tropical fruits is because they insist upon treating them all alike, as though "the tropics" were one country with one set of climatic conditions. Why should not the artificial treatment be based on some kind of analogy to the natural life of the plant? The mango, for instance, will bear a low temperature, even below fifty degrees, during its period of repose, and loves a dry rather than a damp heat when fruiting. To treat it like a pineapple, which demands a continuous high and humid temperature, is absurd. In most cases our exotics are killed by over-kindness. We give them too much heat, and make too little account of their natural powers of variation and adaptation. In any case, of course, the sun must beat the stove and the hot-water pipe; but there is no reason why, with intelligent cultivation based upon exact knowledge, we should not greatly extend the cultivation of tropical fruits in English hot-houses.

From The Spectator.

GALES AND HURRICANES.

WE wish some great meteorologist would tell the world, with a certain precision and in figures which cannot be colored for effect, what the difference of force between a gale like that of Saturday-Sunday and an average tropical hurricane really is. The facts must be well known

to him, and they are exceedingly obscure to the public, which either neglects or exaggerates all tropical phenomena. No man who has resided in the tropics for any time ever faces a gale in England or France without a feeling that, disastrous as the latter may be, and terrifying as it sometimes is, it is nothing when compared with even an ordinary hurricane in the tropics. There is an intensity of will in the latter, an impression of conscious malignity wholly wanting in the former. A gale cannot rouse your temper as a typhoon will. When, however, he expresses this opinion in public, as he invariably does, and is challenged about it by neighbors, who are vexed by his assumption of special and superior experience, he is often perplexed to give evidence of his thesis, and usually ends by some anecdote of an isolated or exceptional occurrence, which his neighbors believe to be a gross exaggeration, or even a pure invention. How, indeed, is the poor traveller to prove his case? The broad facts revealed under cross-examination do not seem to establish his theory, and the special facts which would establish it are either disbelieved, or if the evidence is too strong — as, for instance, the evidence for the awful weight of a storm-wave is — are set down as being somehow beside the question. The facts that a storm-wave in Europe seldom does more than destroy a jetty, and that a storm-wave on the night of October 31st, 1876, did in the Bay of Bengal sweep a large county, and destroy nearly half a million of human beings, are not fairly contrasted, but the tropical disaster is set down almost entirely to differences in the lie of the soil. Asked if the hurricane sweeps away brick houses, the traveller is obliged to say no, the patent fact being that cities in Asia, if built of stone or brick, stand through ages of tempest, just as they do here. European houses are no more blown down in Calcutta, or Madras, or Hong Kong, than they are blown down in London or Dover; while native structures, all prominences, pillars, open halls, and projecting roofs, live on as if architects never heard of wind. A meteorologist would say that a Burmese pagoda was often built purposely to catch wind, but the hurricanes of a century sweep over it, and the temple stands, and the priests regard its strength as quite sufficient. Thousands of temples in Bengal have projecting eaves, which a cyclone ought to lift into the air, but does not. If the storms are so awful, why does not

Calcutta, which is all of brick, and not much better built to resist wind than a London suburb, perish once a year? If the traveller says all roofs are made flat, lest the wind should tear them off, he is told that this is for another reason, to allow of a secluded yet airy promenade; and, indeed, the statement is not worth much, for buildings without flat roofs stand the gales very well. If he says the wind can blow shutters inwards, he is told that the hinges must be bad; and if he points to the trees levelled by the storm, he is requested to go into Windsor Great Park just after a gale, and asked if a jungle or forest is ever cleared totally away. It never is, and therein lies one more perplexity. Why, under the worst tropical hurricane, does so much survive? Bengal proper, for instance, is swept every two or three years by a true cyclone, before which, as it seems to those who see it, nothing can live, which strikes paths through the forest as broad and visible as if a steam-roller driven by supernatural force had passed crashing along, and which blows men and cattle off their feet as if they were chips. Yet Bengal in the same districts is one hardly broken mass of orchards or fruit jungles, and they are rarely hurt, so rarely that fruit-culture goes on from decade to decade as a safe and profitable industry. In 1850, the writer saw a mighty cedar bodily lifted into the air, and next day examined a section of the broken trunk, in which all fibres had been twisted, yet a fruit orchard thirty yards off almost entirely escaped. How could that fact, which is not only past denial, but past discussion, be true, if the cyclones of Bengal were so dreadful as they are described to be?

Some part of the difference in the impression created by gales and hurricanes is due, no doubt, to terror. An English gale does not frighten men unless, as sometimes happens, it rocks an upper story till the beds shake, as a tropical hurricane does. It is not, to begin with, accompanied by so much electrical disturbance. In a cyclone in Bengal, the rush of the wind is accompanied by what seem, and usually are, discharges of thunder-bolts, visible balls of fire, rushing downward with a sharp, cracking roar—very unlike, we may remark in passing, the roar of artillery, to which it is compared, resembling rather the clang of iron upon iron, or the *breaking* of something in the heavens—which strike the buildings, often fatally, within sight. The chance of the bolt, which is by no means

a remote one, does not soothe the nerves; and if the discharges have continued, as often happens, for five or six hours, the watcher, perhaps with a shivering household round him, is in no condition to observe scientifically, or, indeed, to do anything except wait with a certain doggedness, and that rising of the temper which a true hurricane often provokes. The noise is so exasperating, and the wind does seem so devilish in its malice. It does not blow and then leave off, leave off and then blow again, as it does here; but keeps on blowing with a steady, persistent, maddening rush, which is more like the sway of the tide against you when you are half-drowned, than the action of anything which in Europe we call wind. We suppose the rush is not quite continuous, for the distinct and shattering blows on the walls which seem to accompany it must really be part of it, and indicate gusts; but there never is a moment while the hurricane lasts when the opening of a shutter or a door would not be followed by the entrance of what seems not wind, but an invisible battering-ram. The writer once saw a shutter incautiously loosened while a hurricane was high, and pressing outside like a hydraulic press. In an instant, not only were the shutters blown in and himself flung down as by a heavy weight, but the open door of a large wardrobe standing against the wall was blown off its hinges as if struck by a machine. It had not six inches to recede, and the hinges must have been literally crushed out. The struggle with the continuous impact of a blind force of this kind, pressing inwards for hours, is very terrifying, for no experience will make you believe in the resisting power of the walls. It seems as if they must come down, and if they do, you may be dead in five seconds, or worse still, stand suddenly alone in the world. The imprisonment, too, is nearly perfect. A hurricane will last sometimes twenty hours, and during that time there is no five minutes during which you can walk ten yards. If you face the wind, it strangles you, literally and actually rendering respiration impossible; and as you turn round, you are thrown sharply down. There is nothing for it but crawling, and that is difficult, for whatever the scientific explanation may be, it is quite certain that the vertical edge of a tropical hurricane comes, in its full strength, much lower down, nearer the earth, than that of an English gale. All the while, moreover, we repeat for the third time—for after all, it is in this that the special hor-

ror of a hurricane consists — the watcher retains, ever rising higher and more resistless, that notion of the deliberate malice of the elements, of being attacked by them, of suffering from the spite and anger of some sentient will, which is at once hostile and perverse. You are fighting, while it lasts, not enduring. This is not the impression of an imaginative or over-sensitive man. It is strongly felt by children, who sometimes grow ill with the fatigue of a storm which has not touched their bodies, but has roused all their energies in "resistance" of hours; while among adults it is nearly universal and so strong, that very good men indeed have been known to lose control of themselves, and break into wrathful cursing at the wind, which, nevertheless, was still outside. The terror a hurricane creates will not, however, wholly account for the universal impression of observers that the force of a tropical hurricane, as compared with a European gale, is scientifically underrated. There is a force in the former beyond the apparent difference in pace, a driving strength, persistent and pro-

longed, which we have never seen thoroughly accounted for. Can the mass of the rushing air be perceptibly weightier, though the pace is not much more rapid, or are its blows directed through a different medium? A bullet will not strike hard through a very fleet sheet of water. Just before a cyclone, that marvellous clearness of the tropical atmosphere which always so develops eyesight, enabling the short-sighted to see, and making all edges so painfully distinct, is highly exaggerated, till it seems as if a veil were lifted, and you could see to double or treble the usual range. Is not the air so clarified positively thinner than in the north, till the mass of air invading it rushes on with less resistance, and therefore with a heavier impact? Or is that a hopelessly unscientific description of what is, nevertheless, the special fact, which, to the experienced, is the most peremptory warning to clear decks and close port-holes for what will be a sharp action, lasting through the night? When in the tropics you can see twice as far as you ought, run to the barometer.

THE LEGENDS OF KING ARTHUR. — In the year 1147, Geoffrey of Monmouth produced his "History of British Kings." Geoffrey was a Welsh monk who was made Bishop of St. Asaph not long before his death in 1154. His history contained more fable than chronicle. By "British" kings he meant kings of Britain before the coming of the English. Of English kings there were trustworthy chronicles; Geoffrey provided a chronicle of British kings, not meant to be particularly trustworthy, but distinctly meant to be amusing. It was partly founded on Breton traditions, and it obtained a wide attention. It was the source of a new stream of poetry in English literature, and it is this book that brought King Arthur among us as our national hero. Geoffrey's history does not itself belong to the subject of this volume. The old romances of King Arthur are not religious. They are picturesque stories of love and war, and of each in rude animal form. But the way in which the legends of this mythical hero have been dealt with in our country furnishes one of the most marked illustrations of the religious tendency of English thought. For while amongst Latin nations the Charlemagne romances have given rise to fictions which, however delightful,

express only play of the imagination, the romances of which Arthur is the hero have been used by the English people in successive stages of their civilization for expression of their highest sense of spiritual life. In the very first years of the revived fame of Arthur, when Geoffrey of Monmouth's "History of British Kings" was being fashioned into French verse for courtly English readers by Gaimar and Wace, and into English verse by Layamon, the change was made by Walter Map that put a Christian soul into the flesh of the Arthurian romances. This he did by joining a separate legend of Joseph of Arimathea to the stories of King Arthur, and setting in the midst of their ideals of a life according to the flesh the quest for the Holy Graal. The Holy Graal was the dish used by our Lord at the Last Supper, into which also his wounds were washed after he had been taken from the cross, a sacred dish visible only to the pure. It could be used, therefore, as a type of the secret things of God. Walter Map, who thus dealt with the King Arthur legends, was a chaplain of the court of King Henry II. He was born about the year 1143, and called the Welsh his countrymen, England "our mother."

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"THE NEW WILLIAM TELL."

THE call-bell has rung, and the curtain will
rise,
And the boxes are full and the people ap-
plaud
The girl who plays there, in a page's disguise,
The public's last toy, — to be hissed or en-
cored,
(More red for her lips, she is tired,)
Clapped, sneered at, run after, admired.
"The New William Tell" is the name of the
play,
A capital farce, as the newspapers say.

One scene, and her work will be over. She
stands
Full in the glare of the flickering light.
It falls on her hair, and the ball in her hands,
Her lover is playing the hero to-night.
She smiles as he asks, "Are you ready?"
"Ay, sweetheart," she answers, "aim
steady."
And this is the very last night of the play,
And he is a capital shot, as they say.

She smiles as she waits, for her thoughts have
gone back
To a meadow all bright in a gay summer
noon,
To a day when he came down the narrow green
track,
And they met at the white gate, a year gone
next June.
Sweet the scent of the ruddy clover!
Would that the evening's work were over!
Oh, steady! hold steady! Ah! how the lights
sway!
The best of the farce is the end of the play.

They are clapping her now as she raises the
ball;
A hiss! Did he start? But the smoke
comes between,
And the crowd hear the shot, and the crowd
see her fall,
But the curtain rings down for the last final
scene.
Ah, close in his arms she is lying,
She smiles as he kisses her, dying.
"The New William Tell" is the name of the
play,
A capital farce, as the newspapers say.
SIR HENRY TAYLOR.

A WINTER LESSON.

WHEN winter lays her spell on glade and glen
Till every tree is shivering, and the springs
Are robbed of all their melody, and when
Not one poor solitary robin sings,
There is a fountain flowing, even then,
Deep in the rock, hard by the haunts of men.
The frost is always powerless to reach
Its hidden pulses, and it seems to teach

To eyes that see it — that the lives we keep
Are deep, or shallow, and the chilling touch
Of sorrow harms not those whose springs
are deep,
For they are patient and can suffer much;
And though the storm be long and fierce
and hard,
They fail not — for they have their own re-
ward.

J. T. BURTON WOLLASTON.

Cassell's Magazine.

WE take the following amusing plea for
book-buying, by Marc Monier, from *Notes and
Queries*:—

LE LIBRAIRE AUX CHALANDS.

Pour faire un livre, ami lecteur,
Il faut un auteur; à l'auteur,
S'il veut dîner à la fourchette,
Il faut un libraire-éditeur;
A l'éditeur, fût-il Hachette,
Il faut avant tout l'acheteur:
Achète donc, lecteur, achète!
Comme l'auteur sans l'éditeur,
Comme le livre sans l'auteur,
Ainsi le lecteur sans le livre
N'existe pas. — Si tu veux vivre,
Achète et paie, ami lecteur!

GALES.

AN UNPARLIAMENTARY RONDEAU.

GALES, with your hails of hats, and other tiles,
Your whirling windows and your flying shut-
ters,
Your playing *pile ou face* with ancient piles,
Your rocking rooftrees, and your roaring
gutters;
At least there is more wholesome heart than
art in
Your boisterous play with leaves, and stones,
and sails,
Gamesters who go in for no false Saint Mar-
tin —

Gales!

But, ah, those other gales the season ushers
In, hybrid hurricanes mixed up with fogs,
Storms that hurt heads, not hats, uproarious
crushers
Of truths, not trees — of logic, not of logs!
Ah, teacup tempests, shadowy, shambling,
shabby,
Here howl the emptiest winds, the vainest
wails, —
The People's Servants' Hall, Westminster
Abi —

Gails!

Punch.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON THE INSPIRATION OF SCRIPTURE.

BY CARDINAL NEWMAN.

1. IT has lately been asked what answer do we Catholics give to the allegation urged against us by men of the day, to the effect that we demand of our converts an assent to views and interpretations of Scripture which modern science and historical research have utterly discredited.

As this alleged obligation is confidently maintained against us, and with an array of instances in support of it, I think it should be either denied or defended; and the best mode perhaps of doing whether the one or the other, will be, instead of merely dealing with the particular instances adduced in proof, to state what we really do hold as regards Holy Scripture, and what a Catholic is bound to believe. This I propose now to do, and in doing it, I beg it to be understood that my statements are simply my own, and involve no responsibility of any one besides myself.

2. A recent work of M. Renan's is one of those publications which have suggested or occasioned this adverse criticism upon our intellectual position. That author's abandonment of Catholicism seems, according to a late article in a journal of high reputation, in no small measure to have come about by his study of the Biblical text, especially that of the Old Testament. "He explains," says the article, "that the Roman Catholic Church admits no compromise on questions of Biblical criticism and history" . . . though "the Book of Judith is an historical impossibility. Hence the undoubted fact that the Roman Catholic Church . . . insists on its members believing . . . a great deal more in pure criticism and pure history than the strictest Protestants exact from their pupils or flocks." Should, then, a doubting Anglican contemplate becoming Catholic by way of attaining intellectual peace, "if his doubts turn on history and criticism, he will find the little finger of the Catholic Church thicker than the loins of Protestantism."

3. The serious question, then, which this article calls on us to consider, is whether it is "an undoubted fact," as

therein stated, that the Catholic Church does "insist" on her children's acceptance of certain Scripture informations on matters of fact in defiance of criticism and history. And my first duty on setting out is to determine the meaning of that vague word "insists," which I shall use in the only sense in which a Catholic can consent to use it.

I allow, then, that the Church, certainly, does "insist," when she speaks dogmatically, nay or rather she more than insists, she obliges; she obliges us to an internal assent to that which she proposes to us. So far I admit, or rather maintain. And I admit that she obliges us in a most forcible and effective manner, that is, by the penalty of forfeiting communion with her, if we refuse our internal assent to her word. We cannot be real Catholics, if we do not from our heart accept the matters which she puts forward as divine and true. This is plain.

4. Next, to what does the Church oblige us? and what is her warrant for doing so? I answer, The matters which she can oblige us to accept with an internal assent are the matters contained in that Revelation of truth, written or unwritten, which came to the world from our Lord and his Apostles; and this claim on our faith in her decisions as to the matter of that Revelation rests on her being the divinely appointed representative of the Apostles and the expounder of their words; so that whatever she categorically delivers about their formal acts or their writings or their teaching, is an Apostolic deliverance. I repeat, the only sense in which the Church "insists" on any statement, Biblical or other, the only reason of her so insisting, is that that statement is part of the original Revelation, and therefore must be unconditionally accepted, — else, that Revelation is not, as a revelation, accepted at all.

The question then which I have to answer is, *What*, in matter of fact, has the Church (or the pope), as the representative of God, said about Scripture, which, as being Apostolic, unerring truth, is obligatory on our faith, that is, is *de fide*?

5. Many truths may be predicated about Scripture and its contents which are not

obligatory on our faith, viz., such as are private conclusions from premises, or are the *dicta* of theologians. Such as about the author of the Book of Job, or the dates of St. Paul's Epistles. These are not obligatory upon us, because they are not the subjects of *ex cathedra* utterances of the Church. Opinions of this sort may be true or not true, and lie open for acceptance or rejection, since no divine utterance has ever been granted to us about them, or is likely to be granted. We are not bound to believe what St. Jerome said or inferred about Scripture; nor what St. Augustine, or St. Thomas, or Cardinal Caietan or Fr. Perrone has said; but what the Church has enunciated, what the Councils, what the pope, has determined. We are not bound to accept with an absolute faith what is not a dogma, or the equivalent of dogma (*vide infra*, section 17), what is not *de fide*; such judgments, however high their authority, we may without loss of communion doubt, we may refuse to accept. This is what we must especially bear in mind, when we handle such objections as M. Renan's. We must not confuse what is indisputable as well as true, with what may indeed be true, yet is disputable.

6. I must make one concession to him. In certain cases there may be a duty of silence, when there is no obligation of belief. Here no question of faith comes in. We will suppose that a novel opinion about Scripture or its contents is well grounded, and a received opinion open to doubt, in a case in which the Church has hitherto decided nothing, so that a new question needs a new answer: here, to profess the new opinion may be abstractedly permissible, but is not always permissible in practice. The novelty may be so startling as to require a full certainty that it is true; it may be so strange as to raise the question whether it will not unsettle ill-educated minds, that is, though the statement is not an offence against faith, still it may be an offence against charity. It need not be heretical, yet at a particular time or place it may be so contrary to the prevalent opinion in the Catholic body, as in Galileo's case, that zeal for the supremacy of the Divine

Word, deference to existing authorities, charity towards the weak and ignorant, and distrust of self, should keep a man from being impetuous or careless in circulating what nevertheless he holds to be true, and what, if indeed asked about, he cannot deny. The household of God has claims upon our tenderness in such matters, which criticism and history have not.

7. For myself, I have no call or wish at all to write in behalf of such persons as think it a love of truth to have no "love of the brethren." I am indeed desirous of investigating for its own sake the limit of free thought consistently with the claims upon us of Holy Scripture; still my especial interest in the inquiry is from my desire to assist those religious sons of the Church who are engaged in Biblical criticism and its attendant studies, and have a conscientious fear of transgressing the rule of faith; men who wish to ascertain how far their religion puts them under obligations and restrictions in their reasonings and inferences on such subjects, what conclusions may and what may not be held without interfering with that internal assent which they are bound to give, if they would be Catholics, to the written Word of God. I do but contemplate the inward peace of religious Catholics in their own persons. Of course those who begin without belief in the religious aspect of the universe, are not likely to be brought to such belief by studying it merely on its secular side.

8. Now, then, the main question before us being what it is that a Catholic is free to hold about Scripture in general, or about its separate portions or its statements, without compromising his firm, inward assent to the dogmas of the Church, that is, to the *de fide* enunciations of pope and Councils, we have first of all to inquire how many and what those dogmas are.

I answer that there are two such dogmas; one relates to the authority of Scripture, the other to its interpretation. As to the authority of Scripture, we hold it to be, in all matters of faith and morals, divinely inspired throughout; as to its interpretation, we hold that the Church is, in faith and morals, the one infallible expounder of that inspired text.

I begin with the question of its inspiration.

9. The books which constitute the canon of Scripture, or the canonical books, are enumerated by the Tridentine Council, as we find them in the first page of our Catholic Bibles, and are in that Ecumenical Council's decree spoken of by implication as the work of inspired men. The Vatican Council speaks more distinctly, saying that the entire books with all their parts, are divinely inspired, and adding an anathema upon impugnors of this its definition.

There is another dogmatic phrase used by the Councils of Florence and Trent to denote the inspiration of Scripture, viz., "*Deus unus et idem* utriusque Testamenti Auctor." Since this left room for holding that by the word "*Testamentum*" was meant "*Dispensation*," as it seems to have meant in former councils from the date of Irenæus, and as St. Paul uses the word, in his Epistle to the Hebrews, the Vatican Council has expressly defined that the concrete *libri* themselves of the Old and New Testament "*Deum habent Auctorem*."

10. There is a further question, which is still left in some ambiguity, the meaning of the word "*Auctor*." "*Auctor*" is not identical with the English word "*Author*." Allowing that there are instances to be found in classical Latin in which "*auctores*" may be translated "*authors*," instances in which it even seems to mean "*writers*," it more naturally means "*authorities*." Its proper sense is "*originator*," "*inventor*," "*founder*," "*primary cause*" (thus St. Paul speaks of our Lord as "*Auctor salutis*," "*Auctor fidei*"); on the other hand, that it was the inspired penmen who were the "*writers*" of their works seems asserted by St. John and St. Luke and, I may say, in every paragraph of St. Paul's Epistles. In St. John we read, "*This is the disciple who testifies of these things, and has written these things*," and St. Luke says, "*I have thought it good to write to thee*," etc. However, if any one prefers to construe "*auctor*" as "*author*" or writer, let it be so—only, then there will be two writers of the Scriptures, the divine and the human.

11. And now comes the important question, in what respect are the canonical books inspired? It cannot be in every respect, unless we are bound *de fide* to believe that "*terra in æternum stat*," and that heaven is above us, and that there are no antipodes. And it seems unworthy of divine greatness, that the Almighty should in his revelation of himself to us undertake mere secular duties, and assume the office of a narrator, as such, or an historian, or geographer, except so far as the secular matters bear directly upon the revealed truth. The Councils of Trent and the Vatican fulfil this anticipation; they tell us distinctly the object and the promise of Scripture inspiration. They specify "*faith and moral conduct*" as the drift of that teaching which has the guarantee of inspiration. What we need and what is given us is not how to educate ourselves for this life; we have abundant natural gifts for human society, and for the advantages which it secures; but our great want is how to demean ourselves in thought and deed towards our Maker, and how to gain reliable information on this urgent necessity.

12. Accordingly four times does the Tridentine Council insist upon "*faith and morality*" as the scope of inspired teaching. It declares that the "*Gospel*" is "*the fount of all saving truth and all instruction in morals*," that in the written books and in the unwritten traditions, the Holy Spirit dictating, this *truth* and *instruction* are contained. Then it speaks of the books and traditions, "*relating whether to faith or to morals*," and afterwards of "*the confirmation of dogmas and establishment of morals*." Lastly, it warns the Christian people, "*in matters of faith and morals*," against distorting Scripture into a sense of their own.

In like manner the Vatican Council pronounces that supernatural revelation consists "*in rebus divinis*," and is contained "*in libris scriptis et sine scripto traditionibus*;" and it also speaks of "*petulantia ingenia*" advancing wrong interpretations of Scripture "*in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium*."

13. But while the Councils, as has been

shown, lay down so emphatically the inspiration of Scripture in respect to "faith and morals," it is remarkable that they do not say a word directly as to its inspiration in matters of fact. Yet are we therefore to conclude that the record of facts in Scripture does not come under the guarantee of its inspiration? We are not so to conclude, and for this plain reason: the sacred narrative, carried on through so many ages, what is it but the very matter for our faith and rule of our obedience? what but that narrative itself is the supernatural teaching, in order to which inspiration is given? What is the whole history, traced out in Scripture from Genesis to Esdras and thence on to the end of the Acts of the Apostles, but a manifestation of divine Providence, on the one hand interpretative, on a large scale and with analogical applications, of universal history, and on the other preparatory, typical and predictive, of the evangelical dispensation? Its pages breathe of providence and grace, of our Lord, and of his work and teaching, from beginning to end. It views facts in those relations in which neither ancients, such as the Greek and Latin classical historians, nor moderns, such as Niebuhr, Grote, Ewald, or Michelet, can view them. In this point of view it has God for its author, even though the finger of God traced no words but the decalogue. Such is the claim of Bible history in its substantial fulness to be accepted *de fide* as true. In this point of view, Scripture is inspired, not only in faith and morals, but in all its parts which bear on faith, including matters of fact.

14. But what has been said leads to another serious question. It is easy to imagine a code of laws inspired, or a formal prophecy, or a hymn, or a creed, or a collection of proverbs. Such works may be short, precise, and homogeneous; but inspiration on the one hand, and on the other a document, multiform and copious in its contents, as the Bible is, are at first sight incompatible ideas, and destructive of each other. How are we practically to combine the indubitable fact of a divine superintendence with the indubitable fact of a collection of such various writings?

15. Surely then if the revelations and lessons in Scripture are addressed to us personally and practically, the presence among us of a formal judge and standing expositor of its words, is imperative. It is antecedently unreasonable to suppose that a book so complex, so unsystematic, in parts so obscure, the outcome of so

many minds, times, and places, should be given us from above without the safeguard of some authority; as if it could possibly, from the nature of the case, interpret itself. Its inspiration does but guarantee its truth, not its interpretation. How are private readers satisfactorily to distinguish what is didactic and what is historical, what is fact and what is vision, what is allegorical and what is literal, what is idiomatic and what is grammatical, what is enunciated formally and what occurs *obiter*, what is only of temporary and what is of lasting obligation? Such is our natural anticipation, and it is only too exactly justified in the events of the last three centuries, in the many countries where private judgment on the text of Scripture has prevailed. The gift of inspiration requires as its complement the gift of infallibility.

Where then is this gift lodged, which is so necessary for the due use of the written word of God? Thus we are introduced to the second dogma in respect to holy Scripture taught by the Catholic religion. The first is that Scripture is inspired, the second that the Church is the infallible interpreter of that inspiration.

16. That the Church, and therefore the pope, is that interpreter is defined in the following words:—

First by the Council of Trent: "*Nemo suâ prudentiâ innixus, in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, Sacram Scripturam ad suos sensus contorquens, contra eum sensum quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum, aut etiam contra unanimum consensum Patrum, ipsam Scripturam Sacram interpretari audeat.*"

Secondly by the Council of the Vatican: "*Nos, idem Decretum [Tridentinum] renovantes, hanc illius mentem esse declaramus, ut in rebus fidei et morum ad ædificationem doctrinæ Christianæ pertinentium, is pro vero sensu Sacræ Scripturæ habendus sit, quem tenuit et tenet Sancta Mater Ecclesia, cujus est judicare de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctarum,*" etc.

17. Since then there is in the Church an authority, divinely appointed and plenary, for judgment and for appeal in questions of Scripture interpretation, in matters of faith and morals, therefore by the very force of the words, there is one such authority, and only one.

Again, it follows hence, that, when the

legitimate authority has spoken, to resist its interpretation is a sin against the faith and an act of heresy.

And from this again it follows, that, till the infallible authority formally interprets a passage of Scripture, there is nothing heretical in advocating a contrary interpretation, provided of course there is nothing in the act intrinsically inconsistent with the faith, or the *pietas fidei*, nothing of contempt or rebellion, nothing temerarious, nothing offensive or scandalous, in the manner of acting or the circumstances of the case. I repeat, I am all along inquiring what Scripture, by reason of its literal text, obliges us to believe. An original view about Scripture or its parts may be as little contrary to the mind of the Church about it, as it need be an offence against its inspiration.

The proviso, however, or condition, which I have just made, must carefully be kept in mind. Doubtless, a certain interpretation of a doctrinal text may be so strongly supported by the Fathers, so continuous and universal, and so cognate and connatural with the Church's teaching, that it is virtually or practically as dogmatic as if it were a formal judgment delivered on appeal by the Holy See, and cannot be disputed except as the Church or Holy See opens its wording or its conditions. Hence the Vatican Council says, "*Fide divinâ et Catholicâ ea omnia credenda sunt, quæ in verbo Dei scripto vel tradito continentur, vel ab Ecclesiâ sive solemnî judicio, sive ordinario et universali magisterio, tanquam divinitus revelata, credenda proponuntur.*" And I repeat, that, though the Fathers were not inspired, yet their united testimony is of supreme authority; at the same time, since no canon or list has been determined of the Fathers, the practical rule of duty is obedience to the voice of the Church.

18. Such then is the answer which I make to the main question which has led to my writing. I asked what obligation of duty lay upon the Catholic scholar or man of science as regards his critical treatment of the text and the matter of Holy Scripture. And now I say that it is his duty, first, never to forget that what he is handling is the Word of God, which, by reason of the difficulty of always drawing the line between what is human and what is divine, cannot be put on the level of other books, as it is now the fashion to do, but has the nature of a sacrament, which is outward and inward, and a channel of supernatural grace; and secondly,

that, in what he writes upon it or its separate books, he is bound to submit himself internally, and to profess to submit himself, in all that relates to faith and morals, to the definite teaching of Holy Church.

This being laid down, let me go on to consider some of the critical distinctions and conclusions which are consistent with a faithful observance of these obligations.

19. Are the books or are the writers inspired? I answer, both. The Council of Trent says the writers ("*ab ipsis Apostolis, Spiritu Sancto dictante*"); the Vatican says the books ("*Si quis libros integros, etc., divinitus inspiratos esse negaverit, anathema sit*"). Of course the Vatican decision is *de fide*, but it cannot annul the Tridentine. Both decrees are dogmatic truths. The Tridentine teaches us that the divine inspirer, inasmuch as he acted on the writer, acted, not immediately on the books themselves, but through the men who wrote them. The books are inspired, because the writers were inspired to write them. They are not inspired books, unless they came from inspired men.

There is one instance in Scripture of divine inspiration without a human medium; the Decalogue was written by the very finger of God. He wrote the law upon the stone tables himself. It has been thought that the Urim and Thummim was another instance of the immediate inspiration of a material substance; but anyhow such instances are exceptional; certainly, as regards Scripture, which alone concerns us here, there always have been two minds in the process of inspiration, a divine Auctor, and a human scriptor; and various important consequences follow from this appointment.

20. If there be at once a divine and a human mind co-operating in the formation of the sacred text, it is not surprising if there often be a double sense in that text, and, with obvious exceptions, never certain that there is not.

Thus Sara had her human and literal meaning in her words, "Cast out the bondwoman and her son," etc.; but we know from St. Paul that those words were inspired by the Holy Ghost to convey a spiritual meaning. Abraham, too, on the mount, when his son asked him whence was to come the victim for the sacrifice which his father was about to offer, answered, "God will provide;" and he showed his own sense of his words after-

wards, when he took the ram which was caught in the briers, and offered it as a holocaust. Yet those words were a solemn prophecy.

And is it extravagant to say, that, even in the case of men who have no pretension to be prophets or servants of God, he may by their means give us great maxims and lessons, which the speakers little thought they were delivering? as in the case of the architrictinus in the marriage feast, who spoke of the bridegroom as having "kept the good wine until now;" words which it was needless for St. John to record, unless they had a mystical meaning.

Such instances raise the question whether the Scripture saints and prophets always understood the higher and divine sense of their words. As to Abraham, this will be answered in the affirmative; but I do not see reason for thinking that Sara was equally favored. Nor is her case solitary; Caiphas, as high priest, spoke a divine truth by virtue of his office, little thinking of it, when he said that "one man must die for the people;" and St. Peter at Joppa at first did not see beyond a literal sense in his vision, though he knew that there was a higher sense, which in God's good time would be revealed to him.

And hence there is no difficulty in supposing that the prophet Osee, though inspired, only knew his own literal sense of the words which he transmitted to posterity, "I have called my son out of Egypt," the further prophetic meaning of them being declared by St. Matthew in his Gospel. And such a divine sense would be both concurrent with and confirmed by that antecedent belief which prevailed among the Jews in St. Matthew's time, that their sacred books were in great measure typical, with an evangelical bearing, though as yet they might not know what those books contained in prospect.

21. Nor is it *de fide* (for that alone with a view to Catholic Biblicists I am considering) that inspired men, at the time when they speak from inspiration, should always know that the divine Spirit is visiting them.

The Psalms are inspired; but, when David, in the outpouring of his deep contrition, disburdened himself before his God in the words of the *Miserere*, could he, possibly, while uttering them, have been directly conscious that every word he uttered was not simply his, but another's? Did he not think that he was

personally asking forgiveness and spiritual help?

Doubt again seems incompatible with a consciousness of being inspired. But Father Patrizi, while reconciling two Evangelists in a passage of their narratives, says, if I understand him rightly (ii., p. 405), that though we admit that there were some things about which inspired writers doubted, this does not imply that inspiration allowed them to state what is doubtful as certain, but only it did not hinder them from stating things with a doubt on their minds about them; but how can the all-knowing Spirit doubt? or how can an inspired man doubt, if he is conscious of his inspiration?

And, again, how can a man whose hand is guided by the Holy Spirit, and who knows it, make apologies for his style of writing, as if deficient in literary exactness and finish? If then the writer of Ecclesiasticus, at the very time that he wrote his prologue, was not only inspired but conscious of his inspiration, how could he have entreated his readers to "come with benevolence," and to make excuse for his "coming short in the composition of words"? Surely, if at the very time he wrote he had known it, he would, like other inspired men, have said, "Thus saith the Lord," or what was equivalent to it.

The same remark applies to the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, who ends his narrative by saying, "If I have done well, it is what I desired, but if not so perfectly, it must be pardoned me." What a contrast to St. Paul, who, speaking of his inspiration (1 Cor. vii. 40) and of his "weakness and fear" (*ibid.* ii. 4), does so in order to *boast* that his "speech was, not in the persuasive words of human wisdom, but in the showing of the Spirit and of power." The historian of the Machabees would have surely adopted a like tone of "glorying," had he had at the time a like consciousness of his divine gift.

22. Again, it follows from there being two agencies, divine grace and human intelligence, co-operating in the production of the Scriptures, that, whereas, if they were written, as in the Decalogue, by the immediate finger of God, every word of them must be his and his only, on the contrary, if they are man's writing, informed and quickened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, they admit, should it so happen, of being composed of outlying materials, which have passed through the minds and from the fingers of inspired

penmen, and are known to be inspired on the ground that those who were the immediate editors, as they may be called, were inspired.

For an example of this we are supplied by the writer of the Second Book of Machabees, to which reference has already been made. "All such things," says the writer, "as have been comprised in five books by Jason of Cyrene, we have attempted to abridge in one book." Here we have the human aspect of an inspired work. Jason need not, the writer of the Second Book of Machabees must, have been inspired.

Again; St. Luke's Gospel is inspired, as having gone through and come forth from an inspired mind; but the extrinsic sources of his narrative were not necessarily all inspired any more than was Jason of Cyrene; yet such sources there were, for, in contrast with the testimony of the actual eye-witnesses of the events which he records, he says of himself that he wrote after a careful inquiry, "according as *they* delivered them to us, who from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word;" as to himself, he had but "diligently attained to all things from the beginning." Here it was not the original statements, but his edition of them, which needed to be inspired.

23. Hence we have no reason to be surprised, nor is it against the faith to hold, that a canonical book may be composed, not only from, but even of, pre-existing documents, it being always borne in mind, as a necessary condition, that an inspired mind has exercised a supreme and an ultimate judgment on the work, determining what was to be selected and embodied in it, in order to its truth in all "matters of faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine," and its unadulterated truth.

Thus Moses may have incorporated in his manuscript as much from foreign documents as is commonly maintained by the critical school; yet the existing Pentateuch, with the miracles which it contains, may still (from that personal inspiration which belongs to a prophet) have flowed from his mind and hand on to his composition. He new-made and authenticated what till then was no matter of faith.

This being considered, it follows that a book may be, and may be accepted as, inspired, though not a word of it is an original document. Such is almost the case with the first book of Esdras. A learned writer in a publication of the day *

says: "It consists of the contemporary historical journals, kept from time to time by the prophets or other authorized persons, who were eye-witnesses for the most part of what they record, and whose several narratives were afterwards strung together, and either abridged or added to, as the case required, by a later hand, of course an inspired hand."

And in like manner the Chaldee and Greek portions of the Book of Daniel, even though not written by Daniel, may be, and we believe are, written by penmen inspired in matters of faith and morals; and so much, and nothing beyond, does the Church "oblige" us to believe.

24. I have said that the Chaldee, as well as the Hebrew portion of Daniel, requires, in order to its inspiration, not that it should be Daniel's writing, but that its writer, whoever he was, should be inspired. This leads me to the question whether inspiration requires and implies that the book inspired should in its form and matter be homogeneous, and all its parts belong to each other. Certainly not. The book of Psalms is the obvious instance destructive of any such idea. What it really requires is an inspired editor; * that is, an inspired mind, authoritative in faith and morals, from whose fingers the sacred text passed. I believe it is allowed generally, that at the date of the captivity and under the persecution of Antiochus, the books of Scripture and the sacred text suffered much loss and injury. Originally the Psalms seem to have consisted of five books; of which only a portion, perhaps the first and second, were David's. That arrangement is now broken up, and the Council of Trent was so impressed with the difficulty of their authorship, that, in its formal decree respecting the canon, instead of calling the collection "David's Psalms," as was usual, they called it the "Psalterium Davidicum," thereby meaning to imply, that, although canonical and inspired and in spiritual fellowship and relationship with those of "the choice Psalmist of Israel," the whole collection is not therefore necessarily the writing of David.

* This representation must not be confused with either of the two views of canonicity which are pronounced insufficient by the Vatican Council—viz., 1, that in order to be sacred and canonical, it is enough for a book to be a work of mere human industry, provided it be afterwards approved by the authority of the Church; and 2, that it is enough if it contains revealed teaching without error. Neither of these views supposes the presence of inspiration, whether in the writer or the writing; what is contemplated above is an inspired writer in the exercise of his inspiration, and a work inspired from first to last under the action of that inspiration.

And as the name of David, though not really applicable to every Psalm, nevertheless protected and sanctioned them all, so the appendices which conclude the book of Daniel, Susanna and Bel, though not belonging to the main history, come under the shadow of that divine presence, which primarily rests on what goes before.

And so again, whether or not the last verses of St. Mark's, and two portions of St. John's Gospel, belong to those Evangelists respectively, matters not as regards their inspiration; for the Church has recognized them as portions of that sacred narrative which precedes or embraces them.

Nor does it matter, whether one or two Isaiahs wrote the book which bears that prophet's name; the Church, without settling this point, pronounces it inspired in respect of faith and morals, both Isaiahs being inspired; and, if this be assured to us, all other questions are irrelevant and unnecessary.

Nor do the Councils forbid our holding that there are interpolations or additions in the sacred text, say, the last chapter of the Pentateuch, provided they are held to come from an inspired penman, such as Esdras, and are thereby authoritative in faith and morals.

25. From what has been last said it follows, that the titles of the canonical books, and their ascription to definite authors, either do not come under their inspiration, or need not be accepted literally.

For instance: the Epistle to the Hebrews is said in our Bibles to be the writing of St. Paul, and so virtually it is, and to deny that it is so in any sense might be temerarious; but its authorship is not a matter of faith as its inspiration is, but an acceptance of received opinion, and because to no other writer can it be so well assigned.

Again, the 89th Psalm has for its title "A Prayer of Moses," yet that has not hindered a succession of Catholic writers, from Athanasius to Bellarmine, from denying it to be his.

Again, the Book of Wisdom professes (e.g., chs. vii. and ix.) to be written by Solomon; yet our Bibles say, "It is written in the *person* of Solomon," and "it is uncertain who was the writer;" and St. Augustine, whose authority had so much influence in the settlement of the canon, speaking of Wisdom and Ecclesiasticus, says: "The two books by reason of a certain similarity of style are usually

called Solomon's, though the more learned have no doubt they do not belong to him." (Martin. "Pref. to Wisdom and Eccl.;" Aug. Opp., t. iii., p. 733.)

If these instances hold, they are precedents for saying that it is no sin against the faith (for of such I have all along been speaking), nor indeed, if done conscientiously and on reasonable grounds, any sin, to hold that Ecclesiastes is not the writing of Solomon, in spite of its opening with a profession of being his; and that first, because that profession is a heading, not a portion of the book; secondly, because, even though it be part of the book, a like profession is made in the Book of Wisdom, without its being a proof that Wisdom is Solomon's; and thirdly, because such a profession may well be considered a *prosopopœia* not so difficult to understand as that of the angel Raphael, when he called himself "the son of the great Ananias."

On this subject Melchior Canus says: "It does not much matter to the Catholic faith, that a book was written by this or that writer, as long as the Spirit of God is believed to be the author of it; which Gregory delivers and explains, in his Preface to Job, 'It matters not with what pen the King has written his letter, if it be true that he has written it.'" (*Loc. Th.*, p. 44.)

I say then of the Book of Ecclesiastes, its authorship is one of those questions which still lie in the hands of the Church. If the Church formally declared that it was written by Solomon, I consider that, in accordance with its heading (and, as implied in what follows, as in Wisdom,) we should be bound, recollecting that she has the gift of judging "*de vero sensu et interpretatione Scripturarum Sanctorum*," to accept such a decree as a matter of faith; and in like manner, in spite of its heading, we should be bound to accept a contrary decree, if made to the effect that the book was not Solomon's. At present as the Church (or pope) has not pronounced on one side or on the other, I conceive that, till a decision comes from Rome, either opinion is open to the Catholic without any impeachment of his faith.

26. And here I am led on to inquire whether *obiter dicta* are conceivable in an inspired document. We know that they are held to exist and even required in treating of the dogmatic utterances of popes, but are they compatible with inspiration? The common opinion is that they are not. Professor Lamy thus writes about them, in the form of an objection:

"Many minute matters occur in the sacred writers which have regard only to human feebleness and the natural necessities of life, and by no means require inspiration, since they can otherwise be perfectly well known, and seem scarcely worthy of the Holy Spirit, as for instance what is said of the dog of Tobias, St. Paul's *penula*, and the salutations at the end of the Epistles." Neither he nor Fr. Patrizi allow of these exceptions; but Fr. Patrizi, as Lamy quotes him, "*dam-nare non audet eos qui hæc tenerent*," viz., exceptions, and he himself, by keeping silence, seems unable to condemn them either.

By *obiter dicta* in Scripture I also mean such statements as we find in the Book of Judith, that Nabuchodonosor was king of Nineve. Now it is in favor of there being such unauthoritative *obiter dicta*, that unlike those which occur in dogmatic utterances of popes and Councils, they are, in Scripture, not doctrinal, but mere unimportant statements of fact; whereas those of popes and Councils may relate to faith and morals, and are said to be uttered *obiter*, because they are not contained within the scope of the formal definition, and imply no intention of binding the consciences of the faithful. There does not then seem any serious difficulty in admitting their existence in Scripture. Let it be observed, its miracles are doctrinal facts, and in no sense of the phrase can be considered *obiter dicta*.

27. It may be questioned, too, whether the absence of chronological sequence might not be represented as an infringement of plenary inspiration, more serious than the *obiter dicta* of which I have been speaking. Yet St. Matthew is admitted by approved commentators to be unsolicitous as to order of time. So says Fr. Patrizi (*De Evang.* lib. ii., p. 1), viz., "*Matthæum de observando temporis ordine minime sollicitum esse*." He gives instances, and then repeats, "Matthew did not observe order of time." If such absence of order is compatible with inspiration in St. Matthew, as it is, it might be consistent with inspiration in parts of the Old Testament, supposing they are open to re-arrangement in chronology. Does not this teach us to fall back upon the decision of the councils that "faith and morals pertaining to the edification of Christian doctrine" are the scope, the

true scope, of inspiration? And is not the Holy See the judge given us for determining what is for edification and what is not?

There is another practical exception to the ideal continuity of Scripture inspiration in mere matters of fact, and that is the multitude of various manuscript readings which surround the sacred text. Unless we have the text as inspired men wrote it, we have not the divine gift in its fulness, and as far as we have no certainty which out of many is the true reading, so far, wherever the sense is affected, we are in the same difficulty as may be the consequence of an *obiter dictum*. Yet, in spite of this danger, even cautious theologians do not hesitate to apply the gratuitous hypothesis of errors in transcription as a means of accounting for such statements of fact as they feel to need an explanation. Thus Fr. Patrizi, not favoring the order of our Lord's three temptations in the desert, as given by St. Luke, attributes it to the mistake of the transcribers. "I have no doubt at all," he says, "that it is to be attributed, not to Luke himself, but to his transcribers" (*ibid.* p. 5); and again, he says that it is owing "*vitio librariorum*" (p. 394). If I recollect rightly, Melchior Canus has recourse to the "fault of transcribers" also. Indeed it is commonly urged in controversy (*vide* Lamy, i., p. 31).

28. I do not here go on to treat of the special instance urged against us by M. Renan, drawn from the Book of Judith, because I have wished to lay down principles, and next because his charge can neither be proved nor refuted just now, while the strange discoveries are in progress about Assyrian and Persian history by means of the cuneiform inscriptions. When the need comes, the Church, or the Holy See, will interpret the sacred book for us.

I conclude by reminding the reader that in these remarks I have been concerned only with the question — what have Catholics to hold and profess *de fide* about Scripture? that is, what it is the Church "insists" on their holding; and next, by unreservedly submitting what I have written to the judgment of the Holy See, being more desirous that the question should be satisfactorily answered than that my own answer should prove to be in every respect the right one.

From The Argosy.

DR. BALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MOLLY BAWN."

HE was a very little man, with a cherubic face, and a large soul, and nothing at all awe-inspiring about him. His eyes shone through his glasses anxiously, as though in eager search of any good that might be lying about amongst his parishioners. He thought no evil of any man and, in truth, no man thought evil of him.

He had been twenty years a curate, but had never sighed for higher wage or betrayed a hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt. Contented he was and happy amongst his ungrateful old women and surly old men. He went to bed at eight o'clock, or half past; he never went into society: indeed, there was hardly any into which to go in the benighted Irish village in which he lived. He knew as little about the subtle changes that creep now and again into fashionable life, as the South Sea Islander.

Dulcinea — a charming girl of eighteen, and a great heiress, his friend and god-child — would often walk down to his cottage to see him, but he would seldom go to her. He would never dine from home, but sometimes he would take from Dulcinea's hand the cup of tea she had ready for him at all hours of the day, knowing it to be his one carnal delight.

His rector was old and infirm, and for the most part resided in Italy. In fact, the little doctor did all the work of Inchinabagga, which was the somewhat outlandish name of his parish.

Dulcinea, with an unpardonable play upon his name, had christened him her Candy-ball: saying in excuse that she had a right to give him any name she pleased because he had given her hers — which did not please her — at the font, many winters ago now.

"Yet, after all I don't think my sobriquet suits you: candy-balls are such *hard* things," she said tenderly, as she walked with him up and down his little garden path one morning in mid-winter, hugging his arm the while. "I'm sure I have nearly smashed all my teeth with them over and over again. And you, with your tender heart, could never hurt me or any living thing. I know — and Gerald says it too — that you are the best and dearest man in all the world."

Having exploded this little shell, she waited somewhat anxiously for the result.

"Now — now — I am afraid you have been writing to Gerald again," said the

doctor, stopping in his walk and regarding her with what he believed to be severity.

"Yes, I have," said Miss Vane promptly. "Isn't it good of me to tell you the truth out quite plainly? I'll tell you something else, too. If you say even one small scolding word to me, I shall run away from you, and you shan't see me again for a week."

"Dear me, dear me, this is terrible!" said the doctor, almost tragically.

Now, Miss Dulcinea Vane, besides being an heiress, was also the bishop's ward. And the bishop was sternly desirous of doing his duty by her — which meant turning a cold shoulder on all needy young men who paid their addresses to her. Their name was Legion, so that the poor bishop had by no means a good time of it.

There had come nothing serious of it all, however, until about six months ago, when Gerald Wygram had descended upon Inchinabagga as if from the clouds. He said he had come for the fishing, which was excellent in the neighborhood; but having seen Miss Vane one day in the curate's garden, his desire for trout suddenly died a natural death, and his desire for something else grew into a mighty longing. He was a tall young man, handsome, and, worse than all, eloquent. He talked Dulcinea's heart out of her body, before she woke to the knowledge that she had one.

There was absolutely no fault to be found with him beyond the fact that he was the fifth son of a by-no-means wealthy baronet. This was a sin past forgiveness in everybody's eyes, except Dulcinea's. She was reasoned with, expostulated with, *threatened*. All to no good.

The bishop in a long letter — exquisitely written and perfectly worded — finally *commanded* Miss Vane to cease to think again of this Gerald Wygram (this clerk in the Foreign Office, with a paltry stipend) for even one moment! To which Dulcinea sent a meek reply, to the effect that as usual her guardian's behests should be obeyed to the letter. She would indeed *never* think of Gerald Wygram again for that insignificant portion of time called a moment, but daily, hourly, until the family vault claimed her for its own. Whereupon the bishop wrote to Doctor Ball, as her spiritual adviser, begging him to bring her to a proper frame of mind, and to see, generally, what was to be done.

It was wonderful how little *could* be done; and Dulcinea would promise nothing. So Sir Watkyn Wygram, Gerald's father, was written to; and he, though

mightily amused at the whole affair, took the law into his own hands, and ordered Gerald to leave Inchinabagga without delay.

There were certain reasons why it was best to obey this order, and so, with many kisses and vows of eternal constancy, the lovers parted. They felt their constancy might be put to the test, as Dulcinea was barely eighteen, and by her father's will, was not to come of age until her twenty-third year. Five years to wait! An eternity to an impatient heart! A month's trial having proved to them that life without each other was an earthly purgatory, they resolved to try one more expedient to soften the man in the apron and the long silk stockings.

"What is terrible?" asked Dulcinea of the curate, as they walked up and down the garden.

"This correspondence with Gerald, when you *know* the bishop——"

"Well, I won't do it again," she said. "It would be a stupid thing to write to him, wouldn't it," continued Dulcinea innocently, "when I can see him every day?"

"See him!" Dr. Ball stopped short again, and gazed at her over his glasses. "Why you don't mean to tell me that——"

"Yes I do, indeed. He is staying down at the white cottage just like last spring. He says he has come for the fishing."

"Fishing in January!"

"Well, if it isn't for that, it is for something else. And you can't think how nice he is looking. And he is so fond of you! Do you know you were the very first person he asked for?"

"Did he now!" said the doctor, with a broadly gratified smile. Then he recollected himself, and brought himself back to a proper frame of mind with the help of a dry little cough. "The bishop and Sir Watkyn will be greatly annoyed," he said.

"I don't care," returned Dulcinea rebelliously. "What fault can the bishop find with him?"

"He is not your equal, my dear."

"I hope you are not growing worldly," said Dulcinea, with a severity that to the poor doctor sounded very terrible.

"But he is *very* poor, my dear," he said, faltering, and feeling himself the most worldly creature on earth.

"And is his poverty the only thing against him?"

"The bishop has other objections."

"Oh! I know all about that," said she, with superb disdain. "I know he has

been meanly trying to spy out some trumpery little peccadilloes belonging to poor Gerald's Oxford days. It is my belief the bishop did far worse himself when he was at Oxford. I hate a spy!"

"But, my dear——"

"And if Gerald was a little bit wild at college—I—I—think it was *delightful* of him! I can't bear goody-goody young men. I should quite despise him if I thought he had never done anything he oughtn't to do."

"Dulcinea, this is horrible!" said the doctor. "If your guardian——"

"I know my guardian," with a contemptuous shrug of her pretty little shoulders—"and you would, too, only you are too good to fathom his schemes. Do you think a real Christian would forbid two people to be happy? No, you don't. A real Christian would help them to be happy. And"—turning to him suddenly, with a quick, radiant smile—"you *will* help us?" She spoke with an amount of assurance she was far from feeling, but determined to play her last card with a high courage. "You will go to the bishop yourself, and plead for us. He respects you (it is the only sign of grace about him); he will listen to you, and you will bring us back word that you have succeeded. You will give us that bad old man's blessing; we shall fall upon your neck and embrace you, and then you will marry us."

"Stop—stop," said the doctor. "I daren't do this thing. The bishop's face is set against Gerald, and——"

"Then you are to set your face against the bishop's and turn his in favor of Gerald. Yes, you must indeed! Oh! my dear godfather, you have never refused me anything in all my life; do not begin to do so now. Tell him I am sick, dying——"

"But, my dear girl, I never saw you looking better."

"Never mind, I shall *get* sick; tell him, too, that Gerald is such a regular attendant at church, and that——"

"I *can't*, Dulcinea. All last spring, Sunday after Sunday, I missed his head in the rectory pew, where he was supposed to sit."

All the pews in the church at Inchinabagga were so built that only the heads of the parishioners could be seen, staring over them as if impaled.

"Perhaps he *was* there, but sitting low," said Dulcinea mendaciously.

"No. He wasn't sitting there at all," said the curate sorrowfully. "He was

up the South stream, at Owen's farm, fishing for trout."

"Well, even if he was," said Gerald's sweetheart boldly, "surely there was some excuse for him. Sundays should not be good fishing days, and on every one of those you mention the trout were literally jumping out of the water, and crying to be caught! He told me so. Why, the bishop himself would have gone fishing on such days."

"I must request, Dulcinea ——"

"Well, if he wouldn't, he would have been dying to go—it is all the same," said Miss Vane airily. "Come, you will go to the bishop—you will do what you can for us, won't you?"

"What," nervously, "am I to say if I *do* go. Mind, I have not promised."

"Say that Gerald is worthier of me than I am of Gerald. That will be a good beginning; be *sure* you say that. Make me out a most perverse girl, of whom you can get *no* good ——"

"Dulcinea," said the doctor, with mournful reproach, "in all these years have I failed to show you the graciousness of truth?"

"Oh! but what is the truth in comparison with Gerald!" said Miss Vane, with an impatient gesture of the right hand.

Quite overwhelmed by this last proof of the uselessness of his ministry, Dr. Ball maintained a crushed silence.

"You will say just what I have told you—won't you?" asked Dulcinea anxiously.

"I shall say you have certain faults I would gladly see amended," said the curate sadly; "but I cannot bring myself to malign you, Dulcinea, and, of course, the bishop knowing you—though slightly—must have formed an opinion of his own about you."

"He is such an old bore," said Miss Vane irreverently, "that I don't believe he could form an opinion on *any* subject." In which she wronged the bishop.

"I must beg you won't speak of your bishop like that," said the curate earnestly. "He has been of much service to the Church. He is a great and good man. Well," he continued, with a sigh, after a pause, "I will go to him and intercede for you. I shall write and ask him for an interview—but I doubt if good will come of it. And what shall I do there, in a strange place, amongst strange faces, after all these years?"

In truth, it seemed a terrible thing to him, this undertaking. He would have to leave his home, for the first time these

ten years, and go beyond his beloved boundary, and launch himself, as it were, upon the world.

But he wrote to the bishop, nevertheless, asking for an interview, without stating the object he had in view, and received a very friendly letter from that dignitary in return, who, indeed, was a very kindly man, *au fond*, and most wilfully misunderstood by Dulcinea. The bishop granted Dr. Ball the desired interview with pleasure, and begged he would come to the palace early in the ensuing week, not on business alone, but as a guest for a day or two.

On the Monday following Dr. Ball rose betimes, and having shaved himself with extra care, and donned his best clothes, (oh! that he should have to call them so!) he started for the cathedral town in the heaviest snowstorm they had known that year.

On entering the episcopal drawing-room he found there, not only the bishop and his wife, Mrs. Craik, but a goodly company of guests. He was at first bewildered by the lights, and the fine small chatter, and the frou-frou of the silken gowns, and in his progress up the room fell over several chairs and tables. But presently he came to his senses and a comfortable ottoman close to his hostess—a handsome woman with great kindly eyes and a delicious voice.

He saw that she was pouring out tea, and that every one was drinking it. He saw, too, that there was a good deal of cake going about, and thin bread and butter, and some delicate wafery little things he had never seen before. He glanced at the ormolu clock on the chimney-piece behind him, and saw it was nearly six o'clock. "And a very reasonable hour for tea, too," he said to himself complacently, and ate a good deal more bread and butter, and told himself the tea was excellent. He looked round him and beamed through his glasses at the pretty girls in their charming gowns, and declared them to his heart a sight worth seeing. Two or three of them, struck by the benevolence of his smile, smiled back at him, so that his satisfaction was complete.

Then a dismal, booming sound came from the hall. The doctor started on hearing it and nearly dropped his cup of sèvres.

"The gong," said a little woman near him, getting up with graceful languor from her chair.

"First bell! Who would have thought it was so late?" said a tall, pretty girl. "How time does fly sometimes!" The doctor in a vague way had noticed that this last speaker had had a young man whispering to her for the last half-hour.

Then, as if by magic, every one seemed to disappear. They melted away through the open doorway before his very eyes. *Where* were they going? To their rooms? The little doctor, who had been puzzled by his afternoon tea — an entirely new custom to him — now grew mildly speculative and somewhat bewildered. Seeing the signs of hesitation that enshrouded him, the bishop went up to him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"You will like to go too," he said kindly, "after your long drive." There were no trains in those days to or from Inchinabagga.

"Certainly, my lord," said Dr. Ball mildly; "but where?"

"Why, to your room," said the bishop.

"Ah! to be sure," returned the doctor. Then he shook hands with the bishop, rather to that good man's surprise, and would probably have performed the same ceremony with Mrs. Craik, but she had disappeared.

The lamps were lighted everywhere, and a tall servant in powder handed him a silver candlestick at his bedroom door, to which haven he had conducted him. Inside, the bedroom fire was burning brilliantly, and the doctor sinking into an armchair gave himself up to thought. He meant to arrange his speech about Dulcinea's engagement to be delivered to-morrow, but somehow his thoughts wandered.

"Evidently they dine early" — they took this form at last — "*evidently*. I suppose they thought *I* did too, but I depended on getting something here. A mutton chop now, or even a little bit of cold mutton with my tea — it *is* a long drive, as he said himself." Not that it mattered really. They had all been kind, *most* kind; Mrs. Craik especially. Beautiful woman, Mrs. Craik. He was a little, perhaps — well — a little hungry certainly, but a good night's rest is better than meat or drink; and he had often been hungry before when on a long day's tramp; and better be hungry and receive such a kind reception as had been accorded him, than — than —

The fire was splendid, and the wax candles burning here and there were full of sleepy suggestions. The doctor roused himself by an effort, and spread

his hands over the glowing coals, and enjoyed the glorious heat, and almost forgot the mutton chop. When he had bobbed nearly into the flames, and recovered himself many times, it occurred to the little doctor that another and a final bob might land him in the cinders; so he pulled himself together heroically, and rose from his chair. He yawned gently. How quiet the house was! No doubt every one was gone to bed. Had he not heard the bishop say they were gone to their rooms, and for what — after tea — except for repose? He was tired. He, too, would go to bed.

Then the good little gentleman knelt down, and said his evening prayers. He prayed most sincerely for the bishop in spite of that missing chop, and calmly, with a conscience devoid of offence, began to make preparations for his couch. If he had any doubts about the earliness of the hour, he put it down to an episcopal rule that all should retire at an appointed time, and so found it good in his eyes. To his primitive mind (a mind that had never wandered from a strict belief in the customs of the earlier part of the century), a dinner at half past seven was a thing unknown. If he had heard of any such absurdity, he had forgotten it. As I have told you, he was as dead to all innovations that had taken place since "Sailor Billy" was king, as the babe unborn; and yet it was the sixty-fifth year of the nineteenth century.

Finally he kicked off his boots, and crept gladly into bed. It was a bed so comfortable that in two minutes he was sound asleep. He was indeed just entering into a beatific dream where his poorest old widow had received provisions sufficient in quantity to last her for several years, when a sound rang through the room, driving sleep affrighted from his lids. *Where* had he heard that sound before? The gong! the gong! What! morning so soon!

He sprang up in bed, and looked vaguely round him. As he did so, the door opened, and a young woman entered the room.

"Eh?" said the doctor, staring hard at her. He felt he was at a disadvantage in his nightcap, and could not help wishing at the moment that the tassel would not dangle so insanely. He wished, too, that some more intellectual remark had risen to his lips, but the wish was productive of no good. The young woman stared at him in return with undisguised wonder, but from speech she refrained.

"Eh?" said the doctor again; then, remembering that she had refused to make reply to this monosyllable before, he struggled with himself, and added some words to it. "What is this?" he said confusedly. "What hour is it? Does his lordship rise before *daylight*?" He bobbed the tassel at her as he said this. A most confounding tassel! of abnormal stoutness and unparalleled length. The maid went down before it. She drew nearer to the door, and laid her grasp as a precautionary measure upon the handle.

"Lawks, sir," she said, "whatever are you lying abed for? Dinner will be served in two mingits."

With that she darted into the corridor outside, and fled from the "mad gentleman" to the safe regions below.

"Dinner!" repeated the doctor to himself, in a dazed tone; and then, "Bless me!" He had not even time to repent him of this rash oath, as he called to mind the bare two minutes left him; and springing from his bed, he plunged into his clothes again.

With all the haste he made, however, he did not succeed in being less than ten minutes late as he entered the drawing-room. All the other guests were there, but were fortunately arguing busily over a huge portfolio of Italian views. Mrs. Craik was standing on the hearth-rug somewhat apart. With a deep blush and a very distressed countenance, the curate advanced towards her.

"Ah, Dr. Ball! As I said before, it was a long drive," said the bishop graciously, leaving the group near the portfolio, to come up to him. "Confess the truth, now; say you fell asleep before your fire. I often do it myself — often."

"It was hardly that, my lord," said the doctor, to whom even prevarication was hateful.

"Ah, ah!" said the bishop, laughing. "Did any one ever, I wonder, confess to those forty winks? You were tired though, eh?"

"I *was* tired," said the little doctor, simply. He might have let it so rest, but his conscience pricked him. In leaving the matter thus, was he not leading his host and bishop astray? His little, round, guileless face assumed even a deeper tinge of red, he turned to the bishop again.

"The fact is," he said earnestly, "that when at home, I dine early, and take my tea, when — when *you* take *yours*. Then after a couple of hours' reading, I go to bed. Having no reading with me to-night, and feeling fatigued, I went to bed

straight. I did not understand about the dinner, my lord. That is *actually* how it was. I beg, madam," turning to Mrs. Craik with the old-fashioned courtesy, that all his years of poverty and seclusion had not been able to steal from him, "you will try to forgive me, for having had the misfortune to keep you waiting."

The bishop had suddenly found some fault, or some remarkable virtue in his shoe-buckle. He bent obstinately over it. Only his wife, however, could see by the shaking of his shoulders that he was convulsed with laughter. She launched at him a withering dart from her usually mild blue eye, then pulled her satin skirts aside, and beckoned to Dr. Ball to sit down beside her.

"You must not think you have kept us waiting for even one moment," she said, with extreme sweetness. "I don't believe dinner is ready even yet; cook is *so* unpunctual!"

Even as these words passed her lips the footman announced the meal in question, in an aggrieved tone suggestive of many abusive words addressed to him by an irate cook. Nevertheless, I feel sure Mrs. Craik's kindly fib was forgiven her in the highest courts of all.

After dinner the bishop led Dr. Ball into the library, and with a cheery "Now, let me know how I can help you," threw himself into a lounging-chair, and prepared to listen to some small parish trouble.

Thus addressed, all the curate's wite at once deserted him. In a mean, paltry fashion, they fled, leaving him utterly stranded. He had meant to be more than ordinarily eloquent about Dulcinea's love affair; but now brought face to face with the foe, he found himself barren of words. Yet speak he must; and so, boldly, curtly, tersely, he stated his mission, and expressed his hope of obtaining for Dulcinea permission to marry the man of her heart.

To say the bishop was astounded would be to say little. He was so amazed that he leaned back in his chair, and for some minutes was incapable of an answer. Then he began a diatribe about fortune-hunters, and his duty as a guardian, and Dulcinea's wealth, and her general impracticability. When he had got so far he paused, and looked at the curate, as if for a further lead. But Dr. Ball was sorely in want of a lead himself. He was in fact frightened out of his life. It seemed such presumption to sit there, and argue with his bishop! What *was* he to

say? Silence was impossible with the bishop sitting there staring at him in expectant impatience; speech seemed equally so. At last his lips unclosed, and some words unbidden rose to them.

"She is such a very *good* girl," he murmured, in a dull, heavy tone, hardly knowing *what* he said. Could anything be tamer, more meaningless? He felt his cause was lost.

"Yes, yes, no doubt," said his lordship testily, somewhat put out, he hardly knew why, by the curate's simple remark. "I have hardly had a good opportunity of sifting her character *so* far, as she has obstinately refused of late every invitation sent her by Mrs. Craik. But I am glad to hear you speak of her so favorably."

Again he paused, and looked expectantly at the doctor, who felt the blood mount surging to his brow. Oh! for the tongue of a Demosthenes to sing his dear girl's praises! It was denied him. His very brain seemed dry as his parched lips. Yet speak he must.

"I never met so *good* a girl," he stammered again in the same heavy, impressive tone, his shamed eyes on the ground. Good gracious, was he never to get beyond this lukewarm formula?

"No doubt, no doubt," said the bishop, with growing discomposure. "The fact that she *is* so admirable a girl as you describe her proves to me that there is all the more reason why I should feel myself bound, as her guardian, to look after her interests, and shield her from all harm; from *fortune-hunters* especially. And this Mr.—ah—Wygram seems to me nothing better than one of that class."

Then he looked once more questioningly at Dr. Ball, as though defying him to take up the cudgels *here*. It was a piercing look this time, and utterly wrecked the small remaining wits the poor little curate still possessed. He sank deeper into his chair, and thought longingly of the fate of Korah.

"He is such a *good* young man," he said at last, not feebly as one might imagine, but with more than ordinary loudness, born of his distraction. Alas! alas! why did Dulcinea choose a broken reed like him to be her lover's advocate? Oh! where were the chosen, honeyed words he had rehearsed in secret for this fatal interview? He sat covered with self-reproach, a sight to be pitied.

"Eh?" said the bishop, with a start, stirring uneasily in his chair. Something in his companion's mild but persistent praise seemed to rebuke him. Here was

a man who thought of nothing but the grandeur of moral worth; who looked upon position, wealth, social standing, as dross in comparison with it. He, the bishop of the diocese—who should be an example to his flock—sitting here, dealing altogether in worldly topics, such as the worth of money, was brought to bay by a poor curate who was mildly but righteously insisting on the worth of *goodness*.

"You know him intimately of course," said the bishop, after a short pause, alluding to Gerald Wygram. "You can give me an honest sketch of him as he appears to you. I have faith in your judgment; you have seen much of him, no doubt. As guardian to Miss Vane I am desirous of looking well into both sides of the question. Her happiness should be a first consideration. Now," leaning one elbow on the table and looking fixedly at the devoted curate, "give me your exact opinion of this young man."

A deadly silence followed. Now or never the unfortunate curate felt was the moment in which to break into laudatory phrases about Dulcinea's lover. But none would come. He opened his lips; he tried to focus his thoughts. In vain!

"I think I never met so *good* a young man," he said in a tone so solemn, it might have come from the dead. To the bishop the sound was earnest, to Dr. Ball it meant despair.

"Indeed, indeed!" said the former, who was fond of reiteration. He said it impatiently, and got up and began to pace the floor. He was a good-hearted man, and something within him seemed to warn him against forbidding the happiness of two people praised by the best man in his diocese. "It is a great responsibility," he said, striding slowly up and down the room. "He—this Mr. Wygram—has a bare subsistence, *no* prospects; and *she* has close upon £5,000 a year. She ought to marry a title. Her father was bent on it; he as good as said so to me just a month before his death. This, that you speak of, is not a thing to be lightly done. But you give me such a high character of Mr. Wygram—you have bestowed indeed such unqualified praise on both him and Miss Vane—that you make me hesitate about refusing my consent. Who am I, that I should take it upon me to make or mar two lives? You have no doubt in your mind about their suitability to each other, have you? You, who know them, you think highly of *both*?"

Again the bishop leaned towards him.

Again that concentrated gaze fell upon the luckless curate. Again he felt that he must speak when speech was denied him. The bishop was waiting. Oh, the agony of *knowing* he was waiting!

"I believe it would be hard to find two such *good* young people," he said at last; and then he covered his face with his hand, and felt that now indeed it was all over, and that he was on the verge of tears.

There was a long silence. Then—"Well, well, well," said the bishop, "I promise you to think it over. Worth, such as you have ascribed to this young man, should count before anything." It really did seem to the bishop that Dr. Ball had uttered unlimited words of commendation about Gerald Wygram. "And he is of good birth undoubtedly. That is always something, even nowadays. Yes, I'll think it over. When you return home, Dr. Ball, which," courteously, "I hope will not be for some time yet, tell Dulcinea from me, that I shall come and stay with her at the hall very soon for a day or so, to talk all this over, and that I shall ask Mr. Wygram here to study him a little, before giving my final decision. Tell her too"—with a kindly smile directed at the astonished curate—"that it was your hearty praise of Mr. Wygram that induced me to look into a matter that I cannot still help considering a little imprudent."

"This will be good news for Dulcinea, my lord," said the curate, finding his voice at last when it was too late. But *was* it too late?

"I hope it will continue to be good news all her life," said the bishop with a sigh. He knew he would be glad to get rid of his guardian duties, and for that very reason was afraid to get rid of them. "But now for another topic," he said cheerfully, laying his hand on the curate's shoulder. "You know the rector of Dreena is dead, and——" In fact he offered our little friend a rectory, with an income that quadrupled his present salary. But the doctor shrank from him when he mentioned it.

"Nay, my lord," he said, "give it to some better man."

"I couldn't," said the bishop.

"Give it to some better man," repeated the curate earnestly. "I could not leave my present place, indeed. They could not get on without me; they are, for the most part, so old and so cross. I beg you will leave me there, with my old men and women. They all know *me* and I

know them; and it is too late for me to begin the world afresh, with new faces and new interests."

The bishop said nothing further then, but he took his arm, and led him into the drawing-room, where presently he drew his wife aside, and told her all about it. After which, Mrs. Craik made a great deal of the little doctor, and treated him delicately, as if he was of extreme value: as indeed he was.

At the end of two days he went home, and told Dulcinea all the news, and she, on hearing it, took him round the neck and kissed him tenderly.

"I *knew* it," she said. "I *felt* it. Something told me you were the one person in the world to win my case for me. Dearest, sweetest, *loveliest* Dr. Ball, how shall I thank you?"

"My dear, if you only knew," faltered the doctor.

"I *do* know. Don't you think I can appreciate you after all these years? You are so clear, so convincing. You can come so directly to the point. You can say so much that is *good*."

"I can indeed," groaned the curate, desolated by dismal recollections. "The little I *did* say, was *all* 'good'!"

"I'm sure of it," gratefully. "Your fluency, you know, is your great point. How I should have liked to have heard you parrying successfully every one of that horrid old bishop's attacks upon my Gerald. But, indeed, it seems to me that I *can* hear you—running through all his good qualities (and what a number he has) in that nice, eloquent, self-possessed manner that belongs to you."

"Dulcinea, hear me," said the curate, in desperation; and then and there he made his confession. But he failed to convince Dulcinea; she steadfastly adhered to her belief that his eloquence alone had won the bishop's consent.

"And really he can't be such a *very* bad old man after all," she said, "or he would not be capable of appreciating real worth such as yours—would he, Gerald?" For Mr. Wygram had stolen up to them in the twilight, and secured the doctor's other arm. Miss Vane looked upon his right one in the light of a fee-simple property.

"It is the one redeeming point in his character," said Mr. Wygram promptly. "And another thing, Dulcie: nobody shall marry us but Dr. Ball. Eh?"

"Nobody, indeed," firmly.

"My dear girl, nonsense!" said the doctor. "You must have your rector, if

not the bishop himself. And — of course, by-the-by, being your guardian, it *will* be the bishop. I am a mere nobody. It would not do at all; and you, the most influential — that is, at least, the largest proprietor in the country round!"

"You may call yourself a 'nobody' or any other bad name you like," said Dulcinea earnestly, "but I can tell you this — *no* one but you shall ever make me Mrs. Gerald Wygram."

"Nothing shall alter that decision — not even the *archbishop*," said Mr. Wygram emphatically.

The doctor protested, but in his soul I think he was pleased, and went to bed that night as happy as — I was going to say a king: but, indeed, I believe he went there ten times happier than that care-laden mortal.

And the morning brought him news. The old man, his rector, lay dead in an Italian town, and the bishop had appointed Dr. Ball as his successor. "So, you need not leave those happy old men and women who call you pastor," wrote the bishop kindly — almost tenderly.

So it was as rector, *not* as curate, he made his dear girl Dulcinea Wygram.

From The Nineteenth Century.
ON RAINBOWS.

BY PROFESSOR TYNDALL.

THE oldest historic reference to the rainbow is known to all: "I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. . . . And the bow shall be in the cloud; and I shall look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." To the sublime conceptions of the theologian succeeded the desire for exact knowledge characteristic of the man of science. Whatever its ultimate cause might have been, the proximate cause of the rainbow was physical, and the aim of science was to account for the bow on physical principles. Progress towards this consummation was very slow. Slowly the ancients mastered the principles of reflection. Still more slowly were the laws of refraction dug from the quarries in which nature had embedded them. I use this language, because the laws were incorporate in nature before they were discovered by man. Until the time of Alhazen, an Arabian mathematician, who lived at the beginning

of the twelfth century, the views entertained regarding refraction were utterly vague and incorrect. After Alhazan came Roger Bacon and Vitellio,* who made and recorded many observations and measurements on the subject of refraction. To them succeeded Kepler, who, taking the results tabulated by his predecessors, applied his amazing industry to extract from them their meaning — that is to say, to discover the physical principles which lay at their root. In this attempt he was less successful than in his astronomical labors. In 1604, Kepler published his "Supplement to Vitellio," in which he virtually acknowledged his defeat, by enunciating an approximate rule, instead of an all-satisfying natural law. The discovery of such a law, which constitutes one of the chief cornerstones of optical science, was made by Willebrord Snell, about 1621.†

A ray of light may, for our purposes, be presented to the mind as a luminous straight line. Let such a ray be supposed to fall vertically upon a perfectly calm water surface. The incidence, as it is called, is then perpendicular, and the ray goes through the water without deviation to the right or left. In other words, the ray in the air and the ray in the water form one continuous straight line. But the least deviation from the perpendicular causes the ray to be broken, or "refracted," at the point of incidence. What, then, is the law of refraction discovered by Snell? It is this, that no matter how the angle of incidence, and with it the angle of refraction, may vary, the relative magnitude of two lines, dependent on these angles, and called their sines, remains, for the same medium, perfectly unchanged. Measure, in other words, for various angles, each of these two lines with a scale, and divide the length of the longer one by that of the shorter; then, however the lines individually vary in length, the quotient yielded by this division remains absolutely the same. It is, in fact, what is called the index of refraction of the medium.

Science is an organic growth, and accurate measurements give coherence to the scientific organism. Were it not for the antecedent discovery of the law of sines, founded as it was on exact measure-

* Whewell (History of the Inductive Sciences, vol. i., p. 345) describes Vitellio as a Pole. His mother was a Pole; but Poggendorff (*Handwörterbuch d. exacten Wissenschaften*) claims Vitellio himself as a German, born in Thüringen. "Vitellio" is described as a corruption of Witelo.

† Born at Leyden 1591; died 1626.

ments, the rainbow could not have been explained. Again and again, moreover, the angular distance of the rainbow from the sun had been determined and found constant. In this divine remembrancer there was no variableness. A line drawn from the sun to the rainbow, and another drawn from the rainbow to the observer's eye, always enclosed an angle of 41° . Whence this steadfastness of position — this inflexible adherence to a particular angle? Newton gave to De Dominis* the credit of the answer; but we really owe it to the genius of Descartes. He followed with his mind's eye the rays of light impinging on a raindrop. He saw them in part reflected from the outside surface of the drop. He saw them refracted on entering the drop, reflected from its back, and again refracted on their emergence. Descartes was acquainted with the law of Snell, and taking up his pen he calculated, by means of that law, the whole course of the rays. He proved that the vast majority of them escaped from the drop as *divergent* rays, and, on this account, soon became so enfeebled as to produce no sensible effect upon the eye of an observer. At one particular angle, however — namely, the angle of 41° aforesaid — they emerged in a practically parallel sheaf. In their union was strength, for it was this particular sheaf which carried the light of the "primary" rainbow to the eye.

There is a certain form of emotion called intellectual pleasure, which may be excited by poetry, literature, nature, or art. But I doubt whether among the pleasures of the intellect there is any more pure and concentrated than that experienced by the scientific man when a difficulty which has challenged the human mind for ages melts before his eyes, and recrystallizes as an illustration of natural law. This pleasure was doubtless experienced by Descartes when he succeeded in placing upon its true physical basis the most splendid meteor of our atmosphere. Descartes showed, moreover, that the "secondary bow" was produced when the rays of light underwent two reflections within the drop, and two refractions at the points of incidence and emergence.

It is said that Descartes behaved ungenerously to Snell — that, though ac-

quainted with the unpublished papers of the learned Dutchman, he failed to acknowledge his indebtedness. On this I will not dwell, for I notice on the part of the public a tendency, at all events in some cases, to emphasize such shortcomings. The temporary weakness of a great man is often taken as a sample of his whole character. The spot upon the sun usurps the place of his "surpassing glory." This is not unfrequent, but it is nevertheless unfair.

Descartes proved that according to the principles of refraction, a circular band of light must appear in the heavens exactly where the rainbow is seen. But how are the colors of the bow to be accounted for? Here his penetrative mind came to the very verge of the solution, but the limits of knowledge at the time barred his further progress. He connected the colors of the rainbow with those produced by a prism; but then these latter needed explanation just as much as the colors of the bow itself. The solution, indeed, was not possible until the composite nature of white light had been demonstrated by Newton. Applying the law of Snell to the different colors of the spectrum, Newton proved that the primary bow must consist of a series of concentric circular bands, the largest of which is red, and the smallest violet; while in the secondary bow these colors must be reversed. The main secret of the rainbow, if I may use such language, was thus revealed.

I have said that each color of the rainbow is carried to the eye by a sheaf of approximately parallel rays. But what determines this parallelism? Here our real difficulties begin, but they are to be surmounted by attention. Let us endeavor to follow the course of the solar rays before and after they impinge upon a spherical drop of water. Take first of all the ray that passes through the centre of the drop. This particular ray strikes the back of the drop as a perpendicular, its reflected portion returning along its own course. Take another ray close to this central one and parallel to it — for the sun's rays when they reach the earth are parallel. When this second ray enters the drop it is refracted; on reaching the back of the drop it is there reflected, being a second time refracted on its emergence from the drop. Here the incident and the emergent rays enclose a small angle with each other. Take again a third ray a little further from the central one than the last. The drop will act upon it as it acted upon its neighbor, the inci-

* Archbishop of Spalatro, and primate of Dalmatia. Fled to England about 1616; became a Protestant, and was made Dean of Windsor. Returned to Italy and resumed his Catholicism; but was handed over to the Inquisition, and died in prison. (Poggendorff's Biographical Dictionary.)

dent and emergent rays enclosing in this instance a larger angle than before. As we retreat further from the central ray the enlargement of this angle continues up to a certain point, where it reaches a maximum, after which further retreat from the central ray diminishes the angle. Now, a maximum resembles the ridge of a hill, or a watershed, from which the land falls in a slope at each side. In the case before us the divergence of the rays when they quit the raindrop would be represented by the steepness of the slope. On the top of the watershed—that is to say, in the neighborhood of our maximum—is a kind of summit level, where the slope for some distance almost disappears. But the disappearance of the slope indicates, in the case of our raindrop, the absence of divergence. Hence we find that at our maximum, and close to it, there issues from the drop a sheaf of rays which are nearly, if not quite, parallel to each other. These are the so-called “effective rays” of the rainbow.*

Let me here point to a series of measurements which will illustrate the gradual augmentation of the deflection just referred to until it reaches its maximum, and its gradual diminution at the other side of the maximum. The measures correspond to a series of angles of incidence which augment by steps of ten degrees.

i		d		i		d
10°	. .	10°		60°	. .	42° 28'
20°	. .	19° 36'		70°	. .	39° 48'
30°	. .	28° 20'		80°	. .	31° 4'
40°	. .	35° 36'		90°	. .	15°
50°	. .	40° 40'				

The figures in the column i express these angles, while under d we have in each case the accompanying deviation, or the angle enclosed by the incident and emergent rays. It will be seen that as the angle i increases, the deviation also increases up to 42° 28', after which, although the angle of incidence goes on augmenting, the deviation becomes less. The maximum 42° 28' corresponds to an inci-

dence of 60°, but in reality at this point we have already passed, by a small quantity, the exact maximum, which occurs between 58° and 59°. Its amount is 42° 30'. This deviation corresponds to the red band of the rainbow. In a precisely similar manner the other colors rise to their maximum, and fall on passing beyond it; the maximum for the violet band being 40° 30'. The entire width of the primary rainbow is therefore 2°, part of this width being due to the angular magnitude of the sun.

We have thus revealed to us the geometric construction of the rainbow. But though the step here taken by Descartes and Newton was a great one, it left the theory of the bow incomplete. Within the rainbow proper, in certain conditions of the atmosphere, are seen a series of richly colored zones, which were not explained by either Descartes or Newton. They are said to have been first described by Mariotte,* and they long challenged explanation. At this point our difficulties thicken, but, as before, they are to be overcome by attention. It belongs to the very essence of a maximum, approached continuously on both sides, that on the two sides of it pairs of equal value may be found. The maximum density of water, for example, is 39° Fahrenheit. Its density when 5° colder, and when 5° warmer, than this maximum is the same. So also with regard to the slopes of our watershed. A series of pairs of points of the same elevation can be found upon the two sides of the ridge; and, in the case of the rainbow, on the two sides of the maximum deviation we have a succession of pairs of rays having the same deflection. Such rays travel along the same line, and add their forces together after they quit the drop. But light, thus reinforced by the coalescence of non-divergent rays, ought to reach the eye. It does so; and were light what it was once supposed to be—a flight of minute particles sent by luminous bodies through space—then these pairs of equally deflected rays would diffuse brightness over a large portion of the area within the primary bow. But inasmuch as light consists of *waves* and not of particles, the principle of interference comes into play, in virtue of which waves can alternately reinforce and destroy each other. Were the distance passed over, by the two corresponding rays within the

* There is, in fact, a bundle of rays near the maximum, which, when they enter the drop, are converged by refraction almost exactly to the same point at its back. If the convergence were *quite* exact, then the symmetry of the liquid sphere would cause the rays to quit the drop as they entered it—that is to say, perfectly parallel. But inasmuch as the convergence is not quite exact, the parallelism after emergence is only approximate. The emergent rays cut each other at extremely sharp angles, thus forming a “caustic” which has for its asymptote the ray of maximum deviation. In the secondary bow we have to deal with a minimum, instead of a maximum, the crossing of the incident and emergent rays producing the observed reversal of the colors.

* Prior of St. Martin-sous-Beaune, near Dijon. Member of the French Academy of Sciences. Died in Paris, May, 1684.

drop, the same, they would emerge as they entered. But in no case are the distances the same. The consequence is that when the rays emerge from the drop they are in a condition either to support or to destroy each other. By such alternate reinforcement and destruction, which occur at different places for different colors, the colored zones are produced within the primary bow. They are called "supernumerary bows," and are seen, not only within the primary but sometimes also outside the secondary bow. The condition requisite for their production is, that the drops which constitute the shower shall all be of nearly the same size. When the drops are of different sizes, we have a confused superposition of the different colors, an approximation to white light being the consequence. This second step in the explanation of the rainbow was taken by a man the quality of whose genius resembled that of Descartes or Newton, and who eighty-two years ago was appointed professor of natural philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. I refer, of course, to the illustrious Thomas Young.*

But our task is not, even now, complete. The finishing touch to the explanation of the rainbow was given by our last, eminent, astronomer royal, Sir George Airy. Bringing the knowledge possessed by the founders of the undulatory theory, and that gained by subsequent workers, to bear upon the question, Sir George Airy showed that, though Young's general principles were unassailable, his calculations were sometimes wide of the mark. It was proved by Airy that the curve of maximum illumination in the rainbow does not quite coincide with the geometric curve of Descartes and Newton. He also extended our knowledge of the supernumerary bows, and corrected the positions which Young had assigned to them. Finally, Professor Miller, of Cambridge, and Dr. Galle, of Berlin, illustrated by careful measurements with the theodolite the agreement which exists between the theory of Airy and the facts of observation. Thus, from Descartes to Airy, the intellectual force expended in the elucidation of the rainbow, though broken up into distinct personalities, might be regarded as that of an individual artist, engaged throughout this time in lovingly contemplating, revising, and perfecting his work.

We have thus cleared the ground for the series of experiments which constitute the subject of this discourse. During our brief residence in the Alps this year, we were favored with some weather of matchless perfection; but we had also our share of foggy and drizzly weather. On the night of the 22nd of September, the atmosphere was especially dark and thick. At 9 P.M. I opened a door at the end of a passage and looked out into the gloom. Behind me hung a small lamp, by which the shadow of my body was cast upon the fog. Such a shadow I had often seen, but in the present case it was accompanied by an appearance which I had not previously seen. Swept through the darkness round the shadow, and far beyond, not only its boundary, but also beyond that of the illuminated fog, was a pale, white, luminous circle, complete except at the point where it was cut through by the shadow. As I walked out into the fog, this curious halo went in advance of me. Had not my demerits been so well known to me, I might have accepted the phenomenon as an evidence of canonization. Benvenuto Cellini saw something of the kind surrounding his shadow, and ascribed it forthwith to supernatural favor. I varied the position and intensity of the lamp, and found even a candle sufficient to render the luminous band visible. With two crossed laths I roughly measured the angle subtended by the radius of the circle, and found it to be practically the angle which had riveted the attention of Descartes — namely, 41° . This and other facts led me to suspect that the halo was a circular rainbow. A week subsequently, the air being in a similar misty condition, the luminous circle was well seen from another door, the lamp which produced it standing on a table behind me.

It is not, however, necessary to go to the Alps to witness this singular phenomenon. Amid the heather of Hind Head I have had erected a hut, to which I escape when my brain needs rest or my muscles lack vigor. The hut has two doors, one opening to the north and the other to the south, and in it we have been able to occupy ourselves pleasantly and profitably during the recent misty weather. Removing the shade from a small petroleum lamp, and placing the lamp behind me, as I stood in either doorway, the luminous circles surrounding my shadow on different nights were very remarkable. Sometimes they were best to the north, and sometimes the reverse, the difference depending for the most part on the direction

* Young's Works, edited by Peacock, vol. i., pp. 185, 293, 357.

of the wind. On Christmas night the atmosphere was particularly good-natured. It was filled with true fog, through which, however, descended palpably an extremely fine rain. Both to the north and to the south of the hut the luminous circles were on this occasion specially bright and well-defined. They were, as I have said, swept through the fog far beyond its illuminated area, and it was the darkness against which they were projected which enabled them to shed so much apparent light. The "effective rays," therefore, which entered the eye in this observation gave *direction*, but not distance, so that the circles appeared to come from a portion of the atmosphere which had nothing to do with their production. When the lamp was taken out into the fog, the illumination of the medium almost obliterated the halo. Once educated, the eye could trace it, but it was toned down almost to vanishing. There is some advantage, therefore, in possessing a hut, on a moor or on a mountain, having doors which limit the area of fog illuminated.

I have now to refer to another phenomenon which is but rarely seen, and which I had an opportunity of witnessing on Christmas Day. The mist and drizzle in the early morning had been very dense; a walk before breakfast caused my somewhat fluffy pilot dress to be covered with minute water-globules, which, against the dark background underneath, suggested the bloom of a plum. As the day advanced, the south-eastern heaven became more luminous; and the pale disk of the sun was at length seen struggling through drifting clouds. At ten o'clock the sun had become fairly victorious, the heather was adorned by pendent drops, while certain branching grasses, laden with liquid pearls, presented, in the sunlight, an appearance of exquisite beauty. Walking across the common to the Portsmouth road, my wife and I, on reaching it, turned our faces sunwards. The smoke-like fog had vanished, but its disappearance was accompanied, or perhaps caused, by the coalescence of its minuter particles into little globules, visible where they caught the light at a proper angle, but not otherwise. They followed every eddy of the air, upwards, downwards, and from side to side. Their extreme mobility was well calculated to suggest a notion prevalent on the Continent, that the particles of a fog, instead of being full droplets, are really little bladders or vesicles. Clouds are supposed to owe their power of flotation to this cause. This vesicular theory

never struck root in England; nor has it, I apprehend, any foundation in fact.

As I stood in the midst of these eddying specks, so visible to the eye, yet so small and light as to be perfectly impalpable to the skin both of hands and face, I remarked, "These particles must surely yield a bow of some kind." Turning my back to the sun, I stooped down so as to keep well within the layer of particles, which I supposed to be a shallow one, and, looking towards the "Devil's Punch Bowl," saw the anticipated phenomenon. A bow without color spanned the Punch Bowl, and, though white and pale, was well defined, and exhibited an aspect of weird grandeur. Once or twice I fancied a faint ruddiness could be discerned on its outer boundary. The stooping was not necessary, and as we walked along the new Portsmouth road, with the Punch Bowl to our left, the white arch marched along with us. At a certain point we ascended to the old Portsmouth road, whence with a flat space of very dark heather in the foreground, we watched the bow. The sun had then become strong, and the sky above us blue, nothing which could in any proper sense be called rain existing at the time in the atmosphere. Suddenly my companion exclaimed, "I see the whole circle meeting at my feet!" At the same moment the circle became visible to me also. It was the darkness of our immediate foreground that enabled us to see the lower half of the pale luminous band projected against it. We walked round Hind Head Common with the bow almost always in view. Its crown sometimes disappeared, showing that the minute globules which produced it did not extend to any great height in the atmosphere. In such cases, two shining buttresses were left behind, which, had not the bow been previously seen, would have lacked all significance. In some of the combes, or valleys, where the floating particles had collected in greater numbers, the end of the bow plunging into the combe emitted a light of more than the usual brightness. During our walk, the bow was broken and reformed several times; and, had it not been for our previous experience, both in the Alps and at Hind Head, it might well have escaped attention. What this white bow lost in beauty and intensity, as compared with the ordinary colored bow, was more than atoned for by its weirdness and its novelty to both observers.

The white rainbow (*Parc-en-ciel blanc*) was first described by the Spaniard Don

Antonio de Ulloa, lieutenant of the Company of Gentleman Guards of the Marine. By order of the king of Spain, Don Jorge Juan and Ulloa made an expedition to South America, an account of which is given in two amply illustrated quarto volumes, to be found in the library of the Royal Institution. The bow was observed from the summit of the mountain Pambamarca, in Peru. The angle subtended by its radius was $33^{\circ} 30'$, which is considerably less than the angle subtended by the radius of the ordinary bow. Between the phenomenon observed by us on Christmas Day, and that described by Ulloa, there are some points of difference. In his case fog of sufficient density existed to enable the shadows of him and his six companions to be seen, each, however, only by the person whose body cast the shadow, while around the head of each were observed those zones of color which characterize the "spectre of the Brocken." In our case no shadows were to be seen, for there was no fog-screen on which they could be cast. This implies also the absence of the zones of color observed by Ulloa.

The white rainbow has been explained in various ways. A learned Frenchman, M. Bravais, who has written much on the optical phenomena of the atmosphere, and who can claim the additional recommendation of being a distinguished mountaineer, has sought to connect the bow with the vesicular theory to which I have just referred. This theory, however, is more than doubtful, and it is not necessary.* The genius of Thomas Young throws light upon this subject as upon so many others. He showed that the whiteness of the bow was a direct consequence of the smallness of the drops which produce it. In fact, the wafted water-specks seen by us upon Hind Head† were the very kind needed for the production of the phenomenon. But the observations of Ulloa place his white bow distinctly *within* the arc that would be occupied by the ordinary rainbow — that is to say, in the region of supernumeraries; and by the action of the supernumeraries upon each other Ulloa's bow was accounted for by Thomas Young. The smaller the drops

the broader are the zones of the supernumerary bows, and Young proved by calculation that when the drops have a diameter of $\frac{1}{8000}$ th or $\frac{1}{4000}$ th of an inch, the bands overlap each other, and produce white light by their mixture. Unlike the geometric bow, the radius of the white bow varies within certain limits, which M. Bravais shows to be $33^{\circ} 30'$ and $41^{\circ} 46'$ respectively. In the latter case the white bow is the ordinary bow deprived of its color by the smallness of the drops. In all the other cases it is produced by the action of the supernumeraries.

The physical investigator desires not only to observe natural phenomena but to re-create them — to bring them, that is, under the dominion of experiment. From observation we learn what nature is willing to reveal. In experimenting we place her in the witness-box, cross-examine her, and extract from her knowledge in excess of that which would, or could, be spontaneously given. Accordingly, on my return from Switzerland last October, I sought to reproduce in the laboratory the effects observed among the mountains. My first object, therefore, was to obtain artificially a mixture of fog and drizzle like that observed from the door of our cottage. A strong cylindrical copper boiler, sixteen inches high, and twelve inches in diameter, was nearly filled with water, and heated by gas flames until steam of twenty pounds pressure was produced. A valve at the top of the boiler was then opened, when the steam issued violently into the atmosphere, carrying droplets of water mechanically along with it, and condensing above to droplets of a similar kind. A fair imitation of the Alpine atmosphere was thus produced. After a few tentative experiments, the luminous circle was brought into view, and having once got hold of it, the next step was to enhance its intensity. Oil lamps, the lime-light, and the naked electric light were tried in succession, the source of rays being placed in one room, the boiler in another, while the observer stood, with his back to the light, between them. It is not, however, necessary to dwell upon these first experiments, surpassed as they were by the arrangements subsequently adopted. My mode of proceeding was this. The electric light being placed in a camera with a condensing lens in front, the position of the lens was so fixed as to produce a beam sufficiently broad to clasp the whole of my head, and leave an aureole of light around it. It being desirable to lessen as much as possible the foreign

* The vesicular theory was combated very ably in France by the Abbé Raillard, who has also given an interesting analysis of the rainbow at the end of his translation of my "Notes on Light."

† Had our refuge in the Alps been built on the southern side of the valley of the Rhine, so as to enable us to look with the sun behind us into the valley and across it, we should, I think, have frequently seen the white bow; whereas on the opposite mountain slope, which faces the sun, we have never seen it.

light entering the eye, the beam was received upon a distant black surface, and it was easy to move the head until its shadow occupied the centre of the illuminated area. To secure the best effect it was found necessary to stand close to the boiler, so as to be immersed in the fog and drizzle. The fog, however, was soon discovered to be a mere nuisance. Instead of enhancing, it blurred the effect, and I therefore sought to abolish it. Allowing the steam to issue for a few seconds from the boiler, on closing the valve, the cloud rapidly melted away, leaving behind it a host of minute liquid spherules floating in the beam. A beautiful circular rainbow was instantly swept through the air in front of the observer. The primary bow was duly attended by its secondary, with the colors, as usual, reversed. The opening of the valve for a single second causes the bows to flash forth. Thus, twenty times in succession, puffs can be allowed to issue from the boiler, every puff being followed by this beautiful meteor. The bows produced by single puffs are evanescent, because the little globules rapidly disappear. Greater permanence is secured when the valve is left open for an interval sufficient to discharge a copious amount of drizzle into the air.*

Many other appliances for producing a fine rain have been tried, but a reference to two of them will suffice. The rose of a watering-pot naturally suggests a means of producing a shower; and on the principle of the rose I had some spray-producers constructed. In each case the outer surface was convex, the thin convex metal plate being pierced by orifices too small to be seen by the naked eye. Small as they are, fillets of very sensible magnitude issue from the orifices, but at some distance below the spray-producer the fillets shake themselves asunder and form a fine rain. The small orifices are very liable to get clogged by the particles suspended in London water. In experiments with the rose, filtered water was therefore resorted to. A large vessel was

mounted on the roof of the Royal Institution, from the bottom of which descended vertically a piece of compo-tubing, an inch in diameter and about twenty feet long. By means of proper screw fittings, a single rose, or, when it is desired to increase the magnitude or density of the shower, a group of two, three, or four roses, is attached to the end of the compo-tube. From these, on the turning on of a cock, the rain descends. The circular bows produced by such rain are far richer in color than those produced by the smaller globules of the condensed steam. To see the effect in all its beauty and completeness, it is necessary to stand well within the shower, not outside of it. A waterproof coat and cap are therefore needed, to which a pair of goloshes may be added with advantage. A person standing outside the beam may see bits of both primary and secondary in the places fixed by their respective angles; but the colors are washy and unimpressive, while within the shower, with the shadow of the head occupying its proper position on the screen, the brilliancy of the effect is extraordinary. The primary clothes itself in the richest tints, while the secondary, though less vivid, shows its colors in surprising strength and purity.

But the primary bow is accompanied by appearances calculated to attract and rivet attention almost more than the bow itself. I have already mentioned the existence of effective rays over and above those which go to form the geometric bow. They fall within the primary, and, to use the words of Thomas Young, "would exhibit a continued diffusion of fainter light, but for the general law of interference which divides the light into concentric rings." One could almost wish for the opportunity of showing Young how literally his words are fulfilled, and how beautifully his theory is illustrated, by these artificial circular rainbows. For here the space within the primaries is swept by concentric supernumerary bands, colored like the rainbow, and growing gradually narrower as they retreat from the primary. These spurious bows, as they are sometimes called,* which constitute one of the most splendid illustrations of the principle of interference, are separated from each other by zones of darkness, where the light waves, on being added together, destroy each other. I have counted as many as eight of these beautiful bands, concentric with the true pri-

* It is perhaps worth noting here, that when the camera and lens are used, the beam which sends its "effective rays" to the eye may not be more than a foot in width, while the circular bow engendered by these rays may be, to all appearance, fifteen or twenty feet in diameter. In such a beam, indeed, the drops which produce the bow must be very near the eye, for rays from the more distant drops would not attain the required angle. The apparent distance of the circular bow is often great in comparison with that of the originating drops. Both distance and diameter may be made to undergo variations. In the rainbow we do not see a localized object, but receive a luminous impression, which is often transferred to a portion of the field of view far removed from the bow's origin.

* A term, I confess, not to my liking.

mary. The supernumeraries are formed next to the most refrangible color of the bow, and therefore occur *within* the primary circle. But in the secondary bow, the violet, or most refrangible color, is on the *outside*; and, following the violet of the secondary, I have sometimes counted as many as five spurious bows. Some notion may be formed of the intensity of the primary, when the secondary is able to produce effects of this description.

An extremely handy spray-producer is that employed to moisten the air in the Houses of Parliament. A fillet of water, issuing under strong pressure from a small orifice, impinges on a little disk, placed at a distance of about one-twentieth of an inch from the orifice. On striking the disk, the water spreads laterally, and breaks up into exceedingly fine spray. Here also I have used the spray-producer both singly and in groups, the latter arrangement being resorted to when showers of special breadth and density were required. In regard to primaries, secondaries, and supernumeraries, extremely brilliant effects have been obtained with this form of spray-producer. The quantity of water called upon being much less than that required by the rose, the fillet-and-disk instrument produces less flooding of the locality where the experiments are made. In this latter respect, the steam spray is particularly handy. A puff of two seconds' duration suffices to bring out the bows, the subsequent shower being so light as to render the use of waterproof clothing unnecessary. In other cases, the inconvenience of flooding may be avoided to a great extent by turning on the spray for a short time only, and then cutting off the supply of water. The vision of the bow being, however, proportionate to the duration of the shower, will, when the shower is brief, be evanescent. Hence, when quiet and continued contemplation of all the phenomena is desired, the observer must make up his mind to brave the rain.*

In one important particular the spray-producer last described commends itself to our attention. With it we can operate on substances more costly than water, and obtain rainbows from liquids of the most various refractive indices. To extend the field of experiment in this direction, the following arrangement has been devised: A strong cylindrical iron bottle, wholly or partly filled with the liquid to

be experimented on, is tightly closed by a brass cap. Through the cap passes a metal tube, soldered air-tight where it crosses the cap, and ending near the bottom of the iron bottle. To the free end of this tube is attached the spray-producer. A second tube passes also through the cap, but ends above the surface of the liquid. This second tube, which is long and flexible, is connected with a larger iron bottle, containing compressed air. Hoisting the small bottle to a convenient height, the tap of the larger bottle is carefully opened, the air passes through the flexible tube to the smaller bottle, exerts its pressure upon the surface of the liquid therein contained, drives it up the other tube, and causes it to impinge with any required degree of force against the disk of the spray-producer. From this it falls in a fine rain. A great many liquids, including colored ones,* have been tested by this arrangement, and very remarkable results have been obtained. I will confine myself here to a reference to two liquids, which commend themselves on account of their cheapness and of the brilliancy of their effects. Spirit of turpentine, forced from the iron bottle, and caused to fall in a fine shower, produces a circular bow of extraordinary intensity and depth of color. With paraffine oil or petroleum a similar effect is obtained.

Spectrum analysis, as generally understood, occupies itself with atomic, or molecular, action, but physical spectrum analysis may be brought to bear upon our falling showers. I asked myself whether a composite shower — that is to say, one produced by the mingled spray of two or more liquids — could not be analyzed and made to declare its constituents by the production of the circular rainbows proper to the respective liquids. This was found to be the case. In the ordinary rainbow the narrowest color-band is produced by its most refrangible light. In general, the greater the refraction, the smaller will be the bow. Now, as spirit of turpentine and paraffine are both more refractive than water, I thought it probable that in a mixed shower of water and paraffine, or water and turpentine, the smaller and more luminous circle of the latter ought to be seen within the larger circle of the former. The result was exactly in accordance with this anticipation. Beginning with water, and producing its two bows, and then allowing the turpentine to

*The rays which form the artificial bow emerge, as might be expected, polarized from the drops.

* Rose-aniline, dissolved in alcohol, produces a splendid bow, with specially broad supernumeraries.

shower down and mingle with the water, within the large and beautifully colored water-wheel, the more richly colored circle of the turpentine makes its appearance. Or, beginning with turpentine, and forming its concentrated iris; on turning on the water-spray, though to the eye the shower seems absolutely homogeneous, its true character is instantly declared by the flashing out of the larger concentric aqueous bow. The water primary is accompanied by its secondary close at hand. Associated, moreover, with all the bows, primary and secondary, are the super-numeraries which belong to them; and a more superb experimental illustration of optical principles it would be hardly possible to witness. It is not the less impressive because extracted from the simple combination of a beam of light and a shower of rain.

In the "Philosophical Transactions" for 1835, the late Colonel Sykes gave a vivid description of a circular solar rainbow, observed by him in India, during periods when fogs and mists were prevalent in the chasms of the Ghâts of the Deccan.

It was during such periods that I had several opportunities of witnessing that singular phenomenon, the circular rainbow, which, from its rareness, is spoken of as a possible occurrence only. The stratum of fog from the Konkun on some occasions rose somewhat above the level of the top of a precipice forming the north-west scarp of the hill fort of Hurreechundurghur, from 2,000 to 3,000 feet perpendicular, without coming over upon the table-land. I was placed at the edge of the precipice just without the limits of the fog, and with a cloudless sun at my back at a very low elevation. Under such a combination of favorable circumstances, the circular rainbow appeared quite perfect, of the most vivid colors, one half above the level on which I stood, the other half below it. Shadows in distinct outline of myself, my horse, and people appeared in the centre of the circle as a picture, to which the bow formed a resplendent frame. My attendants were incredulous that the figures they saw under such extraordinary circumstances could be their own shadows, and they tossed their arms and legs about, and put their bodies into various postures, to be assured of the fact by the corresponding movements of the objects within the circle; and it was some little time ere the superstitious feeling with which the spectacle was viewed wore off. From our proximity to the fog, I believe the diameter of the circle at no time exceeded fifty or sixty feet. The brilliant circle was accompanied by the usual outer bow in fainter colors.

Mr. E. Colborne Baber, an accomplished and intrepid traveller, has recently en-

riched the "Transactions" of the Royal Geographical Society by a paper of rare merit, in which his travels in western China are described. He made there the ascent of Mount O, an eminence of great celebrity. Its height is about eleven thousand feet above the sea, and it is flanked on one side by a cliff "a good deal more than a mile in height." From the edge of this cliff, which is guarded by posts and chains, you look into an abyss, and if fortune, or rather the mists, favor you, you see there a miracle, which is thus described by Mr. Baber:—

Naturally enough it is with some trepidation that pilgrims approach this fearsome brink, but they are drawn to it by the hope of beholding the mysterious apparition known as the "Fo-Kuang," or "Glory of Buddha," which floats in mid-air, half-way down. So many eye-witnesses had told me of this wonder, that I could not doubt; but I gazed long and steadfastly into the gulf without success, and came away disappointed, but not incredulous. It was described to me as a circle of brilliant and many-colored radiance, broken on the outside with quick flashes and surrounding a central disc as bright as the sun, but more beautiful. Devout Buddhists assert that it is an emanation from the aureole of Buddha, and a visible sign of the holiness of Mount O.

Impossible as it may be deemed, the phenomenon does really exist. I suppose no better evidence could be desired for the attestation of a Buddhist miracle than that of a Baptist missionary, unless, indeed, it be, as in this case, that of *two* Baptist missionaries. Two gentlemen of that persuasion have ascended the mountain since my visit, and have seen the Glory of Buddha several times. They relate that it resembles a golden sun-like disc, enclosed in a ring of prismatic colors more closely blended than in the rainbow. . . . The missionaries inform me that it was about three o'clock in the afternoon, near the middle of August, when they saw the meteor, and that it was only visible when the precipice was more or less clothed in mist. It appeared to lie on the surface of the mist, and was always in the direction of a line drawn from the sun through their heads, as is certified by the fact that the shadow of their heads was seen on the meteor. They could get their heads out of the way, so to speak, by stooping down, but are not sure if they could do so by stepping aside. Each spectator, however, could see the shadows of the bystanders as well as his own projected on to the appearance. They did not observe any rays spreading from it. The central disc, they think, is a reflected image of the sun, and the enclosing ring is a rainbow. The ring was in thickness about one-fourth of the diameter of the disc, and distant from it by about the same extent; but the recollection of one informant was that the ring touched the disc, without any intervening space. The shadow of a head,

when thrown upon it, covered about one-eighth of the whole diameter of the meteor. The rainbow ring was not quite complete in its lower part, but they attribute this to the interposition of the edge of the precipice. They see no reason why the appearance should not be visible at night when the moon is brilliant and appositely placed. They profess themselves to have been a good deal surprised, but not startled, by the spectacle. They would consider it remarkable rather than astonishing, and are disposed to call it a very impressive phenomenon.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Baber failed to see the "Glory," and that we in consequence miss his own description of it. There seems a slight inadvertence in the statement that the head could be got out of the way by stooping; for, as long as the "Glory" remained a circle, the shadow of the head must have occupied its centre. Stepping aside would simply displace the bow, but not abolish the shadow.

Thus, starting from the first faint circle seen drawn through the thick darkness at Alp Lusgen, we have steadily followed and developed our phenomenon, and ended by rendering the "Glory of Buddha" a captive of the laboratory. The result might be taken as typical of larger things.

From Temple Bar.

"OLD MR. BINNEY."

ALL their friends had said, when Mrs. Binney died, "Now what a good thing it would be if old Mr. Binney would but marry Miss Bright!"

Mr. Binney was an elderly gentleman retired from the profession of the law on a comfortable income, derived from his own exertions. In early days he had known the pinch of poverty, and, determined that no one should share these struggles, he had put off marrying until he could keep a wife in comfort.

But, as often happens when the choice is delayed, the lady whom he selected, although in many other respects a truly worthy woman, was at heart and in habit a nip-cheese.

Forced by necessity while single to make a good appearance on very small means, Mrs. Binney when married could not forget her habits of economy, and she practised them so persistently, that, instead of the social circle of friends and neighbors whose centre Mr. Binney had promised himself his house should be, the old people were thrown very much on

their own resources, and, as time went on and ailments increased, the home was the reverse of cheerful.

"What can they be saving for?" every one said, and no one protested half as indignantly against the little acts of meanness reported, as the two most certain to benefit from them, namely, Mr. Binney's nephew Joe and his pretty young wife Sally. "Whenever I can get the old gentleman here," said Sally, "I stuff him with everything I can think of, because there is no knowing when he may get anything good again; and the poor old dear does enjoy it so!" And Joe used to tell a story of coming back from his office unexpectedly, to find Sally plying Uncle Binney with orange brandy, asserting that it was "almost all juice and peel, with hardly any spirit in it."

However that might be, it put some spirit into Uncle Binney, for about nine o'clock that same night the maid arrived to ask if master was there, as he had not been back to dinner, and mistress was in "a terrible way about him."

Full of alarm, Joe set off to inquire how he could assist in the search, but, the house reached, it was found that the culprit had returned. "I—I took it into my head that I'd dine at my club," he said. "That's all, my dear—why what a fuss to have made about nothing!"

"That was your orange brandy," said Joe, when he got back to Sally. "You'd better be careful, Sally, or I shall have you hauled up for demoralizing your respected uncle."

"I don't care," said Sally recklessly, "I shall give him some more when he comes again; he's a different man after he has been here half an hour. Do you know, Joe, when he likes he can be most agreeable: he told us stories to-day, and made jokes, and was as nice as possible; now wasn't he, Miss Bright?"

Miss Bright, the lady appealed to, was one of those cheerful, kindly beings who, because they are the favorites of every one they meet, are looked rather askant on by Dame Fortune.

Miss Bright had not been without her troubles, and very hard ones they had been too, but she bore them with a brave heart, and carried a smiling face, and had a thankful spirit within her striving always to remember her blessings, and how much they outnumbered any evils she was called upon to bear.

Indeed, to listen to Miss Bright's showing, you would have counted her as one of the luckiest persons ever born. She had

had the kindest of friends, the most comfortable of situations, and the girls she had taught were endowed with an amiability of disposition which made it a positive pleasure to be with them. The only accusation she could bring against them was, that they were all in such a terrible hurry to grow up and get married, and then Miss Bright's occupation was gone, and she had to step out into the world and find a fresh field for her labors.

As years rolled on, each one adding to the score of Miss Bright's age, these hunting-grounds of instruction became more and more narrowed. Children of eight began now where girls of eighteen used to leave off, and history and geography, to say nothing of the parts of speech and grammar, were all so altered, that poor little Miss Bright had to acknowledge that at times she really did feel quite confused. "Very soon I shan't be left with anything to teach," she would say pathetically, and then Joe, or some other good fellow who heard her, would declare she should set up a school for wives, for there never were such wives as the girls whom Miss Bright had brought up. She had taught Sally and her sister, and though since then she had had other situations, at holiday time, or whenever she was seeking employment, she always returned to the house of Dr. Brendon, their father, who regretted that he and his wife could not afford to keep her altogether.

When Mr. Binney dropped in, as he frequently did, to inquire after his old friends the Brendons, he from time to time found Miss Bright there, and happening on the occasion of one of her visits to bring the news that Mrs. Binney was ill, with no one whose business it seemed to be to look after her, nothing was more natural than that Miss Bright should volunteer, and a great comfort they found her.

So sprightly yet unobtrusive was the cheery little woman, that Mrs. Binney herself was influenced in her favor, until, with an eye to their mutual comfort, Mr. Binney proposed Miss Bright staying with them altogether. "Why not?" he said. "We could well afford to pay her a salary." But this word *salary*, acting like magic on Mrs. Binney, seemed to bring her to her senses immediately. She would be very glad to have Miss Bright as a visitor as long as she liked to stay, but as to living with them altogether, "No!" she would not give her consent to that; she had always objected to hav-

ing in her house a third party. So, with the quick perceptions of a delicate nature, Miss Bright, seeing how matters stood, soon took her departure; this time to try daily teaching, and her report was that the experiment was successful. For a few years all ran smoothly, and then — though this time she had begun with quite young children — the tiresome little monkeys would grow so, that the boys were ready for public schools, and the girls for more advanced education, and alas! there did not seem anybody else to replace them. It was then that Miss Bright's friends pulled very long faces indeed, — what would she do? they asked her.

"Oh, something is sure to turn up," she would say hopefully. "Whenever I have come to my last ebb, an opening has been made for me, so I am not going to despair now."

And she said this all the more emphatically, because in spite of her confidence she could not help feeling that her heart had never seemed to sink quite so low before, and a voice, which she could not still, kept repeating, "What will you do when you grow older? — teaching will get harder than ever." That was true enough, but what else was there for her to do?

When Mrs. Binney died, which happened quite suddenly about a year before, there had been some talk as to Miss Bright going to Mr. Binney as housekeeper, but this proposition had been made without the knowledge or consent of the principal person concerned, who, as soon as the hint was given, negatived it by seemingly taking no notice; except that he set about making his arrangements without consulting anybody.

Mr. Binney thoroughly appreciated Miss Bright, but he had lost his taste for matrimony; he remembered that he had spent forty excellent years without a wife, and notwithstanding that he was now a widower he could not conscientiously say that he felt his state to be so very unhappy.

Susan the cook, respectable and staid, would he felt sure manage his household properly, and if it proved that she should give way to extravagance, as people seemed to say, Mr. Binney fancied he could better put up with that evil than with too much of the economy from which he had suffered already.

So all the hopes that on the death of Mrs. Binney, Joe and Sally and the Brendons had cherished for Miss Bright, were

ruthlessly dashed to the ground. Evidently Aunt B. was not to have a successor.

"If we could but have got her there as housekeeper," said two of these arch-conspirators, "the rest would have been easy." But though they returned to the attack several times, no good came of it. Mr. Binney shared in their regret at the loss of Miss Bright's pupils, wondered, as they did, what would become of her, and, his visitors gone, to make his sympathy apparent he sat down and wrote a kind little note with a cheque for £10 folded within it.

"He's an old stupid," said Sally, who sat with a letter from Miss Bright in her hand in which she communicated to her friends Mr. Binney's generosity, "and now she is going away altogether, ever so far" — for Miss Bright had had another piece of news to tell. An old pupil of early days had been recently left a widow; her health was as delicate as her heart was kind, and when she made the proposition that Miss Bright should come and spend the remainder of her days with her, it was not entirely of her own comfort she had been thinking. Miss Bright had readily accepted her offer, and she had written to tell Sally that the next week she should come up and see them.

She could only stay a few hours with them when she came. The farewell visit was to be paid later. "But I think," she said as she was going, "I will call on my way home and say good-bye to Mr. Binney, in case I might not have another opportunity."

"Do," said Sally, and away she went.

Mr. Binney was at home. He had not been quite well lately; nothing more than a cold, but it had kept him a prisoner. To-day he might have gone out, but he had not felt inclined to, and he gallantly said he was glad to be in, as he should have been sorry indeed to have missed seeing Miss Bright.

"And so you are really going to leave us," he said, and almost regretfully too. "Well, you will be very much missed. I don't know what the Brendons will do."

"They will not miss me more than I shall them," and the brave little woman made an effort that her voice should not sound shaky; "but you know, Mr. Binney, I am not growing younger, am I?"

"No," he said, "that is true. I was saying the same to myself of myself only to-day."

"Yes, only with men it does not seem

to matter, but with women the thought always comes with a little shudder, that when we get old, and want quiet and rest, and a comfortable armchair by the fire, there is a doubt whether we shall be able to get them."

Mr. Binney did not answer, and fearing she was saying too much about her own feelings — always with her a very secondary consideration — she altered the tone of her voice, which had been a little sad, and went on in her usual cheerful way: "But then I ought to feel so thankful that this opening has been made for me. I told them that I knew something would come; it has always done so; I have always been so lucky."

"It's your happy disposition makes you say so, my dear Miss Bright; a cheerful spirit shortens the longest day. I wish I could follow your example. I often feel condemned at my want of contentment — of gratitude, I ought to say."

But that Miss Bright would not allow; she reminded Mr. Binney of the many kind actions he had done, and in her own quiet way thanked him for the thoughtful present he had sent to her.

"No, no, no, now you must not speak of that," Mr. Binney hastily interrupted her; and to give a turn to the conversation he said she "must have some tea," and ringing to order it, he hoped she could stay.

Well, yes, she thought she could spare time for that — indeed, to be plain, she was not in such a very great hurry. The fact had been that Joe had had an unexpected holiday; and she saw that, only for her being there, he had come home to go out somewhere with Sally.

"So I hope the little fib I told will be forgiven me, for when I said that I was wanted at home, although it was quite true perhaps, I need not but for that have left quite so early. But it was so nice of Joe to come home, I do love to see husbands and wives companions to each other!"

"Ah, indeed, yes; that is the object of matrimony, too often, I fear, lost sight of in our day, by the young and the old too."

But Miss Bright did not agree. "No," she "knew so many united couples. There were the Brendons now" — but at this moment the tea was brought in, and Miss Bright asked should she pour it out. Her offer was accepted. "Only," said Mr. Binney, "you must take off your cloak, or you won't feel the good of it when you go; and your bonnet too,

wouldn't you be more comfortable without that?"

Miss Bright said no, she would not take her bonnet off.

"Haven't a cap with you, I suppose?" said the old gentleman slyly.

"Yes, indeed I have — a present from Sally — and a very becoming one too."

"Put it on then, and let me pass my opinion."

Miss Bright hastened to obey, and when she came for his inspection the smile on her face and the soft pink in her cheek made her look ten years younger.

"Well," she said, "now what do you think of it?"

"I think if you take my advice you will never wear any other."

"Really," and she laughed softly; "but it is for high days and holidays, you know!" And she tip-toed to look in the chimney-glass, saying that it certainly was a very pretty cap, and then she sat down to pour out the tea. "The best tea things!" she said admiringly; "I am so fond of pretty china!" And then searching in the sugar-basin, she added, "I have not forgotten that you like two lumps of sugar, you see."

Mr. Binney smiled complacently, a feeling of well-being and comfort took possession of him; the daylight was gradually fading away, but the fire burnt brightly, and every now and then a flame would leap up and show to him the cosy room and the pleasant face of his companion.

Of a certainty it was very pleasant to have a congenial somebody to bear one company, one who could talk well, listen well, and hold her tongue well, if necessary. Experience had assured him of that. Miss Bright possessed each of these good qualities. When she had stayed there when Mrs. Binney was first ill, their evenings had passed very pleasantly, and recalling the things they had done, he asked, —

"Do you often play chess now?"

"No, never."

"Cribbage, backgammon?"

"I've no one to play with. That is one thing in my going away," and she swallowed down a sigh — "my evenings will be less lonely."

"Ah, yes, I find the time very long after dinner. I don't like to go to bed before half past ten, although I often feel inclined to."

"And the days draw in so quickly now, there is no afternoon — it is all evening, which reminds me that it is getting time

for me to go, for it takes me quite an hour to get to the station."

"Not in a cab?"

"No, but I am going to walk; it is quite fine and dry, and if I feel tired at the Conway Road I shall wait at the corner for the omnibus passing."

Miss Bright began to put on her bonnet. Mr. Binney walked to the window; for a minute he looked out, then he rang the bell.

"I shall go as far as the Conway Road with you."

"Oh, Mr. Binney! No, pray don't think of such a thing; it might give you cold, and there isn't the slightest occasion — I am so accustomed to go about alone."

But Mr. Binney remained firm; his hat and coat were brought to him, and away the two set off together. They chatted pleasantly as they walked along, mingling with their talk some measure of regret at the approaching parting. "I shall hope to come and see them all sometimes," Miss Bright said. "I know as long as the Brendons have a home they will take me in."

"And remember that so long as I have a house there will be room for you in it."

"That is very kind of you, Mr. Binney," she said softly. "Thank you, if I should never accept it. I am sure I do not know why people are all so good to me."

Mr. Binney apparently was no better able to inform her, and they walked on silently until the Conway Road was reached.

"Now then," said Miss Bright, "here we say farewell," and she held out her hand, but Mr. Binney did not take it; he was engaged in hailing a cab he saw, then he drew out his purse and Miss Bright knew that he intended settling with the man for the fare. She shook her head at him reprovingly. "The omnibus," she said, "would have done very well for me."

Mr. Binney gave the directions to the driver and then he held out his hand, hesitated, opened the door and said, "I don't see why I should not go with you as far as the station," and before Miss Bright was sufficiently recovered to reply they were driving on, seated side by side together.

At the railway station they had but a very short time of waiting; the train drew up, the passengers were getting in. Miss Bright stood near the carriage which she had chosen; nothing remained but to say good-bye, and enter.

"And you will let us hear how you get on?" for she had not said she was coming up again.

"Oh, I shall often write to the Brendons and Sally. You will hear of me through them."

"And I hope so very much that you will be comfortable and happy."

Miss Bright tried to smile, but her eyes filled rapidly, and to hide the tears she half turned away.

"I wish that you were not obliged to go away, couldn't *anything* be managed for you?"

She shook her head sadly. "No," she said; "I tried everything I could," and here a sob would come, "but nobody seemed to want me."

"I — I want you." Mr. Binney was stammering out his words excitedly. "Miss Bright, can you — will you stay for me? It sounds little that I have to offer, but if a comfortable home and a kind friend could tempt you, you shall have both if you think you could consent to become Mrs. Binney."

"Mrs. Binney! — I!" — everything seemed to swim around her — "but, Mr. Binney, such an idea never once occurred to me."

"I am very sure of that, my dear," he said earnestly, "and it has taken some time to come to me, or I should have made the offer long ago; however, better late than never — that is, if you will accept me."

"Oh, but I think it is so good of you — and you feel sure that I can make you happy. What will the Brendons and Sally say?"

"Say that I am more lucky than I deserve to be for not asking you before. Now I understand why I wouldn't consent to your being my housekeeper; I was wanting you for my wife, you know."

Miss Bright held up her hands in dismay.

"Oh my!" she cried. "There's the train off — gone, I declare!"

"What of that if it is? — another will soon follow, and while we are waiting for it, we can arrange our plans and fix the day."

And if any one wishes to know how it all ended, I can satisfy their curiosity by telling them that the wedding has taken place, the bride and bridegroom are settled in their own house, and it is unanimously voted that a more happy, cheery couple never were seen than the present Mr. and Mrs. Binney.

From All The Year Round.
REMINISCENCES OF JAMAICA.

* IN THREE PARTS.

PART II.

ABOUT the middle of our time in Jamaica, the sides of the roads were observed to be covered with the yellow, sickly-smelling blossoms of the "kill buckra," or yellow-fever flower. Every waste space, even the gravelled yard, at Port Royal, previously quite arid, bloomed like a yellow carpet. Old residents shook their heads and whispered of yellow fever, with the grim certainty of former experience. Each evening, too, from the beginning of March, a faint and sickening odor, wafted with the first breath of land-wind, stole over Port Royal. It did not last long, and came direct from a sort of lagoon of brackish water beyond the palisade cemetery. Examination of this water revealed a reddish foam, seething up round the edges. Measures were promptly adopted, first to cut a communication between the smelling lake, and the fresh, outer sea. This silted up in a very few days. A cut was then made through to the cockle-ponds in the inner harbor, and kept open by dredging, and soon by its own scour, this cut speedily cleansed and purified the putrid lake, whose waters quickly became alive with excellent fish, leaping and jumping with health and vigor. The same smell was reported to have preceded a former yellow-fever epidemic. The men-of-war in harbor were moved to the outer buoys, where a fresher current of air was obtainable, and every sanitary precaution was adopted. But all was in vain — an unwholesome condition of atmosphere evidently existed, containing the germ of what was to be fatal to so many.

The first man, a stoker of the steam-launch plying to Kingston, was seized — and this meant generally to die in three or four days, sometimes in less time. The flagship was overcrowded with supernumeraries for the Pacific, waiting for a vessel to come to Panama and take them on board. Each day these poor souls enquired ever more and more anxiously, "Any news from Panama?" "No telegram from Colon?" till their hearts were sick within them. Each man looked his comrade in the face, and wondered which of them would go next. The good deputy inspector at the hospital — who, if hourly heroism could win the Victoria Cross, earned his a hundred times over — stood

by the bedside of the dying, some in violent fever held down by black nurses, some in the deadly, stertorous coma of approaching dissolution, and wrung his hands in despair at being unable to do anything to save them. Each afternoon about four, the hospital boat bearing a ghastly burthen wended its way to the palisades, where the living, at arm's-length, at the risk of their lives, laid the dead in long rows. Each night about twelve, one of the galley's crew living at the Admiralty House was seized, till five out of seven were dead. Their cries and groans, as they were borne away in a blanket to the hospital, out of whose gates they were never to come alive, were terrible to hear. I used to listen with miserable dread, till the heavy footstep of the black steward labored up the stairs and along the silent corridors, lanthorn in hand, to announce, "Anoder boat's crew taken to hospital, sar," with a sort of grim complacency in his own immunity from the terrible scourge.

Our own family all suffered at the same time from attacks more or less severe of bilious remittent fever, from which they rose weak and tottering, "Poor ting, he don't trong, good king!" remarked a kindly black servant, picking up a child who was perpetually tumbling down. One English mail brought out a new chief clerk for the dockyard, with wife and children; the return steamer took home the clerk and four motherless babes; the poor wife, seized with yellow fever, had died in the interim. A case was reported at this time, which goes far to prove that to do nothing is better than the best and most careful of nursing. A seaman belonging to a foreign ship unloading at one of the wharves in Kingston, suddenly disappeared in a fit of delirious fever; all thought he had jumped overboard. Six days passed away, he was nearly forgotten, when a black woman came on board to say that a sailor belonging to their ship was lying weak and helpless, but alive, under the piles of the wharf. He was speedily brought on board, gaunt, hollow-eyed, starving. He knew nothing of the time that had passed, but it was certain that for six days he had lain on the wet mud, just above high-water mark—the rise and fall is less than two feet—and that no food or drink could have passed his lips, and yet he survived, while most of his shipmates died. Although no definite conclusion was come to by the devoted and accomplished medical officers in charge of the hospital as to any really

efficacious remedies, it was discovered, I believe for the first time, by actual experiment, that the cause of yellow fever is a parasite in the blood. If the patient was of weakly constitution, or suffering from any other ailment, the parasite, unable to live in the impoverished blood, died, and the patient recovered; while on the other hand, in the sweet blood of the vigorous and temperate, these creatures thrived and multiplied, till they had consumed all the life-giving properties, when the patient died.

When things seemed at their worst, and the "pestilence that walketh in darkness" had stalked into every nook and corner of the old flagship, bearing off victim after victim trembling to the hospital, it was resolved that the whole of the remaining ship's company and the supernumeraries should be sent north to Bermuda in three vessels. With what joy this decision was hailed by the survivors none can tell. Hope again sprang up in their depressed hearts, they were not to be left quietly and surely to die, uncheered by any prospect of removal as in former times. One dank, muggy, windless day—a condition of atmosphere largely prevailing during this scourge—hot and oppressive beyond conception, all were got on board the three ships, and soon were out of sight on their way to the glad north. No single fatal case occurred after their departure, and all returned in safety several months after. To understand in the least degree the fear felt by gallant men who would cheerfully walk up to the cannon's mouth, or jump overboard under circumstances of the gravest peril to save a comrade, a yellow-fever epidemic must have been personally experienced; the stoutest hearts, when weakened by the contemplation of one overpowering subject, quail before this pestilence. The air was full of it, weighing like lead upon their spirits. The persistent attendance of a quantity of hoary old Port Royal sharks, which had weathered many a fearsome bout, now swimming slowly round and round the flagship, was of itself a serious distress to the old coxswain. "I misdoubts them sharks," he would observe, turning his quid; "they means Yellow Jack," upon which he applied himself to his favorite specific—rum and peppermint—with renewed zest.

A dull, deathlike quiet now settled down over Port Royal; the hospital doors stood wide open to the air, all its tenants dead or gone. A man-of-war arriving at this time, fresh from England, saluted the

broad pendant as usual outside the reefs; half an hour passed, she was inside the cays, but there was no return salute, nor was a living soul to be seen on the decks of the flagship. Landing at the stairs her captain wended his way, wondering at the extraordinary stillness, to the commodore's office, where he found — alone, his secretary dead, his crews gone north, his family in the hills. The captain afterwards told me that he had never seen so melancholy a sight. The ship was sent immediately to sea, and never had a single case.

After the death of so many fine sailors of the galley's crew, it was not considered desirable for us to remain, as the dockyard and Admiralty House seemed the most infected parts. "Claremont," in the Port Royal mountains, was accordingly taken for us. A long steam to Kingston, a twelve-mile drive to "the gardens," brought us to the foot of the mountains, from there horses to Claremont landed a party of jaded, miserable wretches. Ill as I was, the extraordinary beauty of the view from this place struck me with admiration. The house, even then extremely out of repair, was the usual one-storeyed building with a wide, closed verandah in front, standing on a flat platform of good size, a most unusual feature in the hills, where ten square feet of even ground is a rarity. Cotton-trees of immense height cast a splendid shade all the blazing afternoon over the front of the house. Divested of its most melancholy associations, Claremont is certainly the most attractive site in the island. From here, each crowning its own sharp mountain-top, can be seen Bermuda Mount, Craigton, Strawberry Hill, Ellerslie, Ropley, the Cottage, all comfortable little hill cottages except Craigton, which having been added to by various governors and magnates who have lived and died there, from time to time, is quite the best mountain residence in Jamaica, possessing even a beautiful little church at the very gates. Above you, at Claremont, are the "everlasting hills," mounting peak by peak into the air; below a winding bridle-road, occasionally peeping into sight, leading to the gardens, the foaming Hope River lying like a silver streak at the bottom of the valley; while, spread out like a map, lie the plains, brightened with the yellow cane-fields of Verley and Robinson's sugar plantation, Kingston Harbor, Port Royal, and the vast ocean beyond the cays. Ships at anchor or coming in, looked like flies upon a plan, while the

great flagship, with her white broad pendant gleaming in the sun, resembled a child's toy. Looking back I could not say that the "Aboukir," in full view, was at that time a desirable object. We had left — and — alone, at Port Royal, in the very midst of the fever, so that broad pendant, seen through a telescope, became the very focus of anxious interest, showing that — was, at all events, alive at that moment, which was something in those miserable days to be sure of. A short but sharp attack of yellow fever prostrated me the day after our arrival in the hills — a not unfrequent circumstance when fever is lurking in the frame, for it is often brought out, not prevented, as might be supposed, by a great change of temperature.

The only facts that remain clearly in my mind are the extraordinary and persistent violence of the headache which accompanied the attack, and the kind and charitable attention bestowed upon me by Dr. W——, of the army medical department, now at Parkhurst, who, regardless of an infected household from Port Royal, rode up and down the mountains from Newcastle on several occasions to see me. By heaven's mercy my life was spared, while that of many a strong and healthy man was taken.

Far different was the fate of poor —. Seized with violent fever and delirium within two hours of his arrival at Claremont, he perished in five days, though nursed with the tenderest care. He died in the darkest hours of a night I never remember without a pang. The sun went down in clouds of lurid red, succeeded almost immediately by an inky pall, apparently descending upon the house. A deathlike stillness prevailed, no leaf stirred, when, without a moment's warning, one of the fierce mountain hurricanes broke upon us, raging with wild fury all night long. At the moment of —'s departure a great sobbing blast of wind and rain burst open all the crazy doors, careered howling like a wild beast through the shaking rooms, and out across the valley, only to return again after a moment's pause, with fresh vigor to begin the onslaught anew. The slow dawning of that miserable morning revealed a scene of pitiable desolation without and within. Great trees had been hurled through the air and pitched head-foremost into the ravine below. The wind had worn itself out, but from the earliest break of day a vast troop of vultures, who arrived singly from every quarter, sailed

and swooped in slow, great circles round and round the valley and house where our dead lay. The fanning of their horrible wings could be heard coming ever nearer and nearer, verifying the words of Scripture, "The vultures hastened to the prey;" "Where the slain are, there are they;" nor did they leave us till, late in the day, a small and melancholy train, bearing the coffin, slowly ascended the steep winding paths, and dear — was laid in his quiet grave on Craigton hillside, charitably and kindly ministered to by the good archdeacon, himself a terrible sufferer by yellow-fever. A more lovely spot than where he lies, lamented and beloved, could never be seen — at the top of a mountain crown, the beautiful little church (now newly restored after being destroyed in a hurricane) at his head, the whole green fertile valley at his feet, all breathing of peace and quiet till the day of resurrection.

Our melancholy faces and enfeebled condition warned us that, if anything like health was ever again to be enjoyed, a move must be made. Gardens House was therefore taken for us, and early on the morning of the fourth day after the funeral, a sad and melancholy cavalcade walked and rode down to the gardens, across the river, and up the mountain on the other side, till our new home was reached. Something like a gleam of hope visited our cheerless spirits, as we walked through the clean, empty rooms, faithfully built a hundred years gone by. This house promised at least shelter, coolness, and change of scene; besides, if we could hope to sleep in a bed that night we must bestir ourselves. It was past five before the last of a long train of leisurely bearers sauntered into the house with our belongings from Claremont on their heads. By eight we had, one and all, drawn in a close circle round a blazing log fire, pitifully attempting to cheer each other by storytelling. Many a long year must have passed since a fire had been kindled in that fine old room, and the children were kept amused by the chase and slaughter of a horde of red ants, about half an inch long, which were brought out of the old wood by the heat of the fire. With what a feeling of deep thankfulness we lay down that night I can never forget, but in anxious and silent dread I looked into the faces of those around me each passing hour, lest I should see the first symptoms of that dreaded fever, thankful beyond measure, as time slowly ebbed away — how slowly! — to see the first rays of returning health coming back to us.

A peaceful month with no new anxieties gave us reason to hope that this wave of sickness had spent itself, when one of the children was brought to death's door with typhoid fever. In the midst of this distress our hearts were stirred anew by the death of two dear friends, a brother and sister, who perished at Bermuda Mount, of yellow fever, dying within twenty minutes of each other. Ill and weak with nursing our sick child, it was a terrible shock to be awakened at three in the morning, when a mounted messenger from Bermuda Mount, sent to give us the dreadful news, knocked up the household. Without a word of warning or preparation, our colored nurse stole into my room, where she stood whispering in an awestruck tone: "All the two of dem is dead!"

Vigorous, youthful, full of high spirit and courage, beloved of all, it was pitiful to lose them, and they could ill be spared; but they perished, and two more graves were dug on Craigton hillside. Many of our friends died in the plains at this time, proving that yellow fever is no respecter of places, and is as often to be seen in the sweet, breezy, isolated hilltops as in the sweltering streets of Kingston — the poison is in the air.

Gardens House, or, as it was commonly known among the country people, "Gardens Great House," is solidly placed on a bit of table-land at the junction of the two great mountain highways into the interior — the Guava Ridge and Flampstead roads, at an altitude of thirteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, built in the middle of what had formerly been the Botanical Gardens, till growing impecuniosity did away with so useful an institution. This fact accounted for the variety and beauty of the shrubs and trees surrounding the grey-stone house. This one had been erected in the slave-owning days, when labor cost nothing; its walls, always deliciously cool, were three feet thick, sheltered by an extremely high-pitched, grey shingle roof, off which the rays of the sun glanced. Great, wide, enclosed verandahs in front commanded a lovely view across the valley, and down to Gordon Town, with occasional glimpses of the river hurrying away to the sea.

A large square of short emerald turf of exceedingly fine, close texture, about the size of a tennis-ground, and beautifully even, spread before the front door, enclosed on all four sides by the house, kitchens, servants' quarters, coach-house, and a large swimming-bath, supplied, as

was all our water, by an aqueduct, from the upper waters of the Hope. Shut in by a stout gate, we looked able to stand a siege.

Returning health and spirits, after a time, caused a resumption of the active habits which had been so sadly put an end to by our troubles. Morning and evening one of the children, in turn, would scamper about on their extremely self-willed little pony, whose determination I never saw equalled. It was always maintained that Tommy took them out for a ride, and brought them back when it suited himself, not his rider. "Rouse up there, rouse up! show a leg, show a leg in a purser's stocking!" was a well known cry about six A.M., which, being interpreted, meant that we were requested to get up. No ablutions were permissible at this time, but, having partaken of coffee and biscuits, as many as could be got together started on our ramble. In the morning, when the sun is well behind the frowning, overhanging mountain, Guava Ridge road was chosen, in the afternoon exactly the reverse; Flampstead road, Dublin Castle, and Dublin Castle Great House being the usual route. By a little management of this sort, no sun ever inconvenienced us. Vegetation on each side of the precipitous zigzag paths was a perpetual pleasure. Gold and silver fern lined one reach; maidenhair spleenwort, with black, shiny stalks as thick as a lady's riding-whip, almost filled a little dell adjoining; while feathery lace-plant and lycopodium moss formed a carpet among the rare ferns, unequalled in the finest conservatory. Great clumps of bamboos, the most graceful of all green things in Jamaica, fenced in one very dangerous turn, where the path was only about two feet wide, a wall of mountain on one side, a sheer precipice, seven or eight hundred feet down, the other. We always fled past this place for fear a pack-mule, laden with bulging bags of coffee, should encounter us, in which case we should certainly have been pushed down the ravine. They are, in these narrow paths, obstinate "as a mule," and refuse to budge an inch; they are also extremely cute, and have frequently been known to rub their heavy burthens against a sharp rock until a hole is torn in the bag, and the coffee-berries run out, having learned by former experience that such a process lightens their load; but as it also destroys the balance, wary old beasts have been known to rub a hole in each side, and to arrive at their destination, walking ten or a dozen in single file,

with, perhaps, one black boy in charge, mounted on the first mule in the string, without a coffee-berry remaining!

The wonderful growth of bamboo always put me in mind of Jonah's gourd. One morning a great, fat, greenish-grey shoot, exactly like giant asparagus, would appear, just breaking through the friable, reddish earth; next day it was twelve inches high, the day after over two feet; one could really see it grow, till a fine, feathery wand, tender and drooping, shot up into the sky, strengthening with age. A coffee plantation in early morning, before the sun has kissed away the heavy night dews, is a beautiful sight; each plant laden with white, wax-like, star flowers, emitting a faint scent, something between orange blossom and stephanotis, and making up an overpowering aggregate of sweetness. The steeper the ground the better the coffee; the best in the island grows at Clifton Mount above Newcastle, at an altitude of four to five thousand feet, clinging in a precarious way to the nearly unattainable heights above. Pendent from the forked branches of cotton-trees magnificent rose-colored orchids flaunt and wave over the paths in cheerful mockery, suspended by a single hair, far above your head, as if saying: "Don't you wish you may get me?" I have no doubt, like the fox and the grapes, that we were better without them, lovely as they were, for their smell — I cannot say scent — closely resembles that of dead rats. Begonia grows by the wayside to an extraordinary height, twelve or fourteen feet; it seemed, like the furze at home, never out of bloom, the plants being always covered with an endless succession of deep pink, fleshy flowers.

There are no venomous snakes in Jamaica, while in Cuba, only about seventy miles off, cobras, rattlesnakes, deadly spiders, and reptiles abound. Extreme care is taken, by order of the government of Jamaica, when importing timber and other likely merchandise from Havana to prevent the introduction of snakes into the island, and hitherto with success. I plunged into the gullies and bush fearlessly in the pursuit of some precious fern, knowing this. Scorpions, however, drop on your head from the rafters of old buildings and the trunks of decayed trees, and wriggle into an unused key-hole, even in this favored island. The "trap-door spider" is not uncommon either; its bite when provoked is considered highly dangerous, if not fatal, and the way it retires hastily within its clay-built nest, and slams

the door behind, as if in dudgeon, is very curious. The children bought some from a native when staying at Craigton with the governor, and, carefully nursing the little round brown nests with a live spider in each, brought them to me in my bedroom to keep safely for them until our return home.

The cultivation of anything in the mountains is carried on with great difficulty; to climb even an ordinary yam-patch requires the agility of a squirrel and the endurance of a mule, as the ground is hardly less steep than the side of a wall. These perpetual ups and downs are most fatiguing. Small tenements abounded everywhere; a man squatted down apparently on the mountain just where he fancied, ran up a little wattle and daub hut, which was speedily occupied by a collection of relations, friends, godmothers, and babies, numbering from six to a dozen, and proceeded to cultivate yams, meallies, and guinea-grass, without let or hindrance.

Godmothers are in Jamaica a very great power. Far from considering, in the usual English way, that her responsibilities cease with the presentation of a cup, fork, and spoon, she is expected to "take to" and provide for her godchild till it is grown up, often removing it entirely from the family circle to that of her own. This curious custom is commoner in Port Royal than elsewhere, and is principally the result of fathers being a scarcer article there than in other parts.

A shadowy owner far away in England sometimes cropped up, actually laying claim to his own lands, but he certainly got no rent if it was a "thrown up" property, and he was afraid to take steps to enforce his rights, owing in most cases to the long years his own government taxes had remained unpaid. The long columns of "Owners wanted," advertised for year by year in the *Jamaica Gazette*, give some idea of the enormous number of "thrown up" properties, lying untended and unprofitable owing to the poverty of their once thriving proprietors. Planted with bananas and cocoanuts, crops that require so little tending, and for which an excellent market in the United States is always to be obtained, much might be done even now. Bananas picked in enormous bunches, each bunch as much as a man can carry, and quite green, ripen on the seven days' voyage, and are in the finest condition on arriving at New York, where they often fetch a shilling apiece. The plant must, however, have water, and thrives best in damp places.

From The Fortnightly Review.
TURKISH ARABIA.

THERE is ample evidence in the reports which appear from time to time in the daily papers, English and foreign, and in articles published in this review, of the very serious condition of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire. Many people have written in detail regarding the state of affairs in Egypt, in Armenia, in Syria, and in the Hedjaz, but no one has as yet troubled the public with information about that remote province on the Turco-Persian border known to Indian officials as Turkish Arabia. And, therefore, it is not surprising that the telegrams which appeared in the daily papers during June and July regarding the forcible stoppage by the Ottoman authorities of British mail steamers plying on the Tigris should have failed to arouse popular interest. And yet, both on account of the historical associations of which the country is full, of its long-established connection with British trade in the East, and of the great future which must lie in store for its fertile plains once the granary of the world, Turkish Arabia deserves to be better known among Englishmen than unfortunately is the case. It is a province of large extent, covering an area, approximately, of one hundred and forty thousand square miles, about twice the size of England and Scotland together. It contains a mixed population of Arabs, Kurds, Jews, and Christians. But as the Jews are only numerous in Baghdad and in one or two other towns, and as the Christian element, except in Mosul and thence farther north, is of no political importance, Turkish Arabia may be described with sufficient accuracy as a wholly Muhammadan province peopled by Arabs and Kurds. The city of Baghdad, situate on both banks of the Tigris, is the capital of the country and the headquarters of the Turkish pasha in charge of the administration. This pasha, or vali—for that is his official designation—is appointed from Constantinople, and holds office just so long as the sultan pleases. He is assisted by a coadjutor, styled the moáwin, who discharges among other duties that of watching his superior's conduct and reporting his shortcomings to the Porte. As an additional check, in case the vali and his deputy should fraternize, the military administration is intrusted to a general officer, who being placed in direct subordination to the war minister at Constantinople, has ample facilities of thwarting the civil power. Such a system, as might

be expected, does not conduce to efficient administration, but it also prevents any one official from obtaining too much power, and this, perhaps, from an Ottoman standpoint, is the main object in view.

Two of the three districts into which Kurdistan is usually divided fall more or less within the limits of Turkish Arabia and of the vali's political relations. These two districts are central Kurdistan and south-eastern Kurdistan. The former extends north and south along the Turco-Persian borders from Lake Van to Sulimanieh; the latter comprises the Turkish districts of Sulimanieh and Scharizor, the Persian provinces of Ardilan or Sehna and Kirmanshah, and a strip of country including the plain of Zohab from Kirmanshah to the extremity of the Luristan Hills. The Turkish Kurds, in the districts of Van, Mosul, and Sulimanieh, may number seven hundred thousand souls. In religion they are Sunni-Muhammadans of a bigoted type, and are devoted followers of the great sheikh — the founder of the Kadiyeh dervishes — Abd-el-Kadir Ghilani, whose mosque and tomb are at Baghdad.

Turning now to the country below Baghdad, and taking first the left bank of the Tigris, it is only necessary to mention two towns, Kut-el-Amara and Amara, the chief stopping-places of the steamers which navigate the river between Baghdad and Basrah. The country lying between these towns and inland as far as the Persian frontier belongs to the Beni Laam, an Arab tribe of considerable strength and evil reputation. This tribe pays revenue to the Ottoman government, but, as might be expected from the close proximity of their territory to the Luristan Hills, the Beni Laam have intimate relations with the Feili Kurds, who are subject to Persia. Like the Feilis, the Beni Laam are fanatical Shias, and their religious sympathies, as they have shown when the occasion has served, are consequently entirely anti-Turkish. Amara, the town which marks the south-eastern limit of the Beni Laam territory, is admirably placed for trade. It is situated just above the marshes of the Tigris, at the point where the river Hud, flowing out of the Tigris, establishes water communication with Howeiza and Khuzistan. Thanks to the steamers of the Tigris and Euphrates Steam Navigation Company, Amara is a thriving place, and may contain five thousand inhabitants.

At Kornah the Tigris joins the Eu-

phrates, and the two streams form a single river, known from this point by the name of the Shat-el-Arab. The Turks claim the right bank of the Shat along its whole course, but the left bank, from a point a few miles above Muhamerah, and thence to the sea, is occupied by the Ka'ab Arabs, in subordination, more or less, to Persia.

Originally, that is at the date (1639) of the treaty between Sultan Murad and the shah of Persia, the Ka'ab Arabs were undoubtedly Turkish subjects. They lived in the marshes of the Tigris, near Kornah, and paid the Turkish authorities at Basrah (Bussorah) a tax for the right to pasture buffaloes. Their sheikh was also invested every year with a robe of office. A season of drought which caused the pastures to fail compelled the tribe to migrate to lands watered by the Karun, and the connection of the Ka'ab Arabs with Persia dates from this event, although the payments to the Turkish authorities were continued for some years. In the troublous times which in Persia and Turkey marked the middle of the last century, the fortunes of a tribe such as the Ka'ab Arabs greatly depended upon the personal character of its sheikhs. Sheikh Selman, who, in the year 1750, was chief of the Ka'ab, possessed all the qualities of a leader of men, and enjoyed to the full the confidence and attachment of his people. He took advantage of the hostilities between Persia and Turkey, and of the contests between the Zends and the Kajars for the crown of Persia, to establish himself as far as the Hindián River in the Persian province of Fars, and northward along the Karunk to Band-i-Kir. From Turkey he obtained the large island of Abadan, in the Shat-el-Arab, the territory of Dowasir, on the right bank of that river, and on the left bank a tract of country in the neighborhood of the Haffar canal, including the present town of Muhamerah.

Upon the final establishment of the Kajar dynasty in Persia the affairs of the Ka'ab Arabs attracted attention, and little by little the tribe succumbed to Persian influence. In 1812 the Ka'ab were ousted from their possessions on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab by the Montefik Arabs, and Muhamerah, which originally comprised only two petty mud forts on either side of the mouth of the Haffar canal, was built as a protection against their further inroads. The Turkish authorities left the Ka'ab alone until 1837, when Ali Pasha, vali of Baghdad, attacked and plundered Muhamerah, which, having become a

commercial town of some local importance, injured the revenue of Basrah. At this time the chief of Muhamerah was a certain Haji Jabir, the son of the Ka'ab sheikh by a slave mother. The conduct of the Turks in destroying Muhamerah caused Haji Jabir to throw himself into the hands of the Persians, who took advantage of the feud between him and the legitimate sheikhs of the Ka'ab to occupy Muhamerah with Persian troops; and though these were subsequently withdrawn, the authority of the Persian government has been recognized ever since in a greater or less degree. In the Persian war of 1856 Muhamerah was bombarded by the vessels of the Indian navy, and occupied by the British invading force, but was restored to Persia on the conclusion of peace. Haji Jabir died at a very advanced age about two years ago, and the Persian authorities have divided the government between his two sons, Sheikh Muhammad and Sheikh Mizal. But the arrangement may be safely regarded as merely provisional, for the dissensions that are sure before long to break out between the brothers will afford a pretext for more detailed supervision by the Persian authorities and for the appointment of a Persian governor.

The situation of Muhamerah at the point of the junction of the Karun—the only navigable river in Persia—with the Shat-el-Arab, and its greater proximity to the sea, give it advantages as a trading mart superior to any which Basrah, on the Turkish bank of the river, possesses. The loss of Muhamerah and of the adjoining territory on the left bank of the Shat-el-Arab and of the island of Abadan, is therefore, on commercial grounds alone, a misfortune to Turkey. Its real importance, however, lies in the fact that the acquisition of Muhamerah not only confers on Persia co-riparian rights on the Shat-el-Arab, but places in Persian hands a strategical position of the highest value in the event of war with Turkey. If at the conclusion of the Persian war we had not restored Muhamerah this position of vantage would now be in British keeping, with great profit to British political influence at Teheran and to British trade with Persia and Mesopotamia.

The country which lies between the right bank of the Tigris and the left bank of the Euphrates is known to the Arabs as "El-Jezireh," "the island," and to Europeans as Mesopotamia, or the country between the rivers. A line drawn from Hit on the Euphrates, to Samara on the

Tigris, would follow the geological formation of the soil and demarcate the natural boundary which separates upper from lower Mesopotamia. Below this line the country is flat and of a low elevation, and the soil purely alluvial; above it the formation is secondary and the country an undulating plain rising gradually towards the north. The people of Mesopotamia are Arab in nationality and Muhammadan in religion; in the upper division Sunnis predominate, and in the lower Shiah, especially in the neighborhood of the holy cities of Kazmain, Kerbela, and Nejef. The principal Arab tribe in upper Mesopotamia is the Shamar Jerba, who migrated from Nejd about a hundred years ago, and who are still Bedouins. The Shamar wander over the whole of northern Mesopotamia. In the summer their chief encampment is at Shergot, on the upper Tigris, a short distance below Mosul, and in the winter they approach Baghdad to buy supplies. The Shamar pay no tribute, but their present sheikh, Ferhán-ibn-Sfúk, has accepted from the Turkish government the title of pasha with a yearly allowance (which is rarely, if ever, paid), and in return for which he is supposed to guarantee the safety of travellers in his territory.

The Shamar are at feud with the neighboring tribes, such as the Anizeh, the Dilem, and the Montefik—a state of things which the Turkish authorities naturally regard with entire satisfaction, for the stability of Ottoman rule in Mesopotamia depends in a great degree on the quarrels and animosities which divide the Arab tribes. In the feud with the Montefik, which originated in the following circumstances, Arab sympathies are on the side of the Shamar. A few years ago Abdul Kerim, brother of Ferhán, the present sheikh of the Shamar, being hard pressed by the Turks, took refuge with Nasir, shiekh of the Montefik, and claimed sanctuary from him. Nasir granted it, and in accordance with well-known Arab usage became responsible for the safety of his guest. Nasir, however, by all accounts was anxious, for reasons of his own, to make a display of loyalty to the Porte. It happened that just at this time he was mutasarif or lieutenant governor of the Montefik country, and on the pretext that his duty as an Ottoman official was paramount to his obligations as an Arab sheikh, he surrendered Abdul Kerim to the Turks, who took him to Mosul and hanged him on the bridge.

The Montefik proper are comparatively

a small tribe, and in point of fact the country which is known as that of the Montefik Arabs comprises the lands of a number of Fellah tribes who have attained a considerable degree of prosperity through trade and agriculture and who have accepted Montefik protection. The Al-Sadun — the particular clan to which the ruling sheikhs of the Montefik belong — claim descent from the sharifs of Mecca. Consequently, they are of course Sunnis, but most of the tribes subordinate to the Montefik hold Shia tenets. In July, 1880, one of these subject tribes — the Al-bu-Muhammad, who dwell in the marshes of the Tigris between Basrah and Kornah — laid wait for and endeavored to capture the British steamer "Khalifa." The attack was delivered at a well-chosen spot, where the Tigris takes a sharp bend in the shape of the letter S. It is necessary in order to double this bend to approach close to the bank where the water shallows, and where the slightest mistake in steering must inevitably beach the vessel. As the "Khalifa" entered this bend the Arabs on the bank fired a volley, killing two of the crew and wounding the captain and chief engineer. The native Lascars at the wheel fled below, and all was in confusion. The situation was critical, for in less than five minutes the "Khalifa" would have run ashore, and great loss of life must have ensued. Fortunately, however, Captain Clements, notwithstanding his wound, which was very severe, maintained his presence of mind, and steering the vessel by her engines rounded the point in safety and steamed out of reach of harm. Various motives have been assigned for this daring outrage, unprecedented in the history of British relations with the Arabs of Mesopotamia. Some people said that the Al-bu-Muhammad, driven to desperation by the misgovernment of the Turkish authorities, resolved to stop all traffic on the Tigris and to compel, by attacking a British mail steamer, the attention of the British government to their wrongs. A plot of this nature, however, could scarcely have originated in the unassisted intelligence of an ignorant and half-savage tribe like the Al-bu-Muhammad; if the attack on the "Khalifa" was really planned with the intention of forcing, as it were, the hand of the British government, it is probable that results were hoped for altogether beyond the mere redress of grievances of the tribe in question.

From Fao, the telegraph station at the mouth of the Shat-el-Arab, the pasha of

Baghdad claims jurisdiction as far as El-Catif, on the Arab littoral of the Persian Gulf. Turkish authority in these parts is, however, merely nominal; it may be said to date from 1871, in which year Midhat Pasha dispatched an expedition from Baghdad to support Abdullah-bin-Feysul in his contest with his brother Saoud for the chiefship of the Wahabis. The result was the ruin of both brothers and the appointment of a Turkish kaimmakam at El-Hassa, who also exercises a perfunctory supervision along the coast.

British relations with Turkish Arabia date from the establishment by the East India Company, about two hundred and fifty years ago, of a factory in Basrah, under the supervision of the Company's agent at Gamrun (Bandar Abbas), in the Persian Gulf. In the year 1720 Basrah was considered of sufficient importance to demand the appointment of a separate resident, but owing to Dutch and French competition, the arbitrary proceedings of the local authorities, and the unsettled state of the country, the Company's trade could hardly have been very profitable. War broke out between Persia and Turkey in 1743, and in the autumn of the following year Basrah was besieged for three months by a Persian force. Then came troubles with the Montefik Arabs, who, in resentment for an attempt to enhance the tax on their date gardens, cut the banks of the Shat-el-Arab, and inundated the country up to the walls of Basrah. In these days there were no disciplined battalions to enforce the sultan's authority, and his behests were very lightly regarded. The pasha of Basrah, for instance, did not hesitate to oppose by force of arms the imperial firman joining Basrah to the pashalik of Baghdad. He was obliged to yield only because the sheikh of the Montefik, who, having thirty thousand fighting Arabs at his command, was the real arbiter of the destinies of lower Mesopotamia, gave his support to the pasha of Baghdad.

The Company's difficulties were further enhanced by the jealousy with which their representative was regarded by the local Turkish authorities. They endeavored, in order to prevent the Company from acquiring permanent influence in the country, to insist on the chief of the factory being changed every year. And they might have gained their point, except for the active intervention of the British ambassador, who succeeded, in 1764, in regularizing the position of the Company's

representative by obtaining for him a Consular Birat.

Towards the end of 1774 fresh hostilities broke out between Turkey and Persia, and during the whole of 1775 the country round Basrah was the scene of incessant conflicts between the Persians and the Ka'ab Arabs on the one side, and the Turks and the Montefik on the other. In April of the following year Basrah surrendered to the Persian general Sadu Khan, and remained in Persian hands for nearly three years. During this period, owing to the exactions of the Persian officials, trade ceased to be profitable, and the lives and property of the Company's servants were exposed to constant peril. Fortunately, a local insurrection resulted in the expulsion of the Persians and the restoration of Turkish authority; otherwise the factory at Basrah must undoubtedly have been closed. From this date until the end of the century the relations between the Company's representatives and the Turks were, on the whole, of a most friendly and intimate character. As a matter of fact, his own position was so precarious that the Turkish pasha could not afford to quarrel with the English. In lower Mesopotamia he was confronted by two powerful chiefs — the sheikh of the Montefik and the sheikh of the Ka'ab, whose respective territories bordered on Basrah. The Persian Gulf, too, had not yet attained its present tranquil condition. It was infested by pirates, and the imam of Muscat and the El-Joasim Arabs of Ras-el-Kheimah more than once threatened Basrah with attack. In 1787 Sheikh Thamir of the Montefik seized the Turkish galleys lying in the Shat-el-Arab, imprisoned the Turkish governor, and held Basrah pending a satisfactory settlement of his differences with the pasha of Baghdad. The sheikh of the Ka'ab also erected batteries on the right bank of the Shat, with the intention of cutting off all communication between Basrah and the sea, and defeated the Turkish fleet in a pitched battle at the mouth of the Haffar canal. Occasionally, and under great pressure, the British resident at Basrah lent the Turks the aid of the Company's vessels, but more often British assistance was limited to the supply of arms and ammunition. Experience derived from constant intercourse had given the Company's representatives a very poor opinion of the Turks. "Nothing can be worse," wrote Mr. Moore, "than the policy of assisting such people as the Turks. They have no gratitude. You gain no advan-

tage by it, whether with respect to commerce or anything else. Only assist them once, they always think themselves entitled to assistance hereafter."

In 1798 the Court of Directors appointed for the first time a permanent resident at Baghdad in the person of Mr. Harford Jones, afterwards Sir Harford Jones-Brydges, British minister in Persia. The objects of this appointment were entirely political. Mr. Jones was instructed to watch the proceedings of the French, who then held Syria and Egypt; to obtain and transmit news of Buonaparte's movements and intentions, with special reference to the projected demonstration against India by the valley of the Euphrates; and to enlist against the French the sympathies of the pasha of Baghdad and of the Arab tribes of Mesopotamia. In 1799 envoys from Tippoo arrived at Basrah, *en route* for Constantinople. They were furnished with presents and letters to the sultan entreating help, and representing in strong terms the oppression and tyranny which the Muhammadans of India underwent at the hands of the English. The incident is curious as being, perhaps, the earliest serious attempt to establish relations between the sultan, as supreme protector of Islam, and the Muhammadans of India; and these overtures are all the more remarkable from the fact that Tippoo was a Shia. The embassy got no farther than Basrah, for the resident having expatiated on the folly of appealing to the sultan, who was an ally of the British government, told the envoys of Tippoo's death and of the capture of Seringapatam, and induced them to return to India in one of the Company's vessels.

Soliman Pasha, who at this time was vali of Baghdad, occupied a very exceptional position. He ruled an immense tract of country, extending from Diarbekir on the upper Tigris to the shores of the Persian Gulf, and was probably the most powerful official in the Ottoman dominions. He and his descendants managed to keep the government of the country in their own hands for nearly half a century; they issued firmans in their own names, corresponded with the English authorities in India, and sent envoys on their own account to Calcutta and Bombay. In 1807, when Turkey and England were at war, Ali Pasha refused to dismiss the British residents at Baghdad and Basrah; and in 1808 he received Lieutenant Colonel (afterwards Sir John) Malcolm, who had been appointed "envoy extraordinary," on the part of the governor-general of

India, to the "king of Persia and the pasha of Baghdad." This system of maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the government of India subsisted for some years after the break up of Soliman Pasha's family. For as late as 1827, when Mahmud II. ordered the reform of the Turkish army, the pasha of Baghdad applied to the government of Bombay for British officers to instruct his new "regulars," and to assist him generally in organizing the defences of the province against an apprehended attack from Russia. At last, however, in consequence, it may be, of remonstrances from Constantinople, the Court of Directors were induced to remind the government of India that the pasha of Baghdad could not be regarded as an independent prince, that he was merely a temporary governor of a Turkish province, accountable for all his acts to the sultan, whose sovereign rights must be respected, and at whose court a British ambassador represented the British nation. From this date the control of the Porte over the affairs of Turkish Arabia entered a new phase. Hitherto the pashas of Baghdad had indeed held office under a firman from Constantinople, but the individuals who really disposed of the destinies of the country were the Kurd chieftains of central and south-east Kurdistan, and the sheikhs of the Montefik and other leading Arab tribes. A new vali could scarcely hope to succeed in enforcing the sultan's firman ordering the deposition of the vali in possession unless he could reckon upon Arab or Kurdish support. And inasmuch as Arab and Kurdish interests were usually ranged on opposite sides, a new succession was rarely settled without an appeal to arms. In one respect, its inaccessibility from Constantinople, Turkish Arabia resembled Egypt, and its remoteness from the centre of government necessarily impeded the consolidation of the sultan's authority. But Turkish Arabia differed from Egypt in that the population, instead of being abject fellaheen destitute of leaders and incapable of resistance, consisted of independent and warlike Arab and Kurdish tribes, obedient to their sheikhs and beys and animated by a profound detestation of Ottoman rule. Hence it was that the valis of Baghdad were unable to turn the weakness of the central authority to their own profit and achieve an independent position; they were not strong enough to deal with the Arab and Kurdish chieftains as Mehemet Ali dealt with the Mamelukes.

I question, however, whether except for English support the sultan would ever have succeeded in establishing his authority in Turkish Arabia on anything like a firm basis, and for a time it was doubtful whether that support would be accorded. The competition between the imperial government and the governor-general of India for the supreme direction of Oriental politics which culminated in the despatch of rival embassies to Persia existed also in Turkish Arabia. If the government of India had prevailed, it is possible that the pasha of Baghdad would either have become a second khedive under Indian control, or have gradually drifted into a position like that of the iman of Maskat or the khan of Khelat. The orders, however, which prohibited the government of India from maintaining direct diplomatic relations with the pasha of Baghdad decided the question of local supremacy in the sultan's favor. They were followed by Chesney's Euphrates expedition, undertaken by the British government with the direct sanction of Sultan Mahmud II. And although the Arab sheikhs to whom the sultan's firmans were addressed were so little under the control of the Porte that Colonel Chesney concluded a treaty with one of the most powerful of them, the general effect of the expedition was to impress the people with the notion that behind the sultan was a stronger power. And this idea was confirmed by the character which British policy in Turkish Arabia gradually assumed. In the Persian Gulf the Indian navy maintained the peace of the sea and protected Basrah from attack by the maritime Arabs. A British gunboat patrolled the Tigris and the Euphrates, and kept in check the lawless tribes of lower Mesopotamia. A general support also was given to a series of measures undertaken by successive valis of Baghdad against the principal local chieftains, with the object of breaking their power and of compelling a complete recognition of imperial authority. And as war between Persia and Turkey would have seriously impeded the progress of this work of consolidation, strenuous and successful efforts were made to keep the peace, often in imminent danger of being broken, between the two Muhammadan powers.

Primâ facie it would be natural to regard a province like Turkish Arabia, in which the Muhammadan element dominates all others, as a pillar of strength upon which a Muhammadan sovereign might lean with the fullest confidence.

There are, however, some considerations which appear to justify a different conclusion. In Turkish Arabia the Ottoman Turks are aliens, and Ottoman rule is odious to Arabs and Kurds not so much on account of its intrinsic defects — though the people are far from indifferent to these — as because it is the rule of a foreigner. The possession of a common faith is the sole bond of union between Arabs and Kurds and their Ottoman masters, but the cohesion which is the natural outcome of this tie has not penetrated far below the surface. The Kurds are mostly Sunnis, but the Arab tribes of Turkish Arabia are divided pretty equally into Sunnis and Shias, and the last of course utterly reject the sultan's claim to the spiritual leadership of Islam. In Baghdad itself and its immediate vicinity Shias are in the majority. Their religious sympathies incline towards Persia, and are so little favorable to the sultan that during the last Russian war the contingent of redifs enrolled among the Shiah of Kərbela had to be collected at the point of the bayonet. Nor do the Sunni Kurds and the Sunni Arabs regard Ottoman supremacy from an incidental point of view. Putting aside things which are mere accessories, the real foundation of the sultan's title to the khalifate is his ability to protect Islam. As long as his material resources are equal to this task, so long will the Kurds acknowledge him to be the spiritual head of all Muhammadans, and therefore entitled to their obedience. With the Arabs the case is different. All Sunni Arabs sympathize in their inmost hearts with the idea of an Arab khalifate, and in their eyes the sultan is at best a Turk who has usurped and who holds by superior force the spiritual authority which rightfully belongs to the Beni Koreish, and which must eventually revert to them. In other words, the Kurds obey the sultan because as long as he is able to make good his position as an efficient protector of Islam they regard him, without question, as rightful khalifa. The Arabs, on the other hand, acquiesce in the sultan's khalifate only because they are compelled by circumstances to acknowledge his authority as padishah or sovereign. The connection which subsists between the two things is so close and intimate that any diminution of the sultan's material resources must necessarily impair his spiritual authority. The Kurds would regard such diminution as evidence of the sultan's inability to protect Islam; the Arabs, as a sign that

the Ottoman usurpation of the khalifate is approaching its end. What has been the actual course of events during the last six years, and what effect have they produced upon the minds of the inhabitants of the Asiatic provinces of the Ottoman Empire? In Europe the Porte has been compelled to cede territory in the actual occupation of Muhammadans to fifth-rate Christian governments. In Asia, near their own homes, the Kurds have seen Batoum, Kars, and Ardahan pass under Russian dominion. Further, in the territory which remains to him, the Hedjaz and Yemen alone excepted, the sultan has been constrained by the *force majeure* of the Christian powers to set aside the precepts of the Koran and accord privileges to his Christian subjects which exalt them to a position of equality with the true believers. As to the effect which these incidents have already produced, that is shown in the unsettled state of all parts of Arabia during the past few years, and in the proceedings of Sheikh Obeidullah in Kurdistan. As to the results which may ultimately follow, experience has shown the difficulty of attempting a forecast of the future of the Ottoman Empire. And, therefore, it is with great diffidence that I venture to indicate what may possibly happen in Turkish Arabia in the course, perhaps, of the next few years. On the north-east, and along the entire length of its eastern frontier, Turkish Arabia is flanked by two contiguous inimical powers — Russia and Persia. Constantinople, on the other hand, is distant a month's journey from Baghdad, so that in the event of attack Turkish Arabia must depend upon its own resources for defence. These consist of a bankrupt exchequer; a *corps d'armée* of perhaps ten thousand men, whose pay is at least two years in arrear, and who are scattered in weak detachments over an immense tract of country; and a population more or less disaffected. Many people think that before long Russia will obtain an accession of territory in Armenia. If in the existing state of affairs Turkish Arabia is almost inaccessible from Constantinople, what will its position be when Russia holds Armenia, and Russian troops occupy Diarbekir? Under such circumstances the provinces which constitute the pashalik of Baghdad could hardly remain for long in Turkish hands. Either some Arab sheikh will establish himself in lower Mesopotamia, while the Kurds seize the country between Baghdad and Mosul; or Persia, supported by Russia, may ad-

vance from Kermanshah and Muhamerah and occupy Baghdad and Basrah. The fate of Turkish Arabia concerns England to some extent on account of the commercial interests involved, but chiefly for political reasons. British trade in these parts has increased enormously during the last ten or fifteen years, and if any serious attempt were made to develop the resources of the country, which is second only to lower Egypt in potential fertility, still greater results would soon be obtained. As to the political interests at stake there can be no doubt of their magnitude. It is not prudent for England to disregard the influence which a foreign power, acting as protector of the holy cities of Kerbela and Nejef, would be able to exercise over Shia Muhammadans. Every one knows the facilities which a gathering of pilgrims collected from all parts of the world offers for the dissemination of such political doctrines as may suit the exigencies of the time. But the matter of supreme importance is the fact that the power which obtains possession of lower Mesopotamia will command easy access to India by the Persian Gulf. The Tigris is navigable at all seasons of the year from Mosul, and in the spring floods from Diarbekir; the Euphrates, though in the marshes its channel is somewhat intricate, is navigable from Balis to Kornah, where the two rivers join. From Kornah to the sea there is water for vessels of a very considerable draught. The present condition of the Persian Gulf, regarded as one of the approaches to India, may be compared to that of the Red Sea before the overland route had been established, or the Isthmus of Suez pierced by a canal, and before Aden and Perim had passed under British rule. For years past the attention of British statesmen has been engaged in watching, in the interests of our Indian empire, the development of Russian policy in central Asia and northern Persia, and in opposing the introduction of Russian influence into Afghanistan. And, in furtherance of the same interests, we have recently undertaken military operations in Egypt, and we are still engaged in organizing a stable and trustworthy government in that country. But our calculations in respect to the protection of the north-west frontier of India, and the safety of our communications by the Suez Canal and the Red Sea, may be upset at short notice by the break-up of the Ottoman Empire in Asia, or a change of policy on the part of the sultan. Suppose, for instance, Syria should pass into

the hands of France in compensation for the loss of Egypt, Armenia into those of Russia, and Mesopotamia become a province either of Russia or of Persia, which is almost synonymous with Russia; or suppose the policy of the pro-Russian party in Turkey should prevail, and Russia acquire the same influence in Turkey as she has acquired in Persia, the interest of the political situation so far as India is concerned would soon be concentrated in the Persian Gulf and its approaches. At present, with the exception of an occasional French or Turkish gunboat, no vessels of war other than English are seen in the gulf, and British influence is paramount over all other. But this state of things will not last forever, and it may be well to take thought for the defence of the Persian Gulf, and to remember that, with the exception of Bassidor, in the island of Kishm, we do not possess a single coaling station, much less a strategical position anywhere in these waters.

TREVOR CHICHELE PLOWDEN.

From The Gentleman's Magazine.
CHARLES COTTON.

It is not often that one writer in a literary partnership is so thrown into the shade by the other as in "The Compleat Angler" Charles Cotton has been eclipsed by the fame of Walton. Beaumont and Fletcher, for instance, or the Erckmann-Chatrians, or Messrs. Besant and Rice in our own days, are popularly placed on the same level. Even anglers have acted unjustly to Cotton. While Walton's praises have been sounded far and wide in verse and prose, and himself set forth as the "common father" of all fishermen, the type of character to which all scholarly anglers should conform, unmerited neglect has fallen to the lot of Cotton. This has arisen partly from the Janus-like nature of his life and manners, in which he showed himself one moment a ruffling cavalier, by no means exempt from the vices usually ascribed to that character, and next moment appears as a friend of the guileless, unworldly Izaak Walton. Partly, too, the forgetfulness which has overtaken his name may be due to the fact that his share of "The Compleat Angler" (Part II.)—although for practical common sense and anticipation of the present age we deem it a striking and valuable book on a craft which has been celebrated in

so many treatises — contains none of those poetic, and at first sight unpremeditated, passages which are so attractive in Walton's writing, and is deficient also in that spirit of love to God and man which forms a special characteristic of his partner's style. Yet Cotton was a much more practised writer, and his works show a versatility and industry commendable in one who has been so freely censured for his libertine and reckless life. Hawkins has indulged in conjectures upon what formed the bond of friendship between the two authors of the primer of angling. "Mr. Cotton was both a wit and a scholar," he writes, "of an open, cheerful, and hospitable temper; endowed with fine talents for conversation, and the courtesy and affability of a gentleman, and was withal as great a proficient in the art as a lover of the recreation of angling; these qualities, together with the profound reverence which he uniformly entertained for his father Walton, could not but endear him to the good old man," etc., etc. The truth seems to have been that Walton liked a cheerful companion, especially if he was a good angler, and that Cotton took care to betray no symptom of his lower and unworthy self while he conversed with the elder and more sedate man. But the bathos into which Hawkins falls is still more amusingly illustrated. After quoting Cotton's declaration about his own ability to capture fish with the worm, more or less, during every day of the year, "those days always excepted that upon a more serious account always ought so to be," the biographer adds, with the gravest countenance, "whence it is but just to infer that the delight he took in fishing was never a temptation with him to profane the Sabbath." Such child-like moralizing reminds us of nothing so much as the highly proper, if somewhat forced, morals deduced from Hogarth's paintings by Dr. Trusler in a painfully proper and trite volume. Whether Cotton did or did not fish on Sunday the biographer had no means of knowing, and it would only have been wise in him to repress his bland observations on a point which, after all, it is of little consequence for any one to be informed about. It is worth remembering, too, that sport and recreation on Sunday in the Caroline days was judged by a very different standard from that which prevails at present among the Scotch and among many English people. In 1569 Elizabeth had specially licensed sports on Sundays, and in 1618 James I. published his "Book of

Sports," as it is commonly called — a declaration of the different kinds of games which might lawfully be indulged in on Sundays. Nearer Cotton's own time, in 1633, Charles announced by Archbishop Laud what sports should be encouraged on Sunday, "to refresh the meaner sort who labor hard all the week" — viz., "dancing, either men or women; archery for men, leaping, vaulting, or any other such harmless recreation, May games, Whitsun ales, morris dances, and the setting up of May-poles, and other sports therewith used." It does not speak much for Hawkins's sagacity that he should measure the morals and manners of one age by those of another. If such violent amusements as we have named were not only lawful recreation, but were even to be encouraged in Cotton's time on the Sunday, he may well be supposed not to have seen much evil in the quiet and contemplative practice of angling, supposing that he ever indulged in it.

Sed hæc hactenus. In one of the most beautiful parts of Derbyshire the family of Cotton was settled at Beresford Hall, and here, on April 28, 1630, was Charles Cotton born. He seems to have received a fair education, culminating in a residence at Cambridge, whence he departed to travel for a time in France. His reckless, merry disposition was ever plunging him deeper into debt, so that he was at one period actually confined in a debtors' prison. Apart from pleasure, however, he is best known for his literary essays and love of angling. At the last he died in Westminster, 1687. Such is a brief outline of the life which the joint writer of "The Compleat Angler" led. Doubtless it was at times, especially in London, a noisy, racketing mode in which to fleet away life as men did in the golden days. Cotton is as distinctly inferior to Walton in moral strength as in literary style; yet the latter was greatly attached to him, as appears from internal evidence.

Cotton cannot have been very immoral to have been addressed with love by the grave and reverential Walton, as several passages show. The river Dove flowed near Beresford Hall, affording plenty of sport, and perhaps suggesting to Cotton, when in manhood he devoted himself to literature, the treatise by which he is best known and so gratefully remembered by all fishermen.

It is worth while completing the few facts known of his life by recording that he married in 1656, while dowered with very slender means of subsistence, a dis-

tant relation, Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorpe, Notts. His father dying two years after this marriage put the young pair in possession of the family estate; but as Cotton himself was impecunious at all times of his life, it is shrewdly supposed from the character of his father that the inheritance was not altogether free from mortgages and lawsuits. "The great Lord Falkland was wont to say," writes Hawkins, "that he pitied unlearned gentlemen in rainy weather. Mr. Cotton might possibly entertain the same sentiment; for in this situation we find that his employments were study for his delight and improvement, and fishing for his recreation and health;" and he adds in the same Philistine spirit which we have reprehended above, "for each of which several employments we may suppose he chose the fittest times and seasons."

Turning now to the fruits of his study, his first essay in print seems to have been an "Elegy on the Gallant Lord Derby," which was followed by a pamphlet called "A Panegyric to the King's Most Excellent Majesty." The first work, however, of any importance which he published can yet be read with pleasure. It is called "The Morall Philosophy of the Stoics," and was originally written in French "by that ingenious gentleman, Monsieur de Vaix, first President of the Parliament of Provence." It was "Englished by Charles Cotton, Esq.," and was published by Henry Mortlock at the sign of the Phoenix in St. Paul's Churchyard, near the little north doorway—a shop soon to be rendered much more famous, as there also "The Compleat Angler" first saw the light. De Vaix's book had been translated some sixty years before by Dr. James, the first keeper of the Bodleian Library, but the dedication of the little 16mo to John Ferrers Eyre shows why Cotton translated it anew: "This little thing that I present to you, and to the world in your name, I translated seven years ago by my father's command, who was a great admirer of the author; so that what you see was an effect of my obedience, no part of my choice, my little studies (especially at that time) lying another way; neither had I so published it but that I was unwilling to have a thing (how mean soever) turned to waste paper that cost me some hours' pains, and which (however I may have disguised it) is no ill thing in itself." It treats of the advantages of reason, and is somewhat prolix, running to one hundred and eighteen

pages. Probably the above extract will satisfy the reader.

The next venture shows the looser side of Cotton's mind. It is called "Scarronides,"* a travesty of the first four books of Virgil's "Æneid," and is a mixture of genius, wit, buffoonery, and coarseness. Like many other books of the kind, it has been much relished, even by good judges. It undoubtedly suited the taste of the day, but is mostly too full-flavored for our own age. Fortunately we have travesties of greater merit, free also from the obscenity which mars Cotton's book. We will take a few comparatively innocent couplets as specimens of the poet's manner. They describe the dawn of the ill-fated day on which Dido goes hunting with Æneas, when Venus promises her

A match to go after her wonting,
Into the woods a squirrel-hunting;

much of the fun of the burlesque consisting of minimizing the heroic incidents of the epic:—

Meanwhile the Sun, as it his Course is,
Got up to dress, and water's Horses;
When out the merry Hunters come,
With them a fellow with a Drum,
Your Tyrian Squirrels will not budge else.
Well armed they were with Staves and Cudgels;†

Tykes too they had of all sorts, Bandogs,
Curs, Spaniels, Water-dogs, and Land-dogs.‡

Those exquisite lines of Virgil —

Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine terras
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile —

are metamorphosed into the following doggerel, the goddess being herself transformed into a country wench for the nonce:—

Aurora now who, I must tell ye,
Was grip'd with Dolors in her Belly,
Starts from her couch, and o'er her Head
Slipping a Petticoat of Red,
Forth of her morning-doors she goes,
In hasty wise to pluck a Rose.

We are unwilling, however, to hang and quarter Virgil after such a fashion, while those who are enamored of this style of poetry can find its type, and that much better executed, in "Hudibras."

Another production which is equally humorous, and, we must needs add, equally disreputable for uncleanness of thought and diction, is entitled "Burlesque upon

* Printed at Whitehaven, 1776, for John Dunn (but there are no fewer than fourteen editions of the book); it is a creditable specimen of provincial printing.

† A facetious translation of "lato venabula ferro."

‡ Cnf. "odora canum vis."

Burlesque; or, The Scoffer Scoft; being some of Lucian's dialogues newly put into English Fustian. For the consideration of those who had rather laugh and be merry than be merry and wise. London, 1675." It may be charitably hoped that a copy of this book never came into Walton's hands. The treatise is an excellent example of work which in his later years shames a man and covers him with confusion at the thought of the time which has been so greatly misspent upon it, and the mischief which he has done by thus hurling firebrands about him in print. There is an undercurrent of profanity throughout this burlesque which not seldom comes to the surface, even if we absolve its coarseness by the plea that it is only a true reflection of the manners of the day. As a sample of the piece the following amusing scene may be selected, where Jove sends Mercury to command the Sun to stop three whole days in his course. Having delivered the order, Mercury adds to the dismayed Sun-god:—

Wherefore I think it thy best course is
To let the Hours unteam thy horses,
Get a good night-cap on thy head,
Put out thy torch and go to bed.

The Sun replies indignantly:—

'Tis an extravagant Command
And that I do not understand.
What I have done I fain would know,
That Jupiter should use me so?
What fault committed in my place
To put upon me this disgrace?
Have I not ever kept my Horses
In the precincts of their due Courses?
Or, though twelve Inns are in my way,
Did I e'er drink, or stop, or stay?
Bear witness, all the gods in heaven,
If I've not duly Morn and Even
Rosen and set, and care did take
To keep touch with the Almanack?
What then my fault is, I confess,
If I should dye, I cannot guess;
And why he should, much less I know,
Suspend me *ab officio*.
It sure must be a great offence
Deserves the worst of punishments,
As this is he on me doth lay
That Night must triumph over Day.

(P. 82.)

The Sun's anger at the unreasonable command is somewhat amusing if we remember that in Homer, when aggrieved at another slight put upon him, he threatens to go down and shine in Hades instead of giving light to gods and men in the upper world, and has to be hastily appeased by Jupiter for fear he should carry out his threat.

"The Wonders of the Peake" (3rd edition, London, 1734) is a much finer poem; though, sooth to say, somewhat dull to our century, which is satiated with guide-books. It is dedicated to Elizabeth, Countess of Devonshire. Anglers will still agree with his lines on the Dove:—

Of all fair Thetis's daughters, none so bright,
So pleasant none to taste, none to the sight,
None yield the gentle Angler such delight.

Chatsworth, too, is described, the wonders of the cave scenery in the Peak, and the like. Cotton's sentiments on this district sufficiently appear in "The Compleat Angler." Another of his longer poems is "A Voyage to Ireland." His minor poetical works, which were published after his death, consist of eclogues, odes, letters, and translations from Catullus, Martial, Corneille, Guarini, and others. Some of these are unreadable at the present day, owing to the freedom of their language; others, says Hawkins, are of so courtly and elegant a turn that they might vie with many of the lighter pieces of Waller and Cowley. We have always found wisdom and melody in his long piece on "Contentation," addressed "to my dear father and most worthy friend, Mr. Isaac Walton." Cotton is here at his best. The poem was probably written in mature life, when he had discovered by bitter experience the vanity of wide desires and lofty ambitions. Therefore it may be regarded as a palinode, and gives a pleasing idea of its composer when he had at length attained the philosophic mind. The following is no badly painted portrait of the happy man:—

Who from the busy world retires,
To be more useful to it still,
And to no greater good aspires
But only the eschewing ill;

Who with his angle and his books,
Can think the longest day well spent,
And praises God, when back he looks,
And finds that all was innocent.

This man is happier far than he
Whom public business oft betrays,
Through labyrinths of policy,
To crooked and forbidden ways.

How charming, too, is the couplet—

It is content alone that makes
Our pilgrimage a pleasure here:
And who buys sorrow cheapest, takes
An ill commodity too dear.

The point of the whole exhortation to contentment is contained in the pretty lines—

He comes soonest to his rest
Whose journey has been most secure.

It is time, however, to turn to Cotton's prose works. These show the versatility of his genius even better than the poems. In the "Life of the Duke d'Espernon from 1598 to 1642" we have history written with gravity and judgment. "The Fair One of Tunis" is a translation from a French novel. "The Planter's Manual, being Instructions for Cultivating all Sorts of Fruit Trees," tells its own story. "The Memoirs of the Sieur de Pontis" is a biography of a soldier who served in the French army for sixty-six years, under Henry IV., Louis XIII., and Louis XIV. Cotton touched a softer topic in his "Five Love Letters from a Nun to a Cavalier done out of French into English. Printed for Henry Brome, at The Gun, at the West End of St. Paul's; 1678." The unfortunate nun takes much blame to herself in these letters, and shows boundless love to one who had certainly never deserved it. "We cannot easily bring ourselves to suspect the faith of those we love," she says. And again: "The delights of my love, I must confess, have been strangely surprising, but followed with miseries not to be expressed." Her philosophy is suitable to her sex. "I dealt too openly and plainly with you at first; I gave you my heart too soon. It is not love alone that begets love; there must be skill and address, for it is artifice, and not passion, that begets affection" (p. 109). Cotton bespeaks the attention of the reader in the preface to the "felicities and niceties" of these letters. They are not so impassioned as the outpourings of Heloise to Abelard; but these naïve confessions are full of a graceful courtesy, and breathe a love truer, it may be feared, than his to whom she poured out her heart. At the end of the book is a curious advertisement of books printed "since the dreadful fire of London," 1660 to 1678.

Of all his prose works, his translation of Montaigne's essays is the best. Florio's had become obsolete, but Cotton's translation is yet in request; and of all who have tried their powers at rendering the quaint humors of the old Frenchman into English, Cotton has probably approximated closer to their spirit, because his own disposition was cast in much the same mould as Montaigne's, and he possessed the same faculty of deeply enjoying the common things of daily life. Both are garrulous, and yet both can make good use of the "free franchise of silence." The sense of bodily pleasure is

deeply ingrained in both men; "let us old fellows take the first opportune time of eating, and leave to Almanack-makers the hopes and prognostics;" "I fear a fog, and fly from smoke as from a plague." Cotton would heartily sympathize with his master herein.

Another work which must have been dear to the lighter moods of Cotton is "The Compleat Gamester,"* and probably few men of his time were more competent to write such a manual. Every here and there his practical knowledge of gambling peeps out, and over and over again he intersperses a moral, or a sarcasm at fortune, bitter evidences of the scathing fires through which he had been for so many years passing. The frontispiece is made up of gallants cock-fighting, card-playing, practising billiards, and other games, arranged in compartments. A long poetical account of this follows, written in a sententious fashion. "Gaming is an enchanting witchery, gotten betwixt idleness and avarice," says the author. Then succeed the games, of which he treats in order. It is curious to find him only naming some twenty games of cards. The moral which he appends to the section on bowls may serve to account for the soured manner in which he speaks of games and gambling as a whole. "To give you the Moral of it, it is the Emblem of the World, or the World's Ambition, where most are short, over wide or wrong byassed, and some few jostle in to the Mistress, Fortune! And here it is as in the Court, where the nearest are the most spighted, and all Bowls aim at the other" (p. 224).

Having lost his first wife, whom he tenderly loved,† he turned once more to the joys of gambling, with the natural result that he became more embarrassed than ever, and was even confined in London for debt. While at Beresford Hall he is said to have been obliged to fly from the bailiff into the refuge of a neighboring cavern, where food was daily carried him by a faithful domestic. At length he

* The Compleat Gamester; or full and easy directions for playing at above 20 different games upon the cards, with variety of diverting fancies and tricks upon the same, now first added, as likewise at all the games on the tables, together with the Royal Game of Chess and Billiards; to which is added the Gentleman's Diversion on the Arts and Mysteries of Riding, Racing, Archery, Cockfighting, and Bowling. 5th edition, 12mo; 1725. By C. Cotton.

† The best and sweetest fair
Is allotted to my share:
But alas! I love her so,
That my love creates my woe.

(The Joys of Marriage, by C. Cotton.)

married the dowager Countess of Ardglass, who had a jointure of fifteen hundred a year, and was, we may hope, thus succored in his greatest time of need. This lady survived him, but his children all sprung from the first marriage. They are named in the act of administration of his affairs as Beresford Cotton, Esq.; Olive, Catherine, Jane, and Mary Cotton. Of the future fortunes of his descendants, Hawkins tells us, little is known. One of the daughters, however, married Dean Stanhope, and as his name is identical with that of Cotton's mother, he may have been distantly connected with the family.

The reader will have noticed that angling as one of the sports suitable for gentlemen is not named in the "Gamester." This Cotton reserved for the work which has most redounded to his fame, the second part of Walton's "Compleat Angler." After the quaint fashion of the day, Walton had adopted him as his angling "son;" so that Cotton dedicates his book to "my most worthy Father and Friend, Mr. Isaac Walton." Not to be behind-hand in courtesies, the latter rejoins, "Let me tell you, sir, that I will really endeavor to live up to the character you have given of me, if there were no other reason, yet for this alone, that you that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not for my sake suffer by a mistake in your judgment." From these and other expressions of the revered father of angling in the same address, it is very evident that Cotton shows his worst side in his poetry. He has hardly done himself justice with posterity in thus pandering to the depraved taste of the age. This second part of "The Compleat Angler" was written in ten days, and is a wonderful proof of the author's versatility. He despatched it on March 10, 1678, from Beresford, and Walton dedicated the printed copy to him on April 29 of the same year, which would be thought expeditious even in the present day. The author modestly disclaims any rivalry with Walton; he "would not pretend to give lessons in angling after him;" but, knowing that he himself had all his life angled in some of the clearest rivers of the kingdom, he thinks that he may be allowed to give special instructions in the art of fly-making, and in using finer tackle than what pleased Walton. In form, Cotton's book is a close imitation of Walton's, the interlocutors being himself as Piscator, and the same traveller Viator who appears in the former part as Venator, and had been converted by Walton to the pleas-

ures of fishing. It consists of twelve chapters, treating, not so much of fishing generally, especially the catching of the commoner fish, which had been taught in Part I., but after a preliminary chapter introducing the subject, a second gives an account of the principal rivers in Derbyshire, and of Cotton's fishing-house, of angling for trout and grayling, and that chiefly with the artificial fly. A toothsome receipt is given in another chapter (Part II. x.) for boiling trout, an excellent mode of cooking the fish, as we can witness, if only it be a large trout. Worm and minnow fishing for the same two generous fish conclude the treatise. It is worth noticing here that the kind of worm-fishing which Cotton recommends is almost, if not quite, identical with that clever use of this bait common in summer among the anglers of the present day on the clear, still rivers of the border and lowlands. This, we hold, is the only sportsmanlike method of using worm for trout. Scented baits Cotton regards as useless; this is the opinion of the best modern authorities; "though I will not deny to you," he adds, "that in my younger days I have made trial of oil of ospray, oil of ivy, camphire, asafœtida, juice of nettles, and several other devices that I was taught by several anglers I met with, but could never find any advantage by them" (Part II. xi.). With regard to minnow-fishing, however, Cotton was not quite so sagacious. He could not foresee the development of the system as seen in the fishing for *S. ferox* on the Scotch lochs at present, where boat after boat, through the long summer days, drags artificial minnows—angels or phantoms—up and down, till numbers of the best fish are pricked, harried, disturbed, and rendered incurably shy. Indeed, Cotton had no belief in an artificial minnow; though we kill fish, he observes, with a counterfeit fly, "methinks it should hardly be expected that a man should deceive a fish with a counterfeit fish." In angling, however, as in most other sciences, *a priori* ideas are untrustworthy.

To Venator, now converted to "as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion" than his old amusement, Cotton, having casually met him in his own district of the Peak, promises directions "that my father Walton himself will not disapprove, though he did either purposely omit, or did not remember them, when you and he sat discoursing under the sycamore-tree" (Pt. II. i.). In the course of these remarks the character of

Walton is beautifully limned by his friend and coadjutor in "The Compleat Angler." In him, says Cotton, I "know the worthiest man, and enjoy the best and the truest friend any man ever had." And, again, in words which do equal honor to the disciple as the master: "My father Walton will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men, which is one of the best arguments, or at least of the best testimonies I have, that I either am or that he thinks me one of these, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me." And a little after we are told that Walton would not endure to be treated like a stranger, so true a friend was he. The astonishment betrayed by Viator at the wonders or even the common sights of the Peak is sufficiently ludicrous, did we not know that, even in the next century, Scotland, with its lochs and mountains now annually visited by thousands, was only regarded by those compelled to visit it with a shuddering horror. He has actually accomplished, he tells Piscator, "so long a journey as from Essex." Here, again, we of the nineteenth century do not sufficiently bear in mind the state of English roads until the last sixty years. The Peak mountains are alluded to with much distaste as "Alps." "I hope our way does not lie over any of these," adds Viator, "for I dread a precipice." As the traveller in the legend rejoices on being in a civilized land when he comes across a gibbet, so Viator is reassured at the sight of a church. "What have we here? As I am an honest man, a very pretty church! Have you churches in this country, sir?" and he again betrays his amazement in the remark, "If you will not be angry, I'll tell you; I thought myself a stage or two beyond Christendom." Walton, it may be remembered, in his part of the immortal "Angler," is no refrainer from "small liquors;" he loves his morning draught at the Thatched House in Hoddesdon, and we greatly fear would have scandalized Sir Wilfrid and the Blue Ribbon Army at present in spite of his piety. So Viator and his new friend Piscator call at the Talbot with a "What ho! bring us a flagon of your best ale!" which is drunk as a kind of compliment, amusingly enough, to the country, "for a man should not, methinks, come from London to drink wine in the Peak." And when, in the seventh chapter, a long and somewhat dry account of flies is given by Viator's mentor, the former's suggestion of "a glass and a pipe" is met with

approbation. "I thank you, sir, for that motion," says the *raconteur*, "for, believe me, I am dry with talking: here boy! give us here a bottle and a glass; and, sir, my service to you and to all our friends in the South!" Nor need Viator ingeniously have remembered that he had eat "good powdered beef" at dinner "*or something else*" ("Any excuse will serve the turn," we hear a modern teetotaler exclaim), in order to account for being thirsty. The two men had talked long, and done a good day's fishing among the trout and grayling, and had earned the right to be thirsty. He who would deny them their glass of honest ale deserves the indignation which Sir W. Scott heaped upon Sir H. Davy, who in his "*Salmonia*" only allows his friends a pint of claret each at dinner.

Cotton insists in their discourse upon what we have always regarded as the golden rule of fly-fishing, to stand as far back from the bank as possible. Ingenious diagrams to show the manner in which a trout can see a man near the water, but hidden by an intervening bank, have been published by Ronalds and others. If a man stands sufficiently far back he need not trouble his head about angles of incidence or laws of refraction, and if it be at all an angling day he will fill his basket with fish. At present we should take exception to the statement that the Lathkin in the Peak district breeds the reddest and best trout in England. The Itchen, Teme, and one or two more streams of minor note and size would certainly vanquish its pretensions. We shall not here enter upon any criticism of Cotton's method, directions, or the flies which he recommends, as we are not dwelling on the practical so much as the scholarly side of angling. But the particularity with which some of his flies are described is sufficiently amusing. It reminds us of a parish clerk long since gone to his rest, who was famous in Devonshire during his day for making the best "March browns" in the countryside. One day he confided their secret to a friend. They were made out of a very mangy catskin waistcoat which he had worn until it almost fell to pieces! So Cotton recommends a "red-brown fly" for January to be made of "the dubbing of the tail of a black, long-coated ewe, such as they commonly make muffs of." The same fly for the next month is to be fashioned of "the black spot of a hog's ear; not that a black spot in any other part of the hog will not afford the same

color, but that the hair in that place is by many degrees softer and more fit for the purpose." There seems here a justification for the old proverb about making a silken purse from a hog's ear. The best of all flies, however, for a man to kill with must be with a "brown that looks red in the hand and yellowish betwixt your eye and the sun." Unluckily, Cotton does not impart the secret of making this phoenix. It resembles to our mind nothing so much as the Irishman's "fiery red," with which he could kill a basketful when no one else could stir a fin.

Although we poke fun at Cotton, it must be confessed that his directions for fly-fishing are sound in the main, and have been little improved upon during the two centuries which have elapsed since he wrote them, despite the flood of books on fly-fishing which has been descending in those years upon the devoted head of the scholar-angler.* The science itself has not appreciably advanced; the method of tying flies, choosing patterns, etc., is much as it was. Every now and then an outcry is made among anglers about the need of a return to first principles, nature's handiwork in the tints and make of flies. The storm passes by; and fly-fishers contentedly fall back upon the stock patterns of the tackle-sellers. Time, therefore, has not dealt ruthlessly with Cotton's directions. These, it must be confessed, are still his chief justification for being bound up with Walton. The haste of the composition of Part II. of itself precluded the insertion of such pleasing interludes as the gipsies and their roguery and the beggar's contention (Part I. v.), Coridon's song, Maid Marian, and the like. Again, digressions such as that upon hawks and hawking, or the inquiry into the antiquity of angling, in which his "father" might well indulge, were cut off from Cotton by the evil limits of time. His character would not lead us to expect the beautiful and more didactic writing which comes out in Walton's eulogy on thankfulness or contentment. Nor did the younger man possess the same elevated thoughts and felicity of language which are apparent in Venator's long speech in Part I. xvi. Again, Cotton's sympathies with nature were not so broad as those of his coadjutor, who describes and dwells with fondness upon his "pretty, airy creatures" the turtle-dove, nightingale, robin, among birds; or the "darling of the sea," the

hermit-fish, sea-angler, and others. We should be glad to hug Walton's first part to our hearts without Cotton's addition were the latter's directions ever to become antiquated. It is quite easy to fancy an angler, and a "compleat" one, without Cotton; but such a delightful character could never live and enjoy his proper bliss without the charm of Walton's prose and the music of his periods, and especially without the elevated sentiments of the "common father of anglers." It may be that many of Walton's paragraphs smack of the lamp rather than the primrose and ladysmocks, which are so frequently introduced; that some betray an absence of spontaneity and a recasting which slightly mar their effect upon a critical ear. Even with these drawbacks, his style is unapproached for simplicity, beauty, and grace. It is the perfection of ordinary prose, if it has missed the stately proportions of more classical and regular writers. This it is which has endeared Walton to many generations of fishermen. Like the directness, gravity, and chastened simplicity of the Authorized Version, he wins every ear and heart, the poor man's as well as the scholar's. Yet we own to a measure of love for Cotton, versatile, reckless, charming cavalier that he was. "I could never have met with a more obliging master," we say with Viator, "*my first excepted*" (Part II. vi.). At present, however, Piscator's farewell must be ours. "I see you are weary; take counsel of your pillow. Here, take the lights, and pray follow them, sir. Command anything you want, and so I wish you good rest!" (Part II. ii.)

M. G. WATKINS.

From The National Review.

THE TALE OF TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

No one knows where this celebrated story precisely came from, nor who the poet was that first cast it in a metrical form. To judge from the oldest fragments extant, this tale, so familiar to mediæval Europe, was of Celtic origin; but learned German commentators trace some of the leading characters and incidents as far back as the Egyptian god Ptah and the goddess Isis. Be that as it may, the tale of Tristram and Iseult seems rather the spontaneous growth of popular imagination than the conscious work of particular poets, and to have freely assimilated half-forgotten memories of extinct mythol-

* For these books, see the admirable *Bibliotheca Piscatoria* of Messrs. Satchell & Westwood, which has recently been published.

ogies. Vestiges of the unavoidable solar-myth are probably also discernible in it. The hero's skill on the harp, gifts of minstrelsy, and fight with the dragon certainly recall the leading attributes of the sun-god. But what matter how it originated, since it is now one of the best love-stories in the world, thanks above all to Gottfried von Strassburg, the mediæval German poet, whose epic deserves to be far better known than it is, being the most complete and masterly treatment of a subject which seems to have found its final interpretation in the harmonies of Wagner. That great composer could not well have selected a fitter subject for musical treatment. For the broad epic character of this tale, the symbolic nature of its chief incidents, the sublimity of its passion, satisfy the requirements of an art which necessarily deals with what is most elemental in human life. In this respect Wagner's musical drama possesses undoubted grandeur, but this grandeur is attained by the sacrifice of a multiplicity of details imparting life and movement to the original story. To understand the modifications of the latter, let us pass in review some of the numerous poems founded on this romantic topic, among which Gottfried's "Tristan" takes the foremost place.

This poet, of whom nothing is personally known, although he produced one of the chief works of mediæval Europe, lived about the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century. It has been inferred, from certain indications, such as the absence of armorial bearings in the portrait extant in the Paris MS., that Master Gottfried, as he is called, was not of gentle birth, but a notary to the town of Strassburg, or of its bishop. The latter seems unlikely, however, to judge from the strong anti-hierarchical bias which occasionally pierces through his poem. Equally scanty is our knowledge of the sources whence the poet drew his materials. It is true he frequently refers to one Thomas, sometimes calling him Thomas of Brittainia, as the only authentic writer on this subject; but it has never been clearly ascertained who is meant by this. As the *trouvères* or minstrels of the north of France are supposed to have first sung the loves of "Tristan and Isolde," it seems likely that the French poet named Thomas, a native of Brittany, who wrote on this subject, might have been Gottfried's model. The number of French words, phrases, even whole verses, with which he has interspersed his poem,

seems to corroborate this supposition. Walter Scott, on the other hand, in his learned edition of "Sir Tristrem" by Thomas of Ercildoune or the Rhymer, believes that the latter is meant by Thomas of Britannia. The date seems to render this supposition impossible, Walter Scott assigning 1219 as the approximate year of the Rhymer's birth, while German editors name 1210 as the likeliest date of the composition of Gottfried's "Tristan." The coincidence between the two narratives is so singular, however, that, unless one copied it from the other, they must have adhered to an older authority equally well known to both. But from whatever sources Gottfried von Strassburg may have collected his materials, to him belongs the glory of having welded the whole into a beautiful poem; though he died, unfortunately, before he could bring his work to a close. His successors, Ulrich von Türheim and Heinrich von Freiberg, wrote each a separate ending, a third one having been supplied in modern times by the poet Hermann Kurz.

When one considers that Gottfried wrote at the beginning of the thirteenth century, a time of unparalleled religious enthusiasm, when Europe poured half its population to the Holy Land; when men and women flying from the temptations of the world inmured themselves in convents and monasteries; when pilgrims of all ages swarmed to Rome to seek absolution for their sins, while in gloomy forest and desolate waste the hermit built his cell, remote from human fellowship; when one considers all this, it is truly wonderful how free is this mediæval poem from all traces of the ascetic mysticism of the times. Though it has caught the glamor of Christian chivalry, it abounds in survivals of pre-historic myths. Learned German commentators even perceive affinities to Osiris and Isis in Tristan and Isolde, trace remnants of Druidism in their little dog Petitcriu, and discover nothing more or less than a cromlech or fairy grotto in Gottfried's enchanting *Minne-grotte*!

This blending of mythical elements with German sentiment, and a love of intrigue worthy of Balzac or Daudet, imparts great variety and charm to Gottfried's work. The harmonious impact of a great genius on an age pre-eminently addicted to chivalry and the glorification of a feminine ideal, an age which had transmuted love into worship, and which recognized no law higher than the sensi-

bility of tender hearts, alone could have produced such a romance. Limpid expression, musical versification, an instinctive felicity in the choice of words and imagery distinguish the Strassburg poet's work. He shows a rare sweetness in the descriptions of nature, but of nature in her blandest moods: the singing of birds in summer woods, the sprouting of little flowers on the vernal grass, the bubbling of springs and scent of lime-trees; but rarer still than all this amiable portrayal of landscape is the art with which he sounds the whole diapason of the master passion.

The poem is in rhymed octo-syllables full of liquid double endings and rhythmical irregularities, as with the old English ballads and border minstrelsy; irregularities of feet, and even occasionally of accent, far more musical than the most learned rules can enforce. However inadequate any translation must necessarily be, the following lines will give an idea of Gottfried's verse:—

Whate'er betide, O let me not
Out of your heart! For well I wot
From mine you ne'er shall sever;
For Isolde now and ever
Abides with Tristan to the end.
Remember, mistress, sweetest friend,
How grief will waste me when afar
I darkling roam without my star.
Whate'er betide in weal or woe
Ne'er from your heart let Tristan go.
Then back she stepped a little way:
Sweet Lord, she answered sighing, Yea,
We twain, e'en like one heart and will,
Have overlong been wont to thrill,
And beat in time to the same tune,
That now we ever, late or soon,
Should leave oblivion, or, I wis,
What strangeness or forgetting is.
Near or afar with me you stay,
And in my heart there shall for aye
No joy of living thing be rife
But Tristan very breath of life.

Gottfried's epic begins with the history of Riwalin, who, repairing to the court of Mark, king of Cornwall, wins the heart of his sister Blanche-flur. She flies with him across the sea to Parmentia, which has been invaded by Duke Morgan, and after a hasty marriage Riwalin proceeds to the defence of his territory. Having performed prodigies of valor he is defeated and slain, and on hearing the news Blanche-flur shed not a single tear—for, as the poet says, her heart was turned to stone—nor ever spoke again, but died after giving birth to a son who was christened Tristan, that is to say, the sorrowful.

Adopted by Rual, his father's faithful steward, the child was carefully trained in every knightly accomplishment; at the age of fourteen he was kidnapped by Norwegian sea-rovers, who, terrified by an awful storm, landed him on the Cornish coast. Falling in accidentally with a party of hunters, he won their good graces by showing them the scientific mode of breaking up a stag, and in consequence of this performance he was brought before Mark at Tintagel. The king, delighted with the young huntsman, who excelled equally in singing, harp-playing, and a knowledge of foreign tongues, made him his favorite companion, and eventually learned from Rual, who had searched far and wide for his foster son, what was the secret of his birth. 'Soon after, when Mark was much distressed by the arrival of Morold, who in the name of Gurmun, king of Ireland, claimed a tribute of gold, silver, and three hundred young children, Tristan found an opportunity of showing his gratitude by offering, upon his being knighted, to oppose the claim and defend the freedom of Cornwall. The two champions sailed to an island to decide the combat, and, although King Mark's nephew was dangerously wounded, he, with his sword, clove Morold's skull, in which a piece of the blade remained. But Tristan's wound, having been inflicted by an envenomed weapon, became so bad that his only chance of cure lay in setting sail for Ireland to seek the assistance of its queen, renowned for her skill in leechcraft. To avoid recognition as the slayer of her brother Morold, he gave out that he was a merchant named Tantris; and the queen having healed him, he repaid her services by instructing her beautiful daughter Isolde in minstrelsy, poetry, and the noble game of chess. On his return Mark, hearing his praises of the young princess, sent him back to Ireland to demand her in marriage. But King Gurmun had just offered his daughter's hand to any man who should kill a fiery dragon which was ravaging the country. The valorous Sir Tristan went on shore immediately to attack this monster, broke his spear on its impenetrable hide, lost his horse, and finally smote off the dragon's jaw. After cutting out its tongue he fainted from the stench. The king's steward, who had been treacherously lying in wait all this while, now secured the reptile's head, went to court, and claimed the princess. The queen and her daughter, distrusting his account, repaired at midnight to the scene of action, and in

the moonlight Isolde spied the glint of a helmet in a tarn, which the hero, on the point of swooning, had plunged into for coolness. He was rescued, restored to consciousness, and, the dragon's tongue proving him the victor, he now offered to meet the steward in combat. While he was taking a medicated bath, the princess, who had been examining his weapons, accidentally discovered the gap in his sword and found that the piece in her uncle's brain-pan fitted it exactly. Full of indignation, seeing that Tantris was Tristan, Morold's slayer, she seized the sword and rushed upon the helpless knight with seeming intent to kill him (but, as Gottfried says, never would have done so) Her mother stays her hand, and for her child's sake is willing to forgive the death of her brother. Seeing the queen so mercifully inclined, Tristan makes his peace with her by disclosing that the gentle, great, and powerful king of Cornwall has sent him to seek her daughter for his bride. Thereupon, though the princess protests a little, they kiss in sign of reconciliation; and the next day there is a great festival at court, when the steward, amid much laughter, withdraws his claim on being shown the dragon's tongue. At this festival the radiant young princess, accompanying her mother, wore "a cloak and gown of brown velvet in the latest French fashion, the last, tightly laced down the sides and seeming to have grown to her, fell in many folds to her feet. With the thumb of her left hand she held the pearl-cord fastening her ermine-lined cloak. And the delicate gold circlet round her head, contending with the gold of her hair, would not have been distinguishable from it but for the shining of the gems. Her eyes, resembling those of a falcon on his perch, glanced sedately round the hall, to the loss of many a knight's heart."

Soon after this the princess, accompanied by Tristan, Brangane, and a large retinue, went on board the vessel that was to convey her to King Mark. The queen, to ensure her daughter's happiness, had entrusted Brangane with a love potion, with directions that Mark and his bride should partake of it on the evening of their marriage. After being at sea some time, "owing to the unwonted misery of the delicate ladies of the retinue," Tristan bade the ship be anchored in a bay, so that its passengers might refresh themselves by going on shore. But the princess remaining on board —

Sir Tristan now went forth to hold
Speech with his lady, sweet Isold,

And by her side he sat him there,
With courtly looks and greetings fair,
And talked with her of many a thing;
And then Sir Tristan bade them bring
A drink; but near the Queen withal,
There were but sundry maidens small;
And one made answer: "In that glass
There's wine." This was no wine, alas
Though such forsooth it seemed, within
Lurked heavy sorrow, heavier sin,
The heart-break and the endless pain
By which in the end they both were slain.
The maiden, who knew nought of this,
Straightway arose, and not remiss,
Went to the place where, in the glass,
That badly hidden potion was.
And to her master gave it there,
Who gave it to his lady fair.
Full loth she drank, oppressed with woe,
Then gave it him, who drank also;
That it was wine they both did ween.
Meanwhile Brangane rejoined the Queen,
And straightway recognized the glass,
And knew whereof the question was.
Then such great fear her heart did sway,
That it took all her strength away,
And like a corpse she was to see,
And with a broken heart went she
And took the hapless, unblest cup,
And went wldly, held it up
And cast it in the roaring sea:
Oh woe! she cried, oh woe is me,
Oh would that I had ne'er been born!
Poor wretch, who now must ever mourn
Lost honor and fidelity,
For which remorse will never die.
Alas Isolde, and alas Tristan,
That fatal drink will be your ban!
Now that the maiden and the man,
Isold la bele and Sir Tristan
Had drank together, what came to pass?
There straight the world-disturber was,
Dame Venus, who men's hearts doth chase,
And stole into their hearts apace.
And ere yet either was aware,
She waved her flag above the pair,
And drew them unresistingly
Within her rule and sovereignty;
Then indivisible they grew,
Whose lives were separate hitherto;
And Isold's hate was clean forgot,
The twain had but one heart I wot,
Her sorrow came to be his woe,
His sorrow became hers also;
And yet both strove to hide the same,
Being sadly vexed with doubt and shame,
And ever they shrank in fear and dread
From words that might not be unsaid.

The unhappy pair, though they would wish never to reach land, arrive at last in Cornwall, and though Isolde is now wedded to King Mark, her heart remains Tristan's. With the assistance of Brangane, who considers herself as the sole cause of their guilt, the lovers often meet in secret, but their meetings being discovered by Meriadok, brother in arms of Sir

Tristan, who informs the king of his suspicions, the cunning dwarf Melot is set as a spy upon them. The king now ostensibly goes on a hunting match, and Tristan, who carries on a communication with the queen by means of light twigs thrown into the stream which runs through the garden close by her bower, invites her to an interview. This is discovered by the dwarf, and on the next night he and the king conceal themselves in a tree; but Tristan, coming to the tryst just as the moon rises above the mountains, sees the shadow of two crouching figures cast on the grass, and, suspecting the truth, he manages to put the queen on her guard. Tristan now most respectfully entreats the queen to intercede for him with his uncle, but she, alleging that the king is already sufficiently incensed with her on his account, refuses his request. The suspicions of the king of Cornwall being thus set at rest, he receives his nephew back into favor, creating him his high constable.

Several years elapse, during which the king, having fresh cause for jealousy, banishes Sir Tristan, but on hearing of his mighty deeds, becomes again reconciled to him. At last, however, finding further proof of the love between the queen and his nephew, he grows so incensed as to banish them from his dominions. They then take refuge in the cavern of a deep forest, only accompanied by the faithful Kurwenal and the dog Hodain. Not far from the cavern is a valley with a fountain set in its midst, sheltered by three tall lime-trees. To this delicious spot the fond pair would resort at dawn, and while away the time with tales of true love; and, sings the poet, —

Many I daresay now will think,
And wonder on what food and drink
Tristan and his Isolde did fare
While in the wilderness they were.
These doubts I'll answer in this wise,
They looked each in the other's eyes,
And sumptuously the twain thus fed
On love and noble hardihead.

After a twelvemonth's residence in the forest, the king, happening to hunt there, discovers the retreat of Tristan and Isolde, and, from what he sees, comes to the conclusion that the reports about them have been vile slanders. They are therefore honorably reinstated at court, but not for long. The dwarf again betraying a meeting between them, Sir Tristan is finally banished from Cornwall, and tries to forget his troubles by going to Brittany, and there assisting the Duke of Arundel, whose town is besieged and whose islands

are harried by his enemies. By the hero's valor the contest is soon ended, and he is introduced to the daughter of the duke. She has the same name as the Cornish queen, but is called Isolde aux Blanches Mains. Whenever the unhappy knight hears his lady's name, his eyes betray the grief which preys on him. But the duke and his son and daughter mistake the cause of his emotion; for she of the white hands having fallen in love with her father's defender, and hearing him constantly singing songs with the burden,

Isolt man drue, Isolt m'amie,
En vus ma mort, en vus ma vie,

believes that her passion is reciprocated, and makes no secret of her own. The duke, under the same impression, offers Sir Tristan his daughter's hand, and the chivalrous knight, hopeless of ever meeting his own Isolde again, and too courtly to hurt the feelings of a lady, makes up his mind, though in much tribulation, to wed with Isolde aux Blanches Mains.

Gottfried von Strassburg's Tristan ends abruptly at this point: but the conclusion may be given as told by his German successors. Isolde of Brittany is only a wife in name, Tristan having married her for courtesy. In trying to save the life of her brother, he is mortally wounded, and sends Kurwenal to the queen of Cornwall to inform her of his plight. The faithful follower is told to hoist a white sail if he brings the queen back with him, a black sail if he does not. And ever Sir Tristan asked what manner of sails hove in sight on the sea. But she of the white hands seeing the gleam of a white sail drawing landwards, made answer in the bitterness of her heart that it was black. Then fell Sir Tristan back on his pillow, stricken to death. When Queen Isolde, stepping on shore, heard the bells tolling and the lamentation of troubled crowds, she felt her blood congeal, while her heart cried out, "He is dead, he is dead!" White and tall she entered the chamber, and at her gestures the other woman fled, but she, sinking down by her dead, sat gazing in his face till she died too.

II.

THE partly mythical story of Tristan is apparently a late addition to the Arthurian cycle, and but superficially connected with it by Sir Thomas Mallory in his "*Morte D'Arthur*." But the great fame of this knight made it highly desirable to include him in the order of the

Round Table. Mallory, however, introduces him as a foil to his own hero, Sir Lancelot du Lake, who is the flower of all knighthood, and who on hearing of the "great love between Sir Tristram and Isolt les Blanchés Mains," justly exclaims, "Fie upon him, untrue knight to his lady. For of all knights in the world, I loved him most, and had most joy of him, and all was for his noble deeds; but let him wit the love between him and me is done forever." This faithlessness of Sir Tristram's, though only a momentary episode in Mallory, quite spoils the unity of the story. The "drink of might" either forged an indissoluble bond between the pair who partook of it, or becomes a superfluous incident. And why, if Mallory must needs marry the hero in Brittany, did he, in that case, omit the appropriate legendary ending of the black and white sails which is the natural outcome of the situation! His Sir Tristram, stung by Sir Launcelot's reproach, leaves the white-banded Isolt as lightly as he took her, and is shamed into returning to Cornwall, where at last "that false traitor King Mark slew the noble knight Sir Tristram as he sat harping before his lady, La Beale Isolt, with a trenchant glaive; and La Beale Isolt died fawning upon the corpse of Sir Tristram."

In "The Last Tournament," Lord Tennyson has followed pretty faithfully Mallory's account of the closing scenes of Sir Tristram's story. As this poem must be well known to most readers, a few remarks in its general drift will suffice. From the heroic mould in which legend had cast these victims of a fate-implanted love, the poet has reduced them to the plaster of Paris proportions of ordinary criminality. With the omission of the love-potion and the simultaneous death of the lovers, the tragic elements of this romance seem to resolve themselves into a case for the divorce court. We must, however, remember that this is but one of a cycle of idylls. The Laureate no doubt had his own reasons for painting illicit love in its most unattractive colors, especially as in "Lancelot and Guinevere" he had already written more loftily of romantic love.

Mr. Matthew Arnold's lovely episode on the same subject might properly be called variations on an old theme. The beginning of this poem shows Tristram, the lately wedded lord of Iseult les Blanches Mains, dying of his wounds at his castle in Brittany. In the ravings of his fever his mind reverts to Iseult of Ireland, and

the poet artistically introduces the love-philter among other visions of his disordered brain. The legendary termination is preserved, but, after the terrible conclusion, the portraiture of the gentle but too modern young widow rambling in the woods with her pretty children, and telling them fairy tales, cannot help striking one as an anti-climax.

Mr. Swinburne's "Tristram of Lyon-ess," being rather a series of high-wrought and impassioned lyrical episodes than a narrative poem, properly speaking, can hardly come under discussion in an article necessarily restricted to the tale of Tristram and Iseult. If we may have seemed somewhat severe on our native poets, what shall we say to Karl Immermann's romantic poem? This eminent German poet, a contemporary of Heine, was born at Magdeburg in 1796. Of Catholic tastes and wide culture, he did not limit himself to one walk in literature, but went in for either "tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical," etc., etc. Difficult to say to what category his "Tristram and Isolde" belongs! Immermann seems to have aimed at a combination of the romantic and the playfully humorous, much in the style of Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso." But "quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles" sit rather heavily on his muse, whose fantastic antics lack the Italian's bewitching graces. As the world of myth and legend lies outside the limits of time, the poet naturally enjoys much greater latitude in handling his subject than if it were matter of history. Nevertheless even Fairyland has laws of its own, which cannot be safely violated. When for purposes of local color Miss Kitty, Miss Betty, and Miss Ellinor are introduced as companions of Isolde of Ireland on her voyage to Cornwall; or when in tower-crowned Tintagel such incongruous personages as Lord Triamour, Lord Stonycraft, and Baron Drywater sit down to a dinner of fricassees, entrées, and jellies, all our mythic illusions vanish at a touch. Still, the poem, with all its faults, has much beauty in parts, being distinguished by charming descriptive passages and a rich and delicate vein of fancy. The quaint incident of the swallows will give an idea of this quality in Immermann. Mark and his nephew are looking out of window in the king's castle, and the frolicsome youth is teasing his uncle to enliven the court and gladden his old age by taking a young wife unto himself. At this moment they perceived two

swallows flying from the west, and round the foot of one something shimmered like gold, which the other bird was trying to catch hold of with his beak, and having done so he dropped it upon the lattice close by the king, who took it up gently and found it to be the long, silky, golden hair of a woman. He knew that in all Cornwall there lived not the woman who could have claimed it. So, wishing once for all to stop the young knight's importunities, he told him that if he could bring the maid whose golden hair should match the hair he held he would espouse her, but none other. With what result we know already. Like his great predecessor, Gottfried von Strassburg, Immermann died before he could bring his poem to a conclusion.

In order to adapt the Tristan legend to the stage, Wagner had largely to curtail it. He has not only omitted the story of Tristan's parents, but that of his own adventurous youth, and the opera opens with the famous scene on board ship. Isolde of Ireland chafing bitterly that during the whole of the voyage Sir Tristan has studiously avoided her, and, still nursing wrath at his unavenged slaughter of Morold, calls on the winds to shake the sea from its slumber and shatter the vessel, which is fast nearing the Cornish coast. In this mood she bids Brangane bring her a certain potion which the knight must drink, before landing, to be reconciled to her. What is the attendant's horror to see her pointing to a flask containing poison, seemingly intent on killing both herself and him! To avert this calamity Brangane, half distractedly, substitutes the love-drink at the last moment, and the two have no sooner emptied the cup than, calling out "Tristan! Isolde!" they fall into each other's arms. Lost to all around, they do not heed that they are close on shore, that King Mark and his people are waiting to receive them; and it is only when Brangane rushes between them with the royal crown and cloak that the princess, recalled to her situation, sinks fainting into her attendant's arms.

The rapidity of the action here does away with that sudden conflict between love and duty which Master Gottfried has so admirably portrayed. But for dramatic purposes this abruptness may be desirable. The love-making in "Romeo and Juliet" is almost equally rapid; though, according to the old Italian story, the wooing of Romeo had continued for months, and it was only when the snow was on the ground that his piteous com-

plaints induced Juliet to propose an immediate marriage.

Wagner's second act resembles the moonlight garden scene in the elder German poem, with this difference, that while the lovers yield themselves to transports of delight, King Mark bursts upon them accompanied by Melot, who, himself enamored of the queen, has betrayed his friend. Melot, though bearing the dwarf's name, really corresponds to the knight Meriadok. He and Tristan fight together, and the latter, being mortally wounded, is conveyed by Kurwenal to his castle in Brittany. It will be a shock to connoisseurs in romance that the famous knight should receive a hurt from so obscure an opponent, for the whole merit of these men lay in their invincibility.

In the opening of the third act the half-delirious Tristan babbles of nothing but the queen, who has had a message sent her. The sick knight keeps impatiently asking Kurwenal whether the expected sail is yet in sight, seeing it in imagination long before the reality becomes visible to his companion. But the latter, hearing the joyous air of the shepherd, a musical signal arranged between them, hurries down to receive the queen. Left alone, the dying man, forgetful of his wounds, rushes forward, and, with the cry "Isolde" on his lips, falls into her arms and expires, gazing at her. As the queen swoons, Mark, Melot, and Brangane appear before the castle walls, and Kurwenal, rushing furiously upon them, kills Melot, but is himself mortally wounded. After Isolde had left the court, Brangane had at last confessed to the king the secret of the love-potion, and he, recognizing the fatality which had ruled their lives, was come to renounce all claim to the woman who should never have been his. But it is too late. Deaf to all around, Isolde only recovers to sigh her soul out on the corpse of Tristan.

The conclusion affixed to Gottfried's poem is much in the same character. Mark, bitterly lamenting that he had not from the first obeyed the voice in his heart, which told him that Tristan and Isolde were destined for each other, bears their bodies back with him to Cornwall, and has them buried in the garden where once they had been wont to meet. A vine and a rose-tree having been planted above this grave, the two plants interlace so inextricably that their branches cannot be parted.

As we said in the beginning, Wagner has resolved the complete mediæval ro-

mance into its simplest elements. With him external events are the product of spiritual conditions. The love of Tristan and Isolde is a transcendental passion, reaching beyond time and space — ever tending towards death as the goal of absolute passion where their severed lives, no longer conscious of limitation, shall be “lost, engulfed, to mingle with the living breath of the universal soul.”

In the aspiration towards death which pervades Wagner's whole composition — death, that is, as the sole redemption from the evils of life, as the haven and crowning fulfilment of perfect love — the influence which Arthur Schopenhauer's philosophy has exercised on the German composer will doubtless be recognized.

MATHILDE BLIND.

From The Athenæum.

GEORGE ELIOT'S ESSAYS.*

THESE essays will not add to the reputation of their author. Reprinted chiefly from the *Westminster Review*, it would be difficult to say that they stand prominently above the general average of such essays. Each of the quarterlies has created for itself a type, and these reviews are of the type familiar to us in such writers as the late W. R. Greg. They date from the period before Mr. Matthew Arnold had imported the method of Sainte-Beuve into English criticism, and in consequence they suffer by comparison with later work of a more subtle and artistic character. George Eliot's essays have not sufficient individuality to deserve new life for their own sake; on the other hand, they throw valuable light on certain problems connected with her art, and on this account merit republication.

The collection inevitably raises what must be the chief critical problem in connection with the literary career of George Eliot. How is it, the reader is impelled to ask, that a mind which produced these essays chiefly during the years 1855 and 1856 could have given the “Scenes of Clerical Life” to the world a year later? What was the determining motive which changed the translator of Strauss and Feuerbach and the writer of these essays into the loving creator of Mr. Gilfil, of Bartle Massey, and of Dinah Morris? It is not so much the late flowering of her genius that is noteworthy. The end of

the “thirties” seems the appropriate period for a novelist's *début*. Both Thackeray and Miss Austen were thirty-seven (the same age as George Eliot in 1857) when “Vanity Fair” and “Sense and Sensibility” respectively appeared, Trollope was thirty-nine when “The Warden” was published, and Walter Scott was as old as forty-three when “Waverley” first delighted the world. But all these had given indication in one way or another of their powers, and had certainly not given indication of ability of quite a different calibre and in quite an opposite tendency of mind; whereas George Eliot up to her first appearance as a novelist had shown marked capacity for abstract thought, the very antithesis of the concrete imagination essential for the novelist.

Up to the age of thirty-seven what do we find in George Eliot's writings? A vivid appreciation of the course of religious thought, a considerable power of social generalization, and, above all, a deep interest in the scientific and philosophic speculations of her time. If any one had ventured a prophecy of her future career, he would surely have anticipated some incursion into the region of religious reconstruction, as was the case with her friend Miss Hennell. He might have foreseen in her another Harriet Martineau, with a deeper ethical basis, but with the same tendency to pure reason. The last thought that would have entered the minds of her most intimate friends up to that date would have been that Marian Evans would revive in the enduring form of art the reminiscences of her early days, which she seemed to have left so far behind her.

Certainly the essays before us indicated no such future. One of them, indeed, dealing with the “Natural History of German Life,” proves that George Eliot had observed as closely the English peasant as her author Riehl had studied the German species. Take the following picture: —

Observe a company of haymakers. When you see them at a distance, tossing up the forks of hay in the golden light, while the wagon creeps slowly with its increasing burthen over the meadow, and the bright green space which tells of work done gets larger and larger, you pronounce the scene “smiling,” and you think these companions in labor must be as bright and cheerful as the picture to which they give animation. Approach nearer, and you will certainly find that haymaking-time is a time for joking, especially if there are women among the laborers; but the coarse laugh that bursts out every now and then, and expresses the

* *Essays*. By George Eliot. Blackwood & Sons.

triumphant taunt, is as far as possible from your conception of idyllic merriment. That delicious effervescence of the mind which we call fun, has no equivalent for the northern peasant, except tipsy revelry; the only realm of fancy and imagination for the English clown exists at the bottom of the third quart-pot.

This passage certainly shows observation, but for all one can tell it may merely be the scientific observation of the psychologist, not the sympathetic reproduction of the artist. As yet it lacks the concretizing touch. Similarly, when the writer goes on to remark, —

It is quite true that a thresher is likely to be innocent of any adroit arithmetical cheating, but he is not the less likely to carry home his master's corn in his shoes and pocket,

we have no warranty that this could be expanded into the Ben Tholoway of "Adam Bede." And even when George Eliot notices the custom of distinguishing cousins by referring them to their father's name, we cannot deduce the figure of Timothy's Bess's Ben in the same novel. Observation is, indeed, needed for the novel, but some kinds of observation are destructive of all individualizing. Tell a painter to observe his hand as he paints, and the result will be disastrous. Similarly, if a writer consciously notices the processes which make up his creations, they are doomed as artistic presentations. Observation must have become unconscious and ingrained in the artist's mind before it can aid in giving the realistic details of the novel.

And further, the novelist requires something more than keen observation of the workings of human nature; this is useless without the power and the love of story-telling. Nothing in these essays, nothing in the impression George Eliot made on her friends, indicated her possession of the faculty that builds up incident and character into a story. To the last she was somewhat deficient in this, as is shown by the fact that she displays none of the worker's joy in her own production. To tell a story requires that one should have lived a story. And it was probably the exceptional nature of her relations with George Henry Lewes, which commenced in 1854, that brought about the change in George Eliot which we have been attempting to point out. Without going into the merits of the case, for which there are at present no trustworthy data, it is clear that to George Eliot the anti-social attitude which circumstances caused her to take up brought a complete

revolution in her whole moral being, which was shaken to the depths. The modern novel is one of problem, not of action, and her own problematic position rendered her the more sensitive to the artistic side of this form of the novel.

These remarks may serve to illustrate a remarkable passage in the same essay from which the previous quotations were taken. George Eliot's theory of the function of the novel is there given, as well as her view of Dickens's art, which was developed by George Henry Lewes in the *Fortnightly Review* after Dickens's death. The whole passage deserves quotation: —

The greatest benefit we owe to the artist, whether painter, poet, or novelist, is the extension of our sympathies. Appeals founded on generalizations and statistics require a sympathy ready-made, a moral sentiment already in activity; but a picture of human life such as a great artist can give, surprises even the trivial and the selfish into that attention to what is apart from themselves, which may be called the raw material of moral sentiment. When Scott takes us into Luckie Mucklebackit's cottage, or tells the story of "The Two Drovers," — when Wordsworth sings to us the reverie of "Poor Susan," — when Kingsley shows us Alton Locke gazing yearningly over the gate which leads from the highway into the first wood he ever saw, — when Hornung paints a group of chimney-sweepers, — more is done towards linking the higher classes with the lower, towards obliterating the vulgarity of exclusiveness, than by hundreds of sermons and philosophical dissertations. Art is the nearest thing to life; it is a mode of amplifying experience and extending our contact with our fellow-men beyond the bounds of our personal lot. All the more sacred is the task of the artist when he undertakes to paint the life of the People. Falsification here is far more pernicious than in the more artificial aspects of life. It is not so very serious that we should have false ideas about evanescent fashions — about the manners and conversation of beaux and duchesses; but it is serious that our sympathy with the perennial joys and struggles, the toil, the tragedy, and the humor in the life of our more heavily laden fellow-men, should be perverted, and turned towards a false object instead of the true one. This perversion is not the less fatal because the misrepresentation which gives rise to it has what the artist considers a moral end. The thing for mankind to know is, not what are the motives and influences which the moralist thinks *ought* to act on the laborer or the artisan, but what are the motives and influences which *do* act on him. We want to be taught to feel, not for the heroic artisan or the sentimental peasant, but for the peasant in all his coarse apathy, and the artisan in all his suspicious selfishness. We have one great novelist who is gifted with the utmost power of rendering the external

traits of our town population; and if he could give us their psychological character—their conceptions of life, and their emotions—with the same truth as their idiom and manners, his books would be the greatest contribution Art has ever made to the awakening of social sympathies. But while he can copy Mrs. Flornish's colloquial style with the delicate accuracy of a sun-picture, while there is the same startling inspiration in his description of the gestures and phrases of "Boots," as in the speeches of Shakespeare's mobs or numskulls, he scarcely ever passes from the humorous and external to the emotional and tragic, without becoming as transcendent in his unreality as he was a moment before in his artistic truthfulness. But for the precious salt of his humor, which compels him to reproduce external traits that serve, in some degree, as a corrective to his frequently false psychology, his preternaturally virtuous poor children and artisans, his melodramatic boatmen and courtesans, would be as noxious as Eugène Sue's idealized proletaires in encouraging the miserable fallacy that high morality and refined sentiment can grow out of harsh social relations, ignorance, and want; or that the working classes are in a condition to enter at once into a millennial state of *altruism*, wherein every one is caring for every one else, and no one for himself.

The frequent reference to psychology in this passage is significant, and indicates the dangerous tendency in George Eliot's own art which led to the psychological strain in "Middlemarch" and "Daniel Deronda," and finally resulted in the psychological scarecrows of "Theophrastus Such." To the novelist "the curtain is the picture," and if he turns to the psychologist to analyze the painting, only the canvas and frame remain intact. There is too great a tendency for the psychological novelist to regard his characters as so many *corpora vilia* for his scientific theories. Luckily for George Eliot her interests were ethical rather than psychological, and if she ever does violence to art, it is in the interest of morality rather than of science.

And this leads us to discuss for a moment the need of culture for the novelist. Obviously intellectual training is not alone sufficient. George Henry Lewes was exactly on a par with George Eliot in this regard, yet his "Ranthorpe" was deservedly a failure. Nor is culture combined with observation a complete equipment for the novelist. Riehl is allowed by George Eliot herself to have had a complete knowledge of the German peasant, and was besides a man of great culture; yet his "*Culturgeschichte Novellen*," just published by the Pitt Press, can scarcely rank as classic. On the other

hand, Auerbach and George Eliot show that wide culture is no necessary bar to sympathetic delineation of the life furthest removed from culture. In so far as culture is real and has become instinctive and unconscious, it undoubtedly tends to give a wider background to the artistic picture and to affect us at more various points of contact. But observation, psychology, and culture can only increase the artistic value of the novel in so far as they are unconsciously applied and subordinated to the interest of character and incident. The selective principle with regard to the latter cannot be of an intellectual, conscious kind at all: it must clearly be of an emotional nature akin to the moral faculty.

It is at this point that we touch the secret spring of George Eliot's art; her whole work is imbued with ethical notions. The novel is, no less than the poem, a criticism of life; and the remarkable influence of George Eliot's novels has been mainly due to the consistent application of moral ideas to the problems set by each novel. Their stimulative effect was due to the fact that her ethical views were in consonance with some of the most advanced ideas of the age. The three chief principles which dominated her thinking were the reign of law in human affairs, the solidarity of society, and the constitution of society as incarnate history (the phrase is Riehl's). Flowing from these were the ethical laws which rule the world of her novels, the principle summed up in Novalis's words, "Character is fate," the radiation of good and evil deeds throughout society, and the supreme claims of family or race. Add to these the scientific tone of impartiality, with its moral analogue, the extension of sympathy to all, and we have exhausted the *idées mères* of George Eliot's ethical system, which differentiates her novels from all others of the age.

These general remarks on George Eliot's art have been suggested by the essay on Riehl's studies of the natural history of German life, in which the author gives at once her theory of the function of the novelist and her general agreement with Riehl on the psychology of the peasants who were to form the main subjects of her novels. The other essays in this volume are similarly interesting, owing to the light they throw on her religious views. Two of them—on the poet Young and on Dr. Cumming—deal with the chief moral defects she had found in the

religion in which she had been brought up. In the former she deals with the divine policeman theory of virtue, which was so favored by Voltaire and was the chief argument formerly used to defend the immortality of the soul. It is impossible to mistake the personal tone of the following protest against this theory:—

We can imagine the man who "denies his soul immortal," replying, "It is quite possible that *you* would be a knave, and love yourself alone, if it were not for your belief in immortality; but you are not to force upon me what would result from your own utter want of moral emotion. I am just and honest, not because I expect to live in another world, but because, having felt the pain of injustice and dishonesty towards myself, I have a fellow-feeling with other men, who would suffer the same pain if I were unjust or dishonest towards them. Why should I give my neighbor short weight in this world, because there is not another world in which I should have nothing to weigh out to him? I am honest, because I don't like to inflict evil on others in this life, not because I'm afraid of evil to myself in another. The fact is, I do *not* love myself alone, whatever logical necessity there may be for that conclusion in your mind. I have a tender love for my wife, and children, and friends, and through that love I sympathize with like affections in other men. It is a pang to me to witness the suffering of a fellow-being, and I feel his suffering the more acutely because he is *mortal*—because his life is so short, and I would have it, if possible, filled with happiness and not misery. Through my union and fellowship with the men and women I *have* seen, I feel a like, though a fainter, sympathy with those I have *not* seen; and I am able so to live in imagination with the generations to come, that their good is not alien to me, and is a stimulus to me to labor for ends which may not benefit myself, but will benefit them. It is possible that you might prefer to 'live the brute,' to sell your country, or to slay your father, if you were not afraid of some disagreeable consequences from the criminal laws of another world; but even if I could conceive no motive but my own worldly interest or the gratification of my animal desires, I have not observed that beastliness, treachery, and parricide, are the direct way to happiness and comfort on earth."

Again in the scathing review of Dr. Cumming's sermons, George Eliot protests with equal energy against the older Evangelical teaching that all virtue is useless unless done *ad maiorem Dei gloriam* (p. 192). We thus see that it was disagreement with the ethical foundations of the current theology of her time which caused her revolt from it. Again, the chief interest of a somewhat unsympathetic review of Mr. Lecky's "History of Rationalism" consists in a passage at the

end, in which she calls attention to "the supremely important fact" that science had brought about a conception of the orderly action of law on human nature, a conception which, as has been seen, dominated her whole thought.

The only paper of purely literary interest in this volume is one on Heine, which is for the most part made up of translations of autobiographic fragments. It contains, indeed, an elaborate contrast of wit and humor, which is hardly more successful than the many other attempts in the same direction, and an antithesis of French wit and German humor, which is merely an expansion of a popular prejudice. One fine illustration redeems the essay, however; George Eliot gives as a specimen of a Heinesque lyric Wordsworth's "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," the last line of which is exactly in the manner of Heine. For the rest one is surprised at the very ordinary and external character of her criticism. Her mind was clearly constructive, not critical, and it is a fundamental error to suppose that her genius was analytical.

An "Address to Working Men," by Felix Holt, and an account of a three months' stay at Weimar complete the essays. The former repeats at some length the political harangues in the novel. When Mr. Lowe said, "Come, let us educate our new masters," George Eliot, in the character of a working man, said, "Come, let us educate ourselves." Her intensely conservative feeling comes out strongly in her appeals for the preservation of social order; the notion that society is incarnate history was sufficient to condemn with her any sudden alteration in social relations. The chief point of practical advice in the address is, however, the recognition of the need of culture and opportunities for culture by the masses. Of the account of Weimar it is sufficient to say that it might have been written by any English lady of ordinary education.

Attached to these essays are a few "Leaves from a Note-Book" that might very well have been omitted. They are of the period and the type of "Theophrastus Such," and their style is of the same harsh character, as may be judged by the opening sentence:—

To lay down in the shape of practical moral rules courses of conduct only to be made real by the rarest states of motive and disposition, tends not to elevate but to degrade the general standard, by turning that rare attainment from an object of admiration into an impossible prescription, against which the average nature first rebels and then flings out ridicule.

Of course a mind of the power of George Eliot's could not have been occupied with such varied subjects without hitting upon some novel points of view or felicitous phrases. Of the latter we may pick out the reference of Young's faults to a "pedagogic fallacy," akin to Mr. Ruskin's "pathetic fallacy." Again, the following points are well put:—

Virtue, with Young, must always squint—must never look straight towards the immediate object of its emotion and effort. Thus, if a man risks perishing in the snow himself rather than forsake a weaker comrade, he must either do this because his hopes and fears are directed to another world, or because he desires to applaud himself afterwards! Young, if we may believe him, would despise the action as folly unless it had these motives. Let us hope he was not so bad as he pretended to be! The tides of the divine life in man move under the thickest ice of theory.

Love does not say, "I ought to love"—it loves. Pity does not say, "It is right to be pitiful"—it pities. Justice does not say, "I am bound to be just"—it feels justly. It is only where moral emotion is comparatively weak that the contemplation of a rule or theory habitually mingles with its action; and in accordance with this, we think experience, both in literature and life, has shown that the minds which are predominantly didactic, are deficient in sympathetic emotion. A man who is perpetually thinking in monitory apothegms, who has an unintermittent flux of rebuke, can have little energy left for simple feeling.

The deepest curse of wrong-doing, whether of the foolish or wicked sort, is that its effects are difficult to be undone. I suppose there is hardly anything more to be shuddered at than that part of the history of disease which shows how, when a man injures his constitution by a life of vicious excess, his children and grandchildren inherit diseased bodies and minds, and how the effects of that unhappy inheritance continue to spread beyond our calculation. This is only one example of the law by which human lives are linked together: another example of what we complain of when we point to our pauperism, to the brutal ignorance of multitudes among our fellow-countrymen, to the weight of taxation laid on us by blamable wars, to the wasteful channels made for the public money, to the expense and trouble of getting justice, and call these the effects of bad rule. This is the law that we all bear the yoke of, the law of no man's making, and which no man can undo.

But such passages are few and far between, and the general impression is left, how much the hack-work of genius resembles that of ordinary mortals. And though not all signs of genius are wanting, these articles are essentially chips from the workshop, and give no foreshadowing of the finished product. Their in-

terest is purely relative to the light they may throw on George Eliot's mental development.

From All The Year Round.

CLUB GAMBLING IN THE LAST CENTURY.

THE Cocoa-Tree Club in St. James's Street had its origin in a Tory chocolate-house of Queen Anne's days, and assumed the higher form of a club in 1746. Members of Parliament and persons high in life belonged to this club, which, it used to be said, exercised a very important influence on the course of politics. In those days members of Parliament were not always above taking a bribe, and many of the Cocoa-Tree gentlemen were only too easily induced to accept bank-notes for two or three hundred pounds each, when the ministry, hard pushed, were obliged to resort to such a device to obtain support; and the Peace of Fontenoy is alleged to have cost the government in this way £25,000. Gambling also went on to a fearful extent at the Cocoa-Tree. Horace Walpole relates, in 1780, that a Mr. O'Birne, an Irishman, won £100,000 from a young Mr. Harvey. "You can never pay me," said O'Birne. "I can," replied the young fellow; "my estate will sell for the amount." "No," said the Irishman, "I will take £10,000, and we will throw for the odd ninety." They did, and Harvey won. At most of the fashionable clubs of the last century gaming was carried on in the most reckless manner. In the club book of Almack's there is this note: "Mr. Flynn, having won only twelve thousand guineas during the last two months, retired in disgust March 21st, 1772." To lose £20,000 in one evening was not unusual. Generally, £10,000 in specie lay on the table. A curious account is given of the way these desperate gamblers used to equip themselves for the sport. They took off their embroidered coats, put on frieze garments, protected their lace ruffles with pieces of leather, shaded their eyes with broad-brimmed straw hats adorned with flowers and ribbons, and wore masks "to conceal their emotions!" That suicide was not an unfrequent result of such high play can hardly be wondered at. Lord Mountford, a member of White's, where the gambling was fearful, got so terribly involved that he determined to ask for a government appointment, and, failing that, to take his own life. He did fail, and after asking several

persons what was the easiest mode of dying, invited some friends to dinner on New Year's Day, having supped the evening before at White's, where he played at whist until one o'clock in the morning. A fellow member drinking to him a happy new year, "he clapped his hand strangely to his eyes." In the morning he sent for a lawyer and three witnesses, made his will with great deliberation, and then asked the lawyer if it would stand good though he were to shoot himself. The answer being yes, he said, "Pray stay while I step into the next room," and then, retiring, shot himself dead. According to Walpole, three brothers, members of White's, contracted a gambling debt of £70,000, while Lord Foley's two sons had to borrow money to such an enormous extent that the interest alone amounted to £18,000 a year. The same vivacious chronicler of the manners of his times gives an almost incredible account of Fox's love of play and dissipation. In the debate on the Thirty-nine Articles, on February 6, 1772, he spoke very indifferently, which, Walpole says, was not surprising under the circumstances. "He had sat up playing hazard at Almack's from Tuesday evening, the 4th, till five in the afternoon of the following day. An hour before he had won back £12,000 that he had lost, but by dinner time, which was at five o'clock, when play ended, he had lost £12,000. On the Thursday he spoke in the above debate; went to dinner at past eleven at night; from thence to White's, where he drank till seven the next morning; thence to Almack's, where he won £6,000; and, between three and four in the afternoon, he set out for Newmarket. His brother Stephen lost £11,000 two nights after, and Charles £10,000 more on the 13th; so that, in three nights, the three brothers, the eldest not twenty-five, lost £32,000." Captain Gronow relates that, about this time, Lord Robert Spencer and General Fitzpatrick were allowed to keep a faro bank at Brookes's, and that the former bagged, as his share of the proceeds, £100,000; after which he never again gambled. George Harley Drummond, the banker, only played once in his life, when he lost £20,000 to Brummell, and was obliged to retire from the firm. In the first half of the eighteenth century, ladies of title kept gambling-houses. An entry in the journals of the House of Lords, dated April 29, 1745, shows that Ladies Mornington and Cassilis claimed privilege of peerage in resisting certain peace officers in doing their duty, "in

suppressing the public gaming-houses kept by the said ladies;" but the claim was not allowed. Betting, also, was indulged in at the clubs with as much frantic zest as play. Anything served as an excuse, and sometimes the occasion of the bets were so shocking that men of the least decency would have shrunk from associating them with any form of amusement. A man dropped down at the door of White's, and was carried into the house; immediately the betting harpies were staking large sums on the question whether he was dead or not; and when it was proposed to bleed him, those who had taken odds that life was extinct protested against such a course, on the ground that it would affect the fairness of the bet. Bad as this was, there was a worse case still, for which Walpole is again the authority. If true—though one would fain believe it an invention—it is sufficient to leave a stain of murder on the very name of White's. A youth betted £1,500 that a man could live twelve hours under water. He accordingly hired some poor wretch, probably in a most desperate plight, and sank him in a ship. Both ship and man disappeared, and were never heard of more. Walpole adds that these miscreants actually proposed to make the experiment a second time. It is a singular fact that Lord Mountford, whose suicide we have just related, betted Sir John Bland that Beau Nash would outlive Colley Cibber, and that both the persons, the subjects of the bet, survived the bettors, and that Bland, as well as Mountford, died by his own act.

From St. James's Gazette.

TEA: ITS CULTURE AND CONSUMPTION.

THE progress of tea-culture in Assam, and in various other localities beyond the limits of China proper, within the last half-century is of sufficient interest from many points of view to deserve notice. In Java, in Burma, and in our own eastern possessions from Ceylon to Singapore and Perak in the Malay peninsula, tea-culture is full of promise. The result affords a curious commentary on the fallibility of specialists prone to claim the authority of experts for their judgments. One of these, in the latest edition of McCulloch's "Commercial Dictionary," a work of great repute, says that, "notwithstanding the command of comparatively cheap labor and a close resemblance of the hills and table-lands of Assam to the

tea districts in China," he is not sanguine as to the result. For this expression of doubt there might have been some show of reason thirty years ago, when Mr. Fortune's first experiments in the introduction of the tea-plant to Assam were incomplete; but it is quite misleading now, when by the latest returns we see that, while the estimated amount of tea imported from China was 114,955,000 pounds, from India we received 59,097,000 pounds, or thirty-four per cent. This great progress may well have exceeded all early anticipations. The importation of tea from Assam in 1874 stood at 17,730,000 pounds. In 1878 it had increased to 36,776,000 pounds, and in 1880 to 43,807,000 pounds.

But not Indian tea alone competes with the Chinese in the English market; by so much, rendering the tea-consumers here independent of Chinese produce. The experiments made in Ceylon have proved eminently successful, and the produce is reported not inferior to the superior qualities of China. In like manner the Java tea receives high praise. The competition, therefore, with China is becoming year by year more keen; and the prices now paid for the more common kinds will ere long raise a complaint of excessive charges for duty, which, at its present rate of sixpence per pound, does not fall far short of the cent-per-cent. rate of fifty years ago when the duty fluctuated from two shillings to one shilling per pound.

With the decrease in the consumption of Chinese tea, and the great diminution of our imports of silk (from about seventy thousand pounds to the twenty-seven thousand pounds of 1883) the balance of trade is likely to be seriously affected, and the commercial relations of the two countries to be modified quite irrespective of existing treaties. In the mean while the return of the imperial customs revenue for a series of years shows a more cheerful aspect. There is so far no falling-off in the customs revenue from foreign trade. In the ten years from 1870 to 1880 there has upon the whole been a steady increase, from 9,543,977 to 14,258,583 haekwan taels (5s. 8½d.) in 1880. And the returns of the annual value of the foreign trade of China for the same period rose from H.Tls. 118,988,134 in 1870 to H.Tls. 157,177,039 in 1880; and this by a fairly steady increase year by year, though with fluctuations at intervals. According to Mr. Drew, however, the statistical secretary of the imperial customs, whose report for the year 1882 is both instructive and suggestive, the foreign trade of that year

dropped from H.Tls. 163,000,000 to H.Tls. 145,000,000 — the lowest total since 1878, when it was H.Tls. 138,000,000. And he adds that "in all the leading commodities trade has been very dull and unprofitable both for Chinese and foreign merchants. Indian opium has felt, perhaps, more severely than ever before the influence of the native crop. Cottons and woollens have been lying under the cloud of an unusually small demand, notwithstanding that prices in China, owing to falling prices in England, reached a very low point; while China's great native products of silk and tea have drooped to low prices in Europe, and suffering, the former from competition with Japan and the latter from competition with Japan and Assam, have met with both smaller and less profitable sales than in ordinary years."

The chief consumers of Chinese tea are still the British, the Americans of the United States, and the Russians. But in America it is chiefly green tea that is in request, as black is with us. The history of the growth of this taste in England is very remarkable. The East India Company sent out their first order to their factors in 1664 for one hundred pounds, after having offered two pounds of tea as a present to the king. But in 1660 Mr. Pepys tells us he went to take a cup of the "new Chinese drink — tea." From 1741 to 1745 the importation did not exceed 768,420 pounds; during the next five years it increased to 2,360,000 pounds, valued at £318,080. In that year a duty of 4s. per pound and an excise of 2s. were levied. The fluctuations in duty since that period have been great; and there is nothing more obvious than the increase or decrease of sale as the duties and charges were lowered or raised, until at last a fixed customs duty of 6d. per pound has been reached. Yet so much has the cost of tea in China fallen, that this reduced rate on all the more common classes of tea is even now little short of one hundred per cent. What the effect of lowering this by one-half would be can hardly be doubted. A greatly increased demand, and a higher class of tea would probably come into general use; and this with no serious loss to the revenue: perhaps. That, however, would be a serious question for the chancellor of the exchequer. The quantity of tea now consumed per head on the whole population of the British Isles does not amount to more than three and one-half pounds per annum; which seems to leave a large margin for increase.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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		OLD-YEAR LEAVES,	770

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MARSHAL BELLE-ISLE'S RETREAT FROM PRAGUE.

[In the last chapter of his "*Etudes Diplomatiques*," published in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of January 15th, the Duc de Broglie reprints a famous couplet which Frederick the Great had already quoted in his "History."]

"QUAND Belle-Isle partit
Une nuit
De Prague, à petit bruit,
Il disait à la Lune :
'Lumière de mes jours,
Astre de ma fortune,
Prolongez votre cours !'

"Pour un plus grand dessein
Un matin,
Josué fit soudain
Retourner en arrière
L'astre brillant du jour ;
Il cherchait la lumière
Fouquet la craint toujours."

The while Belle-Isle did go,
One night,
From Prague forth on tip-toe,
He said unto the Moon :
"O Lantern of my days,
And Star of Fortune's boon,
Prolong, prolong your rays !"

For a finer still design,
One morn,
Joshua made sudden sign,
And ordered right aback
The brilliant orb of day ;
The light he sought to stay,
Poor Fouquet fears, alack !

Spectator.

THE NEW LUCIAN.

WE reproduced, in our notice of Mr. Traill's book, "The New Lucian," the remarkable dedication prefixed to his volume, as one of the most interesting passages which it contained. It runs (for it will well bear repetition) : —

"To E. T. : —

"Live joyfully with the wife whom thou lovest all the days of the life of thy vanity, which He hath given thee under the sun all the days of thy vanity : for that is thy portion in this life, and in thy labor which thou takest under the sun. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might ; for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave, whither thou goest. — Eccl. ix. 9, 10.

"What matter though such things have never been,
Nor shall be ? the Ecclesiast hath said.
Though but in mockery the Samosatene
Imagined his confabulating dead ?

What matter though nor knowledge nor device,

Nor work nor wisdom in the grave there be ? —

Does not the Preacher bid us once and twice
Live out in joy love's life of vanity ?
So live we, then ! nor heed what whisper tells
That closest union heaviest reckoning pays
In shock of loss and anguish of farewells
At that eternal parting of the ways."

Mr. Edwin Arnold has since sent us the following poetic rejoinder : —

[To H. D. TRAILL, on the Dedication of "The New Lucian."]

"At that eternal parting of the ways,"
Thou say'st, good Friend ! looking to see it
come

When hands which cling, unclasp ; arms dis-
embrace ;

And lips, that murmured love to lips, are
dumb.

Aye ! it will come — the bitter hour ! — but
bringing

A better love beyond, more subtle-sweet ;
A higher road to tread ; with happier singing,
And no cross-ways to part familiar feet !

Smil'st thou, my later Lucian ! knowing so well
Hope's under-ache, Faith's fallacies all
sped ?

Yet THAT which gave thee thy fair gift, to tell
How in Elysium chat th' unsilenced Dead,
Shall some day whisper : "Lo ! the Life Im-
mortal !

Enter ! For thee stands wide the golden por-
tal !"

Spectator.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

OLD-YEAR LEAVES.

THE leaves which in the autumn of the years
Fall auburn-tinted from their parent trees,
Swept from dismembered boughs by ruth-
less breeze,

Through winter's weary reign of wahts and
fears

Will lie in drifts : and when the snowdrop
cheers —

Frail firstling of the flowers — they still are
there ;

There still, although the balmy southern air
And budding boughs proclaim that Spring
appears.

So lost hopes severed by the stress of life
Unburied lie before our wistful eyes,
Though none but we regard their fell de-
cay ;

And ever amid the stir of worldly strife,
Fresh aims and fuller purposes arise
Between the faded hopes of yesterday.

ELLIOT STOCK.

From The National Review.

THE ARISTOCRACY OF LETTERS.

WHO first employed the phrase, "the republic of letters," I do not know; but many generations have recognized its aptness, and its origin, can, I think, be clearly accounted for. In the days when sceptres, swords, and crosiers were not merely the symbols but the actual weapons of command, those who handled but the pen were deemed insignificant. They were "little men," but theirs was not yet a "mighty instrument." Ever and anon an Alexander might sleep with Homer under his pillow, or an Alfred win the contested volume after his mother had decided that "the book shall belong to him that can read it." But, as a rule, kings were content to ratify a treaty with an illiterate scrâch, and rulers of the world proclaimed their act and deed with the butt-end of a sword-hilt. For the drawing up of State documents they employed learned clerks just as they employed scullions or buffoons. The battle-axe alone was noble; parchment was somewhat base.

Withal, the disdained weapon slowly made its way and gradually asserted its power even in this knightly society. Deep down in the heart of all men lurks a dim consciousness of what is really noble, really praiseworthy, really deserving of honor; and it was not found possible to prevent princes and potentates from occasionally betraying for letters a warmer respect than they had been educated to exhibit. Women too, those inconsequent rebels against the conventions they help so largely to establish, queens, princesses, the fair ladies of tilt and tourney, were not always able to repress the secret admiration they entertained for glowing couplets, to restrain the sympathy they felt for the amorous music of the troubadour, or to resist the strains of the jongleur who mocked and wept by turns. Men, moreover, masculine men, men who could not sign their name, ever and anon inadvertently allowed that persons who wielded the pen might be deserving of veneration, provided they were dead, or at least, had been dead long enough; while taking care not to be so injudiciously

consistent as to spare living writers any of their affected superiority. Occasionally a king, sometimes a queen, condescended to write; and the innovation had to be tolerated out of regard for the august rank of the revolutionist.

Thus the minds of men got somewhat confused as to what really were the value and dignity of authorship, and even writers themselves began to suspect that they were not such contemptible fellows after all. It was plain they had something in common with the rulers of the earth. What was it? And how was this touch of kinship to be expressed?

The man who invented the phrase, "the republic of letters," answered the question, and solved the difficulty. Henceforward it was not only felt, but recognized, that whatever grades of political rank the State might assign to men, literature made them equal in her realm, provided they were worthy of being her subjects. It was a protest on the part of natural dignity against distinctions that were felt to be wholly or in part artificial, an attempt to redress the arbitrariness of custom by the niceties of language. Kings there were, and nobles, and the earth and the fulness thereof ostensibly belonged to monarchs and oligarchs; but there was a republic as well, the republic of letters, which, without degrading the proud, exalted the lowly, and admitted kings, nobles, and simple folk alike to its citizenship.

The aspect of the world has greatly changed since a just instinct prompted some ready wit to gain acceptance for the phrase the republic of letters. Happily, monarchy still survives in this country; but if we look either at its original meaning or at its history, we shall be forced to confess that it is, in practice, little more than the convenient symbol of a wise and cautious people. Political oligarchy, notwithstanding the grievance under which certain persons appear to suffer by reason of the continued existence of elder sons, of the House of Lords, and of a preference for having money in land rather than in the funds, is defunct. Titles and wealth, it is true, still exercise influence; but it is probable that the antipathy they excite in some breasts operates as much

to their detriment as the regard they arouse in others operates to their advantage. If we are to distinguish fact from form, we are forced to acknowledge that the throne, that territorial nobility, that newly acquired wealth, one and all, can make their power felt only by trying to understand and endeavoring to harmonize the wishes of the many. In a word, whether men like it or not, democracy, or the power of the people, is the ruling power in our society. Tempered it is, and let us hope it will long be tempered, by other powers and other influences; just as in the best days of monarchy or oligarchy other powers and other influences mitigated their supremacy.

It would be strange if, in a world that has thus shifted its centre of gravity in so remarkable a manner, the position of literature had remained stable. In proportion as kings, statesmen, and nobles have felt a diminished authority, the persons who once were tolerated because they could write, and in writing prove themselves useful or amusing, have acquired an ever-increasing importance. We still talk of the sceptre, but it is kept well out of sight; and the sword has become the menial of the pen. Wars are decided upon by men who never fired a shot nor handled a sabre, but who are expert in argument and cunning of literary fence. When they have convinced the nation that armed invasion or armed defence is imperative, the soldier is commissioned to carry out their decision. So considerable and so widely recognized is their power, that ambitious soldiers are visibly anxious to propitiate their favor; a circumstance against which old-fashioned warriors who do not understand their age are sometimes heard to inveigh with inarticulate ardor. Statesmen, and politicians hoping one day to be called statesmen, exhibit a kindred anxiety to secure the alliance of this potent weapon, this ubiquitous power. Even the spoken word is beginning to feel that, save when it proceeds from some established oracle, and is therefore printed and disseminated as though it were written, it cannot cope with the written word. Parliament acknowledges in the press an influence more

subtle, more persistent, and more dominant than its own. The highest personages show themselves sensitive, hypersensitive indeed, to criticism that is written; and so surely as democracy, or the power of the many, is the dispensation under which we live, and which will endure long after this generation has passed away, so sure is it that the pen is its chosen instrument, and the written word the passport to its favor.

The power of the pen once recognized, it follows that grave duties devolve upon those that wield it. There should be no power without commensurate responsibility, and the sole responsibility of writers in these days is to their own conscience. Happily, we have no *Index Expurgatorius*; legal censorship is obsolete; and there is hardly anything a man can write for which readers will not be found, and scarcely any style in which he can express himself for which admirers will not be forthcoming. Standard of thought or expression there is none. Every one may write what he pleases, and how he pleases; and some ungrammatical scribbler, some venal gossip, or some barbarous attitudinizer, may in general estimation be regarded as equally a man-of-letters with the finished scholar, the disinterested thinker, or the simple and dignified poet. Literature, as commonly understood in these days, is composed of as many and as heterogeneous elements as were mingled in the magical broth of the witches in "Macbeth."

Such being the case, I think the time has come to recognize the fact that the republic of letters is an obsolete and misleading phrase; a phrase that no longer protects the deserving, though it gives credentials to the worthless; a phrase that is but a survival from days that were different from ours; a phrase, in fine, that lingers on men's lips after the circumstances that called it into existence and which it accurately represented have passed away. What we want now is not a republic, but an aristocracy of letters.

I fear this assertion will, at first, arouse the antagonism, not to say the antipathy, of the very persons whom I most want to

convince; of my own kith and kin, if I may say so, viz. men-of-letters themselves. If they will be patient with me, and read on, perhaps I may convert them before I have done.

What is aristocracy? A thing can be defined only by its qualities; and if one were asked to name the one word that would most comprehensively define aristocracy, one would name the Latin word *virtus*, which is rendered into English by valor and virtue indifferently, but which signifies both of these and something more, and the true English equivalent for which I take to be honor or self-respect.

It follows, therefore, that in proposing to supersede a republic or rather rabble of letters — in which rabble are to be found not a few lords and ladies, and even some princes — by an aristocracy of letters, one is merely proposing that there should be an open and perfectly accessible upper house of literature, to which any writer will belong whose watchword is honor, and who uses his pen with unwavering respect both for it and himself. I think the suggestion thus set forth will not seem either reactionary or repugnant to those writers, to those of my own kith and kin, whose ear I want to gain.

Yet the proposal is not a mere abstract one to which a vague assent alone need be given. Once accepted, an aristocracy of letters entails many consequences. Let us see what they are.

Honor is a very exacting watchword, and if a man means to maintain his self-respect there are many things from which he will have to abstain. No man can be said to be governed by honor who is not courageous, independent, and disinterested. No man can properly be said to have self-respect who is a flatterer or a parasite. An aristocrat is loyal to his convictions, steadfast to his friends, fearless but fair to his enemies, magnanimous under all circumstances and all provocation. To complete his qualities, we must add good breeding or courtesy. He is chivalrous even when he is forced to strike. He is the soul of intrepidity, and he has perfection of manner, or so much of it as is permitted to human infirmity. He sits

in vigilant judgment upon himself, and is perpetually seeing to his armor, repairing its chinks, and keeping it from corroding rust.

I have said that the dispensation under which we live and are likely to live for any period of which we need take account, is the dispensation of democracy, or the power of the many. The word is used by many persons invidiously, by some indeed angrily; so that it may, perhaps, be necessary to say that, for me at least, democracy is merely a fact like another, neither to be loved nor hated, but acknowledged and reasonably dealt with. The person who, admiring aristocracy, can see between it and democracy nothing but inherent antagonism and a duel to the death, may possibly be right, though I do not think he is. But, unquestionably, he will be of no use in these days, and will write in vain, save for his own amusement and the delectation of those despondent and exclusive persons who think with him.

The many, therefore, are in these days sovereign, or as near at any rate to being so as is possible in what is still happily a limited monarchy. But the many are sufficiently powerful, sit upon a sufficiently lofty throne, wield a sufficiently commanding sceptre, wear a sufficiently sharp sword, and dispense sufficiently valuable favors, to make it worth the while of those who are disposed to be courtiers, to flatter, humor, and propitiate the newly reigning king. Now, no writer who is to belong to the aristocracy of letters, no writer who honors himself and respects his pen, can do any of these things. The days have been when men who wrote adulated monarchs, complimented princes, and penned dedications and epistles of a respectful character to powerful personages whom they did not respect. No one who hopes that he may possibly be a humble member of the aristocracy of letters can read these effusions without a retrospective tingle of shame. But because these faults were committed in a republic of letters, shall they under an aristocracy of letters be renewed? I fear there will be found writers only too eager to win the smile, to catch the nod, and to carry off the pensions bestowed by the new potentate;

writers whose chief aim and whose immediate instinct it is to please the many at all cost, and to stand well during their little span of life with the consecrated people; writers, in a word, who are such innate courtiers that they cannot fail to be popular. But it is not the business of an aristocrat to be popular. It is not the business of a writer whose watchword is honor, and whose highest sanction is self-respect, to seek for smiles, or nods, or pensions in any quarter. A man, whether he flatters one or flatters many, is a flatterer all the same. He is not courageous, independent, and disinterested. There is no place for him in the aristocracy of letters.

It is just possible some persons may think I am writing politics, and writing them in the spirit of a politician. I did not intend to do so. What have politics got to do with the aristocracy of letters? Nothing whatsoever. A man may be a literary aristocrat, no matter what his political opinions may be. Whether he be worthy of a place in the aristocracy of letters depends entirely upon the manner in which he propounds, and the spirit in which he urges, his opinions. There are men who think a genuine monarchy, or the government of one, is upon the whole the wisest arrangement for mankind. There are those who hold that an oligarchy, or government by a select few, is the safest dispensation. Finally, there are writers who have convinced themselves that a pure democracy, or government of the many, is neither a misfortune nor a danger. No one can be fairly called a courtier for advocating what he thinks wise and good; though, as a matter of course, his sincerity requires to be very plainly established, if his political advocacy and his personal advantage happen to travel together. A writer who sighs for the return of autocracy, or even one who would fain prolong the rule of a waning oligarchy, unless indeed he himself happen to belong to it, must surely, in these days, be regarded at least as disinterested. The only sovereign now worth propitiating is the crowd. But it does not follow that a writer who professes faith in the sagacity and equity of the crowd is a venal parasite. If he be wise, however, he will search his own heart somewhat closely to discover whether his inclinations are in any degree inspired by his advantage.

Therefore it will be understood, I think, that I am not writing politics or in the temper of a politician. My subject is the

aristocracy of letters, or how men of letters ought to write, and how men of letters ought to comport themselves as men of letters; and I shall endeavor to confine myself to that theme.

A democracy, like a monarchy, and again like an oligarchy, is interested in many things besides politics, and cares for many things besides what are called opinions. Like the dynasties that have preceded it, our present dynasty, the people, likes to be entertained, diverted, and, let us add, instructed. It has abundant curiosity, and a lively concern in the things that concern it. It is from this quality, which we perceive is no new quality, but one it shares with monarchs, doges, and Councils of Ten, that springs the special danger for men who write. They can entertain, they can divert, they can instruct it. In what manner shall they do this? In the manner it desires, or in the manner that is desirable? Shall they divert it like sages, or like buffoons? Shall they play the part of advisers, or of panders? Shall they humor its lower and worst tastes, or shall they endeavor to lead it to the apprehension and love of higher ideals? Shall they be courageous, independent, and disinterested in their manner of addressing it; or shall they strive to gain its ear by adopting the style of address that is best calculated at once to secure its attention and to tickle its fancy? Shall they, or shall they not, approach it as men who belong to the aristocracy of letters?

I gather from history, and likewise from what I have been told by persons who are occasionally brought into contact with the occupants of thrones, that kings, as a rule, like to be addressed with a certain deferential stateliness. I infer, from the fulsome dedications which I regret to remember men of letters in past times used to prefix to their works, that the individual members of an oligarchy also prefer to be approached with ceremonial adulation. A democracy, on the contrary, has a distinct preference for being addressed with familiarity. That is the shortest road to its heart as well as to its head. I suppose it is flattered by being treated as an equal by persons who, in certain respects, may be supposed to be superior to it. It fancies, moreover, that it apprehends what is being said to it more promptly and more fully when the diction, the grammar, and the graces of style employed are its own.

I am one of those who think that though English poetry owes nothing, English

prose does owe something, to the democratic influences of the age in which we live. Strange as it may seem, it is unquestionably the fact that English poets were absolute and consummate masters of style, both the simple, the pointed, and the ornate, while English prose-writers were still stammering and stuttering, and blending sentences of perfect but apparently fortuitous nobility with phrases of astonishing clumsiness and inexpert periods worthy only of beginners. Milton, who could write, with equal success, "L' Allegro," "Comus," and "Paradise Lost," piled page upon page of prose whose infelicitous construction is not redeemed by periodical passages of sonorous lucidity. In the century that succeeded, prose-writers got more dexterous in the chemistry of words; and if poetry for a time thereby suffered hurt, prose at least was clarified. Unfortunately, as soon as writers had acquired this skill, and the exercise of it grew common, they set to work to misuse it. Their perfect craft degenerated into artifice; and even in reading the pages of so consummate a master of style as Gibbon, applied to a theme where continued stateliness is least intolerable, one longs sometimes for a homely touch, for a phrase smacking of the hearth, and for a sentence the cadence of whose close cannot be surmised before it is reached.

To that defect in English prose the democracy of the present century brought some remedy. It purged prose literature of much of its affectation, discredited grandiose circumlocutions at the same time that it suppressed powder, ruffles, and knee-breeches, and enabled writers to be more direct and simple, in other words, more manly. Heretofore language had been to some extent the slave of certain conventions. By emancipating language this democratic or more familiar spirit made it a more free, more flexible, more intelligent, and therefore a more useful servant of thought. Between thought and language a more just relation was established, a relation corresponding to a freeman receiving a freeman's willing and responsible service.

I think it may be said that there is such a thing as a perfectly good style, though it might be difficult to name many writers, or indeed any writer, who uniformly maintains it. Occasionally he will sin in respect of form, err in accuracy of expression, or offend in exuberance of color. But is not that a perfect style in which expression corresponds exactly with the

thought and feeling that dictated it? All obscurity of expression, says John Stuart Mill, is caused by obscurity of thought, and in the same way all infelicities of expression arise either from infelicities of thought or from a want of complete correspondence between the message sent and its delivery. Fog has got into the telephone, so to speak, or cross messages are printed together. As a rule, however, it is the sender of the message who is at fault. I do not know why clear thought is musical, but I know it is so, and the highest form of thought the most musical of all. Yet I think I do know. Clear thought is orderly, and all order is musical, because necessarily it is metrical. Hence all good prose has a certain rhythm of its own, not from artifice, but by necessity; and poetry, the clearest form of all, transmitted through the most accurately corresponding medium of expression,

Makes its own music as it rolls along.

Correspondence between thought and expression, therefore, being indispensable to a good style, it follows that the democratic or familiar spirit in purging English prose of pompousness and affectation conferred upon it no mean benefit. But, save in the hands of writers of innate tact and grace, there is always a grave danger of familiarity in style becoming too familiar. "Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;" and a familiar or democratic style, like familiar or democratic manners, has a tendency to degenerate into vulgarity. Now it is against excessive familiarity or vulgarity of style that an aristocracy of letters has to protest. If we allow for the conditions under which it is produced, the comparative correctness and dignity of style exhibited in English journalism, and what is called current literature, will strike us as remarkable. But the conditions do not admit of more than comparative excellence; and when we turn from these literally ephemeral productions to contemporaneous prose-writings of more pretension, we can hardly fail to be struck by their inferiority. How many prose-writers are there in England, whose works are well known and popular, and whose prose style would satisfy a duly fastidious critic? I confess — and I should not presume to say so if I did not think I am but one of many who experience a similar difficulty — I find most English books of to-day hard to read by reason of their style. They offend by the familiarity either of carelessness or of excessive coloring. They have either no

manner, or too much manner. They are either awkward or jaunty. They lack measure, reserve, composure; in a word, they are deficient in self-restraint and self-respect. If they are letters, they do not belong to the aristocracy of letters. When Napoleon took Talleyrand by the ear in the presence of his entire court, the minister not unnaturally remarked, "What a pity so great a man should be so ill-bred!" It is a common thing nowadays for writers who have not even the excuse of greatness, to "take the public by the ear;" and the public, unfortunately, is not so fastidious as the Bishop of Autun. When one writer presents himself to it with a free-and-easy air, and, so to speak, in his dressing-gown and slippers, or when another writer bursts upon it in spangles and gorgeous vesture, unhappily it does not tell the former to go home and dress himself, nor convey to the latter that he is uncommonly like a harlequin. The vulgar like vulgarity, and, above all things, they love bright colors. Not a few writers in our time have passed for men of letters by dint of being ungrammatical; and a still greater number have achieved reputation by the prodigal employment of adjectives and expletives that dazzle but scarcely illumine.

Against this pernicious habit of addressing the sovereign people with a familiarity of style now mean and slovenly, now magniloquent and turgid, an aristocracy of letters necessarily protests. A true aristocrat respects himself too much not to treat others with respect. For his fine reserve, for his manly elevation of style, a price will doubtless have to be paid, in the form of deferred popularity. But if that causes him either to relax the discipline, or to heighten the color, of his style, he is not worthy to belong, he does not belong, to the aristocracy of letters.

I could not grant that an aristocracy of letters is in these days a thing not worth thinking about, even were it the case that an aristocracy of letters has to concern itself only with style. But that is not so. Aristocracy has to concern itself with conduct; and though, for a man of letters, style is a part of conduct, it is only a part. A writer may have a faultless style, just, musical, and devoid of exaggeration, and yet offend against the aristocracy of letters in other respects. I do not profess to exhaust the catalogue of possible offences. But there are two questions I should like to propound, with the view of

finding an answer to each of them. They are these:—

- 1st. What should be the relation of men of letters to the State?
- 2nd. What should be the conception of their claims upon society?

Some persons are of opinion that men of letters should receive recognition from the State, in the shape of titular honors and pensions. I venture to express the opinion that they should receive neither. Some persons think men of letters have a special claim upon the sympathy and compassion of the community. I confess I think they have no such claim.

It is not in consequence of anything which has recently occurred that I express this opinion. If I have not done so before, it is only because I did not fall in with an opportunity of doing so. A man of letters, it seems to me, in so far as he is a man of letters, and not a soldier, a statesman, or a diplomatist—for he may be any of these, over and above being a man of letters—should not look to the State for reward or recognition, and should indeed look for reward or recognition only to his own intellectual conscience, the approving judgment of the judicious, and the hope of receiving the kindly gratitude of posterity. A statesman serves the State; so does a soldier; so does a diplomatist. It is just, therefore, that they should be rewarded; by titles if deemed proper, by pensions if deemed necessary. As a rule it is a particular party in the State, in such a land as ours, that rewards these public servants, and it is not easy to disentangle services to the State from services to a party. Now a man of letters, in his character of a man of letters, can serve no party. The greater he is as a man of letters, the more cosmopolitan he is; and he cannot cleave the world, or that portion of it which constitutes his own country, in twain, and say, "This half I love, that half I loathe." Yet, unless he be an absolute recluse, or one of those æsthetic exquisites who regard the affairs of mankind as too coarse to be touched by their dainty fingers, in a word if he be a man at all, he can scarcely avoid betraying the political leanings of his mind, and the more manly he is the more plainly and openly will he betray them. If he is to receive a title or a pension from the State, it must therefore be by one or other party in the State that the title or the pension will be offered him; and it requires but little intimacy with the working of our institutions to be aware that the offer will

proceed from that particular party with whose opinions he is in general sympathy. Thus a party taint accompanies the gift; and thus an individual who, as a man of letters, certainly should not give up to a party what was meant for mankind, becomes associated in the public mind, more or less, with sectarian conflicts. I think a man who wishes to belong to the aristocracy of letters should take care not to be caught in that trap. To offer Mr. Disraeli a peerage for having served the State with devotion and distinction, was natural and proper. To have offered him a peerage for having written "Coningsby" and "Sybil" would have been most inappropriate. It may be added that the offer would never have been made; since, though a party politician, he showed in those two works that, as a man of letters, he was outside and beyond all party politics.

This reasoning, I think, applies to men of letters of all ranks and conditions. But if the man of letters be of the highest rank, if he be, let us say, a poet of distinction, then there are additional reasons why titles and pensions from the State are unbecoming. Obviously, it is not until a poet has become popular and notorious that anything of the kind is likely to be offered him. It might have been offered to Dryden and Pope. It would not have been offered to Milton or to Wordsworth. But Dryden and Pope had already received their reward in the shape of universal recognition. Each was hailed by the entire nation as a poet; the highest title, I should have thought, to which a man can possibly aspire. Therefore the only circumstances under which there is any chance of a title being offered to men of letters of the highest distinction are precisely the circumstances that render the offer superfluous. I happened the other day to hear a dialogue concerning a recent addition to the peerage. "If," said one speaker, "he was to be made a peer at all, he ought to have been offered the highest grade in the peerage; he should have been made a duke." "I do not agree with you at all," said the other. "I think it would have been quite enough to make him a baronet." It would be difficult to conceive a more conclusive *reductio ad absurdum* of the proposition that peerages were meant for poets; and I confess I think an eminent and widely recognized poet, when offered a peerage, might without any arrogance reply, "I thank you, but I have a title already; and if I am at all what my countrymen are good enough

to say I am, I fear your coronet would not go over my laurels."

Against pensions from the State, many of the foregoing observations equally apply; and there are others yet more forcible, it seems to me, in reserve. In the days of the republic of letters, when the patrons of literature were princes and individual magnates of various degree, and our rulers were not yet the sovereign public, writers accepted, and even solicited, pensions without hesitation or shame. I am sorry for it, though, in those days, writers had at least the excuse that they could not otherwise have subsisted by their pen. It is a pity they did not subsist by something else, as, indeed, the best of them did; Chaucer, Spenser, and Milton, by honorable office drudgery, and Shakespeare by keeping a theatre and looking closely after his money affairs. All four, in so far as they did this, were members of the aristocracy of letters. Ten pounds for "Paradise Lost," and many hundred pounds for pamphlets whose names, and for State papers whose titles, one does not, recall. I, for one, have no objection to that. A thing is worth what it will fetch; and "Paradise Lost" was worth ten pounds and immortality. The pamphlets, and State papers, and leading articles, were worth hundreds of pounds, and oblivion.

Upon this subject I feel somewhat strongly, and, therefore, I crave permission to speak somewhat plainly. It is said that in these days of free trade and an open market in literature, the best work is likely to be worst paid for. Have I not granted it? Nay, have I not insisted upon it? Have I not said that the new king, the many, prefer familiarity, prefer jauntiness in literature, have rather a distaste for a reserved and dignified style, and will pardon anything to the writers who provide for them a new sensation. Have I not also said that a member of the aristocracy of letters cannot go out of his way to do this, and will provide for this democratic age, not necessarily what it desires, but what is desirable? I will even go so far as to affirm that, a few exceptions apart, literature is paid for in precisely the reverse ratio of its excellence.

But what then? Because, as a rule, literary work of first-rate excellence is ill-paid for, or not paid for at all, shall the first-rate literary workman accept compensation from the State, in other words, from the general body of taxpayers, who have already shown that they do not want

his first-rate work ; while it is open to him to compensate himself by doing some work or other which a sufficient number of the community do want, and will therefore pay for? There is a living poet of great charm and some popularity, but of whom, I dare say, it might be just to observe, as far as the money value of his poetry is concerned, *laudatur et alget*. Accordingly he has the good sense and the manliness to sell wall-papers. He has thus the double satisfaction of writing poetry with absolute indifference to what it will bring him, and of owing no man anything.

Nor let it be supposed that there is any difficulty in combining the unremunerative pursuit of the highest walks of literature with a certain amount of income-producing task-work. The qualities that are required for doing this are only strength of character and detachment of mind. In these days, more especially, the combination is possible and easy. To stick to our instance, a man who can write good poetry can assuredly write good prose ; and a man who can write good prose must be either very indolent or very luxurious if he cannot subsist by his pen. His very reputation as a poet and esteemed man of letters recommends him to the public as a prose-writer ; and the quarterly reviews, the monthly magazines, the weekly papers, and the daily press, offer him abundant choice of a market from which to draw subsistence, and thus secure to himself independence.

In reading, the other day, Lord Lytton's life of his father, I made note of the following passage :—

He was now to write, not for fame nor for pleasure, but for bread ; and, in the acceptance of this obligation, all his mental gifts and all his force of character were subjected to the severest regimen by his practical judgment. He resolutely resisted the allurements of those departments of literature which most attracted him. In its lowest and obscurest regions he toiled unremittingly. The single object for which he wrote now was to pay his way through the world from year's end to year's end, owing no man anything. What unknown, unrecorded drudgery to compass this one poor desperate end ! . . . Multitudes of little stories, notices of trashy books, political articles, imaginary letters and dialogues, hasty sketches of men and manners, the whole of these mostly anonymous, were all poured forth unceasingly into the innumerable rivulets with which a periodical press is forever feeding the waters of oblivion.

Yet while consenting to this noble drudgery, Bulwer was finishing "Pel-

ham," perfecting "Paul Clifford," and liberating himself from it altogether, in order shortly to devote himself to "the departments of literature that most attracted him." He might have obtained his freedom more quickly, had he consented to accept money help from his mother. Yet this he refused, because it was offered to him in a form that seemed to him to trespass upon his dignity. This is, indeed, to be a member of the aristocracy of letters. This is to be an aristocrat, as I am sure Bulwer-Lytton and his biographer would both allow, in a sense less disputable than could be predicted of any mere descendant of all the Bulwers and all the Lyttons.

I am aware there are persons—the epicene exquisites already alluded to—who consider poetry, and what they call art, as a sort of vestal virgin, too sacred and delicate to be brought into contact, however remote, with masculine exertion. A passing word of disdain is enough for such persons. But there prevails even among people of sense a vague sort of notion that poets are sensitive plants, whose souls close in upon themselves when touched by the coarse hand of the outer world. It may be so with, here and there, a melancholy specimen of poets and men of genius of secondary and tertiary rank. But never since the world began has there been a first-rate poet or a first-rate man of genius so weakly constituted. The highest peaks of greatness are not to be scaled save by the strong ; and though poetic and artistic genius is necessarily sensitive, its sensitiveness is, in the highest manifestations, duly compounded with strength, strength of intellect, strength of character, strength of will. The most airy and delicate superstructures of genius rest upon adamant ; and below the sensitive heart of a Dante, a Shakespeare, a Milton, or a Goethe, lay a hardness of fibre not to be outdone nor out-endured by the nether millstone.

Equally specious, equally superficial, and equally false is the idea that the doing of a certain amount of task-work for the sake of independence and self-respect, incapacitates the doer of it for more dainty work. The author of "Hamlet" and "A Midsummer Night's Dream" did a considerable amount of task-work, and occasionally put some of it side by side with work of a very different kind ; the difference between the two being discernible enough. But he did not blunt his imagination, his fancy, or his flexibility of expression, by his drudgery for the stage.

What an amount of literary task-work Milton accomplished both before, whilst, and after writing "Paradise Lost"! Yet it did not cause him to depict Satan like, shall we say, a Philistine.

Away, then, with this sickly nonsense, conceived in the unaired chambers of invalid brains, which would represent men of letters of the very highest force and the most sensitive organization as incapable of looking after their own affairs, living with their wives, paying their debts, and acting in every particular save one, viz. the writing of their works, like ordinary citizens. Long hair, slovenly attire, Bohemian habits, unliquidated bills, and petitions for State assistance — these, I am aware, have sometimes been accompaniments of genius; but they are not the marks of genius, and have never disfigured the men in whom posterity has recognized the highest embodiment of genius.*

I am dealing with a principle, not with specific instances. The severity of rules has sometimes to be mitigated by the indulgence of exceptions. Among the agricultural classes, a repugnance to fall back upon "the house" exists in the members of the prouder and more self-respecting laboring families. Yet it will sometimes happen that even they are obliged to have recourse to relief, through what is called the visitation of heaven; prolonged sickness, sudden accident, or unforeseen misfortune. In the same way, men of letters may be overtaken in the race, or almost before they have begun the race, by mishap beyond their control. All I am saying is that while a man of letters has reasonable health and strength, he ought, if he would belong to the aristocracy of letters, to support himself by that form of literature that will support him, and look forward providently to the time when perhaps he will be able to work no more. Articles in quarterly reviews, in monthly magazines, or in the weekly or daily press, are not a high form of literature; but they may be honest work, and, ephemeral though they be, will provide for those who perform it leisure to do other work that may, perhaps, live forever.

It must have been by reason of the

radically false conceptions that have been formed, and still in many minds prevail, concerning a literary career, that the phrase, "the sorrows of genius," has established itself in the language. If people talked of the joys of genius, I could better understand them. The surest test of wisdom, says Montaigne, is cheerfulness. He did not mean by cheerfulness the capers of the buffoon or the dismal liveliness of the professional humorist; he referred rather to what Shelley describes as

that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned.

It is no small boon to be a man of letters. I should think it is a privilege beyond all others to be a man of genius. Always to be in the best company, or to have it within reach, should surely heighten the charm, and augment the value of existence; and any man of letters, though he himself may have no genius, can at least frequent and enjoy the society of those who have. When to his own appreciation of the dead he can add the sympathy for himself of the living, surely he should move us, not to pity, but to envy. Sorrows he will encounter — what man does not? But he has an alchemy that to other men is denied. Genius does with the sorrows of life as the sun does with the mists of the valley. It draws them up to a higher elevation, to disperse and glorify them.

If now we ask ourselves what it is that qualifies a writer for being a member of the aristocracy of letters, we find the answer in the one word, character. But what is this but another term for honor, or self-respect? Thus we come round to the assertions with which we started. The essential attribute of aristocracy, and without which aristocracy is a mere phrase, is honor, or self-respect; and no one can truly be said to possess this attribute who is not chivalrous, fearless, and independent. Being these things, he will not flatter the wielders of power and the dispensers of patronage, be they who they may, and let who will be king, — monarch, oligarchy, or multitude. He will reverence his pen, as of old a true knight revered his sword. He will not vulgarize his style in order more quickly to gain the ear of the vulgar, nor consent to make it tawdry to attract the attention of the frivolous who crave for a new and sharp sensation. Finally he will himself be the support of his own life, and the pensioner of his own labors, and he will look to the

* If any one asks for an illustration of this almost universally neglected truth, he will find as striking a one as could be wished for by comparing the feeble character, dissolute conduct, and ignominious fate, of second-rate poets like Green, Peele, Nash, and Lodge, with the self-respect, steadfastness, and practical success, of their great contemporary and colleague, Shakespeare.

approval of his own conscience and his own intellect, to the judgment of the judicious, and to the humble hope of kindly remembrance by posterity, for his sole titular reward.

I have said that democracy is the dispensation under which we live, the sovereign whose power we are all made to feel. To some persons its rule is exceedingly repugnant; to others, apparently, it is peculiarly congenial. It seems to me to be a more reasonable attitude neither to love it nor to hate it, to regard it neither with special hope nor with special fear, but to deal with it, as with other phenomena in life; always with frankness; with sympathy if possible, and, where necessary, with due precaution.

But though democracy is the dominant power of the time, human nature, being part of nature generally, will not long tolerate uniformity, otherwise equality. Legislate for it as you will, human nature quickly begins to develop diversity or inequality, which inevitably involves superiority of some sort. A community may take for its motto liberty, equality, and fraternity, if it thinks proper. But nature will soon take the liberty to bring brothers into the world who are not and cannot be made equal. In the most democratic of States, Prince Charming will always cut out Mr. Churl; and I suspect that, in the most austere and levelling of republics, kissing will still go by favor.

Inequality, therefore, there is sure to be, even under the broadest dispensation of democracy, and inequality necessarily entails a "better" and "best," either real or nominal. It might be interesting, on some other occasion, to inquire what the aristocracy of the future—for an aristocracy, real or nominal, we have seen, is inevitable—will be like; whether the aristocracy of society will be refined or vulgar, adorned with all the graces and all the charities, or merely bedizened with splendor; and whether the aristocracy of politics will consist of restless charlatans of voluble speech and servile consciences, or of meditative men composed and steadfast in their creed. It is quite certain that ability will never be wanting. Ability is the commonest of commodities, and in the feverish atmosphere of democracies it is spawned as rapidly as mushrooms in a sultry night. But character is of slower growth, for of closer fibre; and its abundance cannot be predicted with equal certainty. Yet, can any one doubt which of the two is the more indispensable to the welfare of States? As a rule, States are

founded by stubborn characters. As a rule, they are destroyed by flexible ability. One thing, however, is certain. A democracy that does not develop, and permit itself to be governed by, an aristocracy of character, is doomed to perdition, and that quickly.

To that aristocracy of character, those whom I have ventured to call my own kith and kin, viz. men of letters, can largely contribute by maintaining an aristocracy of letters. For what is it that we are all agreed upon? We are all agreed that democracy is now our sovereign, and that the pen is its favorite and most potent minister. Therefore, it depends in large measure upon those who wield the pen how this new sovereign shall be counselled and inspired. Courtiers and flatterers and parasites, his new Majesty will be sure to have in abundance; and it is possible that he may prefer to listen to these. In that case his reign will not be a long one. But in the intoxicating of his vanity, in the humoring of his passions, in the pampering of his lower and untutored tastes, let us have nor act nor part. Let members of the aristocracy of letters, be their political, philosophical, and æsthetic opinions what they may, write in a dignified style and a disinterested temper, whether the new sovereign condescends to read what they write or not. To prevent the deterioration of the human intellect and the degradation of the human character must be the most gratifying of all things. To strive to prevent it is equally meritorious. A writer may have a rapid and reverberating success, and yet be the basest of plebeians. A writer may fail utterly, ay, and fail even to the end, and yet belong to the aristocracy of letters.

ALFRED AUSTIN.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE WIZARD'S SON.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OONA, flying from the catastrophe which she did not understand, which had happened behind her, with neither leisure nor clearness of mind to see where her steps were falling, had yet been carried by her excitement, she knew not how, over all the dangers of the uncertain path, until she came near enough to Walter, who stood out relieved against the blue sky and the background of the loch, to throw herself, her strength exhausted,

into his arms, which were held out to save her. She remembered nothing more — nor was he much better aware of what happened. The sickening sense of a great fall, the whirl and resistance of the air rushing madly against him through the void, the sensation mounting up to his brain, the last stronghold of consciousness, in a painful rush of blood, and thrill of feeling, as if life were to end there, were all that were known to him. What happened really was that, holding Oona insensible in his arms, he was carried downwards with the slide and yielding of the part of the ruin on which he was standing, detached by his own weight, rather than thrown violently down by the action of the explosion. The force of the fall, however, was so great, and the mass falling with them so heavy, that some of the stones, already very unsteady, of the pavement below, gave way, and carried them underground to one of the subterranean cellars, half filled up with soil, which ran under the whole area of the old castle. How long they lay there unable to move, and for some part of the time at least entirely without consciousness, Walter could never tell. When he recovered his senses he was in absolute darkness and in considerable pain. Oona had fallen across him and the shock had thus been broken. It was a moan from her which woke him to life again. But she made no reply to his first distracted question, and only gave evidence of life by a faint little utterance from time to time — too faint to be called a cry — a breath of suffering, no more. The suffocating terrible sensation of the darkness, a roar of something over them like thunder, the oppression of breathing, which was caused by the want of atmosphere, all combined to bewilder his faculties and take away both strength and will to do anything more than lie there quietly and gasp out the last breath.

But it is only when life is vanishing from our grasp that its price and value become fully known, even to those who, in other circumstances, might have been ready enough to throw it away. Walter was roused by feeling in Oona an unconscious struggle for breath. She raised first one hand, then another, as if to push away something which was stifling her, and he began to perceive in the vagueness of his awakening consciousness that her life depended upon his exertions. Then, his eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, he caught a faint ray of light, so attenuated as to be no more than a

thread in the solid gloom. To drag himself towards this, and with himself the still more precious burden, thus in utter helplessness confided to him, was a more terrible work than Walter in all his life had ever attempted before. There was not room to stand upright, and his limbs were so shaken and aching that he could scarcely raise himself upon them; and one of his arms was useless, and, when he tried to raise it, gave him the most exquisite pain. It seemed hours before he could succeed in dragging Oona to the little opening, a mere crevice between the stones, through which the thread of light had come. When he had cleared the vegetation from it, a piercing cold breath came in and revived him. He raised Oona in his arms to the air, but the weight of her unconsciousness was terrible to him in his weakened condition, and though she began to breathe more easily, she was not sufficiently recovered to give him any help. Thus she lay, and he crouched beside her, trying to think for he could not tell how long. He heard sounds above him indeed, but the roar of the falling stones drowned the human noises, and his brain was too much clouded to think of the search which must be going on overhead for his companion and himself. The worst of it all was the dazed condition of his brain, so that it was a long time before he could put one thing to another and get any command of his thoughts. In all likelihood consciousness did not fully return until the time when the men above in despair relinquished their work — for some feeble sense of cries and human voices penetrated the darkness, but so muffled and far off that in the dimness of his faculties he did not in any way connect them with himself, nor think of attempting any reply. Perhaps it was, though he was not aware that he heard it, the echo of his own name that finally brought him to himself — and then all his dulled faculties centred, not in the idea of any help at hand, but in that of fighting a way somehow to a possible outlet. How was he to do it? The pain of his arm was so great that by times he had nearly fainted with mere bodily suffering, and his mind fluctuated from moment to moment — or was it not rather from hour to hour? with perplexity and vain endeavor. He was conscious, however, though he had not given any meaning to the sounds he heard, of the strange increase of silence which followed upon the stopping of the work. Something now and then like the movements of a

bird (was it Hamish working wildly above, half mad, half stupefied, unable to be still?) kept a little courage in him, but the silence and darkness were terrible, binding his very soul.

It was then that he had the consolation of knowing that his companion had come to herself. Suddenly a hand groping found his, and caught it; it was his wounded arm, and the pain went like a knife to his heart, a pang which was terrible, but sweet.

"Where are we?" Oona said, trying to raise herself—oh, anguish!—by that broken arm.

He could not answer her for the moment, he was so overcome by the pain—and he was holding her up with the other arm.

"Do not hold my hand," he said at last; "take hold of my coat. Thank God that you can speak!"

"Your arm is hurt, Walter?"

"Broken, I think; but never mind, that is nothing. Nothing matters so long as you have your senses. Oona, if we die together, it will be all right?"

"Yes," she said, raising her unseen face in the darkness to be nearer his. He kissed her solemnly, and for the moment felt no more pain.

"As well this way as another. Nothing can reach us here—only silence and sleep."

She began to raise herself slowly, until her head struck against the low roof. She gave a faint cry—then finding herself on her knees, put her arm round him, and they leant against each other. "God is as near in the dark as in the day," she said. "Lord, deliver us—Lord, deliver us!" Then, after a pause, "What happened? You have saved my life."

"Is it saved?" he asked. "I don't know what has happened, except that we are together."

Oona gave a sudden shudder and clung to him. "I remember now. He came out to the door and looked at me. It was I that—broke the lamp. I thought it was something devilish—something to harm you. It was my doing." She shivered more and more, clinging to him. "Do you think it is he that has shut us up in this dungeon—to die?"

Walter made no reply; he did not know what she meant; but it was no wonder to him that she should speak wildly. There were many things which rose to his own lips that had no meaning in them. He soothed her, holding her close to his breast. "I think we are in some of the

vaults below—perhaps for our salvation." As her courage failed there was double reason that he should maintain a good heart. "There must be some outlet. Will you stay here and wait till I try if I can find a way?"

"Oh no, no," cried Oona, clinging to him; "let us stay together. I will creep after you. I will not hinder you." She broke off with a cry, echoing, but far more keenly, the little moan that came from him unawares as he struck his arm against the wall. She felt it more sharply than he did, and in the darkness he felt her soft hands binding round his neck something warm and soft like their own touch in which she had wound the wounded arm to support it. It was the long white "cloud" which had been about her throat, and it warmed him body and soul; but he said nothing by way of gratitude. They were beyond all expressions of feeling, partly because they had reached the limit at which reality is too overpowering for sentiment, and partly because there was no longer any separation of mine and thine between them, and they were but one soul.

But to tell the miseries of their search after a way of escape would demand more space than their historian can afford. They groped along the wall, thinking now that they saw a glimmer in one direction, now in another, and constantly brought up with a new shock against the opaque resistance round them, a new corner, or perhaps only that from which they started; under their feet unequal heaps of damp soil upon which they stumbled, and broken stones over which Oona, with childlike sobs of which she was unconscious, caught her dress, falling more than once as they labored along. In this way they moved round and round their prison, a long pilgrimage. At length when they were almost in despair, saying nothing to each other, only keeping close that the touch of each to each might be a moral support, they found themselves in what seemed a narrow passage, walls on each side, and something like an arrow-slit over their heads, the light from which showed what it was, and was as an angel of consolation to the two wounded and suffering creatures, stumbling along with new hope. But when they had reached the end of this narrow passage, Walter, going first, fell for a distance of two or three feet into the lower level of another underground chamber like that which he had left, jarring his already strained and racked frame—and only by an immense

sudden effort hindered Oona from falling after him. The force of the shock and instant recovery by which he kept her back and helped her to descend with precaution, brought heavy drops of exhaustion and pain to his forehead. And when they discovered that they were nothing the better for their struggles, and that the place which they had reached at such a cost, though lighter, was without any outlet whatever except that by which they had come, their discouragement was so great that Walter had hard ado not to join in the tears which Oona, altogether prostrated by the disappointment, shed on his shoulder.

"We must not give in," he tried to say. "Here there is a little light at least. Oona, my darling, do not break down, or I shall break down too."

"No, no," she said submissively through her sobs, leaning all her weight upon him. He led her as well as he was able to a heap of earth in the corner, over which in the roof was a little opening to the lights, barred with an iron stanchion, and quite out of reach, where he placed her tenderly, sitting down by her, glad of the rest though it was so uninviting. The light came in pale and showed the strait inclosure of their little prison. They were neither of them able to resume their search, but leant against each other, throbbing with pain, and sick with weariness and disappointment. It gave Walter a kind of forlorn pride in his misery to feel that while Oona had failed altogether, he was still able to sustain and uphold her. They did not speak in their weakness, but after a while dozed and slept, in that supreme necessity of flesh and blood which overcomes even despair, and makes no account of danger. They slept as men will sleep at death's door, in the midst of enemies; and in the depths of their suffering and discouragement found refreshment. But in that light sleep little moans unawares came with their breathing, for both were bruised and shaken, and Walter's broken arm was on fire with fever and pain. It was those breathings of unconscious suffering that caught the ear of the minister as he made his prayer. His step had not disturbed them, but when he came back accompanied by the others, their half-trance, half-slumber, was soon broken. The light was suddenly darkened by some one who flung himself upon his knees, and a voice pealed in through the opening—

"Miss Oona, if ye are there, speak! or, oh for the love of the Almighty, whoever

is there, speak and tell me where's my leddy?" It was Hamish, half mad with hope and suspense and distracted affection, who thus plunged between them and the light.

They both woke with the sound, but faintly divining what it was, alarmed at first rather than comforted by the renewed darkness into which they found themselves plunged. There was a pause before either felt capable of reply, that deprivation being of more immediate terror to them, than there was consolation in the half-heard voice. In this pause, Hamish, maddened by the disappointment of his hopes, scrambled to his feet reckless and miserable, and shook his clenched fist in the face of the minister who was behind him.

"How dare ye," he cried, "play upon a man, that is half wild, with your imaginations! there's naeboddy there!" and with something between a growl and an oath, he flung away, with a heavy step that sounded like thunder to the prisoners. But next moment the rage of poor Hamish melted away into the exceeding and intense sweetness of that relief which is higher ecstasy than any actual enjoyment given to men, the very sweetness of heaven itself: for as he turned away the sound of a voice, low and weak, but yet a voice, came out of the bowels of the earth; a murmur of two voices that seemed to consult with each other, and then a cry of "Oona is safe. Oona is here. Come and help us, for the love of God."

"The Lord bless you!" cried the old minister, falling on his knees. "Oona, speak to me, if you are there. Oona, speak to me! I want to hear your own voice."

There was a pause of terrible suspense. Hamish threw himself down, too, behind the minister, tears running over his rough cheeks: while the younger man who was overawed by the event, and affected too, in a lesser degree, stood with his face half hidden against the wall.

"I am here," Oona said, "all safe—not hurt even. We are both safe; but oh, make haste, make haste, and take us out of this place."

"God bless you, my bairn. God bless you, my dearest bairn!" cried Mr. Cameron; but his words were drowned in a roar of laughter and weeping from the faithful soul behind him.

"Ay, that will we, Miss Oona—that will we, Miss Oona!" Hamish shouted, and laughed and sobbed till the walls rang, then clamorous with his heavy feet

rushed out of sight without another word, they knew not where.

"I'll follow him," said young Patrick; "he will know some way."

The minister was left alone at the opening through which hope had come. He was crying like a child, and ready to laugh too like Hamish.

"My bonny dear," he said; "my bonny dear ——" and could not command his voice.

"Mr. Cameron — my mother. She must be breaking her heart."

"And mine," Walter said with a groan. He thought even then of the bitterness of her woe, and of all the miserable recollections that must have risen in her mind: please God not to come again.

"I am an old fool," said Mr. Cameron, outside: "I cannot stand out against the joy; but I am going. I'm going, my dear. Say again you are not hurt, Oona. Say it's you, my darling, my best bairn! And me that had not the courage to say a word to yon poor woman," he said to himself as he hurried away.

The light was still grey in the skies, no sign of the sun as yet; but the hills stood distinct around, and the dark woods, and the islands on the water, and even the sleeping roofs so still among their trees on the shores of the loch, had come into sight. The remaining portion of the house which had stood so many assaults, and the shapeless mass of the destroyed tower stood up darkly against the growing light; and almost like a part of it, like a statue that had come down from its pedestal was the figure of Mrs. Methven, which he saw standing between him and the shore, her face turned towards him. She had heard the hurrying steps and the shout of Hamish, and knew that something had happened; and she had risen against her will, against the resolution she had formed, unable to control herself, and stood with one hand under her cloak, holding her heart, to repress, if possible, the terrible throbbing in it. The face she turned towards the minister overawed him in the simplicity of his joy. It was grey, like the morning, or rather ashen white, the color of death. Even now she would not, perhaps, could not, ask anything; but only stood and questioned him with her eyes, grown to twice their usual size, in the great hollows which this night had labored out.

Mr. Cameron felt that he ought to speak carefully, and make easy to her the revolution from despair to joy, but he could not. They were both beyond all secon-

dary impulses. He put the fact into the plainest words.

"Thank God! your son is safe," he cried.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, my poor lady, God be with you! I dared not speak to you before. Your son is safe. Do you know what I mean? He is as safe as you or me."

She kept looking at him, unable to take it into her mind, that is to say her mind had flashed upon it, seized it at the first word, yet — with a dumb horror holding hope away from her, lest deeper despair might follow — would not allow her to believe.

"What — did you say? You are trying to make me think ——" And then she broke off, and cried out "Walter!" as if she saw him — as a mother might cry who saw her son suddenly, unlooked for, come into the house when all believed him dead — and fell on her knees: then from that attitude sank down upon herself, and dropped prostrate on the ground.

Mr. Cameron was alarmed beyond measure. He knew nothing of faints, and he thought the shock had killed her. But what could he do? It was against his nature to leave a stranger helpless. He took off his coat and covered her, and then hurried to the door and called up Macalister's wife, who was dozing in a chair.

"I think I have killed her," he said, "with my news."

"Then ye have found him?" the three old people said together, the woman clasping her hands with a wild "Oh, hon — oh, hon!" while Symington came forward, trembling, and pale as death.

"I had hoped," he said, with quivering lips, "like the apostles with One that was greater, that it was he that was to have delivered —— Oh, but we are vain creatures! and now it's a' to begin again."

"Is that all ye think of your poor young master? He is living, and will do well. Go and take up the poor lady. She is dead, or fainted, but it is with joy."

And then he went up-stairs. Many an intimation of sorrow and trouble the minister had carried; but good news had not been a weight upon him hitherto. He went to the other poor mother with trouble in his heart. If the one who had been so brave was killed by it, how encounter her whose soft nature had fallen prostrate at once? He met Mysie at the door, who told him her mistress had slept, but showed signs of waking.

"Oh, sir, if ye could give her something

that would make her sleep again! I could find it in my heart to give her — what would save my poor lady from ever waking more," cried the faithful servant; "for oh, what will she do — oh, what will we all do without Miss Oona?"

"Mysie!" cried the minister, "how am I to break it to her? I have just killed the poor lady down-stairs with joy; and what am I to say to your mistress? Miss Oona is safe and well — she's safe and well."

"Oh, Mr. Cameron," cried Mysie, with a sob, "I ken what you are meaning! She's well, the Lord bless her, because she has won to heaven."

Mrs. Forrester had woke during this brief talk, and raised herself upon the sofa. She broke in upon them in a tone so like her ordinary voice, so cheerful and calm, that they both turned round upon her with a kind of consternation.

"What is that you are saying? safe and well — oh, safe and well. Thank God for it; but I never had a moment's doubt. And where has she been all this weary night; and why did she leave me in this trouble? What are ye crying for, Mysie, like a daft woman? You may be sure, my darling has been doing good, and not harm."

"That is true, my dear lady — that is true, my dear friend," cried the minister. "God bless her! She has done us all good, all the days of her sweet life."

"And you are crying, too," said Oona's mother, almost with indignation. "What were you feared for? Do you think I could not trust God, that has always been merciful to me and mine? or was it Oona ye could not trust?" she said with smiling scorn. "And is she coming soon? For it seems to me we have been here a weary time."

"As soon — as she can get out of the — place where she is. The openings are blocked up by the ruin."

"I had no doubt," said Mrs. Forrester, "it was something of that kind."

Then she rose up from the sofa, very weak and tottering, but smiling still, her paled and faded face looking ten years older, her hair all ruffled, falling out of its usual arrangement, a disorder which has a very different effect upon an old face and a young one. She put up her hands to her head with a little cry. "Bless me," she said, "she will think I have gone out of my senses — and you too, Mysie, to take my bonnet off and expose me with no

cap. I must put all this right again before my Oona comes."

Mr. Cameron left her engaged in these operations, with the deepest astonishment. Was it a faith above the reach of souls less simple? or was it but the easy rebound of a shallow nature? He watched her for a moment as she put up her thin braids of light hair, and tied her ribbons, talking all the time of Oona.

"She never was a night out of her bed in all her life before; and my only fear is she may have gotten a chill, and no means here of making her comfortable. Mysie, you will go down-stairs, and try at least to get the kettle to boil, and a cup of tea for her. Did the minister say when she would be here?"

"No, mem," said Mysie's faltering voice; "naething but that she was safe and well; and the Lord forgive me — I thought — I thought —"

"Never mind what you thought," said Mrs. Forrester briskly, "but run down-stairs and see if you can make my darling a good cup of tea."

By the time she had tied her bonnet-strings and made herself presentable, the full light of the morning was shining upon the roused world. The air blew chill in her face as she came down the staircase (strangely weak and tottering, which was "just extraordinary," she said to herself), and emerged upon the little platform outside. Several boats already lay on the beach, and there was a sound of the voices and footsteps of men breaking the stillness. Mrs. Forrester came out with those little graces which were part of herself, giving a smile to old Symington, and nodding kindly to the young men from the yacht who were just coming ashore. "This is early hours," she said to them with her smile, and went forward to the little group before the door, surrounding Mrs. Methven, who still lay where Mr. Cameron had left her, restored to consciousness, but incapable of movement. "Dear me," said Mrs. Forrester, "here have I been taking up a comfortable room, and them that have a better right left out of doors. They have given us a terrible night, my child and yours, but let us hope there has been a good reason for it, and that they will be none the worse. They are just coming, the minister tells me. If ye will take the help of my arm, we might just walk that way and meet them. They will be glad to see we are not just killed with anxiety, which is what my Oona will fear."

CHAPTER L.

THE news that Lord Erradeen, and it was supposed several others — some went so far as to say a party of visitors, others his mother, newly arrived as all the world was aware, and to whom he was showing the old castle, with a young lady who was her companion — had perished in the fire, streamed down the loch nobody knew how, and was known and believed to the end of the county before the evening was over. It came to the party at Birkenbraes as they were sitting down to dinner, some time after everybody had come in from gazing at the extraordinary spectacle of the fire — got up, Mr. Williamson assured his guests, entirely for their amusement. The good man, indeed, had been much sobered out of his jocose mood by his encounter with the stranger, but had now begun to draw a little advantage from that too, and when this terrible report reached him, was telling the lady next to him with some pride of Lord Erradeen's relation, a very distinguished person indeed. "I'm thinking in the diplomatic service, or one of the high offices that keep a man abroad all his life. (I would rather for my part live in a cottage at home, but that is neither here nor there.) So as he was leaving, and naturally could not trouble the family about carriages just at such a moment, I offered him the boat: and you might see them getting up steam. I find it very useful to have a steamboat always ready, just waiting at the service of my friends." The lady had replied as in duty bound, and as was expected of her, that it was a magnificent way of serving your friends; which the millionaire on his side received with a laugh and a wave of his hand, declaring that it was nothing, just nothing, a bagatelle in the way of cost, but a convenience, he would not deny it was a convenience; when that discreet butler who had ushered Lord Erradeen into Katie's private sitting-room, leaned over his master's shoulder with a solemn face, and a "Beg your pardon, sir. They say, sir, that Lord Erradeen has perished in the fire."

"Lord bless us!" said Mr. Williamson, "what is that you say?"

"It is only a rumor, sir: but I hear Kinloch-houran is all in a commotion, and it is believed everywhere. The young lord was seen with some ladies going there in a boat this afternoon, and they say that he has perished in the flames."

Seton was fond of fine language, and his countenance was composed to the occasion.

"Lord bless us!" cried Mr. Williamson again. "Send off a man and horse without a moment's delay to find out the truth. Quick, man, and put down the sherry, I'll help myself! Poor lad, poor lad, young Erradeen! He was about this house like one of our own, and no later than yesterday — Katie, do you hear," he cried, half rising and leaning over the forest of flowers and ferns that covered the table, "Katie! do you hear this terrible news? But it cannot be true!"

Katie had been told at the same moment, and the shock was so great that everything swam in her eyes, as she looked up blanched and terror-stricken in mechanical obedience to her father's cry. "That man will have killed him," she said to herself: and then there came over her mind a horror which was flattering too, which filled her with dismay and pain, yet with a strange sensation of importance. Was it she who was to blame for this catastrophe, was she the cause —

"It seems to be certain," said some one at the table, "that Erradeen was there. He was seen on the battlements with a lady, just before the explosion."

"His mother!" said Katie, scarcely knowing why it was that she put forth this explanation.

"A young lady. There is some extraordinary story among the people that she — had something to do with the fire."

"That will be nonsense," said Mr. Williamson. "What would a lady have to do with the fire? Old stone walls like you are not like rotten wood. I cannot understand for my part —"

"And there could be no young lady," said Katie. "Mrs. Methven was alone."

"Well, well!" said her father. "I am sorry — sorry for Lord Erradeen; he was just as fine a young fellow — But we will do him no good, poor lad, by letting our dinner get cold. And perhaps the man will bring us better news — there is always exaggeration in the first report. I am afraid you will find that soup not eatable, Lady Mary. Just send it away; and there is some fine trout coming."

He was sincerely sorry: but, after all, to lose the dinner would have spared nothing to poor young Erradeen.

Katie said little during the long meal. Her end of the table, usually so gay, was dull. Now and then she would break in with a little spasmodic excitement, and set her companions talking: then relapse with a strange mingling of grief and horror, and that melancholy elation which fills the brain of one who suddenly feels

himself involved in great affairs and lifted to heroic heights. If it was for her — if it was she who was the cause of this calamity — She had often dreamed of finding for herself some high heroic part to fulfil in the world, but it had seemed little likely that she would ever realize her dream; but now, Katie said to herself, if this was so! never more should another take the place which she had refused to him. If he had died for her, she would live — for him. She would find out every plan he had ever formed for good and fulfil it. She would be the providence of the poor tenants whom he had meant to befriend. She imagined herself in this poetical position always under a veil of sadness, yet not heavy enough to make her unhappy; known in the county as the benefactor of everybody, described with whispers aside as “the lady that was to have married poor young Lord Erradeen.” Katie was profoundly sorry for poor Walter — for the first few minutes her grief was keen; but very soon this crowd of imaginations rushed in, transporting her into a new world. If this were so! Already everybody at table had begun to remark her changed looks, and to whisper that they had been sure there was “something between” Katie and the poor young lord. When the ladies went to the drawing-room they surrounded her with tender cares.

“If you would like to go to your room, my dear, never mind us.”

“Oh, never mind us,” cried the gentle guests, “we can all understand —”

But Katie was prudent even at this crisis of fate. She reflected that the report might not be true, and that it was premature at least to accept the position. She smiled upon the ladies who surrounded her, and put her handkerchief to her eyes.

“Of course,” she said, “I can’t help feeling it — every one will feel it on the loch — and we had seen so much of him! But perhaps, as papa says, when the messenger comes back, we may have better news.”

The messenger did not come back till late, when the party were about to separate. He had found the greatest difficulty in getting information, for all that was known at Auchnasheen was that the young lord and his mother had gone in the boat from the isle with the ladies, to see the old castle. With the ladies! Katie could not restrain a little cry. She knew what was coming. And he had been seen, the man went on, with Miss Oona

on the walls — and that was all that was known. This stroke went to Katie’s heart. “Oona!” she cried, with something of sharpness and bitterness in the sound; but in the wail that rose from all around who knew the isle, this tone that broke the harmony of grief was lost. Thus her little fabric of imaginary heroism fell into the dust: and for the moment the shock of a genuine, if alloyed, sentiment thrown back upon herself, and the secret mortification with which she became conscious of the absurdity of her own self-complacency, kept Katie from feeling the natural pity called forth by such a catastrophe. But by-and-by her heart awakened with a deeper and truer pang to the thought of Oona — Oona, no rival, but the friend of her youth, Oona the only companion of her mother, the young and hopeful creature whom everybody loved. To think that she should have thought of a little miserable rivalry — of a man for whom she did not care the hundredth part so much as she cared for Oona, before realizing this real grief and calamity! Katie’s honest little soul was bowed down with shame. She, too, watched that night with many a prayer and tear, gazing from her many-windowed chamber towards the feathery crest of the isle which lay between her and Kinloch-houran. Oh, the desolation that would be there and Oona gone! Oh, the blank upon the loch, and in all the meetings of the cheerful neighbors! Another man on horseback was sent off by break of day for news, and not only from Birkenbraes, but from every house for miles round the messengers hurried. There had been no such excitement in the district for generations.

The news reached the Lodge — Sir Thomas Herbert’s shooting-box — early in the morning when the family met at breakfast. The previous night had been occupied with an excitement of its own. Major Antrobus, Sir Thomas’s friend, brother in sport and arms, had been from the moment of his arrival a disappointment to Sir Thomas. The first evening Julia had caught him in her toils. She had sung and laughed and talked his heart, so much as remained to him, away. He was the man of all others, who, his friends were convinced, was not a marrying man. He had a good estate, a house full of every bachelor comfort, and was useful to those in whom he was interested as only a bachelor can be. And it was not only to men that he was invaluable as a friend. He had a box at Ascot; he had

ways of making the Derby delightful to a party of ladies; he was of infinite use at Goodwood; he knew everybody whom it was well to know. Lady Herbert was almost as inconsolable as her husband at the idea of losing him. And that such a man should be brought by Sir Thomas himself into harm's way, and delivered over to the enemy by the very hands of his friends, was more than flesh and blood could bear. The Herberts saw their mistake before he had been at the Lodge two days. But what could they do? They could not send him away — nor could they send Julia away. Had they done so, that young lady had already made herself friends enough to have secured two or three invitations in a foolishly hospitable country, where everybody's first idea was to ask you to stay with them! Sir Thomas acted with the noble generosity characteristic of middle-aged men of the world in such circumstances. He told his friend, as they smoked their cigars in the evening, a great many stories about Julia, and all she had been "up to" in her chequered career. He described how Lady Herbert had brought her down here, because of some supposed possibility about Lord Erradeen. "But young fellows like that are not so easily taken in," Sir Thomas said, and vaunted his own insight in perceiving from the first that there was nothing in it. The major listened, and sucked his cigar, and said nothing; but at the very hour when the fire at Kinloch-houran was beginning to redden the skies, took his host aside, and said, —

"I say, all that may be true, you know. I don't know anything about that. Girls, you know, poor things! they've devilish hard lines, when they've got no tin. If she's tried it on, you know; once or twice before, that's nothing to me. That's all their mothers, you know. She's the jolliest girl I ever met, and no end of fun. With her in the house, you know, a fellow would never be dull; and I can tell you it's precious dull at Antrobus on off days, when all you fellows are away. I say! I've asked her — to be mine, you know, and all that; and she's — going to have me, Tom."

"Going to have you! Oh, I'll be bound she is! and everything you've got belonging to you!" in the keenness of his annoyance cried Sir Thomas.

The major, who was somewhat red in the face, and whose figure was not elegant (but what trifles were these, Julia truly said, in comparison with a true heart!), strutted a little, and coughed, and set his

chin into his shirt collar. He stood like a man to his choice, and would have no more said.

"Of course she is — if she's going to have me, you know. Fixtures go with the property," said Major Antrobus, with a husky laugh. "And, I say, bygones are bygones, you know — but no more of that in the future if you and I are going to be friends."

The men had a quarrel, however, before Sir Thomas gave in, which was stopped fortunately before it went too far by his wife, who came in all smiles, with both hands extended.

"What are you talking loud about, you two?" she said. "Major, I'm delighted. Of course I've seen it all along. She'll make you an excellent wife, and I wish you all the happiness in the world."

"Thank you: he don't think so," the major said with a growl.

But after this Sir Thomas perceived that to quarrel with a man for marrying your cousin whom he has met in your house is one of the foolishhest of proceedings. He relieved his feelings afterwards by falling upon the partner of his life.

"What humbugs you women are! What lies you tell! You said she would make him an excellent wife."

"And so she will," said Lady Herbert, "a capital wife! He will be twice as happy — but alas! no good at all henceforward," she ended, with a sigh.

The excitement of this incident was scarcely over, when to the breakfast-table next morning, where Julia appeared triumphant, having overcome all opposition — the news of the calamity arrived, not softened by any doubt, as if the result were still uncertain, but reported with that pleasure in enhancing the importance of dolorous intelligence which is common to all who have the first telling of a catastrophe. There was a momentary hush of horror when the tale was told, and then Julia, her expression changed in a moment, her eyes swimming in tears, rose up in great excitement from her lover's side.

"Oh, Walter!" she cried, greatly moved. "Oh that I should be so happy, and he —" And then she paused, and her tears burst forth. "And his mother — his mother!" She sat down again and wept, while the rest of the party looked on, her major somewhat gloomy, her cousin (after a momentary tribute of silence to death) with a dawning of triumph in his eye.

"You always thought a great deal of

young Erradeen, Ju—at least since he has been Lord Erradeen.”

“I always was fond of him,” she cried. “Poor Walter! poor Walter! Oh, you can weigh my words if you like at such a time, but I won’t weigh them. If Henry likes to be offended I can’t help it. He has no reason. Oh Walter, Walter! I was always fond of him. I have known him since I was *that* high—and his mother, I have always hated her. I have known her since I was *that* high. If you think such things go for nothing it is because you have no hearts. Harry, if you love me as you say, get your dog-cart ready this moment and take me to that poor woman—that poor, poor woman! His mother—and she has only him in all the world. Harry—take me or not, but I will go —”

“You said you hated her, Julia,” cried Lady Herbert.

“And so I did: and what does that matter? Shall I keep away from her for that—when I am the only one that has known him all his life—that knew him when he was a child? Harry —”

“I have ordered the dog-cart, my dear; and you are a good woman, Julia. I thought so, but with all your dear friends and people hang me if I knew.”

Julia gave him her hand: she was crying without any disguise.

“Perhaps I haven’t been very good,” she said, “but I never was hard-hearted: and when I think upon that poor woman among strangers —”

“By Jove, but this is something new,” cried Sir Thomas; “the girl that liked young men best without their mothers, Antrobus, hey?”

“Oh hush, Tom,” cried his wife; “and, dear Julia, be consistent a little: that you’re sorry for your old—friend (don’t laugh, Tom; say her old flame if you like, but remember that he’s dead, poor fellow), that we can understand. Major Antrobus knows all that story. But this fuss about the mother whom you never could bear—oh that is a little too much! You can’t expect us to take in that!”

Julia turned upon her relations with what at bottom was a generous indignation. “If you don’t know,” she said, “how it feels to hear of another person’s misfortune when you yourself are happier than you deserve—and if you don’t understand that I would go on my knees to poor Mrs. Methven to take one scrap of her burden off her! oh all the more because I never liked her — But what is the use of talking? for if you don’t under-

stand, nothing I could say would make you understand. And it does not matter to me now,” cried Julia, less noble feelings breaking in, “now I have got one who does know what I mean, who is going to stand by me, and will put no bad motive —”

The real agitation and regret in her face gave force to the triumph with which she turned to her major, and taking his arm swept out of the room. He, too, had all the sense of dignity which comes from fine feelings misunderstood, and felt himself elevated in the scale of humanity by his superior powers of understanding. Lady Herbert, who remained behind, was saved by the humor of the situation from exploding, as Sir Thomas did. To think that the delicacy of the major’s perceptions should be the special foundation of his bride’s satisfaction was, as she declared with tears of angry laughter, “too good!”

But the second and better news arrived before Julia could set out on her charitable mission. Perhaps it was better that it should end so; for though the first outburst of feeling had been perfectly genuine and sincere, the impulse might have been alloyed by less perfect wishes before she had reached Kinloch-houran. And it is doubtful in any case whether her ministrations, however kind, would have been acceptable to Walter’s mother. As it was, when she led her major back, Julia was too clever not to find a medium of reconciliation with her cousins, who by that time had come to perceive how ludicrous any quarrel, open to the world, would be. And so peace was established, and Julia Herbert’s difficulties came in the happiest way to an end.

CHAPTER LI.

THE miseries of the night’s imprisonment were soon forgotten. Oona, elastic in youthful health, recovered in a few days, she said in a few hours, from its effects: and the keen reality of the after events dimmed in her mind the more extraordinary, less comprehensible mystery of the strange discovery she had made, and left her instrumentality in the destruction of the tower less and less clear. Sometimes, and this for years after, she would see before her with a shudder the look which the owner of the tower chamber cast upon her as he came out from the inner room, and she fled before him; but as time went on would ask herself was it real or only some dream, some visionary and violent effort of imagination.

To no one but Walter did she ever speak of that moment or of the sight she had seen; and between them they had no explanation to give of the mystical furniture of the wizard's room, the lamp which had burned before Walter's portrait, the sad-eyed pictures about the walls, which had all perished without leaving a trace behind. The tower, now preserving nothing more than a certain squareness in its mass of ruins, showed traces of two rooms that might have existed, but everything was destroyed except the walls, and any remains that might have withstood the action of the fire were buried deep under the fallen ruin; nor could any trace be found of concealed passages or any way of descent into the house from that unsuspected hiding-place.

One thing was certain, however, that the being who had exercised so strange an influence over a year of his life never appeared to Walter more. There were moments in which he felt, with a pang of alarm, that concentration of his thoughts upon himself, that subtle direction and intensification of his mind, as if it had suddenly been driven into a dialogue with some one invisible, which had been the worst of all the sufferings he had to bear: but these, after the first terror, proved to be within the power of his own efforts to resist and shake off, and never came to any agonizing crisis like that which he had formerly passed through. His marriage, which took place as soon as circumstances would permit, ended even these last contentions of the spirit. And if in the midst of his happiness he was sometimes tortured by the thought that the change of his life from the evil way to the good one had all the results of the most refined selfishness, as his adversary had suggested, that he was amply proving the ways of righteousness to be those of pleasantness, and godliness to be great gain, that thought was too ethereal for common use, and did not stand the contact of reality. Mr. Cameron, to whom he submitted it in some moment of confidence, smiled with the patience of old age upon this overstrained self-torment.

"It is true enough," the minister said, "that the right way is a way of pleasantness, and that all the paths of wisdom are peace. But life has not said out the last word, and ye will have to tread them one time or other with bleeding feet, or all is done—if the Lord has not given you a lot apart from that of other men. And human nature," the old man said, not without a little recollection of some ser-

mon, at which he smiled as he spoke, "is so perverse, that when trouble comes, you that are afraid of your own happiness will be the first to cry out and upbraid the good Lord that does not make it everlasting. Wait, my young man, wait—till you have perhaps a boy at your side that will vex your heart as children only can vex those that love them—wait till death steps into your house, as step he must—"

"Stop!" cried Walter, with a wild, sudden pang of terror—as if the very words were an omen of evil. He never complained again of being too happy, or forgot that one time or other the path of life must be trod with bleeding feet.

"But I'll not deny," the minister added, "that to the like of you, my young lord, with so much in your power, there is no happier way of amusing yourself than just in being of use and service to your poor fellow-creatures that want so much and have so little. Man!" cried Mr. Cameron, "I would have given my head to be able to do at your age the half or quarter of what you can do with a scratch of your pen!—and you must mind that you are bound to do it," he said with a smile.

Before, however, this serene course of life began which Walter found too happy, there was a interval of anxiety and pain. Mrs. Methven did not escape, like the rest, from the consequences of the night's vigil. She got up indeed from her faint, and received with speechless thanksgiving her son back from the dead, as she thought—but after this was not herself able to go further than to his room in the old castle, and there struggled for weeks in the grips of fever, brought on, it was said, by the night's exposure. But this she would not herself allow. She had felt it coming on, she said, before she left her home, but concealed it, not to be hindered from obeying her son's summons. If this was true, or invented upon the spur of the moment to prove that in no possible way was Walter to blame, it is impossible to say. But the fever ran very high, and so affected her heart, worn and tried by many assaults, that there was a time when everything was hushed and silenced in the old castle in expectation of death. By-and-by, however, the terror gave place to all the innocent joys of convalescence—soft flitting of women up and down, presents of precious flowers and fruits lighting up the gloom, afternoon meetings when everything that could be thought of was brought to please her, and all the loch came with inquiries, and good wishes. Mrs. Forrester, who was

an excellent nurse, and never lost heart, but smiled, and was sure, in the deepest depth, that all would "come right," as she said, took the control of the sick-room, and recovered there the bloom which she had partially lost when Oona was in danger. And Oona stole into the heart of Walter's mother, who had not for long years possessed him sufficiently to make it bitter to her that he should now put a wife before her. Some women never learn this philosophy: and perhaps Mrs. Methven might have resisted it, had not Oona, her first acquaintance on the loch, her tenderest nurse, won her heart. To have the grim old house in which the secret of the Methvens' fate had been laid up, and in which, even to indifferent lookers-on, there had always been an atmosphere of mystery and terror, thus occupied with the most innocent and cheerful commonplaces, the little cares and simple pleasures of a long but hopeful recovery, was confusing and soothing beyond measure to all around. The old servants, who had borne for many years the presence of a secret which was not theirs, felt in this genial commotion a relief which words could not express. "No," old Symington said, "it's not ghosts nor any such rubbish. I never, for my part, here or elsewhere, saw anything worse than myself; but, Miss Oona, whatever it was that you did on the tap of that tower—and how you got there the Lord above knows, for there never was footing for a bird that ever I saw—it has just been blessed. 'Ding down the nests and the craws will flee away.' What am I meaning? Well, that is just what I canna tell. It's a' confusion. I know nothing. Many a fright and many an anxious hour have I had here: but I am bound to say that I never saw anything worse than myself."

"All that is just clavers," said old Macalister, waving his hand. "If ye come to that there is naething in this life that will bide explaining. But I will no deny that there is a kind of a different feel in the air which is maybe owing to this fine weather, just wonderful for the season; or maybe to the fact of so many leddies about, which is a new thing here—no that I hold so much with women," he added, lest Oona should be proud; "they are a great fyke and trouble, and will meddle with everything; but they're fine for a change, and a kind of soothing for a little while at a time, after all we've gone through."

Before the gentle *régime* of the sick room was quite over, an unusual and un-

expected visitor arrived one morning at Loch Houran. It was the day after that on which Mrs. Methven had been transferred to Auchnasheen, and a great festival among her attendants. She had been brought down to the drawing-room very pale and shadowy, but with a relaxation of all the sterner lines which had once been in her face, in invalid dress arranged after Mrs. Forrester's taste rather than her own, and lending a still further softness to her appearance, not to be associated with her usual rigid garb of black and white. And her looks and tones were the most soft of all, as, the centre of everybody's thoughts, she was led to the sofa near the fire and surrounded by that half-worship which is the right of a convalescent where love is. To this pleasant home scene there entered suddenly, ushered in with great solemnity by Symington, the serious and somewhat stern "man of business" who had come to Sloebury not much more than a year before with the news of that wonderful inheritance so unexpected and unthought of which had seemed to Mrs. Methven, as well as to her son, the beginning of a new life. Mr. Milnathort made kind but formal inquiries after Mrs. Methven's health, and offered his congratulations no less formally upon her recovery.

"I need not say to you that all that has happened has been an interest to us that are connected with the family beyond anything that I can express. I have taken the liberty," he added, turning to Walter, "to bring one to see you, Lord Erradeen, who has perhaps the best right of any one living to give ye joy. I said to her that you would come to her, for she has not left her chamber, as you know, for many a year; but nothing would serve her but to come herself, frail as she is——"

"Your sister?" Walter cried.

"Just my sister. I have taken the freedom," Mr. Milnathort repeated, "to have her carried into the library, where you will find her. She has borne the journey better than I could have hoped, but it is an experiment that makes me very anxious. You will spare her any—emotion, any shock, that you can help?"

The serious face of the lawyer was more serious than ever; his long upper lip trembled a little. He turned round to the others with anxious self-restraint.

"She is very frail," he said, "a delicate bit creature all her life—and since her accident——"

He spoke of this, as his manner was, as if it had happened a week ago.

Walter hurried away to the library, in which he found Miss Milnathort carefully arranged upon a sofa, wrapped up in white furs instead of her usual garments, a close white hood surrounding the delicate brightness of her face. She held out her hands to him at first without a word; and when she could speak, said, with a tremble in her voice, —

"I have come to see the end of it. I have come to see — her and you."

"I should have come to you," cried Walter; "I did not forget — but for my mother's illness —"

"Yes?" she said with a grateful look. "You thought upon me? Oh, but my heart has been with her and you! Oh, the terrible time it was! the first news in the papers, the fear that you were buried there under the ruins, you — and she — and then to wait a night and a day —"

"I should have sent you word at once — I might have known; but I did not think of the papers."

"No, how should you? you were too busy with your own life. Oh, the thoughts of that night! I just lay and watched for you from the darkening to the dawning. No, scarcely what you could call praying — just waiting upon the Lord. I bade him mind upon Walter and me — that had lost the battle. And I thought I saw you, you and your Oona. Was not I wise when I said it was a well-omened name?" She paused a little, weeping and smiling. "I could not tell you all the thoughts that went through my mind. I thought if it was even so, there might have been a worse fate. To break the spell and defeat the enemy even at the cost of your two bonnie lives — I thought it would not be an ill fate, the two of you together. Did I not say it? Two that made up one, the perfect man. That is God's ordinance, my dear; that is his ordinance. Two — not just for pleasure, or for each other, but for him and everything that is good. You believed me when I said that. Oh, you believed me! and so it was not in vain that I was — killed yon time long ago —" Her voice was broken with sobs. She leant upon Walter's shoulder who had knelt down beside her, and wept there like a child — taking comfort like a child. "Generally," she began after a moment, "there is little account made, little, little account, of them that have gone before, that have been beaten, Walter. I can call you nothing but Walter to-day. And Oona, though she has won the battle, she is just me, but better. We lost it. We had the same heart; but the time had not come for the

victory: and now you, my young lord, you, young Erradeen, like him, you have won, Oona and you. We were beaten; but yet I have a share in it. How can you tell, a young man like you, how those that have been defeated, lift their hearts and give God thanks!" She made a pause and said, after a moment, "I must see Oona, too." But when he was about to rise and leave her in order to bring Oona, she stopped him once more. "You must tell me first," she said, speaking very low, "what is become of him? Did he let himself be borne away to the clouds in yon flames? I know, I know, it's all done; but did you see him? Did he speak a word at the end?"

"Miss Milnathort," said Walter, holding her hands, "there is nothing but confusion in my mind. Was it all a dream and a delusion from beginning to end?"

She laughed a strange little laugh of emotion.

"Look at me then," she said, "for what have I suffered these thirty years! And you — was it all for nothing that you were so sore bestead and ready to fall? Have you not seen him? Did he go with-out a word?"

Walter looked back upon all the anguish through which he had passed, and it seemed to him but a dream. One great event, and then weeks of pain had intervened since the day when driven to the side of the loch in madness and misery, he had found Oona and taken refuge in her boat, and thrown himself on her mercy — and since the night when once more driven distracted by diabolical suggestions, he had stepped out into the darkness, meaning to lose himself somehow in the night and be no more heard of, but was saved again by the little light in her window, the watch-light that love kept burning. These recollections and many more swept through his mind, and the pain and misery more remote upon which this old woman's childlike countenance had shone. He could not take hold of them as they rose before him in the darkness, cast far away into a shadowy background by the brightness and reality of the present. A strange giddiness came over his brain. He could not tell which was real, the anguish that was over, or the peace that had come, or whether life itself — flying in clouds behind him, before him hid under the wide-spreading sunshine — was anything but a dream. He recovered himself with an effort, grasping hold of the latest recollection to satisfy his questioner.

"This I know," he cried, "that when she came to me flying from the tower, with flames and destruction behind her, the word she was saying was 'Pardon! Pardon!' that was all I heard. And then the rush of the air in our faces, and a roar that was like the end of all things. We neither heard nor saw more."

"Pardon:" said Miss Milnathort, drying her eyes with a trembling hand; "that is what I have said too, many a weary hour in the watches of the night. What pleasure can a spirit like yon find in the torture of his own flesh and blood? The Lord forgive him if there is yet a place of repentance! But well I know what you meant, that it is just like a vision when one awaketh. That is what all our troubles will be when the end comes: just a dream! and good brought out of evil, and pardon given to many, many a one that men are just willing to give over and curse instead of blessing. Now go and bring your Oona, my bonnie lad! I am thinking she is just me, and you are Walter, and we have all won the day together," said the invalid clasping her thin hands, and with eyes that shone through their tears; "all won together! though we were beaten twenty years ago."

From The Nineteenth Century.

MY SCHOOLDAYS FROM 1830 TO 1840.

It is natural that one who has devoted by far the largest part of his life, since he grew to manhood, to various forms of educational work, should be invited frequently to speak, and occasionally to write, on educational questions. I have borne from time to time a part in such addresses and discussions, but it is impossible for any one at all familiar with even a portion of what has been said and written on this important subject not to feel at times that every foot of ground had been fought over, every question debated; and that it is difficult to say anything which has not been previously said, and well said, by others. It has, however, occurred to me that it is still possible to contribute something that may prove to be of some educational value, if I venture to take a new departure, and adopt the form of narrative rather than of discussion. Shall I do wrong, I have asked myself, if I attempt to interest readers of the present generation in some of the more remote experiences of one who was singularly favored in being permitted to pass in the voyage

of early life through what I may venture to call, as I now look back on them, zones of educational influences of very marked and characteristic types? There may, it seems possible, be some who will willingly compare these impressions of an educational generation that has long passed away with some of the prevailing ideas and practices which we find around us, separated as these are from the time of which I shall speak first by an interval of more than half a century. Mere narrative may sometimes, as we all know, prove not the least useful mode of suggesting thought. But I shall not profess to confine myself to mere narrative. In our great national allegory the Interpreter had his place as well as the Pilgrim. Only in this case the Pilgrim and the Interpreter must be represented by the same person at two very distant periods of the same human life.

I will at once, then, ask my readers to take their places with me as a very young boy at a preparatory school in a watering-place on the south coast, which, once famous as the seaside residence of King George the Fourth, is now the almost suburban resort of thousands of Londoners. It was long ago, that time! I remember one Sunday morning, as we little boys came home two and two from church, hearing a gentleman on the pavement at Brighton say to his friend, "The streets of Paris, they say, are 'swimming with blood.'" The words impressed me greatly; it was the first time I had heard the phrase, and the image which it called up was, I need hardly say, not that of the "three glorious days of July," to which I presume it referred, but one ghastly in the extreme; and I venture to record, with a certain soreness with which some, I hope, will sympathize, that no effort was made to satisfy or guide, or to do anything but repress, our natural curiosity on the subject. Accustomed as some of us had been at our homes to take, if a childish, yet a very real interest in the great events of the world around us, at my first school all such subjects seemed carefully kept from us, and the rumors of European convulsions and of riots in western England only reached us through random words caught up here and there on a Brighton esplanade, or through the distorting medium of the tales of communicative housemaids.

May I be allowed to say that, even in these days of penny newspapers, I have often advised young men who have consulted me as to preparatory schools, to

give their young pupils full accounts from time to time of any great or marked public events that are taking place; to teach them to feel that the horizon of their interests is something larger than that of the schoolroom and the playground? I venture to recall as a good deed of my own, my having at much pains and trouble conveyed to a night's rough quarters in London as many as possible of my young Rugby pupils, in order that they might tell their children's children that they had looked through a dull November morning on the funeral of the great Duke of Wellington.

But what was the actual school instruction given in those days to boys of the age I speak of, say from six or seven to ten or eleven? I say school instruction; I am not speaking of what we had learned at home in the nursery or schoolroom, or in the quiet corner, or from listening to the conversation of our elders. I say nothing of early lessons in Bible or history, or of the hymns and texts which formed our ethical and religious manuals, or of the "Robinson Crusoe" and "Pilgrim's Progress" which in the total absence of the deluge of more realistic stories had been, I rejoice to say, read, re-read, pondered, treasured, and beloved. Our education consisted, so far as I can remember, of one process—the imparting of knowledge, knowledge of various and no doubt useful kinds, through the appeal to one single faculty, that of memory. Our Latin grammar, indeed, and our arithmetic were taught us, not by the ladies to whose care we were entrusted, but by a kindly master, who visited us daily; and these two subjects stand out to me—my younger readers will be surprised to hear—with quite a golden light in comparison to the rest of our work. For each of these involved, not merely the repetition by heart of a daily task, but something that by the help of our slates we could ourselves produce, in a way and in a measure, for ourselves. I can still recall the very nouns and adjectives, and in due time the verbs, which we little fellows wrote out for him as answering to the novel forms which we had learned in our Latin grammar; so also, amidst, no doubt, many failures, the pleasure of seeing our long division sums answer the test of the "proof" to which they were put, is one which all of us can easily appreciate. But the rest and the larger portions of our lessons have left on me an impression of extreme dreariness, and I must add, of much uselessness. Everything was learned by rote

— history, general information of various kinds, biography, even astronomy, even geography, were mere matters of memory. Books, useful enough I have no doubt when properly used—"Mangnall's Questions" I remember was one—were simply learned by heart, and said *memoriter*, without, so far as I can recall, a word of explanation or illustration. The lists of kings of England, of the metals, and of the planets were repeated one after the other without interest and without discrimination. I really think that we might almost without reproof have substituted any one for the other. I remember the particular corner of the schoolroom in which the mistress of the school heard us repeat—ah, that I could still retain them!—the dates of the English kings. We were, I remember, many of us, fond of drawing, and our play-hours were largely spent in trying to reproduce the sailing vessels which passed our coast, and in copying—I can recall them one after another—some scenes from a book of Bible pictures belonging to one of us. What would I give now, I said but lately for the hundredth time, as I wandered helplessly through Norman churches—I said still more lately as I talked about their drawings to our Abbey choristers—had some discipline and guidance been given to me as a mere child, and the foundation been laid of a habit that would have enabled me to observe with a trained eye and reproduce what I saw with a trained hand. Be thankful, schoolboy reader, for your school of art!

Again, we were, as all children are, creatures of imagination, and in walk after walk I had to repeat with a hundred variations the wondrous tale of Robinson Crusoe, his man Friday, the canoe, and the savages; but poetry, in any true sense of the word, was excluded from our course, and memory in its sternest and narrowest aspect was the one faculty exercised, and exercised on subjects little adapted to attract or interest us. I have visited a small elementary school attended by children of the very humblest grade in the city of Westminster. I have listened with delight to a picturesque geographical lesson every word of which was as instructive as it was eagerly entered into by little boys reared mainly in the sadly squalid houses of that crowded region. There came back to me the day when standing side by side with the sons of men of means, education, and position, I learned by heart the chief countries and capitals of Europe, and, provided that I said them in a sense cor-

rectly, was allowed to simplify matters by saying the columns separately or in pairs — *Spain, Portugal: Madrid, Lisbon*, was quite sufficient. I remember an elder brother's amusement on my return home, on my insisting that Portugal was the capital of Spain, Lisbon of Madrid. "Why not?" I said; "I always say it so at school."

The result was that all, or nearly all, that was learned in this way went overboard as the vessel went on its course. A child's memory is strong to retain what is in itself at all impressive or adhesive, but happily even a child's memory can let much slide. I hardly know whether to rejoice or lament that of the mass of knowledge which I then committed to memory, I only retain as conscious relics, first, what I value greatly, two or three dates of English kings; secondly, a strange and wonderful stanza about the Georgium Sidus, then the last discovered planet of our system; thirdly, a statement — too true, I doubt not, at that time — that a voyage to India required from three to six months!

Am I trifling, or is it just possible that even these slight recollections may be worth recording, that even the humblest story may be in its way an educational parable?

If so, let me pass now to another scene. It is a day-school within reach of my father's house, and I and my young friends, a little older if not wiser, are carrying our books and trundling our hoops to a much-respected master on the verge of Clapham Common, in a then important but still peaceful and suburban village, the birth-place of Macaulay, the frequent resort of Wilberforce, the Thorntons, the Sumners, Inglises, and others, in days when omnibuses, trams, and railways were yet unborn.

We children had passed into what I may call another zone, as it were, of intellectual experience. Our English lessons are mainly at an end; we have turned them over, perhaps with a touch of contempt, to our sisters; French and English history, music, and geography will do, we thought, for girls. We are setting ourselves sedulously to the training reserved for boys; and, so far as I remember, we do the work with much docility. Our lessons in Cæsar, our Latin exercises, even our Greek verbs and Delectus, have left no trace, except here and there, of special distaste or aversion, as felt either by myself or my friends. But the day soon came, the inevitable day, when it became part of our work to learn by heart those

parts of the Latin grammar, the syntax, the *As in præsentî*, the *Propria quæ maribus*, which from the time of the Reformation onwards, had formed the main pabulum of the English schoolboy. I will not dilate on the labor it involved, nor on the value of the work which it displaced, nor on the aversion that it inspired in one at least of those young students. I can hardly understand how a system which called on boys to commit to memory page after page of rules drawn up in somewhat barbarous Latin, and learned in my own case, I feel sure, without a word of comment, illustration, or explanation, to do this moreover long before they had advanced sufficiently far for more than a very few of these rules to correspond with anything that had fallen under their own observation, can have held its ground for over three centuries, and can find staunch defenders even now. I can only be thankful that my own experience of the system was just long enough to prevent me, during twenty-five years' life as a schoolmaster, from ever permitting a boy to say any grammatical rule to me in Latin words, or to quote to me any example that he had learnt by heart, without ascertaining that he knew its meaning and application, "the reason why" he had it on his lips.

Need I say that in bringing forward these autobiographical details, I have no wish to vilify the instructors of my youth, or to condemn wholesale the educational system under which young Englishmen have been trained for three centuries? Still less shall I be suspected of a desire to undervalue the use of the ancient languages as still unrivalled instruments of education. Of the special teacher under whom we trod this stony path, I am sure that his surviving pupils have none but kindly recollections. But the state of things which I have described is a form of evil which, under one and another disguise, may meet us in any system or in the teaching of any subject. In teaching science, history, the English language, nay, in training the young child to read aloud, or in imparting the first rudiments of religious knowledge, there will always be the same danger; the tendency to allow dead and mechanical toil to take the place of living and fruitful work on the part both of the teacher and of the pupil. It is so easy to be contented with outside results, and not to look below the surface; it is so difficult to go down and down to the level of the young mind, and rouse, and stir, and coax, and tempt it to think, and work, and give real and full play and

exercise to its faculties. And it is not the teacher only who is responsible. There is a sense, no doubt, in which the minds of the young are active enough, but there is a sense also in which they are often exceedingly the reverse. Real mental effort, any attempt at reflection, is apt to prove very trying, very distasteful to them: thinking, setting the mind really to work, what a Roman would call *intentio animi*, is a thing which to some gifted spirits may be a delightful pastime, but to which the minds of most growing boys have an instinctive aversion. They will often welcome a good deal of humdrum drudgery in preference to a very limited amount of such mental gymnastics. Have we never heard of Oxford undergraduates who prefer learning their little modicum of Euclid by heart to really mastering it? Yet to overcome this aversion, to train or win his pupils to take a real and hearty pleasure in such active exercise, is surely the very first aim, as it is the main mark and note, of the good teacher.

I turn a leaf in the book of my own early experiences, and all is changed. It was a time of national stir and change. The great Reform Bill had been passed, and we boys had taken our sides and fought our battles, with words or otherwise, as Reformers or anti-Reformers, with all the sturdy keenness of young Englishmen. A number of schools had been started in the neighborhood of London in connection with King's College, then in its first youth. At the head of one, within reach of a daily walk — till he migrated at the end of a year to a school nearer our own home, whither we and most of his pupils followed him — was placed a young man then fresh from high mathematical honors at Cambridge, full of fire, enthusiasm, and original ability. I shall not undertake to describe fully the reform, not the bit-by-bit, but the radical, the entire reform, which he worked in the system under which we had been thus far taught. He took, I remember, the bold step of flinging, not without some audacious words of iconoclastic ridicule, our Latin syntax to the winds, and substituting a few, a very few, rules that he gave us on a blackboard, which now for the first time became one of the instruments of our education. He, first of all, at a time when the real study of comparative philology was almost unknown in England, gave us some glimpses into what I may call the science of language; he taught us to try to group together facts for ourselves, and to form laws from what

we observed and met. And he did more, he taught us something, at the same time, of the beauty and charm of literature, old and new. We were still very young boys, even those who formed his "first class," and quite unfit to read continuously such an author as Tacitus. But yet I still remember — he will have forgotten — how, quite early, almost at the outset of our career, he had the courage to introduce us to the magnificent passage that closes the "Life of Agricola," made us laboriously translate it into English, and I presume, for I can still repeat it almost verbatim, commit it to memory; he revealed to some of us for the first time that Latin authors are something more than merely puzzling sentences in an unfamiliar language. I recall, too, the manner in which, every Saturday, instead of a dull reading lesson, he would summon seven or eight of us to read one after another, in the presence of a room full of our schoolfellows, some stirring or pathetic passage from the Old or New Testament, or from English poetry or prose, and how we coveted above all things the distinction of being reported at home as the best reader of the week. It was a simple expedient, but at all events it cured us for life of either practising ourselves, or patiently enduring in others, a lifeless and mechanical style of reading aloud. Every Saturday also, for a time, we drew without copy, from previous study, a map of Palestine. Physical geography was then in its cradle, the author of "Sinai and Palestine" a schoolboy at Rugby, and of the real configuration of that historic land I fear we, perhaps our teacher, knew little: but the interest which the study of its history and geography inspired laid in one at least of his pupils the seeds of a future harvest. Among the first authorities in Europe on such a subject is one known to the world at large for his services to the cause of music, known to no narrow circle for his services to general literature; I think that Sir George Grove would date the first germ of his articles on the geography and history of Palestine, as well as on general geography — perhaps the origin of the Palestine Exploration enterprise — to those Saturday maps and Saturday studies of Blunt's "Coincidences" and other works on Old Testament history, at a suburban grammar school, under the teaching of the present professor of astronomy in the University of Oxford. But this was not all; no week passed — and this, it will be remembered, is a period separated from the present by

full half a century, during which science has been slowly winning its way towards obtaining a partial admission into the regular course of an English schoolboy's education — no single week in which we did not receive and eagerly look forward to at least one lesson in natural science. Heat, elementary hydrostatics, mechanics and optics, electricity, and above all chemistry — to something of the elements of all these we were introduced in turn. There was not one among us, at all events in our teacher's own class, who could not at that time draw with sufficient accuracy not merely the proverbial common pump, but a low pressure steam engine of the day. What is more, we learned, if not any very large amount of scientific knowledge — limited pocket money and domestic objections to turning our bedrooms into laboratories restrained and froze the genial current of nascent science in our souls — yet a sense of the greatness and importance of the world of science, whose door was at least set ajar for us, a sense that once given us nothing could efface. It became impossible for any one of us to look henceforth on science as a foe. Our favorite literature in our homes was for a time two manuals then in vogue, long since superseded, "Mrs. Marcet's Conversations" and Joyce's "Scientific Dialogues," together with "Philosophy in Sport made Science in Earnest." Our favorite indoor recreation was the manipulation of a really excellent electrifying machine (as it was then called) manufactured for us by an elder brother, and the reproduction of the chemical experiments which we had seen at school. Both occupations were somewhat discountenanced, though for different reasons, by those who had to test the power of the last home-made Leyden jar, the result of a skilful treatment of a discarded decanter, or to inhale the odors of what was then called "azotic" and other unpleasant gases.

Meantime we were led through stage after stage of the severe discipline of mathematical study. I really dare hardly say to what dizzy heights we had been conducted by the time that the writer of these pages had reached the age of fifteen years. His own steps often slipped as he tried to keep pace with one who afterwards, with unusually little effort, took the place of senior wrangler at the University of Cambridge, which he has recently, as one of the University commissioners, helped to reconstruct. But I felt then, as I feel now, that even the study of math-

ematics was colored with the warm glow of the activity and originality of the teacher's mind; and though from the day in which he wisely and trustfully allowed one of his pupils to give those mathematical hours to reading by himself in his own very sorry method Homer and Thucydides, I never did an hour of voluntary mathematical work, yet I have never felt that any of the time I spent on these studies was wholly wasted. I may add that our teacher, though he must, I fear, have suffered much in the process, read with us, with no inconsiderable effect on our minds, before we had reached the average age of the fifth form at modern Rugby, not only the "Natural Theology" and "Evidences," and "Horæ Paulinæ" of Paley, but at least the first half of Butler's "Analogy," a copy of which I still possess, with the date of the year in which I laboriously read and re-read it for him.

I shall, I hope, be pardoned for this long and I fear egotistical record of a time so exceedingly distant. The motives that prompted it will be easily understood. I was anxious not only to give a lively picture of the practical working of two diametrically opposite educational systems, as I recall them out of what may seem to some the dark ages of education, but also to illustrate and emphasize the importance of life and enthusiasm, and of the power of imparting stimulus, on the part of the educator.

It was an additional pleasure to one who owes so much to other eminent teachers who have passed away to bear testimony to the debt which he and his friends incurred a long half century ago at the hands of one whom I saw in October last standing up in a green old age on the platform at the Reading Church Congress, and speaking some very weighty and suggestive words on one of the most absorbing and difficult of the latest born subjects of thought. But above all I wished to bring forward this chapter in my own experience as some contribution to a hopeful estimate of the still somewhat uncertain prospects of the cause of higher and middle education in England.

It is a time of some perplexity and trouble. New subjects are calling for attention; subjects not wholly new for fuller treatment; fresh fields of knowledge have been opened to the human mind which were closed even to the fathers and grandfathers of the present generation. Much difficulty in harmonizing and adjusting the claims of the new and of the

old is felt by all earnest and open-minded teachers. They feel the value of the old; they feel also the worth and promise of the new. And yet there is no lack of warning voices. Can we, it is said, hope to teach boys really well, really thoroughly, if we attempt to teach them as boys more than one or two subjects? Were not the old days of Latin and Greek pure and simple the golden days after all of sound and solid, as opposed to hollow and counterfeit, education? My own experience does not point in this direction. There is no doubt more than a possible, a very real, danger of teaching boys and girls too many subjects superficially, none thoroughly. But superficial teaching is not confined to a varied programme, and a boy may have given years to one or two subjects without having stirred the sub-soil of his mind by the monotonous process. How many failures were dug as it were into the soil before one successful scholar, when pure scholarship in the limited sense of the word was the end-all and be-all of education, was at last produced? It is a question the answers to which I have always thought to be exceedingly disheartening.

Wisdom and watchfulness will be required to harmonize and adjust rival claims, to avoid over-pressure, pretentious work. But I cannot but be led to hope that we are learning from experience that whatever tends to enlighten and stimulate and interest any part of the growing mind will not be lost in its effect on other work, will quicken and enliven the mental sensibility, break up along the whole line of the intellectual range the callousness and indifference which are hardest of all to deal with.

Time taken from such obvious preparations for future life as bookkeeping, arithmetic, geography, and bestowed on some well-guided labor in mastering the key of an ancient language, may play its part in strengthening the mental muscles of the future merchant or man of business; hours given to the thorough study and appreciation of great poets may enlarge and enrich his intellectual resources. The bread that seemed cast upon the waters may come back in due time — the boy who is destined to lead a literary life may gain rather than lose from the patient attention, the ever-watchful observation required by the hours given to some natural science.

I do not feel at all inclined to despair because we all alike who care for the future of education feel the difficulty

caused by the calls, the jostling, if I may say, of the many claimants for what Professor Huxley has so well called "the footing of the most favored nation." The pioneers of education must feel their way, must, here as elsewhere, here in a very sacred cause, carry out reverently an apostolic precept, that has its first application in the highest of all regions, that of the attitude of man towards his Maker — must "prove all things," prove them, test them fairly and honestly, and hold fast to that which experience shows to be sound and fruitful.

Some decent regard for the space on which I am unduly trespassing forbids me to enter into any detailed account of the educational atmosphere into which I passed for the last three years of boyhood, as they were spent under Arnold at Rugby. I have no doubt that I could interest any younger readers of these pages by putting before them some of the vivid recollections which still remain with me of the life of a great public school as it struck one who after leading the life of a boy at an ordinary day-school, spending certain hours at school but his real life at home, suddenly passed into a world so totally new. It is only one or two of the educational aspects of that world that I would attempt to recall. After all that I have said I do not hesitate to call those three years in some ways the most fruitful, the most valuable, the most formative, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, of my whole life. Yet I despair of giving what some might gladly welcome, any full or real insight into the secret of the success of that world-famous teacher, or any clear impression of his educational system. System, I should be inclined to say, in the sense of a clearly marked, consciously developed and organized scheme, he had none. I say so with a feeling of relief, for I have always found reason to distrust over-systematized schemes of education. I confess to a shudder as I read of the French minister of education taking out his watch and remarking that at that moment all fifth-form French boys were reading the same passage of the *Æneid*. Arnold shocked, no doubt, educational conservatives, much as he shocked the ecclesiastical and political adherents of the past, by some important changes. He did everything that was possible at that day in a school organized as Rugby was, to introduce the teaching of mathematics and modern languages as a regular and essential part of a boy's curriculum. He paved the way for future success. I

doubt whether the immediate result on the mass of the school was very great. As regards the former study, I may say of myself, that having brought with me a sufficient stock to carry me easily through all that was required at examinations, I contrived to elude all attempts to elicit further mathematical work from a brain seething with other interests. As regards the latter, we in the highest form gained much from being introduced by Arnold himself to some acquaintance with the German language and literature. I can still repeat much of the immortal "Cassandra" of Schiller, which I spent hours — they were well-spent hours — in trying to reproduce in Greek sapphics. I can still recall our master's voice as he read out his own version of a letter of Niebuhr to a young student for us to translate into German; but I do not think that a spark of enthusiasm for German literature burnt in the heart of the school below us.

An experiment had been made of which the memory was still fresh when I came as a new boy to introduce the teaching of foreign languages by two foreign gentlemen. The experiment, too often even now somewhat perilous, ended at the Rugby of that day in entire failure. How were boys, reared in insular and midland ignorance of the great world that lay beyond the silver streak, to submit to teachers who, when a sparrow was designedly let loose in school, called it a "chicken," or a cock-chaffer a "chaffer-bird"? The main subjects of instruction remained much what they were. Latin and Greek lessons were conned as before, in all but the highest forms, by the old methods under the masters whom he found, with the imperfect dictionaries, the unannotated editions, and the now obsolete Greek and Latin grammars, which were all that the schoolboy of my own day could command. One feature I remember which impressed me greatly as a new boy was said — I incline to believe, rightly — to have been introduced from Winchester. Three times a week the great majority of the school inked their fingers and bewildered their brains in composing what was called a "vulgar:" a certain number, from two to eight, of Latin verses on a given subject. Sturdy beggars, sometimes, like stalwart tramps, with a minatory importunity, met those who had a facility in such matters, and asked or demanded contributions in kind. Looking carefully back, I should be inclined to say that to those who never reached the very highest forms the great problem of really interesting

the English schoolboy in the work of his own education was by no means solved. Whether they liked or disliked their headmaster, they stood in awe of him. They recognized in him a ruler; they knew somehow that he was a conspicuous figure in the life of England; boys were made to feel that they were under law and discipline; their work was tested by what was then a novelty — regular examinations; their places in the school were made to depend not on the date of their entering the school, but on their industry and ability. By slow degrees a far higher tone of duty and morality on many essential points filtered slowly downwards into the mass of the school. Boys did their duty with a sense of duty more general and more recognized than had been or was common with schoolboys; indeed, the direct change of atmosphere worked by Arnold on Rugby at large was, I venture to think, rather moral than intellectual; certainly a too large proportion of Rugby boys in my own day looked on mental work of all kinds as an odious necessity, and characterized it by one expressive and contemptuous monosyllable.

Very different was the absorbing, the overpowering, influence of that most impressive of characters and most unresting and vigorous of intellects upon ourselves — those of us, the fewer and more advanced, who came within its reach and were capable of responding to it. We all (I speak of my own schooldays) before entering the sixth form had passed through the hands of two very different but exceedingly eminent teachers. One, whose almost proverbial lucidity and incisiveness of exposition are among the many gifts which have set a lasting impress on his pupils, was the present Oxford professor of political economy, Mr. Bonamy Price. The other was James Prince Lee, the late Bishop of Manchester, the teacher and inspirer within the very few years during which he taught at Birmingham of, among others, such men as the present Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Durham, and one whom Westminster has just rejoiced to hail as a canon, Professor Westcott.

But Arnold's influence was something unique of its kind. I cannot analyze it, I have often attempted, often abandoned the task. To some among us, to the more sensitive and impressionable, it was perhaps over-stimulating, and quite unconsciously on his part laid an undue amount of mental as well as moral strain and excitement on minds still immature. I

lighted, by a strange coincidence, after I had written these words, on a page in which he in whom all would recognize one of the very ablest of his pupils, A. H. Clough, speaks of himself while in his eighteenth year of having passed through three years of perpetual excitement. Yet there was nothing feverish, or excitable, or spasmodic in the man himself — all was manly, robust, healthy, vigorous, forcible, and wholesome; and all of us who felt his power at all would, I think, agree that, setting aside the moral and spiritual influence which perhaps set its mark on us forever, never before and never since have we come under so inspiring and stirring an intellectual stimulus.

What was the secret? You will readily believe that one who has given the best years of his life to the same work has asked the question of himself often and anxiously. It was something incommunicable and not to be reproduced by any attempt at imitation. Was it perhaps that under Arnold there was an air of something real and living in every subject that we studied, in every book that we read with him? Homer was Homer, not merely so many lines of Greek poetry; and as such we were expected to read and translate him, as the poet who carried us back to the early world of Greece, another world to that of which we had perhaps in a portion of the same lesson been reading in the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. I remember how in reading Cicero's letters he made us feel that we were dealing with no museum of examples of Latin construction (though loose and inaccurate scholarship was detected in a moment), but with the actors in the bloody tragedy that led up to the second *Triumvirate* and *Actium*. It was partly this; but, after all, this was but an element among many in the ascendancy which he held over us.

Yet as an educational system it had its *lacunæ*, its great gaps. We were deeply interested in our own and our schoolfellows' weekly attempts at original composition, often on exceedingly interesting subjects, in Latin, Greek, and English, prose and verse. We cared very much indeed some of us for history, for certain kinds of English literature, very much indeed for poetry, and for some at least of the many Greek and Latin authors whom we read. I cannot echo the complaint of one whose "Epic of Hades" I have read with unmixed admiration, that he had read in youth the masterpieces of antiquity without any aid being given him to

recognize in them all that was most noble, most pathetic, or most tragic. In no such indictment can I join as a learner in the past: I should feel it, as a teacher, the most weighty of condemnations. But the limits of our intellectual interests were, though wider than was common among schoolboys, greatly fixed by the influence of the very teacher who gave them their intensity and strength. We cared for the subjects in which Arnold taught or inspired us, we lost sight of or were indifferent to others. The Art School which Rugby now owes mainly to the munificence of a Rugbeian of a less distant generation, Sir Thomas Brassey, represents a side of educational work which was then absolutely unrepresented. In those days I cannot recall — I wish I could — a single instance of a single boy whom I knew availing himself of the assistance of the drawing-master. Of the organized musical enthusiasm which now forms so integral a part of the life of Harrow there were but few traces. The Natural History Society, which has developed so widely and done such good work in my own dear school at Marlborough and elsewhere, would have been laughed, I fear, out of existence in Arnoldian Rugby, or had no member but the historic madman of that immortal work, "Tom Brown." The laboratory of Eton, or such an array of scientific apparatus and teaching as is to be found at the modern Rugby, or at Clifton, were things unheard of. The real and successful efforts to base a sound education on what are called modern subjects that have proved so fruitful at many of the newer and in one or two of the old schools, were as yet mere day-dreams. These enormous gains of the new generation were yet to come; but still, while welcoming them all, while undervaluing none, while looking on them as merely at present half-developed, half-tried sources of light and culture, we feel that they will never supply the place of that wellspring of intellectual and moral aid that is to be found in contact with a master mind, and that no greater privilege could have been given to youth than to sit for a while at the feet of Thomas Arnold.

And now I may be allowed to turn aside from those distant days, over which I have lingered, I fear, far too long, and say one or two words on what I have already indirectly said many, the changed position of education to-day.

I will pass over at once the whole field of elementary education. We, the remaining pupils of Arnold, may be allowed

to rejoice that in the vast progress which has been made in that important region, the son-in-law of our teacher, Mr. Forster, has borne a noble part.

Let me say little of the efforts that have been made, of the movement still in full activity, in that department of intermediate education which lies between the elementary and the most advanced schools. I will confine myself to one or two of the general results that seem to have been won in the theory and practice of the instruction given to the middle and upper classes in our country.

It has been recognized, I think far more clearly than it was fifty years ago, that the province of an educator is not merely to drill and discipline, but to stir and quicken the intellect of his pupil, to inspire him whenever possible with a real interest in his work. I do not say either that this is a recent discovery of the last one or two generations, or that as an actual result it has been fully realized in practice. But a teacher would scarcely nowadays claim a great reputation on the strength of a power of flogging grammar into boys; he would feel that, even when he had done this, something else was wanting, and that much perhaps had been lost in the process.

It would be a fatal error to shut our eyes to the fact that no subject in the world can be mastered without real labor; that mental effort, often of a severe kind, is of the very essence of education, and that those who are too sluggish or too feeble to make that effort will come out of the best school, and from the hands of the best teachers, so far uneducated.

Yet for all this there is, I feel sure, a wide-spread feeling amongst teachers of the young that it is not enough to enforce a modicum of discipline, diligence, and attention, but that their work is not successfully done unless constant attempts are made to rouse, to stimulate, to fire, to interest; to win their pupils to do their part.

And, again, if we are beginning to acknowledge that some definite training other than many of us acquired, at the cost, I fear, of our earliest pupils, would be invaluable to all teachers, so also the fact is more widely acknowledged that no teaching will ever be of real value which is merely the giving forth of knowledge acquired in former years, and given out mechanically from a standing reservoir. We are all, I trust, awake to the fact that no labor which the teacher can bestow on filling his own mind with all that can

make him master of the very humblest subject that he teaches will be thrown away; that, directly or indirectly, all which makes the duller department of his teaching interesting to himself will surely be reflected in his teaching.

And, thirdly, it is felt more widely than it once was that education is hardly education that does not secure some share of what Professor Huxley so well calls "that capitalized experience of the human race which we call knowledge." We no longer accept the theory or the practice of the great German schoolmaster of the age of the Reformation, who urged that, as in the growth of the infant mind knowledge of words came before that of things, so all education from first to last should be made subordinate to the power of expression and the acquisition of style; and who forbade his German boys, under the most terrible penalties, even in play, the use of a word of their native tongue, now foremost as the vehicle of fresh learning and independent research, of the tongue to which Luther had already given shape and dignity by his great translation of the greatest of books. He treated a knowledge of the great authors of the splendid literature of Greece mainly as a means for supplying passages for translation into Latin prose, Latin being at that time the cosmopolitan language of the educated men of England and the Continent. With whatever limitations, with whatever differences of opinion, we all expect an educated man or boy when he leaves school to have acquired more or less of solid knowledge; and, what is more important, we have even come to recognize that a whole range of what are called modern studies, studies in language, literature, science, and art, that were never till lately looked upon as part of a schoolboy's education, may be made invaluable instruments of what is after all of more educational value than the imparting of any knowledge, alike of disciplining his faculties, and of stirring the intellectual and kindling the emotional side of his nature.

It follows from this, it is in fact merely saying the same thing in other words, that the educational instruments now at the disposal of the teacher are far more varied than those to which tradition and the practice, but little modified, of three centuries had set their seal.

This is neither the place nor the time to dwell on the very interesting circumstances which at the time of so mighty a shock as the Reformation tended rather to strengthen than to shake the paramount

and almost exclusive place held by the two languages of Greece and Rome in the educational system of the schools of England and of Europe.

It was not, we must remember, a Dominican monk, but the enlightened and liberal leaders of the English Reformation, who insisted, laymen as well as clergymen, in grammar school after grammar school, that Latin, at least, and if possible Greek, even versification in either language, should be taught to the boys in the country towns on which they bestowed their generous endowments. It was not an Obscurantist, but the founder of Charterhouse (now flourishing no longer in the neighborhood of Smithfield, but on the breezy heights of Surrey), who, while ordering that none but the best authors, Greek and Latin, should be studied, so far modified the stringency of the rule as to allow scholars to be taught to cipher and cast an account, "especially those that are less capable of learning and fittest to be sent to trades." It was not in the Middle Ages, but in the statutes of Charterhouse bearing as date the second year of Charles I., that it was ordered that the boys' Sunday work should consist in writing Latin verses on some portion of the second lesson. It was not in the dark ages, but in the school which was called into life under the shadow of our great Abbey of Westminster by Queen Elizabeth, that it was expressly ordered that the three highest forms should employ themselves for at least one afternoon hour in expressing the substance of the morning sermon in Latin verse, the two next in Latin prose, while it was only the youngest boys to whom the use of English in the same edifying task was conceded.

And the almost exclusive dominion of these two languages, taught in the manner I have already described, held its own down to a comparatively recent period. The protest of Milton and the suggestions of Locke, neither of them, I venture to think, very practical, came before their time. For, after all, these grammar schools, as has been well pointed out in an interesting paper by Mr. C. S. Parker,* did fulfil the end which their founders had set before them. They did not give the yeoman or the man of business an education fitted for his future life, but they did exactly that work which the religious and monastic schools of the Middle Ages had done in their time. They opened the door of the universities and of profes-

sional and literary life to the children of the poor as to the sons of the rich, and the classical, strictly classical, free grammar schools of the day were the ladder by which boy after boy rose from a humble sphere to eminence and even greatness. Their roll of great names is long and splendid.

But for all this, we are all probably of one mind, that such a system had long outlived the day that called it forth. No one who expects his son to begin active life at the age of sixteen would wish him to devote the preceding exceedingly precious years to an exclusive study of the elements of two ancient languages. Few would wish those who may look forward to a more prolonged course and higher culture to confine themselves to the narrow curriculum contemplated by the educational reformers of three centuries ago.

And lastly, it is interesting to see not only that old subjects no longer hold exclusive possession of the educational field, but that even where either of them holds, as I venture to think they long will hold on their own merits, a leading place, their treatment has been greatly modified by the progress of human knowledge that has been made within the last half century. May I give an illustration, a very simple one, of my meaning? Let me take the oldest of all our educational instruments, the Latin language. The subject is included in the curriculum of every good "second grade" school with which I am acquainted. The teacher whose boys leave him at fifteen or sixteen cannot expect to make finished scholars. If he has made them fairly at home in the elements of the tongue which Cæsar and his legions carried with them—if he has enabled them to read, not without pains and labor, yet with some real interest, the history of two or three campaigns in Gaul and Britain—if, above all, he has contrived to interest them in a few specimens of prose or poetry of the highest order, he will have done all that can reasonably be asked. The learner will no longer have been called upon to commit to memory a mass of abstract or empirical and ill-framed rules drawn up in half unintelligible Latin, and accompanied with a formidable array of Latin examples. Memory, which will, let us hope, have had its first training in quite another field (shall I say of simple texts, and hymns, and English poetry, of things worth the learning and worth remembering?) will have been necessarily severely tasked in mastering the essential elements

* See essay in *Essays on a Liberal Education*, 1867.

of declensions and conjugations. The English boy of the nineteenth century will stand in this respect, if not side by side with the pupils of the schools of Charlemagne, certainly with those of Melanchthon or of our own mediæval and Reformation schools. Even here modern studies may do something, I do not say to lighten, but to enlighten the necessary steps. Something of the "reason why" of the existence of these puzzling inflections of number, case, tense, gender, and mood, in Latin as in German, of their disappearance in modern, of their richness and abundance in older English, may fall within the teacher's power and will to communicate to his pupils. He will no longer be content to tell them that one word, *inquam*, stands for the two English words *I say*, because the Romans did not trouble themselves to express the personal pronoun unless for special emphasis, but he may explain to them that the Latin, like many other languages in an early stage, placed its *I say* in a different order to our own and fused it into a single word *say I*, and that the *I* is as much involved in the final letter of the *inquam* as it is in our corresponding phrase of two words. He will not be content to leave them to find out that the order of a Latin sentence in Cæsar is almost invariably quite different from that of the order of an English sentence, but he will here again give some of the very simple reasons why English is so comparatively limited to one order, why Latin is so free and unfettered. He will do all he can to make the learner realize *how* and *why* it is that he is passing as he learns an ancient language into a different world of expression to that of his own, and will try to teach him to gather together some real and striking characteristics of each. He will not by such means make the path to the acquisition of Latin a mere easy saunter through flowery fields, but he will do something to give a distant prospect from that uphill path, not merely goad the climber to force his way between two enclosing dreary walls. And side by side with this, he will try to show in very simple language the essential uniformity of the operation of the human mind that underlies the external differences of such dissimilar languages. That logical and scientific analysis of the sentence which enters so largely into the teaching of some portions of even our elementary schools will show at once, when applied to Latin as to English, how much there is that is common to all tongues, and though such analysis will never teach to speak or write,

it seems to me to be one of the most useful of logical exercises that can be comprehended under the wide name of grammar.

Need I add a word of the close connection between the Latin and French languages, which is of equal interest to the historian, and the philologist? We knew when I was a boy—we all knew, that is, in a certain sense—that French was mainly, as we said, derived from Latin. But that it was, and still is, a Latin language, that it is in fact Latin at this moment in another and later stage—Latin crushed, no doubt, and worn and moulded by the attrition of ages, and by the genius of the more or less versatile races that in turn adopted it, but still essentially Latin—was a fact which I cannot but think would have added interest to our own studies of both, and which was then little recognized even by those who taught both languages. So little was the connection studied in England that I well remember the difficulty with which I procured from Germany twenty-five years ago the few books which could give me some guidance on the subject.

Again, even elementary lessons in Latin "construing" may be made lessons not only of English and of Latin grammar, but of some literary value. The translating from one language to another is always more or less of a difficult task. The difficulty is not at all confined to what are called the dead languages. How many Englishmen think that a residence in France will equip them for what seems to them so easy, the translation of French prose into English! How disastrous is the result! Some of us may remember Lord Granville's circular reminding—not newspaper correspondents in haste to catch a post or write off a telegram—but even the educated younger members of the diplomatic and consular services, that translation does not consist in substituting for a French word one that sounds like it, and is derived from it, in English, but in thinking out the real meaning of the French word, and trying to find—not always an easy task—the word or phrase that carries the same force in his own language. But the translation of Latin, not into some mean dialect of a vulgar tongue, but into pure and idiomatic English, such as the boy finds in the English authors whom he is reading at home or at school—and he has no right to read Cæsar if he has never yet read one good English author—is a constant call for the very faculties of observation, taste,

memory, and judgment, which it is the business of education to call out.

But I feel that old habits are gaining on me; the pedagogue is taking the place of the narrator and interpreter of the past.

Let me hasten to my close.

English education is, no doubt, passing through a stage of gradual change and experiment. Much has been said, but the last word has not been spoken. The ancient universities are leading the way by opening their doors with the very happiest results to great subjects once ignored within their walls. Undergraduates who would have loitered through a three years' course are now busily engaged in studies of recognized value. Old schools are welcoming new subjects; new schools are fearlessly but steadily feeling their way to improved methods. Our great industrial and commercial centres are showing that they on their side set a value not merely on marketable knowledge, but also on intellectual culture, on literary, scientific, and artistic excellence. The cry for fuller and more thorough technical instruction is meeting with a response too long delayed. Those who are engaged in actually threading the shoals and shooting the rapids of a time of necessary change and progress, deserve the encouragement and the sympathy of those who watch their course. They at times, perhaps, feel somewhat overwhelmed by the vociferous and conflicting shouts of advice and direction, rebuke and warning, that come from the bank. They find it hard at once to steer the ship and discuss with bystanders the whole theory of navigation. May they pursue their course wisely and bravely, and meet with their best reward in educational success! Some disappointment, some sore mortifications, are sure to be their lot. This subject that they hoped to find so fruitful will prove barren; that method that seemed so promising may end in failure. They will remember, too, their own many errors and faults—their want of judgment to-day, their want of sympathy yesterday. But they are engaged in a very high calling, in moulding the minds and forming the characters of those who will recall, perhaps with excess of gratitude, any good or stirring influence that they have exerted, and pass on to their children's children much that they have unconsciously imparted.

No class of English educators calls for more recognition and sympathy than those who are engaged in framing and conducting the work of those important "inter-

mediate" or "second grade" schools which are being rapidly founded or reorganized throughout the country. Such teachers will have to train up generation after generation of men who must lead active, hard-working, often toilsome and anxious lives. It is much to be desired that, speaking merely of intellectual training, they will try to provide their pupils with something that will go far not merely to equip them for that life, but also to help to counteract some of its inevitable tendencies; that in the daily round of school work they will keep before them a high ideal of the teacher's function. If so, they will try to plant the germs of some care, some enthusiasm, for what is interesting, or ennobling, or true, for its own sake, not merely for its immediate and tangible results. They will not be content unless some who have left them can look back on the time when under their care and inspiration some sense of the cadence, and the melody, and the beauty of poetry, or of the order and greatness of the world which science opens, or of the endless charm of literature, or of the exceeding attractiveness of the past, or some earnest desire to master some one, perhaps difficult, but fruitful, subject of study, first cast its spell over them—when they laid the foundation of tastes and pursuits which have enriched their own lives, and, it may be, those of others.

Still more it is to be hoped that they will have learnt there, in a measure, even more enduring lessons—the virtues of Christians and of English citizens—mutual respect, co-operation, public spirit, generosity, punctuality, fidelity, truthfulness; some sense, too, of the value of human life as entrusted to them and to their less favored brethren by our Heavenly Father, and as ennobled by the life and teaching of him who went about doing good, and bade his disciples strive to be as their Master.

GEORGE GRANVILLE BRADLEY.

From Temple Bar.

GRACIE.

BY LADY LINDSAY (OF BALCARRES).

I.

It was a very long, dreary street in which Mrs. Marmaduke Wyvern and her two daughters resided. Of all ugly London streets, in those silent, semi-aristocratic regions where there are no shops

but only rows and rows of tall two-windowed houses, this street was one of the very ugliest. It consisted for the most part of dingy, colorless houses, though here and there a spasmodic attempt had been made by some enterprising persons to embellish their abodes, or, perhaps it should rather be said, to distinguish them as much as possible from each other. Thus, one house was painted deep chocolate from basement to attic; another, the tint of pale coffee; Mrs. Roderick Jones insisted on venetian red, relieved by black lines, whilst old Major Noddy (who had travelled a great deal in the East) personally superintended the decoration of his front door after the most approved Assyrian style. Little idle boys frequented Major Noddy's door, and whiled away their leisure by following with dirty fingers the queer green and yellow patterns that encircled the columns of the portico, the major frowning at them from his dining-room window (which, by-the-by, was Assyrian also), and frowning all in vain.

And yet the dreary street, fading at its extreme end into the haze of a gentle autumn evening, was not altogether unpoetical, according to Amelia Wyvern. Amelia had artistic tendencies, and she occasionally made statements that startled her uneducated hearers. Amelia was studying perspective, and, possibly for that very reason, the vanishing-point of the long thoroughfare became interesting to her; possibly, also, because in the square immediately beyond the vanishing-point lived Douglas McHuish, a young man who was a City clerk, and who sometimes accidentally walked up the street on his return from his office at the very hour that Amelia walked down on her way home from the School of Art.

Mrs. Wyvern's residence was one of the unobtrusive houses. Mrs. Wyvern was a lady in reduced circumstances, and consequently she put off the expense of doing up her house as long as possible, just as she postponed many other expensive pleasures. Economy was her one thought, night and day; poor Mrs. Wyvern, there were so few ways left untried in which she could economize! She had sometimes thought of taking in a lodger; but, on reflection, the plan seemed scarcely feasible. She might let her house for a while, certainly; other ladies let their houses, to spend the winter at Cannes, or the summer at Homburg; but travelling or moving of any sort would, after all, involve much additional expense.

On the other hand, to remain, and admit a lodger — to keep apartments, in fact — the whole thing sounded too terribly degrading. Mrs. Wyvern felt convinced that, for her girls' sake, she could not entertain such unpractical notions.

It is true that the girls themselves were unused to luxuries. Amelia possessed a black silk gown, the bodice of which could be made to look absolutely like that of an evening dress, by the aid of a white lace *fichu* and a bunch of artificial geraniums, and she was even now preparing to stitch up for herself a tulle ball-gown in preparation of Christmas festivities. But, after all, Amelia cared little for these vanities, and found it no hardship to exist without them; verily, a few tubes of colors and a perfectly new and well-stretched canvas were sights to make her brilliant brown eyes glisten with far more delight than they evinced for the smartest frock that a dressmaker's cunning could devise.

As for Gracie, she, of course, needed no fine clothes.

With regard to food, the Wyverns lived upon so little that it is positively saddening to think how often these poor ladies went to bed hungry. Amelia, whose appetite was by nature a healthy one, used sometimes to steal down-stairs, barefoot and noiseless, after the others had retired for the night, in order to ransack the dining-room cupboard, and solace herself with a big hunch of dry bread. Then, she crept up-stairs again, and softly, on tip-toe, re-entered the room which was hers and her sister's, and where Gracie lay, already fast asleep, her thin face delicately outlined against the white pillow. Occasionally, Gracie made believe to sleep; she knew perfectly well why Amelia had gone down-stairs, for indeed Gracie discovered most things, but it pleased her somehow that her sister should not know that she knew. And it was often long hours after Amelia had curled herself up in the sound sleep of youth and a good conscience, before Gracie managed to sigh herself away into a fitful slumber.

Mrs. Wyvern had married somewhat late in life, and when, after four years of happiness, her husband died suddenly, he left her alone in the world, with her two little girls, a London house of tolerable size, and a hand-to-hand fight with fortune before her, the greater part of his income (being a pension for military services) having ceased at his death.

The widow tried hard to make some addition to her narrow means, but she had been brought up, like most women, to do

but little for herself. Until her marriage, she had lived with a rich uncle and aunt, who counted on her perpetual companionship, and who were therefore so annoyed at their prospective loss that they disowned her when she insisted on marrying Colonel Wyvern. The bridegroom's advanced age, the absence of his right arm, and his well-known hasty temper were, according to their views, insurmountable obstacles. But the niece, woman-like, pitied and tended her husband, loved him all the more for his infirmities, reverencing him because of that valiant arm hewn down on the field of battle, and suffering nothing from a temper that always melted before the sunshine of her own gentleness.

Shortly after her wilful marriage, however, both uncle and aunt died, so that, at her husband's death, Mrs. Wyvern found no relations to turn to. Nor, on her husband's side, was there any help forthcoming; the few distant connections she possessed being scattered far and wide over the world, and none of them to be considered rich or powerful.

Mrs. Wyvern endeavored to turn authoress, but she had scant literary talent. It caused her a week of intense labor and anxiety to indite an article of feeble interest, for which a country journal rewarded her with a few shillings. She then gave her attention to embroidery, and worked a few elaborate cushions and table-covers for a friend, receiving some private remuneration, but by-and-by her eyesight grew weak, and besides, there seemed few advantageous openings for the sale of ladies' work.

She might have sold her house, and retired into a country cottage, but she considered London the best place to live in, both for her own happiness, and for her children's education. Above all, she clung to the house itself; dull and dreary as it might appear, it had been her husband's. Therein, still unaltered, was his morning-room, full of his own old-fashioned things, as his dear hand had placed them — the table at which he sat, the chair in which he loved to read. Mrs. Wyvern came to the conclusion that, by dint of scrupulous economy, she might continue to live in her house, and present to the outer world the same appearance as before. That is the chief thing, after all, for which we each of us plan and struggle; the appearance we present to the world.

The two little girls, partly from the fact that the difference of age between them-

selves and their mother was greater than is often the case, partly because that mother lived so much mentally in a past that was everything to her, yet meant nothing to them, relied on one another for companionship, and had grown into girlhood passionately attached to each other. They made but few friends. Their childish friendship had ever been, for Grace, completely bounded by Amelia; for Amelia, almost entirely circled by Grace.

Amelia was strong, Grace was clinging. Amelia was tall and straight and beautiful, Grace was delicate and weakly; indeed, a cripple. At five years old she had met with an accident that injured her for life. Ever after that accident she lay on her back, poor little Grace, and, from her lowly and recumbent position, she viewed life through a lovely spiritual lens of her very own making. There was no envy, no malice, no uncharitableness in her heart; the few figures that moved and had their being in her narrow world were all beautiful and all good, to her thinking; she alone was not sufficiently good. But she meant to try to be. She did not struggle much for this end, however; she loved peacefully, and was loved in return. There was no uneasiness about her nature; being herself the incarnation of tenderness and trust, she confidently took for granted the kindness of every one else.

She was, besides, a delightful companion, full of fun and gentle teasing; a very Philistine, said her sister, but that was because, when Amelia was smitten with her first craze of æstheticism, Gracie flatly refused to have her dressing-gown and bed-quilt trimmed with drab and sage-green instead of the old familiar pink or sky-blue that her childish soul had always loved.

"Why, what would happen to poor mamma if we both of us became artists, Amy?" asked Grace.

"You don't disapprove of my following art as a career, surely, Gracie, do you?" entreated Amelia, who was one of those earnest and serious-minded people who ride their hobbies at all times, both in and out of season.

"If you have thought out any theory about the matter, dear, pray tell me," she added.

"But I have thought out nothing," replied Grace, laughing, "and I never have theories about anything at all. Don't you know me well enough to know that?"

"It is a very responsible thing to be an

artist," said Amelia gravely; "one owes a kind of duty to the great and beautiful in everything."

"Perhaps," said Grace.

"I feel," continued Amelia — "I feel as though I had dedicated myself to some unknown deity, put on a robe, registered a vow, bound myself for life, in fact."

"To your profession?"

"Yes, to my profession; you understand, don't you, Gracie?"

"I think so, dear."

"It seems a solemn thing, a privilege to be almost frightened of, to belong to the same profession as Raphael and Titian — a far-off, humble disciple as I am, but still one of the same band. Do you see, Gracie?"

"I see. You are a darling, Amy."

Grace stretched out her thin little hand, on which the blue veins made a clear tracery, and took Amelia's firm, ruddy fingers within hers.

"I am *so* glad you are strong, Amy!"

"Strength is necessary for a woman who seeks to make her way in any career," said Amelia, with decision. "And you know, dear, I want to work, both for mother and for you. Only think of all the pretty things I shall be able to get for you, by-and-by! Talking of women, though, there are all sorts of drawbacks put in our way, spokes in the wheel of our advancement. What I should like to prove is that women are certainly far superior to men if they succeed in merely rivalling them, handicapped as the poor females are by so many extra difficulties."

"To whom do you want to prove it, Amy?"

"To the men, of course. They are the ones who need convincing."

"But perhaps they are the very ones who don't wish to be convinced."

"All the more need to convince them against their will. Well, never mind, a time is coming when they *must* be convinced. Deeds, not words, you know. And yet, on second thoughts, I am in doubt whether it is not the women themselves who need to be convinced."

"What, really?"

"They are such limp creatures, Gracie."

"You are not limp, darling, anyway," said the little sister, smiling.

She was lying back on the pillows of her bed, and at the foot sat Amelia, erect and determined, her head thrown up, her eyes flashing, looking like a young war-horse ready for the fray.

Amelia was twenty, but appeared younger; her bright beauty was so thoroughly

the beauty of youth and rosy freshness, and there was such abundant life and spirits in her most trifling actions.

"Does Mr. McHuish need convincing?" asked Grace, after a pause.

"I don't know," said Amelia, hurriedly slipping from the bed, and going over to the other side of the room, where she began closely to examine an unfinished sketch of the day before, and to scrub it up and down with a big paint-brush.

Douglas McHuish was a tall, lank young man, with hair that the Miss Wyverns would doubtless have described as "tawny," with light eyelashes closing over his keen eyes, and as many freckles as the stars of heaven showered upon his face and hands. He was much given to reading Carlyle; he seldom smiled; he nodded his head and murmured "Ay," in a deep base tone, and said but little else. Only, he adored Amelia with the persistency of ten ordinary men.

There was one subject, however, on which the young Scotchman could grow loquacious, and that, as might be expected, was genealogy. To Mrs. Wyvern the subject was as distasteful as it was dull; it denoted a misplaced affection, she argued, on the part of their descendant to go groping around the tombs of the McHuishes, who had left him nothing but an outlandish name and a few thousand freckles a year. Amelia herself was conscious that her thoughts wandered when Douglas held forth on his noble progenitors, her own mind being very strongly set in the direction of modern progress, and thoroughly attuned to the most radical, nay, communistic tendencies of the present day. Grace alone sympathized with the young Scot. She considered his monologues on genealogical topics as a kind of harmless lunacy, and treated him with as much gentleness as any amiable Christian would show to a bear with a sore head.

Mrs. Wyvern was, however, often uneasy with regard to the young man's poverty; that she had been romantically disposed at the time of her own marriage argued nothing in favor of any folly on the part of her daughters: the most consistent people do not think it necessary to carry on till fifty the feelings they boasted of at thirty. Mrs. Wyvern would doubtless have turned a thoroughly cold shoulder on Amelia's unfortunate swain, had it not been that he softened her maternal heart by the sympathetic, almost feminine tenderness he evinced for Grace. His visits helped much to brighten the

poor girl's life, and, whilst she undoubtedly liked him, he loved her dearly, this little seventeen-year-old Grace, a budding flower that might never bloom into the fulness of perfection, a sensitive plant that opened out in an instant to the sunshine of kind words.

When McHuish came to spend the evening, as for Grace's express benefit he was occasionally permitted to do, she bade him carry her to the drawing-room window, where she loved to watch the moonlit sky, and the twinkling lamps up and down the street. There, as she lay, a mere feather in his stalwart arms, her thin little neck stretched itself out, and the hectic face leant forward, her eager gaze sweeping the dreary horizon.

Then, finally, as his best reward, she had a way of drooping her head, and looking up with dreamy blue eyes whilst she murmured very softly, —

"My brother! my own brother!" and, at these words, the young man's very brow grew red with blushes, and a sweet hopefulness filled his soul.

That was Gracie's way.

Yet this mutual understanding was unavowed; through force of habit, Douglas McHuish had certainly come to be looked upon as Amelia's recognized admirer, but nothing more. Mrs. Wyvern had not the heart to prevent his coming to the house, but she could not encourage him. "Of course he is too poor to dream of marrying," Mrs. Wyvern often said.

"Of course," returned Gracie. "And Amy never wants to marry, you know, mother."

"All the better," replied Mrs. Wyvern; "I don't wish to lose her. But wait till the right man comes."

"And then?" asked Gracie.

"Well, then things will be settled," said Mrs. Wyvern. "You always ask so much, child."

But Gracie pondered whether things were not settled already. She loved Amelia; she loved Douglas. There was that question of money, money, money; always money, thought the girl, sadly. Yet, if Douglas by-and-by became a great lawyer, and Amy a distinguished painter, these money problems must all be easily solved. If only Amelia could earn money *now*, as she was sure to do sooner or later, and as her talent undoubtedly deserved!

II.

MR. SIMPKINS'S academy of art was by no means planned upon any new or elab-

orate method. Mr. and Mrs. Simpkins prided themselves rather upon their conservative policy, and spoke patronizingly, if not slightly, of all more modern institutions than their own. When Mr. Simpkins (the professor, as he was called) held forth on the subject of art, clad in his velvet dressing-gown and tasselled smoking-cap, one hand firmly planted upon his hip, the other vaguely tracing designs in the empty air, he said a good word or two for Reynolds, Lawrence, or Gainsborough, and even blandly commented upon Wilkie and a few of his contemporaries, but between these and the painters of the present was a wide gulf fixed. Even Continental artists were rigorously ignored. Sadly, almost tearfully, with an ominous shake of the head, Mr. Simpkins would say, —

"Let us go back, my dear friends, let us go back for art."

And yet, for the so-called "old masters" he had little enthusiasm; Raphael was perhaps the only person whose talent he admitted, but this with such reluctance that it is to be feared the professor's judgments were somewhat narrow. With great decision he opposed any new-fangled arrangements (even for ventilation) in his class-rooms. There was a class for ladies, another for gentlemen; these were held in two dirty little rooms, the smaller and dirtier being granted for the weaker sex. Here it was that Amelia Wyvern plodded and dreamed, her exterior aspect that of a quiet, industrious pupil, her inner soul aflame with eager ecstatic longings for future fame and success.

Poor Amelia was sometimes a little uncertain of the professor's ability; in this she differed from the rest of the pupils, who worshipped, unquestioningly, at the shrine of his intellect; but there was in Amelia's character an absolute want of reverence. She was, indeed, desperately anxious to attend a school in Gower Street, of which she had heard much, where the teaching was first-rate, and where young men and women worked side by side in a great hall, thereby advancing that great and noble cause of "women's rights" which lay so near to Amelia's heart. But Mrs. Wyvern willed it otherwise, and, therefore, her daughter continued to be one of the professor's pupils. Punctually every morning Amelia made her appearance in the little dark class-room; daily she stumbled over the skeleton near the door, a poor battered skeleton whereon the students hung their cloaks and hats, and concerning which

and the adjacent cupboard many feeble jokes were made. Every morning little Mrs. Simpkins confided to Amelia with renewed zest what care and trouble she (Mrs. Simpkins) had found it necessary to bestow on the costume of next week's elaborately draped model, and every morning the professor, rubbing his hands, would reiterate, —

"Art, Miss Wyvern, nothing like art, my dear lady, *nothing like art!*"

And every morning Amelia smiled and nodded in silent reply.

The professor shone, somehow, more in theory than in practice. He possessed a purple eye, that is, of course, metaphorically. Everything he painted, from a sunset to a snowdrop, was equally plum-color, and he naturally insisted that his pupils should scrupulously imitate his method.

In the class were many degrees of excellence. One poor lady never ceased to reproduce in black chalk a huge plaster nose about five inches in length. There was the show pupil, of course, who, it was whispered, had once exhibited at the Dudley Gallery. Sometimes, when Amelia, biting her pencil peacefully as she gazed round the room, first at the tired sultana on her green baize "throne," then at the plum-colored representations of the said sultana on the boards or canvasses of the students — Amelia, with a long sigh, acknowledged that life is short, and art distressingly, almost absurdly, long.

Yet she worked cheerfully till nearly dusk, then, gathering up her painting materials, she bade farewell to kindly Mrs. Simpkins, sent "all manner of loves" to the baby, and shook hands with the professor, who, whilst he praised her work, was pretty certain to recommend "a *leettle* more cobalt mixed with crimson lake." And then, dreaming dreams of future glory, her pretty, fresh face aglow, Amelia ran down-stairs and walked quickly home, only to take out her paint-box once more, and study candlelight effects, with her mother and Gracie for models instead of the weary sultana from Leather Lane.

One late afternoon in November, Mrs. Wyvern and her younger daughter were sitting, as usual, in their somewhat dreary drawing-room, which had been furnished upwards of forty years ago and was consequently as unpicturesque as most apartments of that date. Amelia called this an "impossible" room, and, in her moments of hopefulness as to a happy pecuniary future, was apt to imagine herself

pulling down the ugly glazed chintz curtains, tearing up the worn crimson and black carpet, and giving free scope to her advanced æsthetic tendencies. That was a dream, however, destined, like so many of our castles in the air, to adorn the future only, for albeit other folks' tastes might come and go, Mrs. Wyvern's solid but inartistic drawing-room furniture "went on forever."

Gracie was lying on a sofa, which was distressingly made up of false lines and wrong curves. She was staring at the fire in the highly ornamented steel grate, whilst opposite to her sat Mrs. Wyvern, knitting, and conversing, or rather soliloquizing, on the inexhaustible subject of butchers' and bakers' bills.

Suddenly the door opened, and Douglas McHuish was shown in.

"I ventured to bring a few violets for Miss Gracie," quoth the shy young man, proceeding with laborious awkwardness to untie a little blue paper parcel he held. "How are ye to-day, Miss Gracie?"

Miss Gracie was much delighted with the violets, and sat up on her sofa, as she held them in her thin little hands, stroking them, and finally arranging them carefully one by one upon their green leaves in a saucerful of water.

"Is not Miss Amelia home yet?" asked Douglas after a pause.

No, Amelia was not home yet; but Mrs. Wyvern was looking for her speedy return, for the afternoon had already grown both dark and misty.

"But only let that child settle herself comfortably down at her painting," added the mother, half in pride, half in annoyance, "and there's no getting her away again till doomsday."

"She went off to the school at nine this morning," said Grace.

"She'll be a fine painter some day," remarked McHuish, with conviction.

He was sitting in the semi-darkness a few yards from Grace; she could see the outline of his gaunt figure, and his plain, earnest features irradiated now and then by fitful gleams of firelight; he, on the other hand, could watch the slender white form stretched out in stillness upon the couch.

"Will I wait to see Miss Amelia?" asked the visitor, with subdued eagerness.

"Oh yes, pray stay and talk to us," replied Mrs. Wyvern; "this has been rather a bad day of neuralgia for Grace. You won't mind the dark, Mr. McHuish; it scarcely seems worth while having the lights as yet."

Thereupon, McHuish contentedly stayed and talked; darkness is an incentive to the conversation of shy folk. Besides, strange to say, he could always talk more freely to Grace and her mother than to his lady-love, bitterly though he lamented his deficiency in that respect.

Presently Amelia came in.

"Don't you want a lamp?" she asked laughing, bringing in with her an atmosphere of energy and gaiety, and yet an amount of fresh air that made Grace shiver.

"Oh mother, I can't see a bit!" continued Amelia; "do let us have lights. Why, is that you, Mr. McHuish?"

"Mr. McHuish has been telling us all about the Aurora," said Grace. "It must be so beautiful in the far north, Amy! Please tell Amy about it, Mr. McHuish, won't you?"

"Only how I rode home one night, one winter night," began the Scotchman confusedly. He had risen from his chair at Amelia's entrance, and now stood twirling his hat slowly round and round in his big, bony hands.

"It was across the lonely moors," said Grace.

"And the Aurora was shooting up into the heavens," said McHuish.

"More beautiful than daylight," added Grace enthusiastically. "Only fancy, Amy, what the great rays must be, white, and silver, and rose-color, giving one an idea of some wonderful weird world out far, far beyond the distant hills. I can fancy being lured away and away, towards that magical horizon!"

"Here comes the lamp," said Mrs. Wyvern. "Dear me, how they have spilt the oil again, all over the handle! Doesn't your mother, Mr. McHuish, find that her servants —"

"'Light, light!' I feel like Goethe," interrupted Amelia irrelevantly. "Mamma, I want to show you something. Do look. The professor says there is an exhibition going to open immediately, somewhere he knows, and he thinks I might really, truly, send this head."

Out from under Amy's cloak came a square brown-paper parcel, and then the young artist, with a little air of modest though conscious merit, held up to view a small oil painting representing the head of an Italian bandit.

"What, really?" asked Mrs. Wyvern, in admiration.

"Oh Amy, not really?" echoed Grace.

"Yes," answered Amelia quietly.

He was a fierce bandit, a very fierce

bandit. His head was slightly turned away; still, his eagle glance was fixed threateningly on the beholder; his glance evidently meant much. He was arrayed in a gorgeous costume, worn, probably, by bandits of his province only, and his background was the well-known blue and cloudless sky of the south.

"Well, I must say," remarked Mrs. Wyvern impressively, as she looked around her for the sake of argument, "I must say, Amelia, that you have made very great progress."

"It's a beautiful head," said Grace sympathetically; "oh, you dear, clever Amy, I must give you a kiss; I never saw such a fierce-looking bandit!"

"I should think not," returned Amy. "The professor wanted us particularly to catch that expression, as the model actually did commit a murder once long ago in Corsica."

"Of course one must not praise one's own child," said Mrs. Wyvern, "but I cannot help thinking there are very few young artists who could beat that head. And I don't know about 'young' either."

"There is one little thing that troubles me," said Amelia in a hesitating voice, "that is, you see, mamma, the high light on the bandit's nose. What do *you* think of the high light, Mr. McHuish!"

"I'm no much of a painter myself," replied the person interrogated, who lapsed into a northern dialect whenever he became nervous. "The nose is no that bad, to my thinking; it's the lad's complexion that's terrible blue, surely."

"Why, the professor said it was not blue enough!" exclaimed Amelia.

"Oh, Mr. McHuish, you don't really think it blue?" asked Grace reproachfully.

"I — I —" stammered the young man.

"Perhaps," said Mrs. Wyvern, with some severity, "perhaps that Mr. McHuish has not sufficiently considered the reflections from the southern sky."

Amelia said no more. Possibly, she inwardly felt that, like the archbishop in "Gil Blas," she desired for her critic "toutes sortes de prospérités, avec un peu plus de goût," whilst the unhappy offender, stumbling over his sentences, sought, by the most indiscriminating praise, to reinstate himself in his former position of trust.

Days passed; the bandit, carefully framed and labelled, was sent to the exhibition, and in due time, as Amelia received no notice to the contrary, she became

tremblingly, hopefully, delightedly aware that her picture was accepted and hung.

During these anxious days, she was very eagerly expectant, and yet afraid, to hear the postman's knock; she knew not what news he might bring. No news is good news, doubtless, as Grace oftentimes asserted, and yet such silence was trying to bear.

Amelia worked somewhat fitfully at the professor's. She found herself in high favor with her fellow-students; they evidently viewed her with much increased respect. On one occasion the poor lady who was struggling with the large chalk nose actually went on all-fours to look for a piece of india-rubber which Amelia had dropped! Mrs. Simpkins addressed her as "dear child;" the professor talked lengthily to her of the possible regeneration of art, a subject he reserved for a very choice few amongst his pupils, deeming, doubtless, that there were but few of them destined to take a really active part in such regeneration.

But Amelia could not work as of yore; she painted out to-day what she had painted in yesterday; she was certainly demoralized. Her small capabilities of the present jarred in her mind with the wide destinies she contemplated for the future. Of course the brigand was the doorway through which she was to wend her steps towards these destinies, and yet, as she worked, she was conscious of some uneasiness concerning the finite nature of her own art. Certainly, at home, as she sat beside Gracie's couch, at rest from palette or canvas, she held forth garrulously as to her future aims and present success, without any disturbing emotion. Somehow, it was always so easy to talk to Gracie! Nothing seemed too great, nothing too small, for her facile comprehension and universal sympathy.

"Why can't women become Royal Academicians!" Amelia would exclaim wrathfully, whilst her sister listened sorrowfully. "What an unjust, miserable nineteenth century we live in, to be sure," continued Amelia, forgetful of her doctrines of progress; "only think of Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffmann!"

"Were they Academicians?" asked Grace, who was still strangely ignorant on the subject.

"Why, of course."

And thereupon Gracie from her full loving heart protested that Amelia was surely intended to become the female art-pioneer of this present generation, and that the most obtuse public could not

possibly remain blind to her remarkable merit.

It may be held that such indiscriminate praise was unwholesome for Amelia, but Grace did not reason thereon; she was not going to set up as a moral blister or scourge for the chastening of her sister. If Grace Wyvern loved the universe generally, how much more must she not idolize those objects of affection which were encircled by the narrow boundary of home?

Perchance she was not altogether wrong. For, surely, when, tired and grey-headed, we pause in the journey of life, and look back upon those sweet foolish fondnesses with which in early days our dear ones encouraged our unripe efforts, we smile to recall the efforts, and sigh to remember the fond words, conscious that since then the outer world's more truthful judgment (together with our own painful conviction) has sufficiently well settled that little matter of our youthful vanity. There are not many boys at school, I imagine, who condemn the mother's tenderness which scarcely prepared them for a life of hardship.

Haply, even whilst Gracie encouraged her sister by extreme adulation, Amelia grew humble, and felt her own faults all the more keenly.

"Don't, dear, don't," she entreated. "You see me as I want to be, not as I am."

"It is because I know you so well," returned Gracie simply. "I see you now already as you are going to be. It is all in you, Amy, though other people may not see it yet as I do, and I suppose it has been in you ever since you were born. You need to learn what is technical, perhaps, but an artist is an artist always."

"I sometimes think it is you who are the real artist," sighed Amelia; "you feel so much."

"Oh yes, I feel," said Grace, somewhat vaguely, gazing at Amelia with lustrous eyes.

As for Grace's own prospects, they never troubled her. Even Mrs. Wyvern, who doated on her invalid child, never alluded to the child's future. Perchance she dreaded the future—or perchance to her it seemed that the little white form must needs continue to lie stretched before her eyes on the couch by the fireside, though years rolled on, though Amelia should go forth into the world to her triumph, and whilst she herself sat knitting with the deepening shadows of age gath-

ering about her. Yes, Gracie was to be there, always; Gracie, who was tended and petted, carried from room to room and propped up on pillows; Gracie, for whom the cook's slender knowledge was daily heavily taxed; Gracie, for whom new books and pretty needlework were constantly provided — Gracie, the pivot on which the household really turned, the homely beacon by which they all directed their way. Ah, Douglas McHuish last, not least.

Because he was not constantly present in the house, however, Douglas noticed more readily than the others how shrunk the slender figure had become, how wan and white the delicate features had grown. It filled his heart with pain to mark the change, a gradual, steady change, he thought. How he should miss little Gracie! He had never had a sister! it was a tender joy to him to think of Gracie as such. It was no disloyalty to Amelia that he loved Gracie so deeply, for indeed Amelia possessed an additional attraction in his eyes in that Gracie was her sister, and therefore, thought Douglas, one day —

However, argued he, Grace was his sister already; there was really no need to look for more. She understood him as none surely but a sister could understand. When he was earnest, she was serious; when he was perturbed, she grew sympathetic; when he was shy and ill at ease, she renewed his confidence. By some inexplicable reticence, he had never actually talked to her of his matrimonial intentions; he guessed nevertheless that Grace would stand him in good stead with her sister, and speak well of him, nay, plead his cause, if need there were. He had even occasionally wished, big, brave man though he was, that he might propose to Amelia whilst Gracie lay close by. She would doubtless, without speaking, give him that courage of words which he so strangely lacked; he could augur from the look in her eyes whether he spoke well or ill, and what effect he was likely to have on Amelia.

Douglas was able to read Gracie's countenance better than that of his lady-love; in many ways the younger girl appeared to him the elder of the two. Because Amelia was so joyous, so full of life, so taken up with art and theories of all sorts, so busy, so energetic, he was a little uncertain how to break the ice, how to demand her attention, and bid her listen to what was tumultuously throbbing and aching within his heart — tumultuously throb-

bing, yet softly murmuring also. For, if a man's heart be ever softer than a woman's, Douglas McHuish, rough and ungainly though he appeared, possessed a more gentle organ than did Amelia Wyvern.

Once he had tried to begin upon the dreaded subject.

"Don't keep me too long just now," said Amelia, smiling, and looking him through and through with her wide-open brown eyes. "You know, Mr. McHuish, men never expect women to have any *real* business, do they?"

"But this," stammered McHuish, — "this is a question of vital importance. A poor fellow —"

"Oh, here are two shillings," cried Amelia cordially; "why should you mind asking me? *Of course* I should like to help any one you are interested in! And I dare say mamma will help, too. But I really must go now; you won't mind, for my brushes will certainly spoil if I don't go and clean them this very minute!"

III.

AMELIA WYVERN on "varnishing day" was a sight for the gods to see. Stepping out, daintily attired, her bright face positively brilliant with excitement, she carried in her well-gloved hands the neatest of color-boxes, and the newest of paint-brushes, as well as a tenderly treasured printed document which invited her to come and view her own picture in the — Street Exhibition.

She crossed the threshold of that sacred spot somewhat nervously, afraid of being stopped or turned away, yet trying to appear as self-posessed as though the best part of her twenty years had consisted of "varnishing days."

When she entered the gallery, which was not a large one, she looked eagerly round, but could not for some time discover the bandit. There were about a dozen people in the room, women as well as men, strolling or standing about, mostly in knots of twos and threes, and all with a more or less chilled and dejected aspect. A couple of kindly workmen were bringing a long ladder for an unfortunate youth who wished to touch up his picture, hung as it was so high that nothing of it could be seen but the lower portion of a pair of highly glazed wellington boots. Following the direction of the artist's up-turned eyes, however, Amelia suddenly discerned her picture, hung on the top line, where it seemed so small as to resemble a richly colored postage-stamp.

Alas, poor bandit! Alas, poor Amelia! The bandit frowned and glared in puny effort from his altitude, whilst Amelia turned positively faint from disappointment, and two big tears forced themselves into her eyes.

She bit her lip hard, to prevent the tears from running down her cheeks, and stole her hand furtively into her pocket to find her handkerchief. The painter of the boots had meanwhile commenced to climb his ladder, and, looking round somewhat suddenly, he encountered the pretty, sorrowful face beneath him.

"Is your picture up here also?" he asked kindly. "Shall I varnish it for you?"

"Oh, thank you, thank you," stammered Amelia. Alas! the words of sympathy made the tremulous tears overflow.

"You'll get used to it," said the painter gently; "anyhow, you've got your name in the catalogue. And at a little distance the picture looks uncommonly well, doesn't it, now? Besides, it's often those at the top that sell the soonest, you know."

Poor Amelia, gazing from afar at the well-known bluish features of her bandit, wondered if her new friend's pictures were always hung so high that he had grown used to speak on the subject with happy confidence; then, after thanking him, she wended her way slowly and sadly home.

She felt bound to appear as cheerful as possible, however, in her sister's presence, for Grace was waiting, in a perfect fever of anxiety, to hear the details of so eventful a morning. Therefore, it came to pass that, a few days later, when Amelia and her mother sallied forth together to see the pictures, even Mrs. Wyvern was scarcely prepared for the shock of seeing the bandit so unduly elevated. There were no very well-known names among the painters represented in the catalogue; consequently, Mrs. Wyvern took a high stand, and was more angry than aggrieved.

"We must be prepared for a little jealousy, my child," she added consolingly, after a burst of wrathful words; "I dare say it is well known that you are young and pretty."

In which speech it may be thought that Mrs. Wyvern was somewhat hard upon the hangers, who were not, after all, of the feminine sex!

But whether her comparative success (or comparative failure) had been good for Amelia or not, it is certain that she went

back to her work at the professor's with improved industry. She worked early and late; she never seemed to tire. Her eager enthusiasm had mellowed and given place to a patient, even-tempered love of her profession; once, when Grace spoke to her of the future, she answered gently:

"Oh, Gracie, I seem hateful to myself for having been so silly as to think I should ever do anything great."

"But you will, you must, Amy."

"Must I? I don't know, I scarcely dare to hope. Oh, it is all as far off as that Aurora that you and Douglas were talking of, one afternoon; do you remember, Gracie?"

"*Douglas?* Did you call him Douglas?" asked Grace in a whisper.

"Yes — no," answered Amelia, reddening. "I think of him as Douglas, sometimes."

"Amy!"

"Well."

"Come and sit beside me, will you, dear? There, give me your blessed old head close, and let me stroke it. Listen. If ever you think about me, by-and-by, later on —"

"Oh Gracie, don't."

"When you think of me," repeated Grace firmly, "think, dear, how glad I was that you thought of him as Douglas, your Douglas. Will you, Amy?"

"Yes," answered Amelia, who was crying. And thereupon she caught hold of her little sister's hand, and squeezed it violently, and then, without a word, she got up and ran out of the room.

A few days later, Grace called her mother to come and sit beside her.

The two were alone in the room. It was twilight, the hour the sick girl loved:

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower.

Grace thought it should not only be "the children's hour," as Longfellow meant it to be, but an hour of healing balm for all the sick and sorry, a time when our spirits loose themselves from their trammels and grow more spiritual — an hour, above all, when we seem nearer to those we love, and more able to say what at other times it is hard to say.

Outside, in the dreary, fog-laden street, the gas-lamps were being lighted, one by one, and occasionally the rolling sound of carriage-wheels grew, and passed, and died away upon the ear.

"Mother, come and speak to me," said Grace; "I want you to do something for me."

There was a rising sob in Mrs. Wyvern's throat as she obeyed the summons, for she had been wrapt in sorrowful meditation; nevertheless, sitting down silently, she took within her own the fragile fingers of Grace's outstretched hand.

They were very fragile fingers. Mrs. Wyvern could not but recollect with a fresh pain at her heart what Douglas McHuish had told her yesterday, after he had held the child for a while in his arms at the window. Yes, he said that the light weight had grown yet lighter; he thought it his duty to tell that, he said, and ever since he had spoken thus a sense of helpless misery had gathered tightly round Mrs. Wyvern's heart. For she knew, alas! of how little use to Grace were the medicines prescribed for her; she knew that hers was not any special malady.

"Will you do something for me, mamma?"

"What is it, Gracie?"

"Something that I want very, very, much. Will you promise to do it, mamma?"

"Without knowing what it is?"

Mrs. Wyvern gazed at the eager little face, visibly eager even in the twilight shadows; tears came into her eyes; somehow she could not keep them back.

"Oh, promise, mother, promise!"

"Very well, I promise, child."

"And you will never, never tell."

"No, I will not tell; not if you do not wish it."

"I have saved four pounds of my own," said Grace hurriedly—"my very own—my pocket-money. And Amy has put five guineas on the bandit."

"Well?"

"I want you to buy the bandit. Do you understand, mother?"

"You—want—me—to—buy—the—bandit?" repeated Mrs. Wyvern slowly.

"Yes, yes! Oh! you said you would do it! You must; you promised. And you promised that you would never tell."

"I will not tell," said Mrs. Wyvern gently. "But, Gracie, I scarcely see—"

"Don't you see," asked the girl feverishly,—"don't you see that if Amy sells this picture, her first picture, she will be quite tremendously encouraged? The picture will have a red star on it—she told me that—and all the world will know that it is sold, and what a great painter she is going to be, and everybody will want to buy her pictures." Grace stopped, exhausted, and drew a long breath.

"My little Grace," said Mrs. Wyvern huskily.

"I know so exactly how it will be," went on the child; "I have been thinking it all over, oh for so long! It is the first picture that makes the whole difference, and, when once anybody has got a start, success follows easily enough. Poor Amy! she has nobody to help her on, only you and me, mother dear. But, above all, you will not tell; promise again, promise."

"Yes, I promise."

"I am afraid you must advance me the one pound, five shillings. I will pay you back regularly, all my pocket-money, week by week."

"Will you, dear?"

Mrs. Wyvern spoke in a strange voice; fortunately, the room was growing so dark that Gracie could not see her face, nor see the tears that rained and rained down so quickly that Mrs. Wyvern did not even attempt to dry them.

"I would have waited till I had saved all the money," said Gracie, after a pause, "but I thought it was better not to wait."

"Why not?"

"Oh, because—Well, the exhibition might shut soon, perhaps. But you will go to-morrow, mamma?"

"To-morrow?" repeated poor Mrs. Wyvern vaguely.

"You must go and arrange with the secretary, and have the bandit sent by-and-by to some other address, to another name, not yours, of course. We will think it all out together, won't we, dear?"

There was a long pause, and then Gracie spoke again, very softly.

"Mother!"

"Well, my child."

"If—if—well, suppose if I were to die, Amy would be just a very little bit richer, wouldn't she?"

"Just a little, darling."

Grace answered nothing; she only raised her mother's hand to her own loving lips, and kissed it, with a long, long kiss. Presently she whispered,—

"That would help Amy—and Douglas." But she whispered the words so softly it is doubtful whether Mrs. Wyvern heard them; at all events, she kept silence.

It happened that one day soon after this conversation Amelia received a letter containing the announcement of the sale of her first picture. Her joy was unbounded; she jumped up, and danced, and ran about the room like a child in high delight. Douglas McHuish, who

was present, (he had looked in for a moment only, of course), sat open-mouthed and amazed, watching his lady-love's evident symptoms of lunacy, and wondering whether any effort on his part might ever succeed in calling forth such expressions of joy from her.

Mrs. Wyvern was somewhat silent and constrained, but Gracie, the little traitress, gave vent to many exclamations of pleasure and astonishment.

"Hurrah, Amy!" she cried; "who would have thought it? And yet did we not all of us prophesy this long ago? Why don't you come and shake hands with her, Mr. McHuish, and tell her how awfully glad you are?"

But Amelia dragged her mother into the next room.

"Shut the door," she whispered excitedly; "oh, now listen, listen, mamma. I never had so much money of my own before. It *is* my very own, isn't it? I earned it, you know, and now you must tell me what I can get for Gracie; I want to spend it on her. Poor little Gracie! She has so few pleasures! And she has been so good and kind, if you only knew! She has never ceased to be encouraging about my work, and I don't think she ever remembers one little bit that she — that she isn't as strong as we are."

Mrs. Wyvern, bound by her promises, could only nod her head and say constrainedly, "Yes, my dear, yes," but the next morning she accompanied Amy on a long and fatiguing quest in search of something undefined — a present for Gracie.

Up and down Piccadilly, past Regent Street, beyond Oxford Street, back into Bond Street, walked that weary pair; then into unknown streets and places, where, finally, a tame and beautiful piping bulfinch, a marvellously trained and trilling bird, a very Mario amongst bulfinches, was fixed upon, housed in a new cage, and carried home in Amelia's arms, as she and her mother jolted homewards in a four-wheeled cab.

The professor saw nothing of his pupil that day; bulfinch-worship occupied the whole of the afternoon. And from henceforth, Bully's cage was placed close beside the sick girl's couch, and Bully became her inseparable companion. She knew, though Amy did not know, whose savings had gone to purchase him; but she knew also whose affection had brought him thither. Her heart was full of love and gratitude as she lay, her blue eyes more lovely than ever in their tenderness,

watching the tiny songster, who bent his shiny black head on one side, and trilled forth the melody of the sweet Thuringian folk-song, telling of "*Treue Liebe*": —

Ach, wie ist 's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann?
Hab' dich von Herzen lieb, das glaube mir!
Du hast die Seele mein
So ganz genommen ein,
Dass ich kein' andre lieb'
Als dich allein!

But Grace herself was about to leave him. Neither "true love," nor care, nor songs of birds could keep her. She was on her way to a land of heavenly sweetness and song, beyond the light of moon and stars, beyond the rays of the Aurora Borealis, the poetry of which had taken such strange hold of her youthful imagination.

She spoke of it to Douglas McHuish once, when she happened to be alone with him.

"You and Amy must go north some day," she said, "and be happy, quite happy together, and when you journey across the moors, and you see before you, far away, those beautiful shining rays, you will think of me somehow with the Aurora, won't you, Douglas?"

"My little sister," answered Douglas tremulously, as he clasped her hand in his, and kissed it reverentially.

It was her beloved hour of twilight when she died; she passed away with scarce a sigh. There was no more sorrow nor sadness in her death than there had been in her bright and unselfish life. She bade Douglas lift her in his arms, and carry her to the window. It was during a heavy snowstorm; large flakes of snow were falling rapidly; the street, the passers-by, the roofs of the houses, the very world seemed white, spite of the deepening darkness.

"Amy," called the child, "come and see the snow. It must be beautiful in the north. Mother, are you there? Ah, listen to Bully! Mother," and she drew her mother down, close to her own little chill face. "Mother, remember — you will never tell."

Then she dropped back in the arms of her brother Douglas. That was the end.

By-and-by, after several sorrowful months had gone past, Grace's words came true. Amelia married Douglas McHuish, and, travelling with him to the far north, visited the home of his fathers and

wandered with him, hand in hand, across the purple moors. Later on, they returned to London, to settle down, each to work and bring grist to the mill, for Amelia gradually learnt to make her bandits less fierce in aspect, and less blue in complexion.

Meanwhile, during the young folks' absence, in her house in the dreary London street Mrs. Wyvern lived her lonely life. And when her pet bulfinch piped to her his plaintive Thuringian love-song:—

Ach, wie ist's möglich dann,
Dass ich dich lassen kann?

Mrs. Wyvern laid aside her knitting, and folded her hands, and listened, whilst burning tears coursed slowly down her cheeks. But never, at any time, did she reveal that tender little secret of Gracie's, that she had promised not to tell.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE BRUTES ON THEIR MASTER.

No one seemed disposed to break the silence: the Fox surveyed their confusion with a malicious smile.

"After all," he continued carelessly, the company still remaining mute, "I don't know that it matters much to me. The conditions of my own life will not be materially affected, whatever course you take."

"Not affected!" struck in the Dog quickly. "Oh, come, that is a little too much. Why, surely, if you could induce us to act on your advice, you would ——"

"Allow me to finish, if you please," interrupted the other, with a touch of irritation. "I should, even in that case, find it just as hard a matter to live; I should be shot and trapped instead of hunted, that is all. Nay, I might, perhaps, be worse off, as some people would consider it, than I am now. For I am told, and I see no particular reason to doubt it, that if it had not suited Man to preserve us for the purposes of sport our race would long since have become extinct. By detaching the Horse and Dog from Man, and thus rendering the fox-hunt an impossibility, we should in fact be removing the main factor in our perpetuation."

"Why are you trying to do it then?" inquired the Cat lazily, opening one eye to watch the effect of his question.

"Why?" echoed the Fox, with impatience. "Because I hate to see people being made fools of, as you are; and be-

cause I would rather take my chance of fighting for existence under some additional disadvantages than see the simplicity of worthy animals abused by a hypocritical oppressor."

"Ha!" muttered the Cat. "A disinterested Fox! I appreciate your motives. And," added he dreamily, "I will not mention the word 'chickens.'"

"With your antecedents you will exercise a wise discretion in not doing so," said the Fox tartly; "and let me tell you, my friend, that it is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether you appreciate my motives or not. My appeal is made to animals, not only of a superior intelligence to yours, but of a far higher morality than you have ever shown yourself capable of conceiving."

The Cat returned no answer to this taunt. He was asleep.

After a short pause, during which the Dog appeared lost in painful reflection, the Fox, in a still more insinuating tone, resumed.

"It is," he said, "precisely because I entertain so sincere a respect for that combination of moral and intellectual qualities which I find in you, and in our friend, the Horse, here, that I have thought it worth my while to lay these proposals of mine before you. It needs nothing less than that combination of qualities to enable you to be of any real service to us. We are all of us, as I hold, either persecuted or exploited or in some way or other ill-used by Man. To every one of us he plays the part either of open enemy or designing patron or treacherous comrade, as the case may be. But some among us, as, for instance, that poor, silly thing there," with a sidelong glance of contempt at the Sheep hard by, "are both morally and mentally too weak to offer any resistance. Others, though not wanting in intelligence, strength, or courage, are unfortunately so situated as to be unable to render any effective help to the common cause. Others, again, though intellectually well fitted to devise a plan of revolt, and even to direct its execution, have not been fortunate enough for some reason or other" — here the Fox coughed with an air of constraint — "to win the confidence of their fellow-brutes. The Dog and the Horse, however, fulfil all the conditions required in leaders of a movement of emancipation. They have wit enough to see through Man's pretences to virtue, moral sense enough to be disgusted at his baseness, and more power of annoying and injuring him than all the

rest of us put together. What say you, then? Will you join in the league of the lower animals, as my lord calls us, against him?"

"Not I!" replied the Dog promptly, all his doubts dispersed at once by the mere shock of the proposal. "Not I! He's far too good."

"Nor I," said the Horse, though with less enthusiasm. "He's much too strong."

"Too strong!" echoed the Dog reproachfully. "Is *that* all? I thought you loved him as I do."

The Horse looked mildly at him for a moment before replying.

"I never said I did not," he added presently. "But perhaps I see more of his strength than you do."

"I have more respect for your objection at any rate than for his," said the Fox in a slightly contemptuous tone, "but there is nothing in it. You don't suppose that I advocate anything like open resistance to our tyrant. I quite admit that he is too strong to allow any chance of success for *that*. No, what I mean is that Man is dependent upon you for a vast number of willingly rendered services; that he relies and has to rely in a hundred matters on the unforced zeal and docility of the Horse, and that were he suddenly to lose the benefit of these qualities and find himself unable to get any more out of the Horse than he could wring from him by absolute physical compulsion incessantly applied, he would find the situation intolerable.

"So should we, I expect," said the Horse dryly.

"No doubt it would be disagreeable to you for a time," admitted the Fox. "But with your well-known fortitude you could surely tire him out. Besides, you continually have not only his comfort at your disposal but his life in your power. Think of the number of necks you might break by concerted action in a single day."

"You don't tell me what I am to do, however," said the Dog. "For what services, pray, is Man so dependent upon me? I should think he could make a shift to do without hunting, and he seems to like shooting best without me. What could I do to injure him?"

"This is mere affectation," sneered the Fox. "You know as well as I do that you are as necessary to Man in one way as the Horse is in another. He wants toys no less than tools, and you are toys to which he has become so accustomed that he could not do without you. Affection

he calls his feeling for you, and you no doubt are weak enough to believe him. But anyhow you have grown into a habit with him, and it would throw the whole human race into selfish consternation to learn some fine morning that no dog would ever again lick man's hand."

There was a diabolical twinkle in the Fox's eye as he uttered these words, but his tact told him the next moment that he had gone too far. The last suggestion seemed to fall upon the Dog like a blow. He winced and rose instantly to his feet.

"I will wish you good-night," he said coldly. "It is no use my staying here any longer. Nothing in the world should induce me to do what you ask."

"Sit down again, pray," said the Fox earnestly, "and listen to me. I don't expect you to do what I am asking you as long as your feelings towards Man remain what they are. But surely I have already said enough to show you how misplaced is your regard for him. What! not when I mention that ugly word again?"

The dog shuddered slightly but remained silent.

"Not when I mention vivisection —"

"No," said the dog, in a tone almost of irritation. "I wish to hear no more about that. It ought to be enough for you to know that it doesn't in any degree alter my feelings towards Man."

"Oh, that's impossible," replied the Fox coolly. "Or at least if it is possible, you must be in one sense as great an impostor as he is. What is the good of Man's having elevated your moral nature as he pretends to have done? What is the use of his having developed all the virtues in you if you can't feel now that your patron's vile heartlessness and hypocrisy deprive him of all title to respect? Why, even that wretched rabbit there, who cowers down when I merely mention his name, even he has conscience enough to appreciate the villany of vivisection, if he has not sufficient force of character to condemn it. His brother was netted along with several friends and sold to a vivisector. He witnessed the whole performance in the person of one of his friends before fortunately making his own escape. Hi! Bunny! tell us what you think of cutting rabbits up alive."

The Rabbit glanced timidly round him as though afraid of being overheard, and then replied, in a hurried, trembling whisper, —

"I don't know. Don't ask me. It's bad — very bad. But — but my mother's

hind legs were broken with a shot yesterday, and she has just crawled home. She's lying over there behind the hedge. I'm not sure shooting ain't worse than the other."

"You're a fool," said the Fox, somewhat disconcerted at this display of independent judgment on the Rabbit's part. "The sportsman kills outright a dozen times for once that he wounds. But the very object of the other wretch is to keep his victim alive as long as he can. Besides, that isn't the worst part of the matter by any means. Who cares what happens to us, — you, Bunny, I mean, and me? Man has never pretended to be *our* friend; he dislikes me and he despises you. If he ever condescends to do anything but shoot you it is only to put you into a hutch as a toy for his children. You rank merely as a larger sort of guinea pig or white mouse: while as for me" — continued the Fox significantly — "well, he has never tried to make a friend of *me* — not *much*. And between ourselves he is not far wrong. Anyhow he is welcome to vivisection me, when he can take me alive and persuade me to lie down quietly on the operating table, without trying a previous experiment in vivisection on my own account." And here Reynard bared his formidable rows of teeth in an extremely sinister grin. "To cut up a fox or a rabbit may be as cruel as you please, but you can't exactly call it base. Even to operate on a cat," added the Fox, evidently not sorry to deal a side blow at his satirical companion, "even to operate on a cat, domestic animal as he is called, appears to me to be much the same thing."

"What's that you're saying?" asked the Cat drowsily.

"I was saying," repeated the Fox in his blandest tones, "that though they call you a domestic animal, I don't believe that you feel any particular affection towards Man, at least in a disinterested way; and that as he is probably conscious of that, he is more or less justified in treating you like one of us. What do you think about it yourself?"

"What do I think about what?" asked the Cat, with as much impatience as he was capable of showing.

"Well, do you feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting one of your species to a cruel death?"

"I should feel particularly disgusted at the thought of Man's putting *me* to a cruel death," was the reply.

"But more so at its being done by Man than by your natural enemy, the Dog?"

"Not a bit more," said the Cat calmly. "Why should I?"

"Precisely the answer I expected," said the Fox with a chuckle. "Then if you feel no deeper sense of injury, no keener throb of pain at being tortured by Man than by the Dog, you must be in reality as far apart from Man as we are, and he is under no obligation to treat you otherwise than as one of us. What do you say to that?"

"Nothing," said the Cat, upon whom a fresh "exposition of sleep" was rapidly gaining. "Nothing. The question has no interest for me."

"Exactly. Then you may go to sleep again. Man, I say, might have destroyed or tortured us all — foxes, rabbits, sheep, even cats, without proving anything more than the hardness of his heart — without exhibiting himself, I mean, as an ungrateful and treacherous villain. But the dog, his comrade for a thousand years, the friend of his fireside, the companion of his walks, the guardian of his flocks, the sentry in his house, nay, the very saviour of his life on the snow-field or in the flood, the animal whom he boasts of having raised almost to equality with himself — that Man should torture *him*! By Heaven!" cried the Fox in a well-simulated outburst of honest indignation. "It is infamous!"

There was another silence, broken only by the low purring of the Cat. Upon the more intelligent members of the assembly this last stroke of the Fox's had not been without its effect. The Dog in particular, in spite of the firmness with which he had proclaimed his fidelity to Man, was evidently a prey to very strong emotions of doubt and pain.

"I do not believe," he said at last, "that Man often does torture the dog in this way."

"Not so often as the rabbit, it is true; but why? Because the rabbit is cheaper, no other reason. In the same way, no doubt, it would cost a man less to cut up children of his own begetting than to have to buy other people's; but I don't think the economy would be regarded in that case as a sufficient excuse. That man should ever have vivisected the dog at all is enough in itself to brand him as the vilest creature in the creation."

"I don't know," said the Horse thoughtfully, "that one is quite justified in saying that of the whole race. There are brutes of course among —"

"There are what?" interrupted the Fox sharply.

"I — I — mean," said the Horse, a little confused, "I mean what they themselves call 'brutes.'"

"Ay," said the Fox, in a tone of profound bitterness. "I know what you mean. And it shows how completely domestication has alienated your sympathies from your own people, that you have picked up the very cant of insult from our common oppressor. It is we who should rather stigmatize unusual cruelty or treachery among members of the brute creation, by applying to its author the name of 'man.' But we cannot hope to rival him in that respect. A tiger would gladly make a mouthful of a young chamois, if luck threw one in his way. But to prop up the corpse of the nursing mother in order that the hungry, unweaned younglings may be lured within reach of the hunter — *that* is a thoroughly 'human' performance, is it not?"

"Well, call them what you will," said the Horse, "all men are not as cruel as some men. I know that from experience, sweet as well as bitter."

"Ah," struck in the Dog eagerly, "then you are *not* altogether the unwilling slave of Man. You too delight, or you have delighted, as I do, in his company and service."

A light gleamed for a moment in the dim, patient eyes of the Horse, and his nostril dilated and quivered. "I did delight in it," he said proudly, "I am a thoroughbred, and great things were expected of me once. When I was two years old I carried everything before me. Yes, I have known what it is to win the admiration of thousands; and, what is better, to be loved and cherished by a few. Women have kissed my face and plaited this ragged mane of mine in ribbons, but that was long ago, before I broke down. My life is very different now."

"How do you live now, then?" asked the Dog.

The Horse paused a moment before replying. "I thought you knew," he answered, with an air of simple dignity very impressive to witness. "I draw a cab."

"Great heavens!" cried the Fox, who was perfectly well aware of the fact, in a tone of wrathful astonishment. "And you defend this race! What black, what base ingratitude! Your owner, I suppose, had won thousands by you, and could not spare a few pounds a year to secure a comfortable retirement for one who had done so much for him. I ask you, is there any act of meanness which —"

"Steady, steady!" interrupted the Horse, "not so fast, please! My owner fully intended to provide for me for life, and actually did so for a year or two, but, unfortunately for me, luck went against him on the turf, and — well, to cut a long story short, I passed to the assignees in bankruptcy. But I believe he was really sorry to part with me, and his daughter cried bitterly when she came to bid me good-bye."

"Much good that was," said the Fox contemptuously. "But, however, I am not concerned either with the cruelties of ignorant men or with the heartlessness of the luxurious and self-indulgent classes. What they may do is of little consequence. It is not their doings which have caused our friend here" — glancing at the Dog — "to doubt whether he has not been mistaken in Man. It is the conduct of those who profess to be the most enlightened and humane among their species. You know what his master is, don't you?" he continued, turning from the Dog, who was becoming painfully agitated, to the rest of the company. "He is a well-known vivisector."

"He is — he is one of the kindest and most benevolent of human beings," interrupted the Dog hastily. "He is beloved by all who know him."

"Except rabbits, I presume," interjected the Fox dryly. "How many scores do they tell me that he 'used up' in the course of last year? He must be a delightful person to live with, especially if one happened to be taken ill of some interesting disease."

"He nursed me through the distemper as a puppy," said the Dog, with feeling. "All through one night he sat up, giving me egg and port wine every two hours. I should have died if it hadn't been for him. It was only his great skill that saved me."

"Dear me! how good of him!" said the Fox. "Probably yours *was* an interesting case, then, and I have no doubt he learned much from it. He did not pull you through altogether though, it seems," and the speaker glanced significantly at one of his companion's twitching fore legs.

"No," said the Dog quietly. "The distemper has left chorea behind it. It was impossible to save me from that."

"*How do you know that?*" asked the Fox, almost in a whisper, and eying the other with a devilish leer.

The Dog looked at him for a moment, with nothing save pure astonishment in

his limpid, hazel eyes — "What on earth do you mean?" inquired he.

"Oh, nothing," said Reynard carelessly. "If you see no cause for suspicion it may be all right; only a scientific man like your master might have wanted to study chorea, and so have allowed —"

"Stop!" growled the Dog fiercely. "Drop that, or you and I will fall out."

"Don't lose your temper, my precious innocent," said the Fox sweetly. "My suggestion seems a very reasonable one to me. I start with the assumption that your master would not scruple to vivisect you if the supply of rabbits failed."

"Me! his own dog?" said the Dog, with a horror and contempt which checked further utterance.

"No! not his own dog?" inquired the Fox with affected surprise. "He draws the line there, does he? Then the greater scoundrel he to vivisect other people's dogs. The meanest of the lost curs whom he picks up for torture has probably had some one who loved him. I assume of course that he would *not* mind vivisecting other people's dogs. Would he?"

The Dog returned no answer. He did not feel as sure as he would have liked to feel that his master *would* mind vivisecting other people's dogs; and the Fox's criticism on that act seemed to him to throw an entirely new light upon it. Reynard perceived the impression he had made, and lost no time in following up his advantage.

"What business have you," he went on, "to think only of yourself, and of your own selfish interests? You might as well be a cat, for all that I can see. If you had been elevated as much as that humbug Man pretends to have raised you, you would think of the race at large, as he does, and not of the individual."

"As he does?" said the Horse. "Oh, but that's all nonsense. Do you believe it?"

"Not I," replied the Fox disdainfully. "I am using Man's own cant, that is all. But our friend here swallows it all most trustfully, I feel sure, don't you? You believe that Man burns with disinterested zeal for the welfare of his race, and that he tortures Bunny and Pussy there in a spirit of pure humanity? — eh?"

"I don't believe — I know it," said the Dog confidently. "I know, at any rate, that my master is incapable of inflicting pain, except with a benevolent object. I have heard him say that by the sufferings of a few he hopes to alleviate the agony of thousands."

"Oh, of course!" assented the Fox ironically. "But thousands of whom? Dogs, cats, rabbits, horses — or men?"

"Not of men only," said the Dog, with eagerness. "We lower animals are as much interested, so Man says, in the progress of scientific research as himself; and, if we are called upon to suffer, it is for the alleviation of our own —"

"Fudge!" cried the Fox in a tone of the bitterest contempt. "Don't attempt to pass off that sickening stuff upon us. Do you suppose for a moment that men would experiment on living animals for the benefit of dogs and horses alone?"

The Dog did not suppose so for a moment, and was too honest to pretend that he did.

"Man is careful enough not to hurt his own precious skin in these investigations of his," continued the Fox.

"I beg your pardon," said the Dog quickly. "Some men have sacrificed their own lives to their experiments."

"Well, let them stick to that, then," replied the Fox, "and we won't complain of them. But *you* know well enough that that is not the usual way of it. You know that what the vivisector mostly does is to torture scores and hundreds of those wretched rabbits for no other object than to prolong the life or relieve the pains of the race of beings who shoot away Bunny's legs and leave him to die by inches in a hole. Bunny is vastly interested in that object, isn't he? Don't tell me that the men who sport and the men who torture are different classes. I know they are; but I know, too, that the men who torture pretend to be the best, and boast that mankind are gradually being raised — raised, if you please — from the level of the hunter up to their own. That, to my mind," continued the Fox, shaking his head solemnly, "is the shocking part of it. But it makes your course all the clearer for you domestic animals, as you call yourselves; and I say that a very heavy responsibility rests upon you. You have deserted your own kith and kin, and thrown in your lot with Man; and I hold that, unless you are as bad as he is, you ought to cast him off without hesitation now you have found out what he is. Yes," said the Fox, collecting his force for a last effort; "if you find that, as he approaches what he believes to be his highest development, he becomes more hard-hearted, more treacherous and hypocritical, more destitute of ordinary fidelity to his brute comrades than he was in his lower stages — I say it is time for you to

give him up as a bad job. He can't complain if you do. He boasts of having taught you the virtues, and he must expect you to judge him by his own teachings. Come, for the last time, domestic animals, will you abandon Man as unworthy of your society and service; or, rather, will you, Dog and Horse, do so? for to you," turning to the Cat, "I know it is vain to appeal."

"Quite so," said the Cat, "and therefore you need not have waked me with your gabble. What on earth has man's unworthiness got to do with the matter? All I want to know is whether I can better myself by leaving him, and I am pretty sure I can't. Man has cream and cold fish, and soft hearth-rugs, and delightfully padded easy chairs. I know nothing pleasanter to rub one's side against than the leg of his trousers. Sometimes, it is true, in the fine spring weather I have rambled in the woods, before the young birds can fly, and thought it would be pleasant to live out of doors and provide for oneself. But when the winter has set in severely I was always glad to get back to the fire; and for an in-doors cat," he added reflectively, "of course the winter is all the better for being severe, because then the robins are not afraid to come on the window-sill."

"Ugh!" said the Fox, turning from him with disgust to the Horse; "is there anything better to be hoped from you?"

"Not a bit," said the Horse cheerily. "I have heard nothing from you that I didn't know before. I have never had any very extravagant opinion of Man's virtues. He is rough and selfish, and loses his temper about trifles, but there is good in the fellow at bottom. I don't mind working with him and for him to a reasonable extent, and I certainly prefer his society — if you will excuse my frankness — to yours or that of any other of the lower animals."

"Mean-spirited wretch!" muttered the Fox. "You, a thoroughbred! However, I expected," he continued, addressing the Dog, "that you would be the only one capable of appreciating my appeal. You see what Man is from the moral point of view, and you —"

"And I love and reverence him," said the Dog stoutly, "as much as ever. Who am I to judge him — I, the creature of his hand? He has made me what I am, and all I have is his. He is greater, stronger, wiser, than I, and I *must* suppose him to be in all things better too. If anything done by him seems to me harsh and cruel,

I will believe that it only seems so because his ways are beyond the compass of my weak mind to comprehend."

"Whew!" whistled the Fox in unconcealed astonishment, as the Dog and Horse walked away together. "He didn't pick up *that* language from his scientific master, I'll be bound. But after all, I needn't be surprised at his merely talking so: when they tell you the story that one of those fools actually raised his head from the operating table to lick his master's torturing hand. That kind runs easily to religion. And to think that just when Man has succeeded in creating the religious instinct in his dog, he is losing it himself."

Chuckling hugely at the reflection, the Fox looked round for some one to share his amusement, when his eye fell on the features of the sleeping Cat.

"Ah," he said to himself, after a moment's thought, "it is convenient to be wicked, but it is a misfortune to be altogether without moral sense. Unless you understand the difference between good and evil you will miss half the joke of life."

H. D. TRAILL.

From The Spectator.

THE AMERICAN SCHOOL OF CLASSICAL STUDIES AT ATHENS.

THE first Bulletin of the School of Classical Studies at Athens has been issued by the Archæological Institute of America, and consists of the report of Professor W. W. Goodwin, the director. Professor Goodwin's report is an interesting account of his experiences in founding the school and managing it during its first year, and is especially valuable at the present moment, in view of the proposed establishment of an English school of the same kind. He arrived at Athens on October 1st, 1882, and was much encouraged to find no fewer than eight American students already there, working with enthusiasm and ready to join the school. No furnished house was to be had, and since "Athens is a peculiarly difficult city to buy furniture in," the process of settling down was "long, perplexing, and expensive, two stoves, for instance, having to be imported from Boston." At last the school found a temporary home in the upper part of a large house near the Gate of Hadrian, in the 'Οδὸς Ἀμαλίας. Professor Goodwin is well known to pos-

sess practical powers unusual in a scholar, but it is with evident relief that he quits the subject of household articles and kitchen furniture, and gives himself rein for a moment on the more congenial topic of the historic surroundings of their new home: "From the south windows we have a magnificent view over the rolling meadow-land stretching about three miles to Old Phaleron, and over the Saronic Gulf, in which lies the lofty island of Aegina, visible to us in its whole length; while beyond the sea we have the hills of Argolis in view, from the southern point of the peninsula to Mount Arachnaion, the memorable height from which (according to Aeschylus) Agamemnon's last signal-fire announced the capture of Troy to Clytemnestra at Argos. On the east we have a large, open area of sand, in the further part of which stand the Corinthian columns of the temple of Olympian Zeus; and in the background is Mount Hymettus. On the west we see the Acropolis over the low houses of Plaka, and the eastern summit of the Parthenon is just visible above the wall."

The young institution received the most gratifying kindness on all hands. The king and queen of Greece, the prime minister, the Senate, the University of Athens, the French and German schools, Dr. and Mrs. Schliemann, showed constant interest, and in many cases afforded most valuable help. The American government recognized the school officially by appointing its director a special agent of the Bureau of Education. The report does not tell us much about the work of the students, and, of course, during the first few months this must have been more or less irregular. We are told that each student pursued an independent course of study, and indeed that no one would be accepted who was not fully competent to do this; direct teaching, as such, there was none. The general directions of the work done may be judged from the theses presented at the close of the year. These were on the Pnyx; the Erechtheum; the life, poems, and language of Theocritus; the inscriptions discovered at Assos by the expedition of the Archæological Institute of America; and the value of modern Greek to the classical student. Two evenings a week were devoted to essays and discussion, after the fashion of the German *Seminar*, at which friends in Athens, not members of the school, were frequently present, and the allusion in the report to excursions "during the fine weather of the autumn" to various places

of historic interest suggests possibilities of unlimited enjoyment.

The school is supported by the contributions of fourteen colleges. For the present year, these will amount to about £700. In addition to this, it was provided in the original scheme that each of the supporting colleges should send in turn one of its professors to Athens as director of the school, paying him at least a part of his salary while away. As might have been anticipated, however, Professor Goodwin's experience leads him to the very decided opinion that this is impracticable, and that the school would suffer greatly if it were managed by a new director each year, who would be almost useless until he had learned, like all his predecessors, much about the topography of Athens, the customs and resources of the country, and the two languages of the people. Professor Goodwin therefore appeals to the friends of sound classical learning for a sum of about £16,000, of which the interest would secure as permanent director "a man who can be the peer of the scholars whom France and Germany have sent, and England will soon send, to Athens;" and for a further sum of about £8,000, as capital for the annual expenses of the school.

The French school, says Professor Goodwin, "occupies an elegant palace on Mount Lycabettus; it has a large and costly library, and one of the best scholars of France, M. Foucart, at its head. The German school is managed by Professor Köhler, and under his direction work is done which commands the attention of the learned world. The English," he adds, "have had serious plans for a school in Athens during several years; and last June I attended an important meeting which was held at Marlborough House in London, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, to consider the question. Twenty-five or thirty of those best known in England as scholars or statesmen, or both (including, of course, Mr. Gladstone), expressed themselves with great earnestness in favor of the immediate establishment of an English school in Athens; and since the meeting I have heard that large subscriptions have been made for this purpose. A fourth school is therefore likely to be added within a year to the national schools in Athens. The third place, I rejoice to say, has already been taken by ourselves; and I feel that our good example may have done something to stimulate the activity of our friends in England."

Professor Goodwin is enthusiastic concerning the advantages to the study and teaching of Greek letters and art to be derived from residence in the country from which these sprang, and where the priceless monuments of them still stand. "You can no more teach a dead language than you can teach a dead student," he very pithily says; and there is no other way to keep Greek alive as a real tongue than to understand and speak the Greek which is spoken to-day in the Athenian Senate, and which differs so little from what we are accustomed to call the "dead" language, that "Plato or Demosthenes, were he to return to Athens, could read the daily papers with little difficulty, except so far as he would be puzzled by modern ideas and new forms of thought." And there is no way to give life and interest to the history and antiquities of Greece one-half so good as to study them on the spot. Professor Goodwin's words on this subject afford the strongest support to the promoters of an English school. He says: "Before you get to Sparta you will see why none of these rough stones were needed to build walls for the city; and before you leave the valley you will understand better the discipline of Lycurgus, with its iron money and its black broth, and the hardihood of Leonidas and the men of Thermopylae. Taygetus, with its snowy peaks and its rugged cliffs, is still suggestive of wolves and of Spartan children sacrificed for the benefit of the race; and the famous hill of Ithome gives a new idea of Messenians and Helots, as we see the massive walls and steep precipices around which Sparta learnt her ten years' lesson that freedom was not meant for Dorians alone. Now, I believe that any scholar who should take in these object lessons, with the host of others which follow them, in a rapid journey through Greece, and then make a study of the monuments of Athens herself, and of the topography of Athens and Attica, would never regret the year devoted to the pleasant work; and I believe, further, that any school or college which might hereafter employ him as its teacher of Greek would have made the best possible investment, if it had paid his expenses while he was doing it."

With those who regard the study of Greek as valuable for purposes of mental discipline only, Professor Goodwin has, of course, no sympathy; and he quotes with pardonable triumph the unanimous judgment of the Philosophical Faculty of the University of Berlin, in opposition to

a different plan imposed upon them for ten years by the minister of public instruction, — viz., that "after long and vain search, we must always come back finally to the result of centuries of experience, that the surest instrument that can be used in training the mind of youth is given us in the study of the languages, the literature, and the works of art of classical antiquity." Professor Goodwin adds that he has no fear that this foundation of literary culture can be superseded by anything which has yet arisen to dispute its claims.

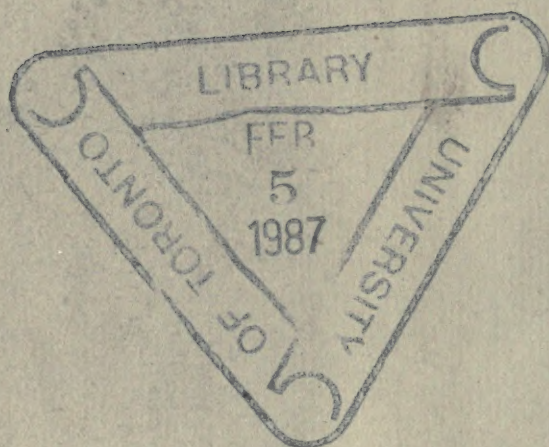
Study of the kind that a school of classical studies at Athens would promote is needed in England certainly no less than in America. A beginning has been made by the spirit which Dr. Waldstein and his fellow-workers have infused into the two Greek plays at Cambridge, and there are a number of the younger professors who are doing their best to lead students to regard grammatical study as merely the key to a door beyond which lie the objects of their search. But there is need of general conviction and unanimous action upon this point, and the establishment of facilities for English students in Greece itself would do more than anything else to bring these about. The success of our own scheme is probably assured by the efforts of the influential committee of which Mr. Escott is the secretary, and we wish Professor Goodwin and his committee a speedy and generous response to their appeals. "Why is it," he asks, "that the magnificent frieze of Pergamon now adorns the Royal Museum of Berlin, and not the public museum of New York, Boston, or Philadelphia?" In a matter where there is so much national honor to be obtained, it ought not to be difficult to raise twenty-four thousand pounds from the enormous private wealth and overflowing public revenues of America. We would suggest in certain quarters that the plan affords a more legitimate employment for superfluous American capital than the buying up of Scotch deer-forests or English newspapers.

THE MONK-FISH.

SOME interesting details have recently been supplied to the readers of *Nature* concerning the so-called "monk-fish" of the Sound, which may be regarded as the genuine forerunner of the sea-serpent of modern times. Its capture and appear-

ance were deemed worthy of record in Arild Hirtfeld's great "History of Denmark," published in 1595, while portraits of the sea-monk embellished the works of various Scandinavian and German natural history writers of the middle of the sixteenth century. Among these Guillaume Rondelet, in his great folio work, "*Libri de Piscibus Marinis*," first claimed the special privilege of giving to the world a facsimile of the authentic likeness of the monk. This, we are assured, had been taken from life for, and in the presence of, a nobleman, who had caused one copy to be made for the emperor Charles V., and another for Margaret, queen of Navarre, by whom it was presented to the author. Hirtfeld does not profess to have been brought into such close connection with the original, but he and the historians Krag and Stephanus, agree in reporting that a fish, bearing the semblance of a human head with a monk's shaven crown, and having torn or mutilated limbs indistinctly defined under a scaly covering, was, in the year 1550, captured in the Sound, in a herring-fisher's net, and brought to the king of Denmark, who immediately gave orders that it should be buried deep underground, "to hinder indiscreet talk among the ignorant, whose minds are always perturbed by what is new." The speedy burial of the monster did not allay the excitement caused by its apparition, and Rondelet found, to his extreme annoyance, that his Swiss friend, Gesner, and other philosophers then in Rome, were in possession of other reputed original likenesses of the monk, differing from his own. This circumstance, he admits, inclined him to suspect that the artist had added "this or that according to fancy to make the fish seem more wonderful than it was in reality." He even confesses that some of the portraits have no more resemblance to a human head than might be detected in a frog or a toad; that the extremities look like fins, and that the so-called monk's

gown is more like a dark seal's skin than a scaly armor. From these and other corrections, coupled with Gesner's mention of a fish's tail, having formed part of the monk's body, Professor Steenstrup infers that the "monk-fish" was an unusually large specimen of the loligo or squid family, whose caudal extremity, bearing probably bruises or other marks on the skin, had acquired in the imagination of the spectators the semblance of a head and neck with torn-off arms, while the arms of the cephalopod had served to represent lacerated extremities. A comparison of the numerous conflicting contemporaneous descriptions of the Danish "sea-monk" and of the later *Kraken* of the old Norwegian Bishop Pontoppidan might possibly be not wholly useless in the present day in checking an over-hasty confidence in the truth of every fresh tale of encounters with sea-serpents, as recorded by credulous seafaring men. We may, in the mean while, refer all who are interested in sea-monsters to the July number of *Naturen*, in which they will find a faithful representation of Rondelet's monk-fish, while the September number of the same journal gives reproductions of two characteristic Japanese pictures, in one of which a solitary boatman is battling in a stormy sea with a formidable creature, evidently a highly magnified form of octopus, one of whose arms has been severed as it encircled man and boat, while the other arms are represented as striving to draw their prey nearer to the huge head with its protruding eyes. In the second picture, which, if less forcible, is more realistic, we see in the wondering and terrified expression of the assembled men and boys the surprise and alarm excited by the appearance at a fishmonger's stall of two octopus arms, not unlike suspended serpents. The terror of the spectacle has communicated itself to domestic animals — a dog hiding himself, while a cat is taking rapid flight up the roof of the house.



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